

# THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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

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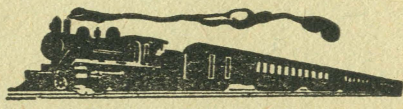
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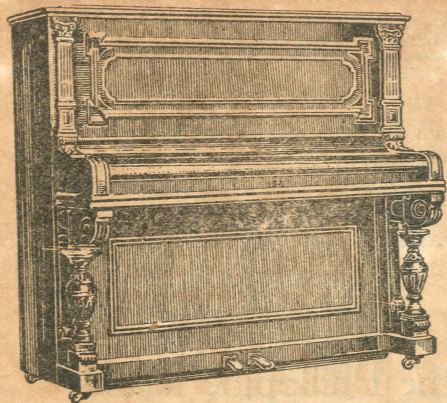
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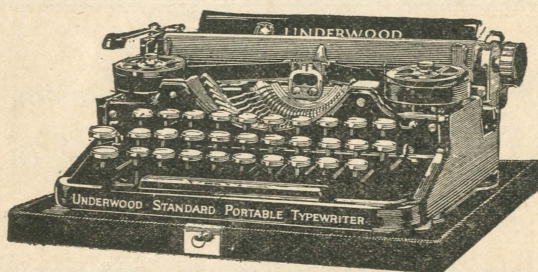
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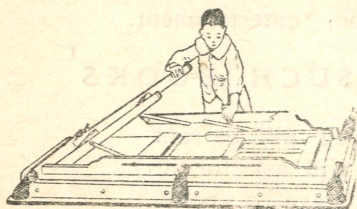
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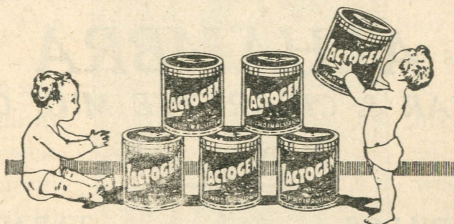
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# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

## Providential Saints

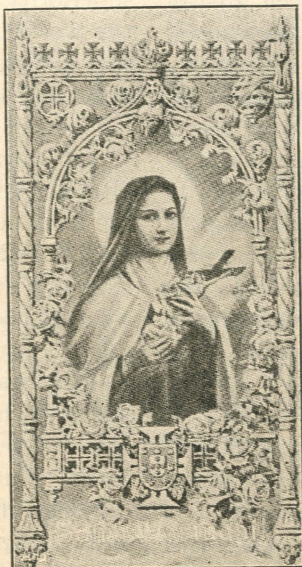
**G**OD WILL BE AT ALL TIMES with His Church. Jesus said so to His Apostles: "and I will be with you until the end of the world", and He sent His twelve to all nations with the power of Holiness and of doing miracles to make His Church universal, or catholic, from the very beginning.

Against Neron and other bloodthirsty Emperors, persecutors of the Church, God strengthened 10,000,000 martyrs to persevere in their Faith and shed their blood as the seed of new and more Christians.

At the beginning of Christianity, Arius, and his sect in the East, were met by a St. Athanasius. In the fifth century, Providence sent an Augustine, himself a convert, to

the heretics of Northern Africa.

The heretical Albigenses in the thirteenth century devastated Spain and France for "riches are evil" they proclaimed, but Providence brought forth a poor Dominic to stop their ravages and convert them by his word, poverty and prayer, while his contemporary St. Francis of Assisi in Italy taught by his example that riches are only vanities when abused.



When Luther and his followers separated from the Church in the sixteenth century, an Ignatius founded an order to promote thorough

knowledge of doctrine where and when ignorance had contributed greatly to the furtherance of Luther's revolt.

Not a single century has failed

to show men among them, whom the world honors as Saints, and whose lives have been examples of what can be accomplished by human nature at its best, and all contributed to the spread of God's church upon earth; but it has always been at times of danger and menace to the Church that Providence to defend the Church, has stepped in with Heroes, mostly weak human creatures, but great and strong in their godly humility and divine strength.

These last years, what heresies could not accomplish, what persecutions could not destroy, the Church of God has been greatly undermined thru various causes, found among her own children.

The spirit of misunderstood liberty has created more or less a spirit of a wrong independence among Catholics. Today they do not, as before, listen with respect to the voice of their legitimate pastors. Equality, proclaimed by the French revolution, seems to mean that inferiors may command their superiors.

Greater wealth has brought into the world greater abuses, pride and arrogance and also a kind of pagan luxury which perverts morals.

But, as nobody can serve two masters, this false liberty, this revolt against the legitimate authority, this infernal pride with its devilish consequences, such as coldness towards the poor and miserable, indifference for the Church, carelessness about the soul's salva-

tion and laxity in dress and consequently in morals too: these all together have lost many and are losing thousands to the Church of God.

Again Providence has stepped in to prevent this disaster, not by the force of weapons and armies, not by the argument of the philosopher, not by the writing of famous authors, not even by the voice of a human being, but by the wonderful roses of a maiden who during her life was unknown, but said that after her death she "would spend her heaven, doing good upon earth".

Who knew the Little Flower during her life? Despising freedom, superiority, wealth, and all what the world offers to his servants, she, gifted, rich, of an honored family, fled away from the world and hid herself behind the damp walls of a Carmelite Convent, and, only after her death, did she come forth, but from heaven, "doing good upon earth" and while doing good, millions of Catholics, nay even people who do not belong to the Church, ask themselves who that Saintly maiden was, what she was, how she lived, how she became so powerful in heaven, so revered upon earth. Pulpits all over the world echo her life and examples. Books and magazines repeat the Gospel by telling the story of her life. People hear of the Little Flower, they read of her obedience, humility, kindness, charity, modesty and devotion, the steppingstones of the Little Flower toward heaven and which condemns anarchy, pride

and luxury of the world. The desire to partake of the shower of roses of the Little Flower brings many to love and imitate her, for her life, and consequently her holiness, seem so simple, so easy, so attractive.

Is the Little Flower the Saint brought forth by Providence to stem the tide of false liberty, pride and luxury? If people only knew

more of the happiness the Little Flower found in her humble life at Lisieux, how many more would have a right to expect at their end the beginning of an eternal infinite happiness!

### Editor's Note:

The Little Apostle will continue to publish monthly the life of the Little Flower, with some considerations under form of editorials.



## So Speak the Wise . . . And the Young Heed the Lesson!

1. What can't be cured must be endured.
2. White lies make a black mark on the soul.
3. He who boasts of his ancestors is like a potato :  
the best part of him is underground.
4. Make good cheese if you make but little.
5. More belongs to riding than a pair of boots.
6. Bridle your tongue and you saddle your temper.
7. Great gaps may be filled with small stones.
8. Money calls, but doesn't stay;  
Being round, it rolls away.
9. We had better appear to be what we are than affect  
to be what we are not.
10. Precious things are not found in heaps.



## February 13, St Catherine of Ricci

**B**ORN IN 1520, she was the daughter of a noble Florentine, in Italy.

At the age of thirteen, she entered the Third Order of St. Dominic, taking in religion the name of Catherine. Her special devotion was to the Passion of Christ.

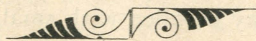
During Lent of 1541, she had a vision of the crucifixion, so heart rending that she was confined to bed for three weeks. She received the sacred stigmata, the wound in the left side and the marks and suffering of the crown of thorns and all these torments she endured with a loving sympathy for the yet more bitter tortures of the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

In their behalf she offered all her prayers and penances. Notwithstanding all her sufferings, Catherine was calm and joyful, saying often: "I long to suffer all imaginable pains, that souls may quickly see and praise their Redeemer."

We understand the love of Jesus for us when we see Him a God

Man in Bethlehem and Nazareth, when we follow Him on His footsteps during the three years of His public life. We are attracted by His love, when we see what He did during His life to secure our salvation. But when we meditate upon His sacred passion and death, when we see His body rent to pieces, his hands and feet pierced by heavy nails, when we remember His torments on the Cross, and when we understand that He suffered freely not to satisfy for Himself but for sins, when we know how sensitive His body was, and how little we love Him and how much we offend Him, then, as a Saint Catherine, we feel that none loved us as He did, that there is none we should love more than the Savior.

How often a day do we wander in thought around the Cross of Calvary? How often in our life do we voluntarily suffer some bodily pain or discomfort in imitation of Christ, for His sake, to cause Him some pleasure?



### The Blues

*Trip lightly over trouble;  
Trip lightly over wrong,  
We only make it double,  
By dwelling on it long.*

*Trip lightly over sorrow,  
And gaily sings the lark,  
The sun may shine tomorrow,  
And gaily sings the lark.*

*While stars are mighty shining  
And heaven is overhead,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy ahead.*

# The Mighty Dollar

## CHAPTER III

### American Protestantism

**T**IME HAD COME FOR ME to look for information concerning my trip to San Francisco, California, and from there—Hurrah! to the Philippines!

I set out on a warm June morning, mounted the countless steps to the elevated Station and rolled down town to the T. K. K. Office (Toyo Kisen Kaisha, Japanese Steamship Company) where I found everything in perfect accordance with my own plans of staying a few days more in New York and a couple of weeks in San Francisco.

While on my way back to the Elevated Station I met Mr. Gilberg, an old friend of mine. I became acquainted with Mr. Gilberg the very first time I set foot on American soil. He was at that time Custom-officer and had to inspect my baggage and discovered—not that I had something to be declared—but that we were bound to become good friends. And good friends we are, he a German-American and I a Belgian.

Mr. Gilberg is a strong-minded, manly fellow, open, jovial, true and always ready to render a service to whomsoever may be in need of it. His manly face is continually brightened with an impressive smile of undisturbed peace and conquered

happiness. He is gifted with a keen sense of justice, and his judgment bears always the seal of true wisdom. I have never met a man in the world so strict for himself and so indulgent for others. When I looked at him, I knew I was looking at a man, and it has always been a great pleasure for me to have a heart to heart chat with him. I rejoiced to have met him while we climbed the steps to the Elevated Station.

—“This day is ours, Father,” he said while he dropped a double carfare in the mechanical receiver. “This may be the last time we meet, I have to go south to-morrow morning. Let us have our lunch together at the Cosmopolitan Hotel on 6th avenue, the best place I know where we are free from all disturbance in our last chat together.”

—“It shall be an honor and pleasure for me, Mr. Gilberg. I have never lost my time having a talk with you, indeed.”

—“Thank you, Father. I wish I could go with you to the Philippines, the Eastern Paradise.”

At the hotel we took place in a semi-private little department, where we were unmolested and from where we had almost a complete view of the spacious dining-

room. At some tables customers were reading "The Sun" or "The New York Times" which papers displayed in big type the topic of the day. From our place we could read: Dr. Grant Denying Virgin Birth, Combats Divinity of Christ.

Mr. Gilberg looked at me shaking his head, and fetching a deep sigh he said: "Poor America seems to be lost to Christ!"

—"Let us not be too pessimistic, Mr. Gilberg," I remarked.

—"Not pessimistic at all, Father. I am a convert myself and I know, alas! too well that more than 75% of Americans do not practice any religion. Materialism has supplanted all religious feelings and the American people in their overwhelming majority are entirely devoted to Mammon, the cult of the dollar. I foresee the day when on the top of the towers of Protestant churches the dollar sign (\$) will appear as the sign of redemption.

Read the papers, look at the Magazine covers, listen to people's conversation and you will find out that modern religion in U.S.A. consists exactly of this: Raise a beautiful and healthy body; provide it with a good set of white teeth and a bright smile; by all means try to get the mighty dollar which is the only savior of mankind, the only universal benefactor procuring us good times, making of this earth a short but pleasure-full paradise, where we enjoy a continual thrilling love romance...."

Just then the waiter came and

presented the Menu-Card. It was not the first time that Mr. Gilberg ordered a lunch for both of us, he knew that short and good is my favorite principle in that regard,—and his also. The outlines were clear: vegetable soup, hamburger steak, fried potatoes, spinach, a cup of coffee and a cigar.

The topic of our conversation was too interesting to me, so I came back to it and said:

—"The whole trouble with the Protestant churches lies in this, Mr. Gilberg: a kingdom divided in itself cannot stand."

—"And never, Father, was that kingdom so divided as nowadays. Dr. Grant, minister of the High Episcopal Church, stands in the pulpit of the Trinity Church and proclaims the greatest blasphemies against God, our divine Savior and His Blessed Mother Mary. Bishop Manning, the ought-to-be-head of the New York Episcopal Church, is not even invested with sufficient authority to call Dr. Grant to order and to shut his blaspheming mouth...."

—"Yes, Modernism is giving the death-blow to the last remaining of the so called Protestant faith."

—"Just imagine, Father, a Bishop Brown, also of the Episcopal Church, writing a book to deny the existence of God. Accused of heresy he had to appear before the assembly of his co-Bishops, but the atheist Bishop challenged all the "Divines" present to come forward and to make a clear profession of what

they believed. No one dared to appear, and in condemning Bishop Brown they were condemning themselves of complete lack of a definite faith."

—"If the Protestant body has such a sick head, what must be the condition of the members?"

—"Mr. Somers revealed that condition a week ago. Dr. Grant was abusing the pulpit to utter his unbelief, when this Mr. Somers, thoroughly disgusted, stood up in his pew, walked up in front of the pulpit and declared in a voice thrilling with indignation: "I leave my pew and the church!" Yes, the disappointed multitude of Protestants turn to unbelief and indifference; a few however turn their eyes towards Rome, find the One Shepherd and enter into the One Fold."

—"Thanks to God! I see that the Catholic Church in America is doing her utmost best to help those struggling souls. The Paulist and the Jesuit Fathers are doing wonders in that regard, preaching retreats to non-Catholics. Let us help them with our prayers, this is a great obligation for every Catholic in the States. Religious ignorance however, is the greatest obstacle. Right Rev. J.J. Swint, D.D., Catholic Bishop of Wheeling, West Virginia, told me once that asking of a non-Catholic boy of sixteen who Jesus was, he received this dreadful answer: "I do not remember it right now, Sir, but I believe he was one of the great generals of the Civil War."

—"And how could it be otherwise? Ministers are no more using the pulpit to explain the doctrine, but to talk on worldly topics, and many times to attack the Catholic Church. People do not go to church any more to hear religious instructions, but to see a beautiful gathering, to hear nice music, and even sometimes to enjoy a tango-tea. Just notice the way the non-Catholic churches are advertising in this city of New York, and the "Abominatio desolationis" will best describe their hopeless degradation."

—"And in the meantime sectarian papers and magazines keep the minds of the people blinded with prejudices, and their hearts embittered with hatred against the Catholic Church."

—"Yes, and The Menace is leading the way in that dirty campaign. The most unbelievable calumnies and slanders against the Catholic Church are printed in that paper and sent abroad to millions of Protestant readers who are always disposed to accept them for granted. The other day The Menace announced that the Pope of Rome had decided to make Washington his residential city, and that on a fixed date he had to pass a certain R. R. Station on his way to our American Metropolis. Now could you believe it? On that fixed day thousands of The Menace readers were at the mentioned station in order to protest and to claim the arrest of the Holy Father!"

—"I say, Mr. Gilberg, they are

rather to be pitied than to be blamed."

—"You are absolutely right, Father, and furthermore it has to be said to the credit of a minority among Protestants that they are not so indulgent at all to swallow The Menace's poison; they range themselves under the leadership of Mr. A. C. Windle and his "Truth and Light" to confound the malicious doctrine of the Menace and to defend the Catholic Church against its infernal propaganda of slander and lies."

—"Bravo! Three cheers for Mr. Windle, the American Knight of Truth and Liberty!"

—"Yes, he deserves the title, he is a typical American indeed, and the K. K. K. found in him their most dangerous and powerful adversary."

—"The K. K. K. (Ku Klux Klan) is nothing else than the history of religious persecution repeating itself. Of course that secret society is causing great evil, but in fact I see much more danger for Christian souls in the Y.M.C.A. than in the K. K. K."

—"Perfectly right, Father, and that organization ought not to be called Y. M. C. A. but rather Y. M. C. D., I mean: Young Men Christian Damnation. That organization is the stronghold of Masonry, and constitutes its greatest power to combat the Catholic Church. Catholic boys or girls who enter there are lost to our Faith, the contrary is a rare exception to the general rule."

—"It is really in the Y. M. C. A. that one can observe how Masonry and Protestantism are allies in their common war against the one true Church of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church."

—"Thanks to God! that she has the promise of Christ: the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. But alas! they cause the ruin of many souls, and make numerous victims of those who are unaware of the danger."

—"I believe Mr. Gilberg, that the Y. M. C. A. is to be found in every city of any importance here in the States."

—"That is true, but they are especially exhibiting their anxious zeal at the debarcation sea-ports like New York, San Francisco and Seattle, where the new comers are attracted by their uncommon offering of service and display of comfort, and where Catholics, unconscious of the danger, are falling into their nets."

Silence followed this last statement, full of sad meaning. I stirred my coffee carelessly, absorbed as I was in deep thinking, when Mr. Gilberg putting his hand on mine said:

—"Father, you are thinking..."

—"Yes, my dear friend, I am thinking of thousands of Catholic Filipino boys landing at San Francisco or at Seattle.... Alas! what is happening to them?.... Poor boys! —"Poor boys indeed," sighed Mr. Gilberg. "Father, when you are back over there in our adopted Phi-



lippines, give an earnest warning to those who are planning to cross the ocean and to venture in this big labyrinth of ours without a guide or sufficient information....”

We left the hotel. I shook hands for the last time with a brave Catholic American and a very dear friend of mine. At 6th avenue I mounted for the third time the numerous steps to the Elevated Station. While I was shaken and jerked on my seat, rolling up to 130th street, my thoughts went far away. I saw on the immense Pacific Ocean a steamer bound for San Francisco. On deck Filipino boys

were enjoying the magnificence of the wide ocean sight, unconscious, unaware of the danger which was waiting them on the American continent. And on the seashore of San Francisco I saw numerous officials of the Y. M. C. A. and representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and other Protestant sects, anxiously awaiting the arrival of their victims.

It was the reality of the “Diabolus, tamquam leo rugiens, quaerens quem devoret,” the devil, like a roaring lion, in search of whom he may devour.

*(To be continued)*



## Useless and Harmful Regrets

It is easy to let ourselves wish we had done differently, but the only time such regrets should be entertained is when we have deliberately acted in opposition to our best judgment. If our course was decided by laziness or cowardice or weakness, we have reason to cry, “Oh, if I only had done differently!” But that lament should never pass our lips when we have acted as

we thought for the best, after trying our hardest to find the best way. Young men who are always indulging in regretful retrospect ought to remember that in doing so they impair their judgment and their will. Not only do such regrets do no good, but they do a great deal of harm, for they lead us to doubt our judgment as well as our will.”

## Do you know ?

That the latest regulation concerning the speed of automobiles may be of interest to the public, and is as follows:

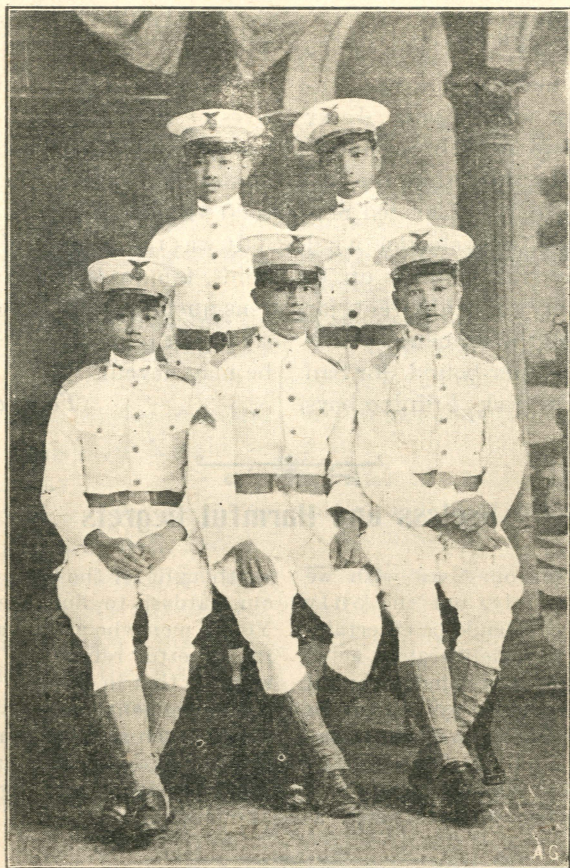
1. Autos going at the rate of 30 Km an hour must show a RED LIGHT.
2. Those going from 30 to 40 Km a BLUE LIGHT.
3. Those going from 40 to 45 Km a GREEN LIGHT.

4. After 45 Km per hour there is a musical box attached which strikes up the hymn “Nearer my God to Thee.”



1. When is water like fat?—When it is dripping.
2. Who was the fastest runner?—ADAM because he was the first in the human race.

## Mission News and Notes



Do these five young gentlemen not look like officers of some powerful and highly civilized nation?

Who are they?

They are five boys from the Mountain Province, three from Bontok and two from Kiangan, now students at the high school of the Ateneo de Manila, of the Jesuit Fathers. They received their first instruction and

education at the missions of Bontok and Kiangan. Not only do they pass regularly but they are among the very first of their classes.

If the missions of the Mountain Province only had more means, they would send many such clever boys to Manila to continue their studies. Just think of the good these future leaders of the Mountain

Province may do for the christianization and civilization of their countrymen.

The Little Apostle sends the most sincere thanks of the Missionaries of the M.P.P.I. to the Rev. Jesuit Fathers of the Ateneo de Manila, for their generous attention given to these students.

### **Bokod.**

Father Claerhoudt writes:

I have been very busy these last two months.

I must profit by the dry season to visit not only my Christians but also the pagans, for such visits during the rainy season have often to be postponed on account of the storms, swollen rivers and mountain slides.

During these last two months I baptized 60 people. Several families are studying the catechism, with the hope of receiving baptism before very long. If the shower of roses of the Little Flower continues much longer, I may soon be buried under the load, if no companion comes to help me.

East-Benguet is a most consoling mission: this year 1925, I distributed 3860 Holy Communions, which makes 400 more than in 1924 and I conferred 160 baptisms.

Long live the mission of East-Benguet.

### **Lubuagan.**

The Very Reverend Father Provincial celebrated Christmas in Lubuagan, where he arrived on the 23rd of December, while paying the annual provincial visit to all the missions of the Mountain Province.

### **Aritao. N. V.**

Father De Samber only two months in Aritao, is busy building a house for himself. Until now the priest of Aritao occupied a small shack unworthy of the name of a house. The work had been already begun by FF. Ampe and Giebens, but because both of them became sick the work was stopped. Let us hope that F. De Samber may keep all his strength and finally endow the town of Aritao with a convent for the priest.

### **Manila.**

FF. Pablo De Geest and Jose Van Runkelen are expected to arrive in Manila about the end of February. They return from Belgium where, after many years in the Philippines, they spent a year's vacation. Welcome.



# COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

## The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

By *Father Morice Vanoverbergh*

*Missionary in the Mountain Province. P.I.*

(Continuation)

MAY 20th (Tuesday): On awaking I found myself entirely alone; but, after the pretense of a breakfast, I lost no time in following the rest of the caravan. Very soon, I passed Tappo, where I saw from afar Mr. Andaya, near the school house, then Apatan, where I overtook Rev. C. de Brouwer and the hammock. Farther on, I saw Asa at the other side of the Saltan river, whose windings the road follows from Pinokpok to Balbalan. I arrived at Limos (12 miles from Taga), where all the boys had already assembled; Pedro was carried by two men from Taga. After an hour or so Mr. Juan Andaya came in, followed closely by Rev. C. de Brouwer. We took lunch together and tried to procure a little rest.

In the afternoon, I was the first to leave Limos for Balbalan (a distance of another 12 miles), but felt dizzy during a considerable part of the journey. The road was very steep until we arrived at Balbalan,

its highest point between Tuaw and Bontok. The scenery was indescribably beautiful: I should need the pen of a poet and the brush of a painter combined, to be able to give an idea of this garden of Eden; one has not to leave the Philippines to go sightseeing.

At Balbalan, I had time to visit some Kalinga houses before dark. And then, we all came together again, at the house bought here by the missionaries, and so we felt once more at home.

MAY 21st (Wednesday): Again I set out first, as I waited for nobody to carry me. The road now descended until Ableg, and then, by a tremendous zigzag, I climbed the mountain at this side of Lubuagan (12 miles from Balbalan), where I arrived about 11 a.m. Here we had a chapel and a small room; Mr. Andaya and Pastora, his sister, lived here. Miss Andaya prepared me one of the best lunches I ever ate, at least it seemed so at that

precious moment. One by one our people arrived: Rev. C. de Brouwer and Pedro were brought directly to the hospital, where they would be taken care of by Mrs. Penalosa the doctor's wife, a trained nurse.

Lubugan is the capital of the subprovince of Kalinga, and one of the largest settlements I have seen since we left Tuaw. Most of the people are still pagans, but the president and a few others have been baptized by our priests, and, if a couple of missionaries could have a permanent residence here, I think a good many people would soon come to the knowledge of the true religion: may this hope be soon realized.

MAY 22nd (Thursday): I said Mass, attended by most of the christian Kalingas; then had a talk over the telephone with Rev. J. Anseeuw, of the Bontok mission, who insisted on my presence at the celebration of the patron feast of the town, in order to pronounce the panegyric of St. Rita; and, a little later, I saw Rev. C. de Brouwer at the hospital: he had no fever, but was thoroughly exhausted, and the nurse forbade him to leave before having taken a protracted rest of several days; the doctor would arrive soon, and then they would see.

Later on I paid a visit to the governor, and then went back to the hospital, where I found our sick companion better than ever: he would stay here with Mr. Andaya and Pedro, while I should start for

Bontok with the three other boys, the next day.

For the first time, I saw here a copy of Mr. Reed's "Negritos of Zamboanga", and looked it over rather quickly. Then, after having made a tour around the town, and visited several of the most influential inhabitants, I was ready to continue the journey.

MAY 23rd (Friday): After Mass, I said good bye to Mr. and Miss Andaya, and started for Tinglayan, where I arrived at 10 a.m. Mr. José Sarol offered me a good lunch at his solitary residence, and, in the afternoon, I left for Baliwang, where I arrived in the evening.

Here I met Drs. Penalosa and Crisólogo at the rest-house, a lucky coincidence, for there was no food to be had here, and the provisions of the two doctors were shared by the three of us with the utmost fraternity.

MAY 24th (Saturday): At about 1 a.m. we were awaked by a frightful noise: shouts and exclamations coming from a group of some fifty half-naked pagans. They were looking for one of their companions, who was missing, and whom they supposed to have been killed. The spears and headaxes were an unmistakable sign of their belligerent intentions, but, fortunately, we were able to reassure them, as their companion was safe and sound, so the company left to the satisfaction of everybody, especially of my boys, who were natives of a village at enmity with them.



*A Negrito woman with well combed hair.*

In the morning, after breakfast, the two doctors left for Lubuagan, while I went to Bontok. After a short visit to Our Lady (N.S. de la Paz y Buen Viaje) at Tokukan, where the fathers have a school, I arrived at Bontok at 11 a.m.

There were 44 miles between Lubuagan and Bontok: no forests here, nothing but the Rio Chiko

winding its way between high and steep mountains; bare rocks and tremendous precipices left the river an exceedingly narrow bed, where the water rushed through and reached an unusual height. Such I found the Bontok subprovince, where live the poorest and hardest, but also the wildest of the pagan tribes, a wild country for a wild people.



*Two Itneg girls of Apayao province.*

What a joy it was for us to see again the residence of a missionary; although nearly unrecognizable as I was—in need of a barber and a bath—I was received with open arms by the Revs. Anseeuw and Ghysebrechts: it does one good to feel at home, and home it was without the shadow of a doubt. Big preparations were going on, as the next

day would be solemnized: the feast of St. Rita, patroness of the mission.

MAY 25th (Sunday): TOWN feast of Bontok. As guest of honor, I had to take charge of procession, High Mass and sermon. May St. Rita bless the Bontok mission and its three missionaries, one of them lying sick at the present moment at Lubuagan.

MAY 26th (Monday): A visit to the Provincial Governor, D. Joaquin Luna, some preparations for diary, maps and report on the Negritos: and the day was over.

MAY 27th (Tuesday): A day of quiet and rest.

MAY 28th (Wednesday): I left alone for Bauko, where I was a missionary for six years, from 1909 to 1915. A drizzly rain kept the roads muddy and the people at home. Bauko is a nice little spot: about 4000 feet high, it has a delightful climate, and the town is practically Christian. Very soon a young missionary will make it his residence, and our kind Kankanay will enjoy it, a happiness which they richly deserve.

MAY 29th (Thursday): After Mass, I borrowed the horse of Mr. James Sepulchre, the sanitary inspector, formerly one of my school boys, and reached Cervantes by muddy roads and along precipitous mountain cliffs.

Revs. J. Portelange and L. Wins gave me hospitality for the night; and, hearing about my expedition, the former made me a gift of Mr. Reed's "Negritos of Zambales", which was very welcome indeed.

MAY 30th (Friday): I hired a horse to ride to Bessang (13 miles); the road was a continuous ascent.

The hiking down the mountain slope for another thirteen miles, until I reached Butak, did me much good; and an automobile, that brought me to Tagudin (19 miles), was an exceedingly welcome conveyance.

The scenery on this Cervantes-Tagudin road is again unparalleled. At Bessang, one sees on one side

the Abra river and the fertile Cervantes valley; at the other side, we find the hills whose feet are washed by the waves of the sea. From there till Butak, the most luxurious vegetation gladdens the eye of the traveller; and from Butak on, the banks of the Rio Chiko de Amburayan offer a panorama that changes at every turn of the road, and always for the better, a picturesqueness unequalled anywhere. From the hills, in which nestles the little village of Kabugaw, one gets a magnificent view of old Neptune's kingdom, which makes a vivid contrast with the places one had been traversing up till now, and shows in all its roaring splendor the kindness of the Creator, Who combines beauty and utility all over the earth.

At Tagudin, Rev. H. David, my successor, and Revs. G. Declercq and C. van Aspert, my old companions found again a place for me in their cozy little convent.

MAY 31st (Saturday): A peaceful, ordinary day.

JUNE 1th (Sunday): I noted a great difference, on Sundays, between a place where live 10,000 fervent christians, and the woody mountains of Northern Luzon.

JUNE 2nd (Monday): A day of much work for the Tagudin fathers, as school opened to-day, and of dolce far niente for the missionary to the Negritos: who knows but some day this title may be more permanently deserved: Amen.

JUNE 3rd (Tuesday): An uneventful trip on a mail motorbus from Tagudin to Bawan, and on a motorbus loaded with dangerous explosives from Bawan to Baguio.

(To be continued)



# The Songs of a People

## Igorrote Customs in East Benguet

by Rev. Father C'aerhoudt, Missionary, Bokod, Benguet

In his introduction to his "Song of Hiawatha" Longfellow says to the reader:

"Ye who love a nation's legends  
Love the ballads of a people  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,

Listen to this Legend . . .

and I have so often listened to the wonderful stories of the land of the "Ojibways", to their tales and legends

"With the odours of the forests,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers."

But there is not a nation on earth without its own stories and legends, dressed in the colors of its land and nature, and wrapped in the mystery of its customs and morals and filled with the eternal idea of the life hereafter.

Is it not as if God Himself, from the endless heights of His throne, were bending toward the precipice of His creation to listen to the songs of His children—now as sorry as the agony of the dying—again, as full of hope as the heart of youth?

And I, who like to tell stories and am fond of listening to the sorrows and rejoicings of a people, who like to penetrate the morals and usages of a nation, come to relate to you

what I hear and see in the lonely mountains and the lonely hamlets of my dear Igorrotes of East Benguet.... what the elders tell me about former ages.... what I hear and see at their feasts when the drum of the "sulibaw" directs their dances, or when pitiless death enters their shricks, and the grieving, sobbing lamentations of woman rise around the corpses.

I hear much about ghosts wandering over mountains and paddies, around huts and trees, on the trails, in the water of the mountain streams and among the branches of the sighing trees.

You will hear of the exorcisms of their "mambunung" (sort of pagan priests who try to avert all evil from man and beast and from their houses and fields.

Nevertheless, dear readers, who have received from God the immense grace of knowing and loving Him with all your hearts, when you deign to read my tales, may you now and then feel a lump in your throats at the thought of so many Igorrotes of East Benguet, hardened in their ancient superstitions and pagan customs, for whom no true light did ever shine in this world. God bless you for the charitable compassion of your Christian hearts. There is no heavier, no deeper nor more charitable

and fruitbearing sorrow for a Christian, than the grief he feels at the eternal loss of a neighbor.

Thanks to God, many inhabitants of East Benguet have listened to the voice of Grace and they serve the only true God with all the generosity of grateful hearts, but there are thousands of others for whom the blood of a God-Man Savior seems to have

been shed in vain.

Therefore, dear readers of the "Little Apostle", be Apostles in your hearts and remember in your prayers the poor Pagans of East Benguet, so that soon over the mountains may resound the triumphal song: "Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat!"—"Christ wins. Christ reigns, Christ commands!"

**S**TARTING FROM NORTHERN PANGASINAN and following the Agno river as far as Northern Benguet, you see, all along the rocky right bank of the stream, numerous hamlets and villages of Igorrotes, hidden behind waving bamboo bushes and heavily laden mango trees.

Again, along the many rivulets, which pour their waters into the giant Agno, you may find, near their silvery curves, black, sharp-roofed huts, rising from lovely green rice-paddies.

In the deep Agno valley and on the steep grass covered slopes, between the somber pine forests, wherever a few drops of water spring from a murmuring source and where a few feet of soil is moistened, solitary huts seem to watch the nearby growing camotes, which sustain the lonely lives of our poor mountaineers.

How tranquil, how peaceful, those hills of Benguet!

In the early morning, when the rising sun speaks of life and hope, there is some movement around the shacks: one hears the short cutting knock of the "gwassai" (heavy axe) on the fire log, the sniffing and grunting of hungry hogs, the rhythmic pounding of the rice flail in the "badjo-an" (half hollow log in which the Igorrotes pound their rice).

From the dripping roofs, after a dewy night, lazy puffs of blueish smoke rise in long wavering curls.

The older inhabitants, wrapped in their "kolibaw" (blanket warm their stiff loins at the sputtering pine fire while, by long draughts at their little copper pipe, they seem to revive their lungs, exhausted from the coughing during the night spent in their smoky abode.

As soon as the sun rises, in the East, from behind the golden crests

of the blueish peaks, upward climb the women, over the steep curving paths, with "kaibangs" baskets of woven rattan on their bending backs and, in the dry season, a "pakong" (a split bamboo whose beating upon their arm produces a particular sound) in their hands to enliven the heavy march with its weird singing tunes. The men tightly wrapped in their cotton blankets, slink slowly away to the forests in search of the firewood for the day. The little tots, who do not go to school, watch the hut, and, with the smallest baby tied on their hips or backs, loaf around, while younger brother or sister sleeps soundly, unaware of the antics their living cradles now and then perform.

East Benguet is a paradise of evergreens. The mountain peaks bear their stately crowns of dark pine forests full of the odors of incense and gums. On the slopes, hidden under long cogon grass, rises the "ati-bang-dal" (ferntree) above the silvery rattan flowers, the "talé-té", and near the feathery fronds of the "Alaam-aam" and "pa-co" (cryptogamias).

Deeper in the canyons, where the "olsa" (mountain deer) frolics and where the thundering torrents rush madly seaward, grow the "sebbit" (the prickly hawthorn) and the shiny "muj-mujot" laden with red and juicy fruit.

As Adam in paradise, the Igorrote knows the names of all shrubs and trees; he knows their virtues and harms. On a journey with him,

ask the names of plants you indicate, and he will answer: "this with its red stem and red leaves, is the "te-bel"; that yonder, hidden under "wakkal" (climbing plant) with its sharp leaf, is the "de-dai" tree.

On he goes...he will show you the "alo-oo" with tender green leaflets, the "kaman-tilis" with its juicy fruit; the "pi-pi-dei" laden with clusters of reddish berries, the erect "kawi-ding" with his mighty crown of leaves, the "kati-dek", the "baja-bas", the "bale-tée", the "balo-kok", the "tatang-aan" etc. etc.

The East Benguet Igorrote is a child of nature, he grows up with it and lives in it. He counts the time by the sun and the moon and the stars; the seasons of the year he reckons by the rain and draught, and the years by the number of times he worked his rice-paddies.

Did there happen an event in his life, does he foresee another in the future, he will mark the date by saying: it was at the time of plowing, or of transplanting the rice, or of weeding the fields, or "nuntan si abul": when it was the time of chasing away the ricebirds, or "no si-ani" when the time of harvest arrived.....and when he announces some date within the month: it will be by saying: "when the moon was still small"—"when the moon was rising"—"when the moon was round"—"when the moon decreases.....dies.....then will....." and then he tells what will happen.

And if his memory does not fail

as yet, he may tell you it was at the time such or such one was "Capitan" (president) of the "ili" (town).

The oldest still remember the "nunta tiempo ni Español" (time of the Spaniards).....but further, nothing. Then they begin their tale with the usual: "nuntaabajaagda" meaning a long, long time ago.

I said the East Benguet Igorrote is a true child of nature, living in it from birth to old age and enjoying it without knowing its greatness and beauty.

The little tot climbs the rocky slope of the hills, plays under the singing trees, dives into the babbling waters and is not afraid of bathing in the rushing torrents.

With his "sek-ka" and "aak-dep" (woven basket) or with his "baltaho" (net) the little boy wades thru the river to catch fish, and is his draught but meager, he returns home with a happy heart, nevertheless.

But there is sometimes a scarcity of food in the village. Then men, women and children, kneedeep in the water, scratch with their fingers in the mud of the paddies for molusks and shells, whose contents they will boil and eat with their rice and camotes (sweet potatoes).

If a bird sings in the bushes, the Igorrote will tell you whether it is a battling "salak-sak" or a blue-winged "poliew-poliew".

In the yellow blooming reed of the marshes, he knows the nest of the blue waterbird, the fishshooter

"pi-doeng-si", and in the grass near the trails, he finds, easily, the nest of the "sak-sak" and the fleabitten "ké-too-pée". So does he find the nest of the sharpbeaked "swit-swit" in the walls of the rocks, of the red-breasted "kou-kou" and of the whiteeyed "djouw-djouwin" the tall grass on the mountains.

He speaks of the blackfeathered "doe-rain" with white plumage under the wings; of the yellow "kodidie", of the blackspotted "tchoeg-wiel-tchoegwiel", of the white thickheaded "atchan" with its black wings, of the little swarthy "adaroog" and of the leaping "mantibis".

Even the smallest tots know the birds of prey: the "bokaw" and the "sek-gied" for they are in charge of the chickens around the hut, and when these preybirds hover high up in the sky over the village, they shout with all their might: "bokaw! bokaw!" for the bokaw might fall as a stone upon a chicken and carry it away.

Our small Igorrote boys have no greater winged enemy than the "boetching" (ricebird) which, in swarms of hundreds, feeds on the rice in ears. Each ricefield has a watching boy on the lookout, and when the little winged thieves fall upon the field, the little guardian shouts and yells with all the power of his lungs and throat to frighten the birds, he pulls at the scarecrows and flaps, unceasingly, the split bamboo until the little bandits fly up and disappear.

What a majestic sight is the green rice, bowing and undulating like the waves of the sea under the breath of the breeze over the paddies, which rise in immense terraces from the foot to the top of the mountain.

Here in the hills grow the rich "toedoei" rice, the heavyeared "sa-bool-aboo-kan", the rosecolored "tchamos" and "kamiling", the white "barraka" and "tanang-ow", the black "t haja-ot", the heavy "talang-kai", the short "tcha-jaw", and here and there over this golden richness rises a giant mangotree.

How peacefull live- the Igorrote in the wil mountains and the hills. His song may well repeat what the Flemish farmer sings of his foggy meadows and fertile fields:

"My land is a land of peace,  
"Of nature, yes, lonesome, but  
free!"

East Benguet burns under the glowing heat of the day and shivers from the biting cold of the night. It has months of unclouded blue sky above the numberless peaks bathing in shadow and light. But it has also months of torrential rains and howling stormwinds, and it is then that the trails slide away and whole slopes disappear into the bottomless precipices or the rushing mountain streams, crushing and dragging along trees and rocks in their wild dash and their muddy flood.

And when those days of thunder and storm are gone, there hangs a pale greenish sky over the dripping grass and trees as if it shed tears over a shaken world.

But nevertheless, say the elders, the showers are no more as in the past.

"Nuntanda..... a long time ago, when the world was yet young, heavy and abundant were the tears of the world, but now that the world grows old, she weeps less than before...."

High in the sky of East Benguet rises the top of the "Polag" mountain. Polag is the first to bathe in the rays of the morning sun, and when late in the evening the pinefires burn around the huts, this holy mountain still glimmers, as with a golden halo, in the dying crepuscule.

After the rainy season, the chill nights bring snow on the Polag, but as soon as the dry days are gone, and the rain moistens his flanks, white smoky blankets of clouds and fog drive in and over his kadassaan—and pine forests on his slopes and in his ravines.

It is on the top of the Polag that the souls of the dead Igorrotes take their abode after death:

"Tchiman tcha na pan ba-liée,  
Tchiman tcha na pan i-ni.  
It is there that they rest,  
It is there that they nest."

Do not the elders say that they have heard the "psadiew" song on

the Polag? There live and feast the souls, and all those who give on earth a "pechiet" feast, shall again after death give a "pechiet" feast on the Polag and there they will speak with "Kabunian", the divinity.

"Kabunian, the sun divinity is good. He created man and all that he needs.

"Kabunian created two people and these two had children: we Igorrotes descend from the first.

"Again these two first people had another child: the first ancestor of the Kadassaan people.

"Kabunian is good and he gave his children all that they needed.

"To the Igorrotes he gave the "kalsa" (hollow log in which the Igorrotes pound rice.)

"To the Kadassaan people he gave the hog's trough.

"To the Ilocanos he gave the writing.

"That was all he gave to his children."

And therefore the elders tell their children: "if we receive bap-

tism, Kabunian will punish us. Kabunian made us Igorrotes. He hates to see us become Ilocanos."

And this is why the poor Missionary, who spends the best years of his life for the conversion of these Igorrote tribes of East Benguet, alas, often stands powerless, with heart full of sorrow, near the dying pagan who enters eternity,—the terrible eternity—with a calm and serenity that only an Igorrote can feel when he dies.

What a terrible awakening in eternity for these poor souls!

But here in the mountains, the Lord is known to many. Many already have listened to His mysterious voice and many little souls have already taken their flight to heaven.

May the virtue of God's more and more numerous children and the continuous prayer of their generous hearts and the merits of their sufferings break the chains by which these poor Igorrotes are tied to their ancient superstitions and pagan customs and lead, by the devil, to the hellish night of the outcast. *(To be continued)*

Captain Jones was a very round-shouldered and eccentric officer.

On a particularly dark night in Egypt, whilst practising his company in outpost duty, he approached one of the sentries, who failed to halt him.

In a great rage the officer demanded of the now trembling sentry the reason why he had omitted to challenge him.

"If you please, sir," uttered the confused soldier. "I thought you was a camel."—Exchange.



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

## Belgium.

Cardinal Mercier died on January 23, after having been operated upon for stomach ulcers. He was one of the greatest philosophers and patriots of the world, but above all a priest and bishop, whose sympathy and virtues more than his learning and bravery had conquered the admiration not only of his friends but also of his enemies and of the whole world.

One of his first visitors after the operation was the Japanese Ambassador and King Albert paid him several visits.

May God grant his soul the eternal rest our dear Cardinal Mercier has so well deserved!

## Czecho Slovakia.

President Masaryck, although a Protestant, made a gift of 1,000,000 kronen for the enlargement of the Metropolitan Catholic Cathedral of Prague.

At the last elections the two Catholic parties made enormous gains. These last years the enemies of the Church have created several

difficulties for the Catholics, but as always, when the Church is persecuted she becomes stronger, this time again she came out more victorious from the battle. The Catholics obtained 54 seats in the house of deputies as against 32 formerly and 28 seats in the Senate against 18 in the past.

## France.

Monsignor Ceretti, Papal Nuncio to France, who is soon to be made a cardinal, has been decorated by President Doumergue with the cross of the Legion of Honor, in order to help the Nuncio forget all the insults he had to suffer while the radicals of the Legislature tried in vain to suppress the French Ambassade at the Vatican.

Mr. John Rockefeller Jr. whose donation of \$4,000,000 is being used to restore the famous Cathedral of Rheims, inspected the progress of the work on this historical monument.

## Holland.

There was a great banquet at the Hague, Holland.

Ministers from the Netherlands,

Mayors from several big cities and delegates from nearly all the European nations were present.

It was dinner time.

All of a sudden, Minister Koolen rang the bell. All present, much astonished, looked at Mr. Koolen, President of the feast, who had thus called for attention. In a few words minister Koolen invited everybody to keep silence for a moment to give the hosts time to say a prayer, he said, and he himself in a loud sharp voice pronounced the words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen" while making the sign of the Cross.

Well done, Mr. Koolen! Of course he knew that some would mock his action. But he was not ashamed and he invoked God's blessing over the meal. Away with human respect! Are the enemies of the Church afraid of showing what they are!

### Italy.

Rome: The personnel of the Vatican has been filled with awe at the courage with which the Holy Father

has endured the crushing task of receiving thousand of pilgrims nearly every day of the Holy Year. Each pilgrim has been able to kiss his ring and each morning many received Holy Communion from his hands, while during the day the audiences lasted until well in the afternoon. The source of his strength has been revealed: the Holy Father has ordered a mass said at Lisieux, to thank the Little Flower to whom he had entrusted his health during the Holy Year.

Mussolini had a bill passed in the senate suppressing all secret lodges of Masons.

### United States.

The Missionary Association of Catholic Women of Milwaukee, who has often helped the Missions of the Mountain Province in the P.I. and who did the 'Little Apostle' the honor of publishing some of its articles in the magazine of the Association, has received a bequest of \$1,000,000 from Mr. Ernest G. Miller.

The L. A. congratulates the Missionary Association of Catholic Women of Milwaukee.



"You say, professor, that tobacco is an aid to thought and a stimulant to the reasoning faculties, but Professor Dulham declares that tobacco is in every way injurious. How do you account for this difference of

opinion?"

"Easily enough, madam. Professor Dulham does not smoke, and consequently he can neither think straight nor reason correctly."—  
Boston Transcript.





# CURRENT EVENTS



## Philippines

### Politics.

The controversy between Filipino and American interests has perhaps never been so acute as it is today.

On the one side the president of the United States, in his message to Congress asked more powers for the American Governor General Wood, and the Underhill bill doing away with the Senate's power of approving or disapproving the nominations made by the Governor General seems an answer to the Presidential suggestion.

Besides, the United States has to pay annually to England more than the interests due by Great Britain to the United States on the war debt. Thanks to the inflated prices for rubber created by England, which has a kind of monopoly throughout the world of this precious article.

Rubber is needed in time of war: the United States needs it absolutely freely, without the interference of any nation.

Rubber can be grown in the Philippines and the Philippines is the only American colony where rubber can be cultivated on a big scale.

The laws of the Philippines do not permit the acquisition of big tracts of land on which to grow rubber which, in order to leave a reasonable benefit to the planter has to be cultivated in large plantations. Americans concerned in getting rubber at reasonable prices and partly induced by Mr.

Hoover have decided to spend \$10,000,000 to acquire rubber plantations in the Philippines and the Dutch Indies.

The Filipinos fear the encroachments upon their rights in the Senate and the exploitation of their own soil by foreigners.

Wherefore, in order to resist both, the two political parties have united and formed a Supreme Council composed of members of Nationalistas-Consolidados and Democratas which hence shall direct the politics of the country and work to insure the complete independence of the Philippines. Sub-committees have been made to announce to the whole country the newly proposed politics of union of parties against the common enemy.

Moreover, as a preparation for the coveted independence, other sub-committees have been instituted whose duties are to study the means of establishing the future independent government. It has been announced that the Filipino legislature shall not change the land laws and not give up a single right granted by the Jones law.

What will be the outcome of this clash of American and Filipino interests?

### Manila.

Laborers have a right to strike when their just complaints are not attended, but they have no right to take the law into their hands and attack the other

aborers willing to work or to cause damage to the properties of their former employers.

During the last few days it has happened several times that strikers took the law into their hands, intimidating laborers and patrons alike.

## Schools.

Each year, though this year it is a little earlier than usual, a school crisis is announced.

It was discussed at the meeting of teachers and superintendents of schools in Baguio. It is claimed that more pupils will flock to the schools,

that actual buildings are already inadequate and that some menace complete ruin.

## Bank.

An unauthorized overdraft was made of P2,000,000 by the National Bank in favor of the Bacolod-Murcia sugar central. An investigation was made to find the really responsible and consequently guilty persons. But those accused of having been responsible denied the fact and so far no measures have been taken against those who should have prevented the scandal.

# Foreign

## China.

There seems to be endless trouble inside and out.

Chang-tso-lin defeated the general who revolted against him in Manchuria and after peace was established in this province, the Japanese soldiers who had taken complete possession of Mukden, the capital, returned to their former positions. The Christian General defeated his enemies around and in Peking, was master of the government, and was said to have prepared a decisive battle against his old foe Chang-tso-lin, when suddenly he announced that he would retire to private life and go abroad to study, making his first abode in the country which has been his ally: Russia.

Why?

Is he perhaps not strong enough to dominate the situation in Peking and less still to defeat Chang, and does he go to Russia to find the means needed to rule China?

But Chang is not the man to yield to a second: He has millions in revenues from salt alone and after proclaiming the absolute independence

of Manchuria, he prepares his armies for any eventuality.

In the meantime other generals, allies of or foes of the above chiefs, gather more strength and civil war threatens on all sides.

The commission which has to revise the extraterritoriality rights of foreigners makes little progress and, even in case these rights be suppressed on paper, it will take a long time before foreigners will give them up seeing the continual disturbances in the whole republic and the many fanatics who rule the interior.

The custom conference has established new taxes, permitting China to raise the import taxes, provided the interior taxes or "liken" be suppressed.

Bandits are active everywhere: they are mostly ex-soldiers.

The boycott of English goods and all that has only an English mark continues in the South, to the great detriment of Hong-Kong.

## League of Nations.

The treaty of Locarno has caused several other nations to take similar treaties under consideration.

But what is of great importance is the disarmament question taken up by the League of Nations. What empoverishes Europe, especially France, is the support of enormous armies. Reduce these, and several nations that are now unable to make their budgets balance, may after some time even reduce their actual taxes.

The fear of war forces them to keep their armies mighty and ready.

The Treaty of Locarno has appeased partially that fear. But in what proportion shall the nations reduce their standing armies? England would suppress all submarines. No, says France, who sees in submarines a weapon to defend herself against England. Shall armies be allowed in proportion to the number of inhabitants of each country? And in what proportion? If the League of Nations is to prevent future wars, it ought to be able to oppose an army strong enough to enforce peace upon an unruly nation. Hence no nation should have an army capable of opposing the army of the League of Nations.

Years may pass before the League and the willing nations find out and determine how many soldiers each of the nations, members of the League, should have. In the meantime it can but do good that the question be considered by the different nations. It brings them nearer together, erases old enmities and shows at least some good will to come to a mutual understanding, after which they shall be more able to attend to their interior troubles.

## Fascism.

By fascism is understood today not only the movement begun in Italy by which Mussolini and his black shirts took the reins of the Government of Italy into their hands to defend the country against bolshevism, but a kind of a new political party to be found in several European countries

This party, in view of the fact that Socialists and Communists have become dangerous, and that the actual Governments do not take the necessary steps to stop that growing bolshevism, tries to impose its will upon the Government in order to force it to counteract the coming anarchy and to take measures with which to settle the more or less unsatisfactory financial conditions of the nation.

The Fascists in England told the Minister of the Interior that, if he did not take measures against the Communists, they would take the law into their own hands and stop all Communist propaganda.

In France Mr. Thittinger claims to have a force behind him of 200,000 young men willing to march against the interior enemies. They ask economy in the administration, a settling of the debt with the United States in order to stabilize finances and they are not afraid to say that, if the actual Government does not yield to their claims, they will set up a dictatorship similar to Mussolini's in Italy.

## Varieties.

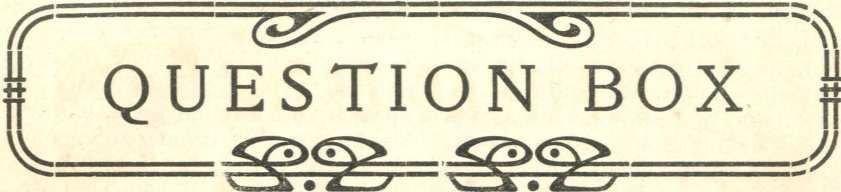
Spain has given up the military dictatorship of Premier de Riveira.

The Turks are willing to settle peacefully their dispute with England over the Mosul district of the new kingdom of Iraq, over which England was given a mandate by the League of Nations.

Russia, thanks to the League of Nations and the consequent union of the Western powers, becomes more and more isolated.

Jugoslavia is about to raise a monument to the assassin of Archduke Ferdinand whom he shot and killed on June 28, 1914.

Their reason is that the world war has given the Serbs a greater country and domination over the Croats and Slovenes.



# 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. 14.—How many indulgences can one win by making the Stations of the Cross?*

Ans.—One who satisfies all the conditions to win the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross can win many both plenary and partial. In fact, all the indulgences conceded to the pilgrims who make the Stations of the Cross at Jerusalem.

*How many plenary?* It can not be said. Several Popes have granted plenary indulgences to those who visited the Stations of the Cross in Jerusalem, and later, when these same indulgences had been applied to the Stations erected in our churches, Pope Clement XII forbid the publication of the number of plenary indulgences attached to this pious exercise.

*Question No. 15.—Can the indulgences of the Way of the Cross be gained more than once a day?*

Ans.—In 1833 the Sacred Congregation of indulgences answered this question by saying that no documents prove that the indulgences of the Way of the Cross could be gained more than once a day. But this answer regards only the plenary indulgences. The partial indulgences can be gained as often as one makes the Stations of the Cross while observing the conditions required.

*Question No. 16.—What are the conditions required to gain the indulgences of the Way of the Cross?*

Ans.—Of course one ought to be in state of Grace and have the intention of gaining the indulgences. Besides the following have to be observed:

1. Each station must be visited, if possible. Thus one has to go from station to station, and if the crowd in the church does not permit such, even

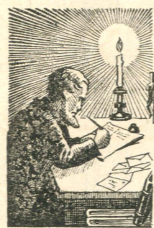
then one has to visit each station by at least some bodily movement towards each station.

2. The fourteen stations must be visited without notable or moral interruption.

An interruption to hear mass, to receive Holy Communion, to confess etc. would not deprive one of the indulgences, if after these pious exercises the visit of the other stations is continued.

3. In front of each station, one has to meditate upon the Sacred Passion of Our Lord. Thus there is no need of meditating upon the suffering of Our Lord as represented on the station, or of reciting an act of contrition, or of adding the Our Father, Hail Mary and Gloria and it is not even required to add six times the Our Father and Hail Mary with the Gloria after the fourteen visits.

NOTE: Those who have a crucifix enriched with the indulgences of the Way of the Cross can win these provided they have this crucifix in their hands and recite with a contrite heart 14 times the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Gloria, adding five times the Our Father, Hail Mary and Gloria in honor of the five wounds of Our Lord and once more for the intention of the Holy Father. However, to use this privilege, it is required that one be really prevented from making the Way of the Cross. This impediment is not only a physical one such as the absence of the Stations in the Church, a physical impossibility of going to the church, etc. . . . but it is enough that it be morally impossible to go to the church to make the stations of the Cross f. i. when one lives at a certain distance from the church, or is traveling, etc.



# MAILBAG OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letters to *The Little Apostle, Box 1393, Manila*

Manila, Feb. 1, 1926.

Dear Readers.

I suppose that all the Crusaders who made their self-denial-week have completely recovered from their fasting and other bodily mortifications by which they spared a few pennies for their brethren of the Mountain Province, otherwise I would be very sorry and tell you not to deprive yourselves so much the next time for, after the self-denial-week, there remains other work to be done.

Rest is Rust!

Some little girls in the Tondo Orphanage, Manila, conducted a campaign for subscriptions to the "Little Apostle" and they gathered thirty-six during the short Christmas vacation. One must not be rich to do a good work for God's cause in the Mountain Province, but one needs faith and good will.

Do you wish to learn of a good will?

Here is a letter from a young girl. Of course she wishes her name to be kept secret, but let me tell you she does not live in the Philippines.

Dear Father,—

Enclosed find money order for a subscription to the "Little Apostle".

I have tried hard to get this money. I am sixteen years old, the eldest of eight children living. I am still go-

ing to school. It was hard to get the small sum: I did errands for my neighbors and so, little by little, got my money that way.

I enjoy the magazine. I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Yours truly,

(Name.)

And after this I received an anonymous letter.

There are sometimes anonymous letters which are not bad. Now, this letter, although directed to the "Little Apostle", is indeed a letter written to some girls who will be kept guessing for some time, but will, I hope, receive the present mentioned.

Listen to the request.

Rev. Father,—

Please subscribe for one year with these five pesos the following girls to your "Little Apostle":

Miss Maria Carroscoso, Buhí—Miss Esperanza Villanueva, Saganay—Miss Arceli Mendoza, Goa—Miss Aquilina Delgado, Goa and Miss Mary Dickie, San Jose: all from Camarines Sur.

Tell them please that the only thing I ask them is that they shall SUBSCRIBE FIVE MORE to your magazine.

Please don't tell my name (which of course I can not, for I do not know it. However, I thank, most heartily,

this welcome benefactor and I hope the benefited will answer, gladly, the request of their unknown friend.)

Who knows?

Perhaps some more may present their friends with the gift of a subscription to the "Little Apostle" and under the same conditions as stated in the foregoing letter.

It means doing good and forcing others to do the same.

To all Promoters of the Association of the Little Flower my heartiest and most sincere thanks and congratulations.

The self-denial-week has been a success beyond expectation. The list of all donations which in most of the cases have been the mite of the poor widow, would be too long to publish in our limited little magazine.

But God, Who knows the names of the Crusaders who have contributed according to their means, will reward you in proportion to the sacrifices made for His Work.

The Missionaries of the Mountain Province, in their daily mass, the children of their schools and the Christians of their missions will pray for you and may their fervent prayers be heard: such is the wish and prayer too of

Yours respectfully in Xt.

## CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

collected by M.J.R.

From Molo.	Pesos.
Dn I. Arroyo y Sra.	10.00
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" B. Aristoza	1.00
From Jaro.	
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" M. Vda. de Gamboa	5.00
" F. de Montinola	5.00
" P. de Ledesma	5.00
" D. de Jalandoni	2.00
Srta L. Ledesma	2.00

(To be continued)



## OBITUARY

We recommend to the prayers of the Crusaders of the Little Flower the following deceased members:

Miss Avelina Wingco, from Angeles, Pampanga.

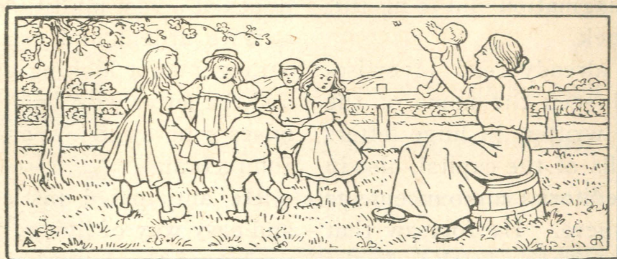
Miss Bibiana Pamintuan, from Candaba, Pampanga.

Miss Isabel Ocampo, from Candaba, Pampanga.

A Mass has been offered for the soul of each one of the dear departed.

R. I. P.

# For the Little Tots



## A Noble Character

**J**OHNSAT BURIED IN HIS ARMCHAIR, reading Victor Hugo's "Hernani" when a stranger stole noiselessly into his study. Jumping to his feet, he seized the lamp with his left hand.

This happened in the dead of night, when every thoughtful writer is trying to produce his literary masterpieces, and when no distractions from the outer world come to disturb him. He was the only member of the family up at this late hour. His wife was absent, having been summoned to attend the bedside of a sick relative. His children were fast asleep in the room adjoining their father's study. Who in the world could have opened the door to this unexpected visitor?

John tried to fathom this untimely intruder. But all of a sudden he became intensely anxious and apprehensive and could not explain why. He fixed his look on the stranger's eyes, which lit up in a

flame of passion. John could see nothing more than those two wide open eyes flaring in his head.

The unknown stranger, without uttering a syllable, laid an open letter on the writing-table. His thin lips puckered up with a mischievous cutting smile. It seemed to John as if the fascinating spell beaming all over the malicious-looking face of his visitor re-echoed in the letter. The remarkably white paper with its blue lines and neatly written inducements attracted John's attention. And from a distance, without even touching it, he could read its contents. This made his heart leap.

Now he was able to explain why this mysterious paper sent a feverish thrill through him as if he were already in possession of a treasure.

It was a fortune which this alarming visitor brought him.

An offer was being made to him to co-operate in bringing out a newspaper, and for his services he would

be paid a fabulous sum of money. This honest, conscientious writer was for some moments a prey to his fiery imagination and to his future good luck.

He had already read advertisements and seen the name of the newspaper written in huge letters on the walls of the capital, also in luminous editorial announcements here and there. He foresaw that it would soon come forth from the editor, diffusing its infernal poison everywhere it went. The editor will not begin all at once by attacking everything that is noble and holy, and what Catholic generations have always upheld as their safeguard, but he will speak lightly a-

gainst all that Catholics hold most sacred: religion, morals, honor, heroism, and will perhaps shatter the hopes of a vast multitude.

With ardent and eager eyes the stranger kept looking at John..... and the letter with its alluring promises sent electric sparks through John's brains.

He anticipated his comfortable and easy way of living, and the expenses of the household would no longer be curtailed as in former days.....It was wealth in abundance.

John wavered.....He was leaning with a feverish gesture towards temptation.....He was on the point of yielding.....

(To be continued.)



School Teacher—Now, children, I hope you will have a pleasant holiday, and what is more important, come back with a little sense in your heads.

Children (in chorus)—Same to you, miss.—The London Weekly Telegraph.

“Confound you, sir,” said the general. “Why don’t you be careful? Here instead of addressing this letter to the intelligence officer, you have addressed it to the intelligent officer. You should know there is no such person in the army.”—The London Weekly Telegraph.

Willie Hardcase—“Maw, that dentist you sent me to that was advertised as painless wasn’t.”

Mother—“He wasn’t?”

“No—I bit his finger, and he yelled just like any other dentist.”

—*American Legion Weekly.*



—Wife: “I think you might talk to me while I sew”

—Husband: “Why don’t you sew to me while I read?”



As a rule a man’s a fool.  
When it’s hot he wants it cool,  
When it’s cool he wants it hot:  
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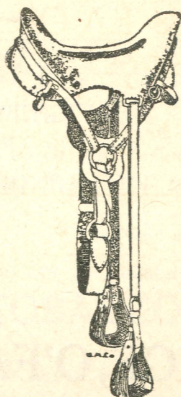
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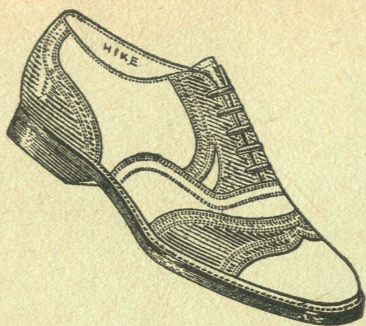
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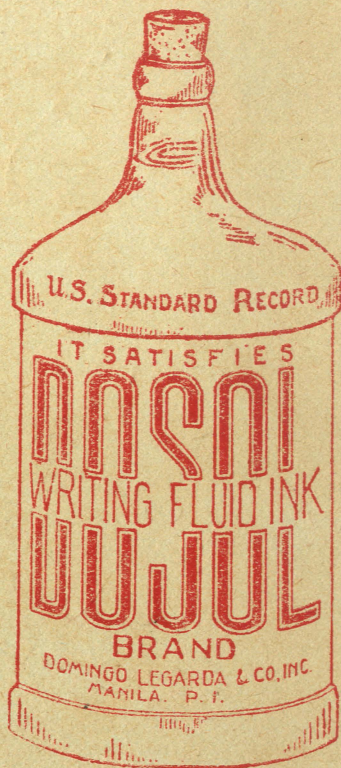
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