

# 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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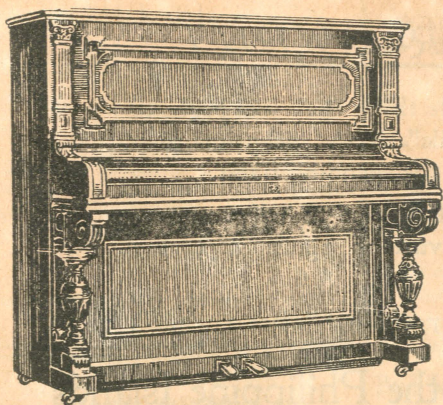
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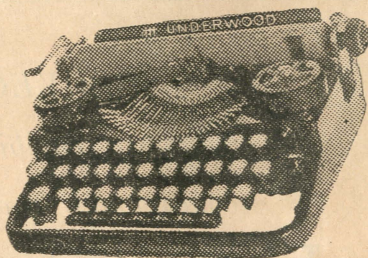
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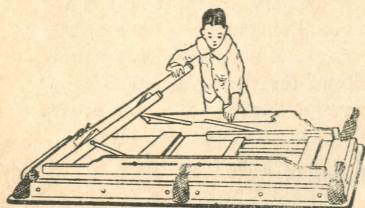
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# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

## The Little Flower of Jesus

**B**ORN on January 2, 1873 and canonized on May 17, 1925, called the Little Flower of Jesus, Marie Françoise Therese Martin was and is one of the most wonderful Saints of the Catholic Church.

In her childhood and later during her religious life, one does not read of extraordinary signs of holiness, of wonderful miracles, of bloody penances, of thundering menaces against sinners, etc. No, from her first years until September 30, 1897, when she returned to her Creator her soul as pure as it was on the day of her baptism: all one reads of her words, deeds and examples can be resumed in the triple virtues of: love, kindness and affability.

Her father calls Therese his little "Queen." Kindness has a power

over men which nobody can resist. She had that kind of influence over her father by her love and affability.

Before God: she is again the KIND servant. She loves Him,

because He Himself is infinite love. She would not cause a single displeasure to Jesus: it would make Him sad... it would make Him less happy. "My dear Jesus, what do You want of Your little playball, Your little Flower? What can give You pleasure?" she asks Jesus. And whatever can make Him happy, the Little Flower does it "to make Jesus

smile."

To make others happy through words, and deeds, is that not kindness, especially when that virtue has for aim that double motive of serving God and sanctifying our soul?



*The Little Flower of Jesus*

And that kindness, that desire to make others happy is still continued by the Little Flower from heaven. Is there a Saint who has worked more widespread miracles after death than the Little Flower has done? She would "spend her heaven upon earth, doing good." And good she does all over the world in every country. What kindness!

It is that very kindness of hers before and after death which attracts the needy towards that Flower of affability as it once attracted the multitudes towards the KIND Jesus. The sick, the poor, the sorrowful by studying her life and praying to her, know they will find a compassionate heart, a KIND heart in the Little Flower.

And among the most needy in the world comes the Missionary. He too, in his solitudes, in his poverty, in his helplessness needs a kind heart to console, to help, to support him. And as the Little Flower showed special kindness to

Missionaries during her life, so now too, after her death, she has in her generous heart a very soft place for them. No wonder! By succoring the Missionaries, she brings consolation and help both to the Apostles of our time and their flocks, to Christians and Pagans. She is thus one of the special Patron saints of the Missions, and as such "the Little Apostle" intends to honor her, to make her known and to spread devotion to her.

Dear Readers of "The Little Apostle," do you want to partake of the "showers of roses" of the many graces the Little Flower drops from Heaven every day on this world? Know her a little better, study her KINDNESS: it will attract you to her loving compassionate heart, it will bring you with confidence to her in your many needs, nay, she may teach you by words and examples that divine Kindness which was the Lord's and the Little Flower's, which saves and sanctifies.

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## Now

If you have hard work to do,  
Do it now.

Today the skies are clear and blue,  
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,  
Yesterday is not for you;  
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,  
Sing it now.

Let the notes of gladness ring,  
Clear as song of bird in spring,  
Let every day some music bring;  
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,  
Say them now.

Tomorrow may not come your way,  
Do a kindness while you may,  
Loved ones will not always stay;  
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,  
Show it now.

Make hearts happy, roses grow,  
Let the friends around you know  
The love you have before they go;  
Show it now.

## Feast of St. Henry, July 15

Henry was duke of Bavaria. In a vision he saw a mysterious writing on a wall: "after six." He thought he would die after six days. Consequently he prepared himself for death not only by avoiding all deliberate sins, but by doing all the good he could. The six days passed and as he did not die he thought the mysterious six meant perhaps 6 weeks, which he spent in the most holy manner. The six weeks passed and as he had been mistaken, he prepared himself for death during six months. Death not coming, he led the same holy life during six years, always preparing for his death. At the end of six years, since he had this mysterious vision, and when he was assured that his last hour had come, he was elected Emperor of Germany, but thus trained in the fear of death and God, he had become a Saint, would be the defender of the Holy Catholic Church his life long. He built stately cathedrals, noble

monasteries, churches innumerable and contributed greatly to the conversion of the last pagan countries in Europe. Are not the riches used in and for the service of God, those which do not rust and the only ones we shall find to our credit on the other side of the grave and for which we shall have an eternal reward? In 1022 Henry lay on his death-bed. He gave back to her parents his wife, St. Cunegonde, "a virgin still, for a virgin he had received her from Christ" and surrendered his own pure soul to God.

Remember death very often. We die only once. We live only for a short time. After a while: eternity! And during that unique short life, what do we do, what do we sacrifice, what do we suffer to prepare our death, our life eternal, our infinite happiness in heaven? At the moment of dying, what should we like to have done during our life? Let us do that NOW.

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# V. R. Mother Mary Eugenie de Jesus

*Foundress of the Assumption*

1817-1898

## I

NE day in the year 1825, a young clerical friend and pupil of Lamennais, the Rev. Theodore Combalot, was praying intently in the old church of Saint Anne d'Auray, in front of the miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin. He felt his heart being inflamed with passionate love for the social reign of Jesus-Christ, the glorious privileges of Mary, the rights and prerogatives of the Catholic Church. While he was thus pouring forth the desire of his heart to the Mother of God, who is never invoked in vain, he heard a mysterious voice saying: "Now is the time for founding a teaching Congregation of Nuns in France, bearing the name of the Assumption, who by their solid and thoroughly Christian education, will be the means of the social uplifting amongst the children of high birth and the middle class."

## II

Twelve years later, in the month of March 1837, Miss Eugénie Milleret, a young Alsatian lady, aged twenty, being on a visit to her relation in Paris, dreamt one night that she was in a beautiful, vast and densely crowded church, unknown to her; in the pulpit there

was a venerable-looking priest, whose eyes were fixed on her for a considerable length of time, whilst an interior voice kept saying: "Here is the guide you are looking for, it is he who will point out to you the way you are to follow."

Next morning, her cousins invited her to accompany them to Saint Eustache, to hear Father Combalot preaching. She accepted their invitation, to which she acceded most cordially. On entering the church, to her great astonishment, she recognized the altar, the pulpit, the preacher and everything connected with her dream.

## III

Anne Eugénie Milleret de Brou was born at Metz on August 25th, 1817. Her father, the Comptroller General, was reserved, strict, without any religious convictions and liberal of principles and politics. Her mother, daughter of Baron de Brou, lieutenant general of the engineers was very little of a practical Catholic; she was gentle and tender-hearted, but resolute and energetic, and a great friend to the sick and poor, whom she tended on every possible occasion. Eugénie was a very amiable, light-hearted, lovable and docile child, whose simple and candid soul vibrated to all the beauties of nature. Her early years

were spent in the beautiful manor of Preisch, surrounded by a vast estate, studded with a variety of lofty trees, wood, lake, rivers, cultivated fields and everything that appealed to this nature-loving child and her brother Louis, two years older than herself. How she loved to play and wander about in this charming country, with her brother, for books and studies were not thought of in those tender years.

#### IV

Her religious training, partly, if not wholly neglected, began with her preparation for her first holy Communion, which she made on Christmas night 1829. This first visit of our Lord, to her soul flooded it with such light and perspicacity, that it gave rise to her intense devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament, for which Mother Eugénie was so remarkable all through her life. What did she not do, and what would she not have done to show her love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? Her greatest delight was to see everything in God's house, in keeping with the presence of the King of the Kings. The night of her first holy Communion, she herself tells us: "When I made my first Communion, I was struck by the infinite greatness of God and my utter nothingness. I was so impressed that for a moment all dis-

appeared around me, I could not see anything..... I, a mere nothing, felt myself being as it were transported before the throne of God, to render Him through Jesus whom I had just received, the homage which of myself I was unable to render Him. This moment was short; but I have never forgotten it. And I remember too, as I was coming back from the altar-rails, rather intimidated by having to go across the choir where the Canons were kneeling, and thinking how I would get back to my seat beside my mother, in the midst of such a crowd, I heard a voice within me saying: "You will lose your mother, but I will be to you more than a mother. A day will come when you will leave all those you love to glorify Me and serve that Church which you do not know."

"This was God's first call to my soul."

#### V

God himself took special care of this chosen soul and brought her to perfection by the way of sorrow and detachment. She was obliged through sickness to give up study and when she recovered, she had to study without professors. Then came a reverse of fortune, the death of her mother by cholera, after a few hours in the summer of 1832.

*(To be continued)*



# THE MISSION

## A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt Provincial Superior

Kiangan Feb. 5, 1925

Dear Father Vandewalle:

**T**HE day before yesterday we arrived in Kiangan. But before we continue our journey, I send you a few notes about our travel between Bontoc and Kiangan.

Monday Feb. 2. We said Mass very early in the morning, asked the Blessed Virgin to bless our journey and at 6 a.m. we left Bontoc. The day announces itself splendidly. Unhappily the Polis Mountain in the south wears a big cap of clouds: a bad lookout! We are under God's protection. The river between Bontoc and Samoki is very low and easily crossed. On the other side we are agreeably surprised. Ordinarily the road beneath Samoki looks more like a river than a trail, and that for many Kilometers. But the indefatigable Governor Luna had it repaired, and instead of a muddy river-trail, we find a splendid road. It must have been a hard job to do it, but

Luna did it, and the people praise him for his zeal. Like a monstrous serpent the trail winds upwards between pine-clad hills and mountains. This year I started my round-trip a little sooner than other years. So at this epoch the ricepaddies remain still uncultivated, and I can not see as in other years which paddies belong to Christians and which to Pagans. Why? you will ask perhaps. This is the answer: when the Pagans have planted their rice, they stick a branch of a certain plant into the mud. By so doing, they hope the ghosts will protect their fields. The Christians, however, instead of that superstitious branch, plant a big blessed cross in their fields. They know that by doing this, Almighty God must bless their work and secure their harvest. What a consolation for a Christian to see so many crosses along the road; it looks so much like an emblem of the struggle, progress and victory of the cross against paganism. May the day come when we shall see only

crosses in the fields: it will come if the readers of "the Little Apostle" pray much for the conversion of the Igorrotes and help the missionaries generously.

Half way to Talubing, we overtake a group of dealers in hogs. Slowly, step by step, they drive their groaning animals over the narrow mountain trail. "Where do you come from? Where are you going, my friends?" "We are from Vigan and we are going to Kiangan to sell these hogs". "How many days does it take you from Vigan to reach Kiangan?" "About 14 days".

Simple folks! Valiant people! They shrink not from traveling over mountains and valleys for a whole fortnight, sleeping in the open, eating with their rice what vegetables the fields and forests provide. And spontaneously we say to each other: "If these poor pig dealers endure such hardships to earn a few centavos, why should not we, too, sacrifice ourselves to gain souls for Our Lord!"

Higher and higher we go up our trail as far as Kilometer 13, where we reach the top of a mountain. At our feet, but deep below lies Talubing. "Deo Gratias". The first building we see thru a veil of smokes and mist is the chapel and school. Here truly too, is our Lord known and served and according to the Fathers of Bontoc, the converts of Talubing make simple but true Christians.

Children shout and play around

the school, waiting for the opening of the class. God bless you, dear children! God strengthen you for the coming struggle in your faith, for it may sometimes be hard for you to persevere in the midst of pagan neighbors.

But what is that? At the curve of the trail our horses are frightened. In front of us, starting from Talubing moves a peculiar big reptile. It climbs the steep mountain slope. We stop to look. We see an endless procession of Igorrotes (they must be 200) armed with a spear, marching in line, making their way towards the mountain-peak. Are they on the warpath? Is their village attacked? No. Once nearer to us, we recognize some of them who approach willingly to shake hands with us. They tell us they are on their way to the top of the mountain. The time of tilling their ricepaddies is near, they want to know what day will be favorable to start the work. They are going to observe the song and the flight of the birds, yonder on the top. The elder people, at the sight of the birds, can tell one when the best time for turning the soil begins. They want to know it and again they join their companions sighing and panting . . . it is very important to know when the best time for digging and planting starts, otherwise. . . .

Poor souls! When shall you finally know that now is the time for listening to the word of God and for working for the salvation of

your soul?

We reach the municipal building of Dodo. The secretary promises to phone to the next camp announcing our arrival at about noon. That next camp is on top of Polis Mountain. There we shall find our dinner ready and lose no time: many thanks, good secretary, and God bless your kindness.

Again we are on the trail. Only at Km. 18 do we see from afar a group of huts. It is a village hidden in a corner made by two mountains and bathed by a river. And what may that big building be? It has a tower. That is Bayo and the big building is a chapel. Here again is another place where God is known and served.

I remember how only a few years ago the children we met here on the trail ran behind us shouting and yelling, begging for matches and tobacco. But now, nowhere do we meet children around Bayo: they are all at school near the chapel. What a difference! Now they learn to respect themselves and their neighbors: they are taught to look at heaven and say "Our Father who art in heaven . . . Hail Mary, pray for us" . . . After Bayo we enter a thick mist and the higher we climb and the nearer we come to the top of Polis, the thicker the mist becomes. It is a real pity for it prevents us from enjoying the many beautiful sights which adorn this beautiful spot of the Philip-pines. Hence we are in the clouds. At noon we reach the resthouse.

Here lives an Ilocano family from Abra. How lonesome they must find their residence. But here they stay to earn something to educate their children. Parents have everywhere the same hearts for their children.

We were expected and not only was our lunch ready, but foreseeing that we would arrive completely soaked, a big fire burned in the hearth . . . a fire in the tropics to warm our stiffened limbs.

We took a rest, long enough to give one too to our horses, and again we were off for Banaue.

Rain is condensed mist, they say. Hence we had the displeasure of traveling in that unwelcome phenomenon. Brr . . . how cold! And cold and rain together were so penetrating that they entered our very bones. Brr . . . patience: it is for Our Lord. Patience again: here we have to turn on a mountain slope of 12 Kilometers of which both ends are not more distant than two Km, if they were only connected by a straight road. Our brave mountaineers avoid carefully the curve and dive into the precipice between these ends to emerge on the other side after less than an hour. I recall to mind the circumstances of two of our Fathers passing here. One of them said he would follow the Igorrote trail and beat his companion on horseback following the horseshoe. All right: here disappears our valiant walker and there rides the other. It was well agreed that the Father who would cross

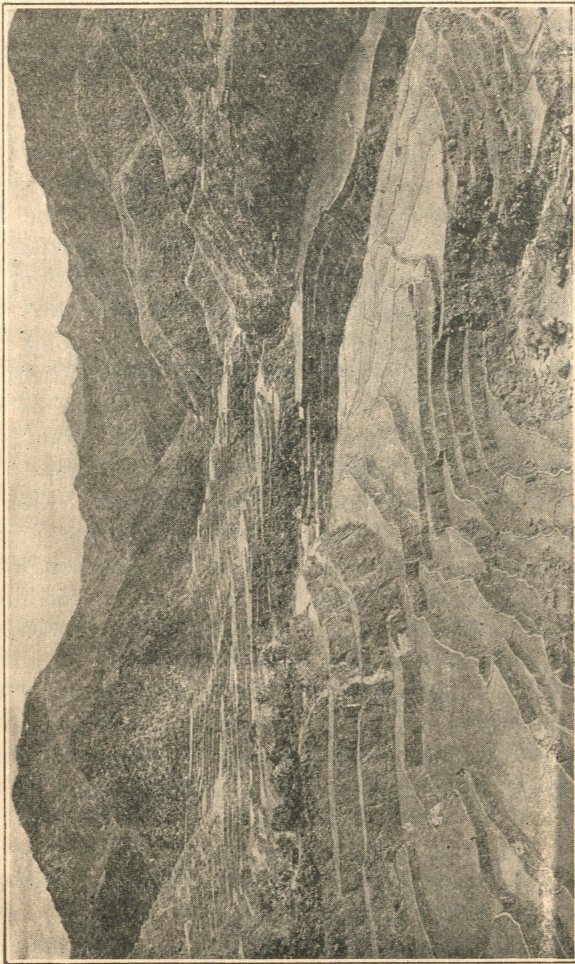


the precipice should wait on the other side for the horseman. And down he went deeper and deeper. After a quarter of an hour he reached the bottom. Here was a small river. He went a little higher to cross it, passed it without accident, and came back to find the trail he left.

Long cogon grass barred the way. Never mind: his hands had it thrown over. Here stood a thick bamboo growth: to kick it open with his feet, to fight it away with his hands was a new experiment. But these high grasses and these thorny bamboos leave marks. How the Father's hands bleed! And what was that itching on the legs? Bloodsuckers in search of human blood which they are very fond of, had found their way, I do not know how, thru shoes and stockings, and here now sat the Father hunting for bloodsuckers. But there was more high grass and there was taller and thicker bamboo. With new vigor after an abundant hunting on his legs, he made his way. The thicket became so high and tropical that it became really dark. St. Anthony was invoked. The Guardian Angel was called upon. Old lessons of astronomy were thought of to find out a doubtful orientation and in the meantime more cuts were felt in both feet and hands. One hour passed, a second followed. The Father shouted but only the echo answered his calls of despair. Trusting rather to good luck and counting on his indomitable energy

to brave the cutting grass and thorny bamboos and making supreme efforts to walk with the little strength left, he found a small nearby vertical path that seemed to be an outlet. Sighing, panting, wishing he had never tried the short cut but followed the long horse-shoeway he climbed and climbed, wet with perspiration, exhausted and anxious to know whether he would reach the point from which he started or the other end.

In the meantime his companion rode tranquilly around the precipice, little thinking of the despair of his companion. After two hours he had reached the supposed meeting place. He thought the father would be waiting for him. He had pushed the tired horses as hard as he could. But . . . no father. What shall he do? Had the father been tired of waiting and left on foot towards Bontoc? But orders had been strict: to wait for each other at this particular point. He waited one hour, two hours . . . finally there was a rustling noise in the branches below . . . a steaming sighing rose from the moving brush . . . there came a father, his cassock torn to pieces, his face blackened by dust and perspiration, his hands rent, his body exhausted . . . there he came to the brink of the precipice, to the trail, to the meeting point, where he would have waited for the other father and, sinking down on the grass, he whispered but with all the strength which was left: "Never again shall I take that



*Some of the wonderful ricefields of Banaue.*

short cut."

We did not take the short cut but turned around, crossed the Polis peak and descended slowly. After a while we came under the clouds and saw . . . how wonderful . . . the village of Banaue.

Banaue is perhaps the most beautiful place of the Philippines and

unique in its kind in the whole world. It is built as a mighty stadium, on the slopes of high mountains. The rice paddies constitute the stairs or sitting places. It is not rare to see a hundred in succession, one above the other. Wherever one looks, under him, above him, right or left, he sees only rice-

paddies. Only here and there rise a few huts, three or four, surrounded by a few trees which enliven the sight. How splendid, how majestic, and always new!

Just think of the sum of work it has cost to build upon these naked rocky slopes such fertile fields. To make them, the Igorrotes had to dig into the mountain, to build a wall of three or four meters to fill up the interstice with earth which they had to bring from far away. Even now these fields require a tremendous amount of labor. Sometimes a storm destroys a wall: it has to be replaced with stones brought up from below. No animal can reach the paddies: thus all the work of preparation of the soil must be done by hand. Oh! if those people of Banaue could only become

Christians and offer up to God their fieldwork great would be their merits for heaven. Is there any hope of converting the 5,000 inhabitants of this wonderful place?

Why not? Look down. Do you see near the constabulary barracks that building with a small steeple? It is a chapel. Here too comes Almighty God from heaven to visit His people. Here too is offered the unbloody sacrifice of the Calvary for the conversion of sinners and the pagan Ifugaos. Banaue is splendid, but the Catholic Church which everywhere preaches the same sanctifying doctrine, the same divine sacrifice, the same way that brings one from the lowly earth to the highest heaven is far more beautiful.

*(To be continued.)*



## Mission News and Notes

Father De Clippele, missionary of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in China, has been made prisoner by a band of bandits for 78 days.—He writes:

Rev. Father Van Zuyt.

My most sincere thanks for your kind congratulations at my deliverance. I thought my last hour had come. Not that the bandits tortured me, but to travel with them, day and night, only fed on millet and potatopeels, devoured by ver-

mine, which made my whole body look as one attacked by smallpox, mocked, insulted, continually in the uncertainty whether the next moment would be my last or not, being continually a witness of the most scandalous life and the most bloody murders followed by looting and other crimes.....no, I could not have stood it any longer, and had not many prayers been offered up to God in my behalf, I would have long ago passed away. Finally,

after 78 days I was set free a Ksin Hsa. Our Father Provincial could not keep back his tears when he saw me in this lamentable condition. After a rest of three weeks I visited my Christians who had offered 100 masses for my deliverance and not only gave me the heartiest welcome, but offered 10 masses more in thanksgiving.

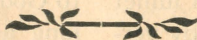
My consolation is that God certainly must have forgiven me all my debts, and be sure that his servant, now back from an almost certain death, will start a new life and work with redoubled zeal for the christianization of the poor Chinese. I forgive my persecutors. May God, too, forgive them as He did His executioners.

### **From Pugo**

On the date of March 17, Very Rev. Father Van Zuyt, Superior, came to Pugo to bless the banner of the "Pugo Catholic Boy Scouts". On the 18th, a Solemn Mass was sung by V. R. F. Van Zuyt, and the Pugo Choir. At the Consecration the bugles burst forth a thrilling "Salute" heartily echoed by almost 400 children's voices, praying: "My Lord and my God, bless us, we beseech Thee". After the Mass, V. R. F. Superior unveiled and blessed the new flag of the Scouts. An "act of Allegiance" followed in which the boys expressed their fidelity and loyalty to God and Country. At 9:30 in St. Mary's Hall of our schools, the inter-

mediate pupils sang in concert: "My Country", the Head Teacher addressed the assembly, outlined the program, thanked the V.R. Sup. for his painstaking and the donation of the beautiful flag. "The flag is passing by" was forcibly rendered by six Fifth Graders and hailed by a thundering applause: "Three cheers for the flag". The heartfelt allocution of the V. R. F. Superior brought the enthusiasm of the boys to the climax. Many of them took note of the explanation of the symbolic green background on which shines the white-yellow blazon (coat of arms) of our Holy Father, of the Pope. The two golden letters G (God) and C (Country) glittering respectively on the white and yellow: the national colors linking both parts of the papal blazon (coat of arms) mean that loyalty to God and Country should ever go hand in hand. "Young men of Pugo, have the courage to stand for the conviction of your principles! Stick to them through thick and thin, live up to them, and, if need be, die for them!" Three cheers for the donor of the flag! Three cheers for God! Three cheers for the Holy Father and your Country. Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah.....

This year, 1200 made their Easter duty. It means the third part of all the inhabitants of this mission: one of the highest percentage in the whole Philippines. That is due to the Catholic Schools.



# COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

## The Psychology of the Filipino

*By Hon. Norberto Romualdez*

*Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands*

*(Continuation)*

### 4. Wearing Apparels

I shall also speak of wearing apparels, as one of the manifestations of a people's art.

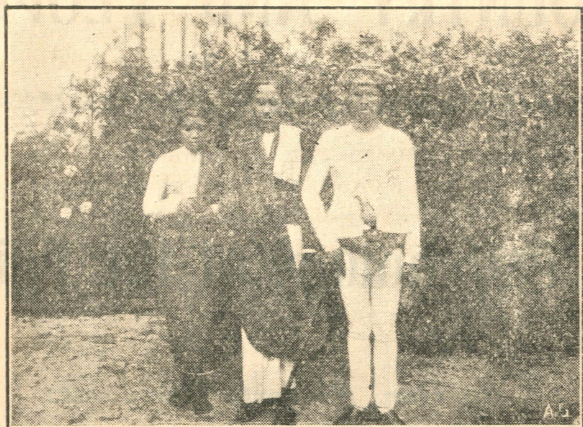
The Filipino costume, like the costumes of other peoples, has been undergoing changes and modifications in the course of time.

There were, originally, various forms of wearing apparels for both men and women; but two of these forms, which were widely in vogue,

even before the coming of the Spaniards, may well be considered here; the tight form, and the loose form.

It is possible that the tight form was of Indonesian or Malay creation, while the loose form may have been imported by the Chinese. Hence, it is that in ancient times, and even until now, the tight form is usually worn by many inhabitants of regions of Mindanaw and its adjacent islands, where the Chinese influence was not so keenly as in other parts of the Archipelago.

The tight form is of this style:



And the loose are these two slides,  
the first one being of Bisayans:

The other slide, a sample also of  
the loose form, is of Pampangans:



These last two slides are views taken from Mallat.

As may be observed, the native costume consists of two main pieces; the shirt and the trousers among the men, and the skirt and the *camisa* or bodice among the women.

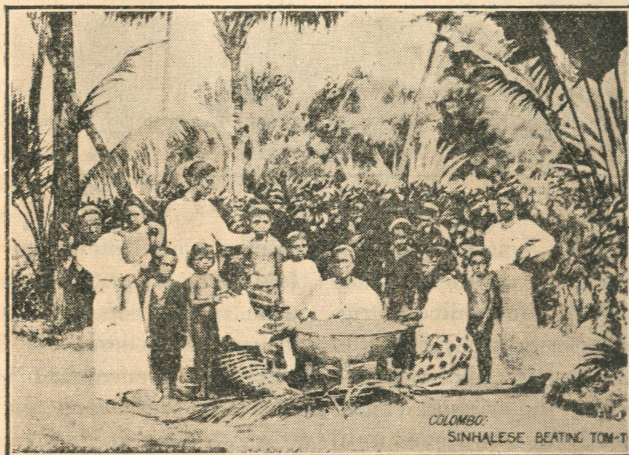
As to women's skirt, it should be noted that there is a native skirt which is called *patadyong*. This is a kind of wide pillow-case, sufficiently long to cover the length from the waist line to the heels, and without any cut or slope. This is why it is called *patadyog*, from *patadlog*, formed by the words *pa* (to be left) and *tadlog* (straight, without slope). It is simply a cylinder of cloth with which the lower half of the body is wrapped, and being wide, it is adjusted to the waist by making two big folds, meeting each other in opposite directions, and

then twisted either upwards or downwards, as the wearer thinks best, to fasten the folds in place, and thereby prevent the *patadyog* from falling.

Here is a view of some Filipino women in *patadyog*.



The *patadyog* is apparently an Indian apparel. Here is a view of some Indian women of Colombo wearing *patadyog*:

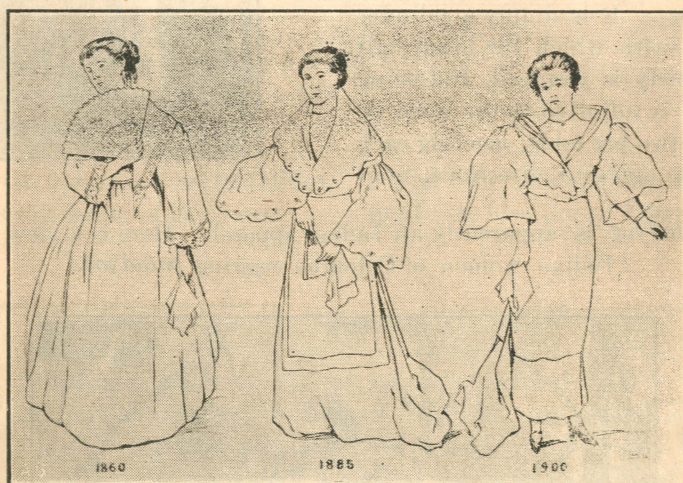


Apart from the linen or inner garments, there is another piece of women's dress, which is the scarf, called in Tagalog *alakbat*, *alampay*, or *baksa*, in Leyte and Samar Bisayan *kandongga*, and in Panay Bisayan *balióg*, which is that piece of cloth folded, now-adays, in the form of a triangle, covering the back, the two ends meeting in front, and being fastened together by a pin.

The origin of this piece was probably the necessity of a piece which would serve as a protection for women against the sun, by wearing it around the head, assuming the cos-

tume now known as *balintawak*, or as a cover for the neck. In the course of time, it became an integral part of the Filipino women's costume on social occasions.

At the beginning, the form of this piece was a square which was folded diagonally to form a triangle. At first the two ends were left loose. Afterwards, the two ends were closed very near the neck, and later, the folds became complicated, and the ends were joined at a lower point, as used at present. These evolutions of this scarf, are shown in this slide drawn by Mr. Fuster:



In this slide, you can see the successive changes of the Filipino women's *camisa* or bodice. Originally, the sleeves were narrow, and reached the wrists. Then, while still preserving the original length, the lower ends were widened until they reached the present form. The

sleeves were folded outward, the fold being about 2 inches wide. The edge of the sleeves was scalloped after the fashion of Chamberry (France), hence such edging was called *Chamberí*.

(To be continued)



# The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

*By Father Morice Vanoverbergh*

*Missionary in the Mountain Province. P I.*

*(Continuation)*

APRIL 18th (Friday): Our Lord's own day: Good Friday. Thanks to God, His death is mourned even in these far-away mountains and forests.

In the morning, after the services, the lieutenant-governor, to our deep regret, had to leave for Aparri. As we had decided to start for Nagan the following Monday, he told Mrs. Lizardo and Lt. Galinato to help us in every possible way, giving them carte blanche for everything, even in the soldiers' barracks, and promised to come and see us at our new place on his return trip.

In the afternoon, I learned some more Ibanag, and so the day passed peacefully.

APRIL 19th (Saturday): I baptized four children, and although nothing else happened of enough importance to be recorded, I believed the day well-spent: everywhere, and especially here in the Philippines, the "sabado gloria" is the day "par excellence" for baptisms; and lucky children they were, these four christian babies, who, although born in an out-of-the-way place, and far from church or convent, received their first share of divine grace on the day Our Mother the Church sings "alleluja"

for the first time of the year.

APRIL 20th (Sunday): This morning Mr. Padua received the photographic plates from Manila, also paper, etc. They had been ordered at Tagudin on the 5th inst., and only later on should we realize what a piece of good luck the whole transaction was; indeed, if we had sent our orders either from Kabugaw or from any other place we subsequently inhabited, it would have been utterly impossible for us to procure anything in time.

Easter Sunday brought us again some children to be regenerated in the holy waters of baptism: this time the happy souls were three. Two christian marriages were celebrated on the same day. These helped us to remember that in the Church the Sacraments are seven.

This same day I increased my little vocabulary of Ibanag by many new words and expressions, and Mr. Padua and myself, helped by Mrs. Lizardo, completed our preparations for the next journey: for the next day we should leave by boat for Nagan. We expected to make that place our home for some time. In the evening we heard that Father C. de Brouwer, the missionary who resides at Bon-

tok (about 150 miles from Kabugaw), would visit this place very soon on one of his mission tours, for not only the sub province of Bontok, but also those of Kalinga and of Apayaw fall under his jurisdiction. I asked Mrs. Lizardo to let me know as soon as she learned the exact date of his arrival, so that I could come up and see him: this precaution was unnecessary though, as we shall see later.

APRIL 21st (Monday): 8 a. m. had been announced as the time at which the boat would leave Kabugaw, and not to miss this opportunity of drawing nearer the end of our expedition, we went to the shore very early, taking with us, besides our ordinary baggage, one cavan (75 liters) of rice, a small bottle of petroleum and a good provision of salt. Mrs. Lizardo had told us that rice and salt would be especially valuable to attract the Negritos and to win their confidence, and so it proved to be.

From different rumors and hearsay, I had concluded that some years ago, a school for Negritos had been started at Nagan, but that all the Negrito children were now dispersed, and that the man whom the governor had appointed chief or "presidente", had taken to the woods. That was the real reason why we had decided to live at Nagan and use it as a center from where we should try to come in touch with as many of our pygmies, as possible. Very soon, however, I found out the exact

truth about the matter: the school was still in existence, but none except Isneg children were in attendance, as the Negrito settlement, at about one and a half miles from the schoolhouse, had been dispersed, notwithstanding the most earnest endeavors of the government officials to prevent the catastrophe.

We had hoped to reach our final destination some time in the afternoon, but when finally our boat left Kabugaw, the sun was already high in the heavens (about 10 a. m.), and we lost all hope of reaching Nagan that same day. Two soldiers had been deputed by Lt. Galinato to bring us to our new destination, and, although this was a real courtesy of both the captain and the lieutenant, we should have been glad to decline it, if it had been possible, because the soldiers would be more of a hindrance than a help to us, for they would serve as a scarecrow to the Negritos. Besides these two, we had on board four rowers, a Filipino carpenter and two Japanese, one of whom was very ill of malaria, and wanted to fight the doctor at the first opportunity, for he claimed to have been utterly neglected during a prolonged illness. Of the two soldiers, one was an Isneg, the other a Kagayan.

During this little journey a whole series of strange experiences helped us to dispel the traditional monotony of an excursion in a canoe, as the river was full of pebbles and rapids.



*Father Van Overbergh in a boat, on his way to Nagan.*

At the first dangerous rapids, at Killó, we all left the canoe and walked over the boulders on the bank of the river, while our rowers tried to get their boat down the river and over the pebbles without accident. Farther down, at Pansián and at Ginnéd, only the Japanese and I remained in the canoe; the sons of the Rising Sun remained, because sickness prevented one of them leaving his bed and I remained to see how things were going on. Well, to tell the truth, it is not always very pleasant to shoot down a waterfall like an arrow, for the boat would not be the only one to be shattered to pieces, if she kissed a stone on the way. Besides, the passage of these rapids was enlivened by the interesting stories related to us by our

oarsmen about a superintendent of schools, who was drowned a couple of years ago at that place, a Spanish friar, who was drowned many years ago at that place, a third one here and another one there, and so on. However we came through safe, and, at Tawit, we took a picture of our craft, while one of the rowers brought the mail to the presidencia or municipal building.

Until now we had been passing between two mountain walls more or less abrupt, but from now on we found a less mountainous country, only low hills breaking the monotony of the wide river bed.

At Kapinatan, we took a couple of photographs of an old abandoned stone church, unroofed and full of trees and shrubs. It served as an eloquent memorial of the

time, when the Spanish friars lived in this country, and our Isneg were Christians, about seventy years ago. Many stories are told about how they started a rev-

the Lord to send His ambassador here, they will listen with eagerness to the Glad Tidings, that are not entirely new to them after all, and the missionaries will find an



*Ruins of the church at Kapinatan.*

olution, killed the priest and became pagans again and one of the fiercest races of headhunters that ever was. Now they are peaceable once more, but the Christian Mass has been replaced by pagan sacrifices; nevertheless Christian blood runs through their veins, and perhaps some day, when it shall please

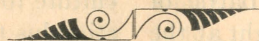
ample field of grain ready for the harvest.

Kapinatan is situated on a bend of the river. Our boat landed during our absence, at some distance farther down, and there we met her, only to learn that it was dangerous to go any farther as night was rapidly coming on, and that

we should have to sleep then and there. We had no reason to complain, as the day had not been without its attractions, even with respect to the principal aim of our expedition, for we had gathered much precious information about the Negritos, in the conversations we had all day with our companions on the boat. Not wishing to starve, however, after so many memorable adventures, we bought two chickens from some Isneg living in the neighborhood, and later some small fish from passers-by; these we cooked at once, had our meal in the open air, and spread our bed between the boulders. To entertain us one of the carpenters related the story of a man who slept at that identical spot some years ago after a successful hunt; the place he had picked out to stretch his weary limbs was situated exactly between the river and the spot where he had deposited the hunted deer; having fallen asleep, he probably dreamt about the thousands of happy experiences that fell to a hunter's lot, when a crocodile, attracted by the smell of the venison, took a walk about the premises, encountered our hunter's legs, took them for a part of the killed deer and drew them steadily toward the water, full of the happy anticipa-

tion of a coming dinner. Somewhat aroused from his slumbers, our hunter had sense enough to take hold of all possible obstacles in the way, pebbles, scattered timber, etc., etc., and the crocodile, experiencing an unexpected resistance, had the good idea to abandon all hope of a dish of fresh meat, and to allow the man to go as best he could and find people to take care of his wounds. We had no deer with us, but warned by somebody else's experience, we placed the chickens as a guard between ourselves and the river, so as to mislead any reptiles that might be strolling around; and that night we slept, I could not say comfortably, but at least without being startled by unnecessary visitors. The only exception was our Isneg soldier, who was in pain from stomach trouble, because he had aroused the wrath of the spirits of the abandoned church, who were supposed to bring sickness to all who dared venture inside; and, when I asked the Isneg why I was not sick, although I had trespassed on the forbidden ground as well as the soldier, they had a ready answer in the fact that I was a christian, and these spirits did not attack anybody but Isneg.

*(To be continued....)*



**Did you send your renewal to the Little Apostle?**



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

## China.

Two Chinese Prefects Apostolic, Mgr. Tcheng and Mgr. Soun, have arrived in Rome with 600 Chinese men and women to make the Holy Year Pilgrimage.

## Czecho-Slovakia.

Last April the Papal Nuncio, Msgr. Marmaggi, left for Rome, a few days before the celebration of the silver jubilee of his ordination. It was a protest against the continual attacks of the Government against the Nuncio and the Church, to satisfy the Socialist, Communist and other anti-Catholic societies. Last May however, the legislature approved a new concordat with Rome.

## England.

There are over 1,300 separate editions of the "Imitation of Christ" in the library of the British Museum.

## France.

On September 13, 1914, at 3 p.m., at one of the most tragic moments during the war, while the battle of the Marne was being fought at the gates of Paris, an immense crowd, responding to an appeal of Cardinal Amette, made the vow in the

vast interior of Notre Dame, to raise a basilica to St. Joan of Arc, if the battle should terminate in a victory. The battle was won by the French. The first stone of this new shrine is to be laid in the near future on the same spot where St. Joan of Arc, on September 7, 1429 prayed a whole night before she advanced on Paris, heard Mass and received Holy Communion.

## Germany.

Some time ago the Catholic students of Germany formed a University League for the Missions. Their first congress was held lately at Hanover. On this occasion Chancellor Marx addressed a letter to the delegates in which he said: "The thought of the Missions seems to me worthy of receiving among the mass of students a warm and generous response. Academic formation for the purpose of aiding the Missions should be a feature of their life. The thought, vast as the universe, of carrying the Christian culture to all men, is a marvelous stimulus to sacrifices material and spiritual, to sustain the works of Catholic Missions." What would Marx have written to the Catholic

students of the Philippines, if they had met in congress to deliberate about the means of civilizing 1,000,000 infidels of their own country?

### **Holland.**

On March 15, 1345, in Amsterdam, a sick man was taken with vomiting some time after he had received the Holy Viaticum. The ejection was cast into the open hearth. The next morning, after stirring up the embers, a woman of the household beheld the white Host perfectly intact in the midst of the flaring flames. She warned the clergy of the parish. A priest brought the Blessed Sacrament unostentatiously to the church. But it was found over and over again in the chest of the sick man's house, until it was brought in solemn procession to the church.

A feast was instituted in commemoration of this miracle. Upon the spot where the miracle happened a chapel was built. It was destroyed during the iconoclastic fury of the XVI century. Nevertheless in commemoration of the first solemn procession, the Amsterdam Catholics passed in silent prayer from the place of the chapel to the above mentioned church, every year at the anniversary of the feast and during its octave. And so until now, never have Amsterdam Catholics ceased to go over that same ground on the afore said days, praying silently and adoring the Sweet Captive who dwells for love of us in our Tabernacles.

### **Hungary.**


At Mezokovesd nearly all the women of the town went in procession to the market place, where a solemn vow was taken to preserve Christian morals in dress. Then under the supervision of the fire brigade, a bonfire was made of all the extravagant and scandal giving garments.

### **Palestine.**

The total population of Palestine is 657,000, of whom 28,500 are Catholics, 38,000 Orthodox, 6,000 Protestants, 84,000 Jews, 585,000 Moslems and 1,500 Hindus. Jerusalem has 62,500 inhabitants, of whom 14,700 are Christians, 34,000 Jews, and 13,500 Moslems.

### **Spain.**

What catholic organization can do! The Federation of Catholic Agricultural Syndicates of the Orihuela Diocese in Spain, thanks to Dr. Francisco Irastorza, its bishop, is carrying out a vast irrigation project which will benefit 300,000 inhabitants of that district. The capital loaned by the confederation to needy members amounts to 300,000,000 pesetas, while the land divided among small land owners represents 25,000,000 pesetas. The Confederation has also founded numerous producers and consumers co-operative associations, even a butchers' association, the object of which is to reduce the price of meat. It has appropriated 5,000,000 pesetas for the construction of houses suitable for an agricultural population. Well done, Catholic Leaders.



# CURRENT EVENTS

## Philippines

### An Antituberculosis Congress

may be held this year in Manila for the Far East.

### The Elections

Of June 2, have given the different parties the following members in the house of representatives: 59 Nacionalistas, 17 Democratras, and 8 Independents. The Senate counts with 12 nacionalistas, 8 Democratras, and 2 Independents. It is clear that the Nacionalistas dominate completely the lower house. Shall they stand united in the Senate and be able to elect Mr. Quezon again as President? Besides the elected Senators, two are appointed by the Governor General. Among the Nacionalistas, it is said, that some were not too much in favor of the coalition between Nacionalistas and Consolidados which form now the consolidado-nacionalista party, and that they are still opposed to it and consequently to the actual President. Shall Mr. Quezon be reelected?

Although the Democratras have won in number of Senators, they have lost several seats in the house of representatives and also a few governors in the provinces. May all parties stand united: after all their programs do not differ essentially.

### Mindanao

Some trouble arose in Mindanao. A few Moros refused to pay their taxes, some tried to burn a schoolhouse. They were defeated by the Constabulary. But as some of the revolutionaries remain uncaptured, further trouble may arise and in the meantime the peaceful citizens of certain parts of Mindanao live in continual fear.

### Manila

In 1923 the Nacionalista party in power accused Governor Wood of encroaching upon the rights of the Filipino people granted in the Jones bill and decided not to cooperate any further with the Governor General (at least in some branches of the administration): whereupon the Nacionalista heads of the various bureaus resigned and automatically the subsecretaries became heads of their respective departments. It seems that the Nacionalista party pretends to continue the same policy.

**The Market** of copra, hemp, sugar and tobacco, the principal products of the Philippines for exportation, has reached a very low ebb. Hence arises the terrible financial crisis all over the Islands. The disturbances in China are one of the causes. It seems, however, that hemp and tobacco may soon increase in price.



# Foreign

## Belgium. From a Pastoral Letter of the Belgian Hierarchy

The introduction of the Pastoral is a review of the work of restoration accomplished in Belgium since the war. It says:

In November 1918, Nieuport, Dixmude, Ypres, Louvain, Dinant and scores of other towns and villages were nothing more than shapeless heaps of stones and rubbish. Now after six years of peace, they are rebuilt, every single one of them.

More than a hundred of churches of Flanders and of the Walloon land, lay utterly wrecked: all but an old one are being worshipped in again.

The population of our manufacturing centers was mostly housed in miserable shacks, whence light and air were practically excluded. Today rows of workingmen's houses arise on every side and numerous are the workers who became owners of their homes. The work-hours in mill and factory averaged from ten to twelve a day. They have been shortened and proportioned to personal and familial needs.

Five years ago 210,000 operatives—fully one third of those assisted by the out-of-work funds—were jobless. At present there are none worth mentioning.

The mean industrial production of the last two years is surprisingly large. Iron works, coal mines and in general all the industries essential to Belgium present figures superior to those of 1913. Moreover, it is a well known fact that not only has our industry everywhere revived, but it has perfected its plants.

In the port of Antwerp, the total ship tonnage rose from 14,000,000 tons in 1913 to more than 17,000,000 in 1923, and in 1924 it went over the 19,000,000

mark. Antwerp is at present the most prosperous port of the continent.

The war had strewn the fertile lands of Flanders, with shells and debris to such an extent, that we asked ourselves when they would again be cultivated. Even now they are more teeming and fertile than they ever were before the catastrophe.

It is difficult to adduce figures on the economical conditions of our homes; but would it be wide of the mark to say that two thirds of our Belgians enjoy more comfort as regards homes, raiment and food, than they did before the cataclysm of 1914? It is a fact that many complain whose material situation has been improved. Why? Because they are impoverished? No, of course not. But because their desires have increased. They have made luxury to enter into the category of their needs. That is a road upon which it will be impossible ever to catch up with them. To increase one's possessions, it is not enough to earn more, one must also learn to spend less.

Let us have done with the foolish legend that Belgium is going to rack and ruin. It is not. Economically, it is clearly upon the way of prosperity, and there is no occasion for the gift of prophecy to hail the future with confidence.

## China

For a long time the Chinese have been fighting with the Japanese secretly and openly. They have boycotted Japanese goods in the past and lately made a strike in the Japanese factories near Shang-hai. During a manifestation of the strikers, several of the student leaders were shot. As all foreigners who have interests in China were ready to defend Shang-hai,

the hatred of the Chinese against all foreigners increased greatly, but especially against the English. The news of the death of several students spread thru China, and immediately other strikes were called for and started not only in Shang-hai but in other important towns. Here and there disturbances against foreigners have begun. These may be the immediate forerunners of a general revolution against all foreigners alike thru China, as it has been foretold by the "Little Apostle." In the meantime civil war rages in the south, another one has just started in the north between Shang-tso-lin, the war lord of Manchuria, and the Christian General of Peking. The latter has fled already and the former has taken possession of the Chinese capital. As Shang is supported by the Japanese, and the Christian General by the Russians, some day in the future Russia and Japan may meet in Manchuria for the possession of this rich province.

## Europe

England agreed to come to the rescue of France in case the latter were attacked by Germany on the Rhine. Besides France, England, Belgium and Germany made a pact for preserving the Rhine frontier intact. Italy wishes to enter the pact provided it were extended, so as to be applied to all German frontiers. This is a great step towards universal peace in Europe and a greater economy in all countries concerned, seeing that until now enormous expenses were incurred by all for the upkeep of mighty armies. Is it not perhaps, also an agreement between the nations concerned to stand united against their common enemy: the Bolshevik?

## Germany

Hindenburg, a general of the old military school, having been elected president of the German republic, many

have thought they saw in this election a sign of coming "revenge". What are the powers of Hindenburg or the German President?

He is elected for seven years and may be reelected by universal suffrage. He may be dismissed if a majority of two third of the Reichstag disqualifies him and the suffrage of the people approves the dismissal. But he can dismiss at any time the Reichstag, without advice of anybody and without being responsible to none for what he does. He represents the German empire before the other nations. He makes and breaks treaties with other nations. He declares war and ratifies peace. He can save the life of his subjects sentenced to death. He nominates and dismisses all public functionaries and officers of the army. He is the chief commander of the army, as well as the head of the civil hierarchy. Even without the consent of the Reichstag, he may establish the martial law.

He may bring to reason by force of arms any one of the German states, which is a privilege not even granted to the Emperor. This last right and the power of nominating all public functionaries, suppresses practically the German federalism of states. For instance, he has under his hands the Bavarian officers and thus likewise the Bavarian army; the Bavarian civil employees and thus also the Bavarian Government. Ask Millerand, the dismissed president of France, what a French president is, and he will answer: a toy in the hands of the premier. Ask the Swiss president, elected for only one year — (f. i. Mr. Lachenal, who although president was fined for making an express train stop in front of his villa) what he is; and he will answer that in Switzerland he is nothing more than any other man, except for a few privileges, such as that of receiving a small allowance and of signing a few bills. If you ask what the Ger-

man president is, after studying his prerogatives, you will find that he is only an "elected emperor" without a crown.

## Morocco

The war between the Riffenians and the French continues. Lately the Spaniards who remember still how they were forced by the Riffenians to retreat towards the coast, agreed to help the French: this mutual understanding of France and Spain may pretty soon bring the Moroccan chief Abd-el krim to reason.

## Palestine

Lord Balfour of England, two months ago, went to Palestine to inaugurate the newly established university. Jerusalem was adorned with black drapery as if in mourning, and Lord Balfour was continually watched by a strong detachment of soldiers. From Jerusalem he went to Persia and here again these precautions were to be taken. These last years much was heard of troubles between the Government of the English Protectorate in Palestine, the Arabs who form by far the larger population of it, the Jews who since a few years, thanks to the Zionist movement, became more and more numerous in the Holy Land, the Catholics in general who venerate Palestine as the Holy Country of the Lord, the Greek and Russian Churches who too believe in Christ and possess in Jerusalem and other towns some holy places. What is at the bottom of the mocking reception of Lord Balfour and this continuous uneasiness in the most Sacred Country of the world?

During the world war, the Arabs fought on the side of the Allies after a promise that the Allies would grant them their own Government in Arabia to which would be attached Palestine (treaty of Colonel Lawrence or England and Hussein grand cherif of Lamecque, Arabia in 1915). A few years

ago the Jews resolved to settle again in the country, they were dispersed from by the Roman Emperor Titus in the year 70. (Sionist movement). In 1917 the English promised the Sionists a "national home" in Palestine, at the request of Rotschild and other rich Jews who furnished much money to the English Government. Thus they promised them a kind of independent State in Palestine. This was against the agreement with the Arabs. Nevertheless England who received the protectorate of Palestine in the treaty of Versailles, to please the rich Jews, had to give them some privileges against which the Arabs protested when these rights were political and the Christians when they encroached upon their religious rights. Thanks to the protection of England, thanks to the financing of the Jewish millionaires, from all over the world, thousands of Jews have flocked to Palestine since the war. They came mostly from Russia, Poland and Roumania, from where troubles and persecution had driven them away. They have taken possession of the valleys, once waste, now again fertile.

They have created a new city near Jaffa, the port of Tell-Aviva. Lately however the immigration of Jews has decreased. Why? It is greatly due to the opposition of Arabia, for: who attacks Arabia attacks the Mohammedan world with which England has much to do in her colonies. But if England fears her Mohammedan subjects, she needs too the financial help of the Jewish millionaires and therefore, although the occupation by Jews of Palestine seems to slacken, it will go on, stopping now and then a little when the Arabians protest too much, to resume when England needs money. To whom will Palestine finally belong? Anyway the 12,000,000 Jews of the world will never come together in their old country: it is too small for their number.

## 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.

7.—*Outside of the Catholic Church there is no salvation. I can not believe that, although I was taught this while at college. Please explain its meaning.*

Ans. To understand well this assertion, one must distinguish between what is called the body of the Church and the soul. The body of the Catholic Church is the society of men who having been baptized, obey our Holy Father, the Pope of Rome. To the soul of the Church belong not only the first but also all those who through invincible ignorance do not see their obligation of joining the Catholic Church's body and nevertheless observe the dictates of their conscience.

Let me explain this by an example. Take for instance a pagan in the Mountain Province who knows nothing about the Catholic Church, or, knowing, does not even see he has the obligation of inquiring about the Church and his obligations of joining it; if that man nevertheless keeps the commandments of the natural law, i. e. the commandments he knows naturally, that pagan belongs to the soul of the Church. Take for instance a protestant who has been educated in his religion and keeps its obligations, but who has so many prejudices against the Catholic Church that it does not strike his mind he has to inquire further about the Catholic Church, that man belongs to the soul of the Church.

If then it is said that there is no salvation outside of the Church, it means that there is no salvation for those who do not belong to the soul of the Church. Indeed those who belong to the Church may be saved. If they only keep the obligations of their conscience, avoiding what they know to be an offence against God and man, they shall be saved. Even if God had to send an angel to baptize a pagan who belongs to the soul of the Church, He would do it, for nobody shall be sentenced to hell except through his own fault. In this case, that pagan

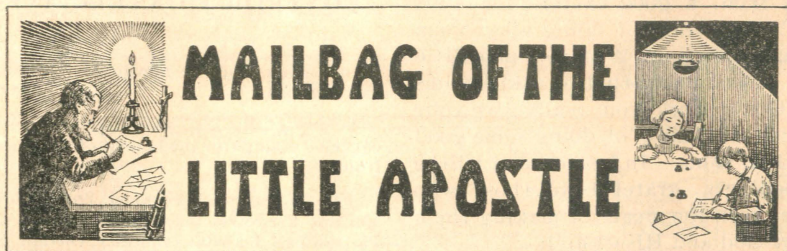
has no fault of his own if he does not know the Catholic Church, or does not understand his obligation of joining it.

More: suppose a man who belongs to the soul of the Church commits a sin, i. e. does not keep the commandments he knows and offends greatly God, still that man might be saved thru and act of contrition. However, one sees easily that it must be very difficult for a pagan to make an act of contrition. A man who belongs only to the soul of the Church and sees the works or hears of the teaching of the Church and who feels an obligation of inquiring about the Church, certainly has the obligation of doing so and in not doing it, he would fail greatly, and be excluded from the soul of the Church and for him there would be no salvation.

One who refuses to join the Church after he has seen his obligation, of course falls away from the soul of the Church and for him as long as he stubbornly refuses to enter the Church, there is no salvation, just as for a Catholic who refuses to obey the laws of God and Church and to use the means of reconciliation with God.

Thus the meaning of "outside of the Church there is no salvation" is the following: there is no salvation for a man who does not at least belong to the soul of the Church, but a man who belongs to the soul of the Church can still be saved. He must keep the natural law, or if he did not now and then, he can still be saved by an act of contrition.

Note also that "outside of the Church there is no salvation" does not mean that a Catholic shall be saved just because he belongs to the Church. Not at all. A Catholic must, to be saved, keep the commandments of God and the Church; and, if he did not, he must before death make his peace with God by receiving worthily the Sacraments or, if he can not at all receive them, he should make an act of contrition.



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

Dear Readers of the "Little Apostle."

My most sincere thanks to all of you who have so kindly renewed your subscription begun in June 1924 and who have sent in another subscription already for this year. But permit me to pull the ears of some others, a little forgetful. I do not think they were so busy with politics and patriotism as to forget their poor brethren of the Mountain Province: it is another good form of politics and high patriotism to help the Igorrotes. Any way: the elections are over and I hope that the forgetful will send "NOW" their renewal by M. O.

The other day I received a letter from a well-intentioned reader sending me a few canceled stamps: 40 of 2 centavos, 20 of 4 centavos etc. all together, worth, he said: P40.00. All right my friend, but remember they were canceled and the real worth of canceled stamps may amount to P0.20 a kilogram. Of course we receive gratefully any help, but the reduced price of canceled stamps shows that instead of sending a few at a time, it is better to send them only in great quantities and in the cheapest way, for as you see, the price of sending them may be higher than their real value.

As announced in the Editorial it is the intention of the "Little Apostle" to contribute to the universal honor rendered to the Little Flower of Jesus,

the most wonderful Saint of these modern times. Can you offer any suggestion about the manner of making the Little Flower better known and devoutly imitated in the Philippines?

Dear Readers, remember the "Question Box." If you want any explanation about religious matters, if you hear any objection against the Catholic Church and you are unable to find an answer, write to the "Little Apostle", signing your letter with your name and don't be afraid we shall publish it. Unsigned letters shall not be considered.

It is wonderful how some students have worked for the "Little Apostle" no, for the poor Pagans of the Mountain Province during the last vacation. They collected subscriptions and will consequently have contributed greatly to the knowledge of the poorest of our brethren in Christ. One student brought in a list of 30 new subscribers.

May Christ bless their apostolic work and may their zeal stimulate others who were..... afraid to ask subscriptions. Why should one be afraid to ask them? You do not ask alms when you offer the "Little Apostle". You make a present. You give more than you ask as a little subscription. Later, if you wish to do some good in your life, you shall have to face other difficulties. To ask subscriptions or even alms for the missions, is often a

good trial, a good exercise for later. Don't be afraid of doing all you can though sometimes it may seem solittle and be convinced that by asking alms for God's work you really give your friends a chance of doing some good for their souls. In heaven they will be exceedingly grateful to those who have been the means of making them know God and His Church.

With most sincere thanks and best wishes to all those who have spread the "Little Apostle" during vacation, I remain

Yours gratefully in X  
Rev. O. Vandewalle

## CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

Anonymous for the new mission of Lubua-  
gan, Kalinga : P100.00

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of canceled stamps for the benefit of the Missions from:

Carlos Loanzon, Pampanga; Zoilo Arlaleja, Manila; Francisco del Rosario, Manila; Jose Panganiban, Isabela; Dolores P. Oledan, Nueva Vizcaya (2 times); Ignacia Garcia, Ilocos Sur; Mathilde Hernandez, Nueva Vizcaya; Rufino Evangelista, Rizal.

The Little Apostle thanks most heartily the benefactors. All the Missionaries remember them every day at mass.



## The Precious Blood

O living fount! O fount of life!  
Bear me up amidst the strife:  
Keep my mind, my heart, my will,  
Keep my soul, my being filled.  
Save me midst the storms around me:  
Save me from the war within me:  
From all sin my soul keep free—  
Save me to Eternity!

In Thy life I'll always live,  
For thy power will always give  
Life to do what e'er is best.  
Grace, to keep Thy wise behests.  
Light to mind, and peace to heart,  
Strength to will and do my part.  
Grace and blessings e'er will be  
Mine, unto Eternity.

Blood of Jesus, Thou art mine:  
Make me be by union thine;  
Let Thy life and mine be one,  
I am nothing, Thou art all;  
With Thee I stand, without Thee, fall;  
Keep, then, from sin's bondage free,  
Keep me to Eternity.

Keep me, Jesus, by Thy blood;  
Keep me by this daily food;  
Let its grace my life e'er be,  
My life unto Eternity.  
Its purest streams e'er course my veins;  
Its power, strength unto my veins;  
My life, my all, O let it be  
To happy, blest Eternity.



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# For the Little Tots



## At the Gate of Heaven

**P**AUL could not believe it.... no, he could not: "In our time," he said to Peter, the Christians had much more confidence in God. They were sure of their salvation. They knew without a bit of doubt that they would enter heaven, if they lived only as good Christians.... And now, you seem to say that many doubt their salvation and are troubled and anxious. No, Peter, you must be mistaken .... it can not be so bad."

"Come along with me, answered Peter, come on, and sit with me for half a day at the gate and you shall hear."

So both were now sitting at the golden gate of heaven, under a ngilangnilang tree, whose odours filled the heavenly entrance. The glittering sun peeped here and there between the leaves and wrote all sorts of figures on the green level tapestry of grass. Farther stood lofty cocoatrees laden with nuts and blossoms. The banana leaves on

both sides of the lane towards heaven waved slowly up and down under the cooling breeze.

Paul sat near a small table, turning from right to left big pages of the "book of life." It was the book of Peter which contained the deeds of every one on earth.

It was not a busy day today. Few people were in sight on the narrow path, afar. What a lovely morning... Some children, who entered paradise only yesterday, were on the massive golden wall..... some played.... others plucked roses that grew along the wall and made bouquets for the coming saints or playing threw them at each other's crolley head.

St. Monica just arrived after her morning walk. She saw the little tots on the wall playing, running, gesticulating, and having a good time. She threw her arms wide open and shouted: "but little tots, come once quickly down. You may fall and hurt yourselves."

“Never mind, mother Monica” they giggled together, clapping their tiny hands “we can fly now” they said.

“Monica thinks she has still her Augustine under hands” murmured Paul, “for that was a naughty boy indeed.”

“As you” said Peter and he laughed aloud.

“He! Little Ma’am” shouted the little children from the wall to somebody who approached the gate but on the wrong path “he! open your apron and get these roses. They are for you.”

“Cling, cling, cling” rang the bell. Peter pulled the string, the gate opened and an old lady in her Sunday dress, on slippers, her head veiled as if to go to mass, appeared shyly in the opening.

“Excuse, Sir,” she said “I must be mistaken. I do not have to be here as yet. Please will you be kind enough to show me the way to purgatory? I think that’s my place.....”

“Just a moment” whispered Peter “What is your name?”

“Grandma” muttered the lady covering her mouth.

“Grandma?... that comes under the G” and he turned the pages of his ledger from left to right and from right to left.... “Grandina?”... I can not find your name on my book.... Grandma?... That name is not enlisted under the G. That must be a mistake..... Do you not have another name?”

“Yes, Sir. Teresa Opmaco was

my name in baptism and when I was young... but since many years they call me simply Grandma..... Don’t you know that? I have sixty three children and grandchildren alive?....

“Goodness, sighed Peter, sixty three? And do they all live as true Christians?— “Of course, Sir. I taught them all their prayers and woe to the one who would have dared to offend the Lord.”

“Sixty three children and grandchildren? But, please Teresa, enter. You are a saint since years. Pass right away into heaven... you ought to have been here since many years....”

“Gracious! If I had only known such!”

“Didn’t you know that?” asked Paul from behind the table.

“Well no, I thought I was a great sinner, on account of the children and grandchildren.... you see, I was so impatient with them.... but then, I was sorry for it and I offered all my work and sufferings for my sins. So I thought I would have to do a long penance.”

The little tots of the high wall came flying down towards Grandma. They clang to her apron, took her the hands and while Monica preceded, all entered heaven.

“What did I tell you Paul? People are to afraid from the Lord. They have no faith enough in their good deeds and remember mostly only the little sins they fall into through inattention.”

*(To be continued)*

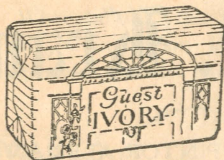


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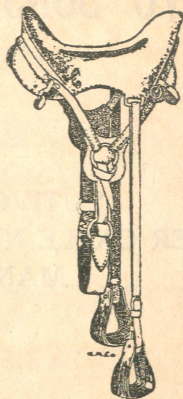
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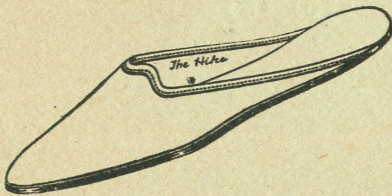
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