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The

LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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

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OUR COVER



HOW HAPPY IT MAKES US TO HELP
OTHERS AND TO FORGET OURSELVES!

PHOTO C. AERTS

for passage to Europe

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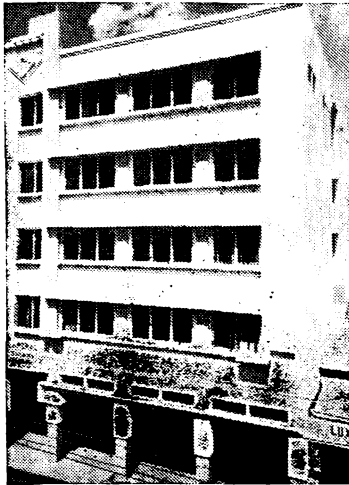
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

EDITORIAL—

Every year July brings us the Official Celebration of our National Independence: JULY the 4th. And I want all readers of the Little Apostle to be happy and proud of the fact that our Philippines now stands in the row of the free nations. The sacrifice made by Dr. Jose Rizal and so many others has not been in vain; and the Philippines occupy a place of honor amongst the nations of the earth, specially amongst the nations of the Far East.

Very few realize that this fact is due in a great way to the 3 century old preparation which we received from Mother Spain, thro the Catholic Faith . If the Philippines will prove worthy of the Independence given to them by the generosity of the United States, it is, whatever opponents may opine, due to the fact that the Philippines have learned to honor God, and to love their neighbor as themselves. As long as our blessed Isles will understand and practise this, nothing or no one can take away from us this inheritance of freedom.

But should the love of God, and the love of our neighbor sadly disappear, freedom and independence, peace and prosperity will also disappear, to give place to fear, disorder and slavery, the curse at present of so many countries where no one dares any more to speak freely what he thinks. To enjoy freedom men ought to love God and their neighbor too.

Religion was, is, and will always be the strongest pillar upon which will rest the patrimony of freedom, given to our people, and our rulers for the benefit of all. Eradicate religion in a country, and you make it ready for slavery. Freedom and Religion are two quick-silvers climbing and declining together. Therefore the issue is very clear. It is more religious than financial; more religious than educational; more religious than social.

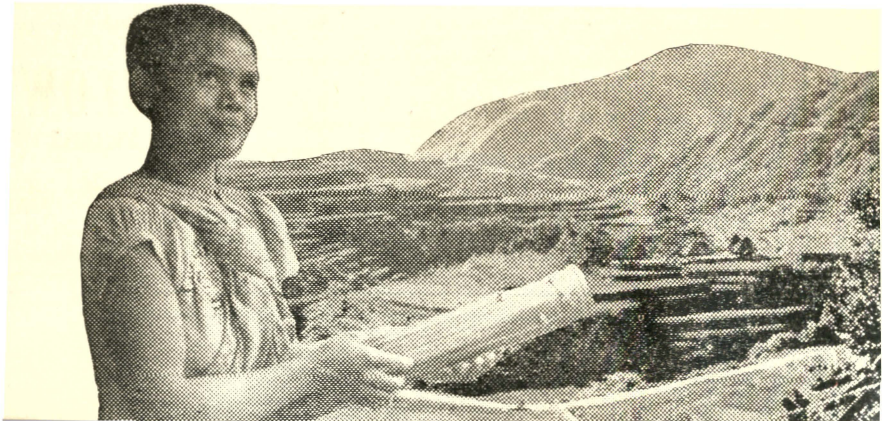
We should never fear that the Republic of the Philippines will founder and disappear after an ephemeral splendour, as long as the great majority of our citizens are aware and conscious of this, and live accordingly.

How sweet, the melody of the «KALTCHANG».

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Our FAMILY CIRCLE

Not only Faith, but Hope too is as necessary to us all as it is beautiful. Hope makes us trust God, who promised us His help, here on earth, and His Heaven hereafter. Hope gives a wonderful spirit and feeling to life. Even should we not receive what we pray for, if we trust God, never will we feel discouraged and downhearted; for we understand that God must have his reasons and his plans for us; so that we just accept sufferings as well as we receive consolations.

The foremost fountain from where springs forth our Hope is God's wisdom & goodness and power, and love for us. Let us be soaked by these thoughts in adversity as well as in prosperity, even in the midst of our spiritual troubles, and weaknesses, and never will discouragement be able to overpower us.

Jesus is always most pleased whenever He sees that whatever has happened we just continue to stick to Him and to trust in Him.

The soul that trusts God, will never seek or only follow creatures for a solution to his troubles. He seeks God first. Neither will we ever be afraid of God, if we accept that reverential fear of God, which is better called love.

The Little Flower said once: "God's justice, which makes so many souls afraid, is for me the object of my happiness and trust. I expect as much from God's justice, as I expect from his mercy. Being just, God is also most kind and merciful; for He said Himself so often, and at so many pages of the Holy Writ that HE KNOWS BEST HOW POOR AND INFIRM WE ARE. He knows better than we the stuff we are made of. Frankly I don't understand all those who feel afraid of such a good friend.

Maybe we have all to progress much in that spirit of trust in God, even in spite of our many and repeated faults and sins.

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT (July 1-9)

General

*Intention: TO OBTAIN PEACE & ORDER in the Philippines.
Peace and order is not primarily a matter of Police action rather a matter of spiritual improvement of the masses.
Where Christ reigns supreme there is little need of police prisons tribunals: the 10 Commandments well observed are the best laws for any country of the world.
This should be our great Intention during July, the foremost intention of our Novena.*

Special

- Intentions: 1) That SOCIAL JUSTICE may more and more obtain the attention of Employers and of Employees.
2) The private intention of our Readers.*

I think I shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree.

A tree that looks at God all day
and lift her leafy arms to pray.

Joyce Kilmer



PHOTO A. LAMMINEUR

MISSION INTENTION FOR JULY.
(blessed by the H. Father)

FOR THE CHRISTIANS IN MOSLEM LANDS.

We all know, by experience, how often we find it rather hard to persevere faithfully in our Catholic Faith and Morals, specially if we are somewhat negligent in our daily prayers and devotions. For the temptations of the modern world are all around us, inviting, us, entreating us, often menacing us.

Yet we have it comparatively much easier to persevere, in spite of all hardships, than the Christians living in the Lands of the Moslems (or Moros) where Moslems are the majority and their rule undisputed. Often does it happen that christians there must be somewhat of the race of the Martyrs, and therefore do they all need our best prayers, even our generous sacrifices, to obtain from God perseverance in the H. Faith of their baptism. So let us daily give them a share in our prayers and sacrifices.

ENTRANCE TO HEAVEN



THREE

HAIL MARY'S



by

Rev. Maurice De Brabandere



WHEN will you be baptized?" This was my constant query to Carlos' parents. They were hard-working, respectable Igorots who lived near the mission. Besides Carlos, they had seven other children—two boys and five girls. I always stopped to visit them whenever I happened to pass along on horseback. Always I was accorded a warm welcome. To my question, however, I invariably received the same reply, "Nem akay . . . , later." Perhaps seeing she disappointed look on my face they softened their refusal by adding "Father, baptize our children first. We will follow later."

Sure enough their children were sent to our school. After two years of religious instruction, they were baptized.

Carlos was intelligent and amiable....

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Carlos was intelligent and amiable. Months before he was baptized, he came from his barrio through sunshine and rain for the Sunday Mass. At school, he always copped the first honors and knew his catechism better than any other child. After his baptism, he was a familiar figure in the confessional and at the communion rail every Sunday. So fervently did he pray that his guardian angel must have been very busy delivering his little petitions to heaven. The Fathers with me often asked themselves, "How will this nice boy turn out later?"

Since our school had no intermediate grades, Carlos was forced to go to the public school for his fifth grade. He was deprived of his religious instruction. There was no

longer anyone to urge him to go to church on Sundays; yet for a while, Carlos remained faithful to his religious duties.

Then came a time when Carlos was no longer to be seen at Mass. Nevertheless, when he met me, he had the courage to look at me straight in the eye. Once when I had the chance to see him alone for a moment, he acknowledged that he had two close friends who were non-Catholics and were light-headed boys. They exercised a strong influence over him.

"My boy," I admonished," continue to pray. Never forget to greet your Blessed Mother morning and evening.

The conductor of a jeepny.

PHOTO A. LAMMINEUR



As long as you are faithful, she will remain your Mother and show you how much she loves you when you least think it."

He promised to pray.

Two years passed. Carlos graduated with honors from the sixth grade. In the meantime his father had died. By God's grace, he was baptized before his death. The mother remained the sole support of the seven small children. Carlos, had remained good-hearted, saw that without his help, the family would not be able to make both ends meet. He, therefore stopped studying and looked for a job in Baguio.

In the city, he found work as a conductor of a jeepney. He received five per cent of the daily collection. He worked conscientiously and received a salary of ninety pesos a month. His first pay envelopes found their way to his mother.

Alas! The poor boy did not know the dangers around him. He fell into the company of his co-laborers who brought him to his downfall. They taught him how to gamble and to drink. They had him understand that to be a full-fledged man, he had to have girl friends. Carlos found girls to be his friends, all right. With them he frequented the show houses. His money was spent for paying these evening entertainments.

He thought himself happy that now he could compare himself favorably with the other boys of seventeen. He left off completely going to the Sunday Mass. Like many others he still-ed his conscience by saying, "I have no more time."

All the while, though, he remained

the friend of the missionaries. Whenever a priest boarded the journey he was conducting, he did not accept the Father's fare. Gallantly he would say, "Father, it has already been paid for."

Once in a while, when I happened to meet him in my visits to Baguio, I asked him, "Do you still pray, Carlos?"

"Yes, Father, I pray my three Hail Mary's".

As the days unraveled into months, the Fathers asked among one another, "Will Carlos lose his faith?"

The news reached us one day that Carlos had been seriously wounded in an accident. At the first opportunity I had, I went to the hospital to visit him. The nurses informed me that for the most part of the day, he was unconscious. They added the consoling information that in his delirium he was heard to say, "Ave Maria, a napnoca iti gracia...Hail Mary, full of grace..."

Before I entered the ward, the doctors warned me that they feared he was going to die. With a prayer in my heart, I sought for him among the rows of the sick and wounded. He was completely swathed in bandages and only his face was free. As I approached, I saw him move his head a little. He bravely managed to twist his lips into a semblance of a smile. "Thanks be to God he is conscious," I breathed. Bending low over him, I cautiously informed him of the danger he was in.

His answer came in labored whispers: "Father, I would still like to live, but God always knows best. Perhaps if I would get well, who



*I wandered lonely as a cloud
that floats on high o'er vales and hills....*

PHOTO C. AERTS

knows I might never get to heaven. It is hard to live well... Father, will you hear my confession?"

There in the midst of the curious gaze of the other patients, Carlos humbly made one of the best confessions I ever heard. In the bottom of his heart he had remained upright. There was always something in him that urged him to be better than he actually was. His evil friends and his bad surroundings had weakened his will, but always it had remained inherently good.

"Father," he said after I had given him the absolution, "I have been faithful to my three Hail Mary's, but seldom have done more. I often thought of the Blessed Virgin whom you taught me to love even before my baptism. I hope now that my Mother will help me to go to heaven."

Indeed, Our Lady was helping him. The following day, he was fully conscious when I brought him Holy Communion. Very devoutly he followed the prayers. I next gave him Extreme Unction and the Papal Blessing. I promised to be back in a couple of days.

Our Lord, however, had other plans. He saw that now Carlos' soul was ready to be gathered to His Heart. That same day, his wounds became infected. At midnight, his Mother Mary came to conduct Carlos—the Igorot boy who might have gone astray, but who, until the end, had remained her faithful child—the Igorot boy who had not forgotten to greet her mornings and evenings—to her abode in heaven. No doubt Carlos is there now singing with the millions of blessed souls the eternal "Ave Maria".



WAITING HEARTS

By Rev. ALB. DUGGOM

— • —

Just below the famed and fabled Sto. Tomas mountain lies the peaceful village of Tabaan. A scenic ride to Twin Peaks and a few hours climb from the Kennon road will bring you to this Ibaloi village which guards

Keep smiling ! ! !

the entrance to this Mountain fastness. The people, influenced by the grandeur of the majestic mountains surrounding their village and the holy silence pervading the whole place, are naturally religious and God-minded. But there are still many wandering in the darkness of paganism due to the late arrival of the Catholic missionaries in those secluded places. Many of the scattered villages dotting the solitary hills are fast becoming the citadels of Christianity.

It was in this village that on a clear and bright morn of April 19, 1950, the young converts gathered and awaited anxiously for the arrival of the flying Bishop, His Excellency William Bresseur D.D. of Baguio. The adult christians, old but young in faith, and the young children, tender in age and in their faith, were waiting with eager hearts for the Bishop who was to administer to them the fortifying Sacrament of Confirmation.

We did not wait long for the ardent longing of his Excellency to meet his Christians, gave him wings in the arduous and up-hill climb. At half past seven, he came bathed in perspiration but happy. The whole town escorted him to the new school building where the Confirmation was to be held. The Bishop blessed the school after taking some minutes rest. After the blessing he offered the Holy Sacrifice. There were many Holy Communion from the young and the old-Christians. The presence of the Bishop made them more devoted in their prayers.

The people ate their meager breakfast after the Mass while the Bishop took his cup of coffee. Everybody was happy. The old Christians, who were to be confirmed were waiting eagerly for the Bishop to begin. At last, there was the bell ringing for them to re-assemble in the school. They came running from the nearby barrios, rushing to occupy places inside pushing their way in.

The Bishop gave his usual admonitions before Confirmation to those who were to be confirmed in the dialect of the people so that the people understood everything required for the holy reception of the Sacrament. The Confirmation was over before noon and we had again the chance to meet the people before leaving them in their new happiness. May this day of Confirmation in Tabaan mark the beginning of the descent of the Holy Ghost to the many waiting hearts hidden in the solitude of this holy sanctuary of eternal silence, Sto. Tomas Mountain.

Rev. Alb. Duggom

Slight Change

A white trader arrived at a South Sea Island, and one of the natives standing by the dock offered to carry his baggage. As they walked along, the trader began to question the native about his life, and on learning that he had been attending a missionary school, the trader sneeringly, for he fancied himself an unbeliever:

"Tell me, what good has Christianity done for you?"

"For me, I do not know," answered the native promptly, "but I can tell you what good it has done for you. See that big flat stone over there? If you had come here when I was a pagan, I would have cut your throat on that stone, and then my friends and I would have eaten you. Now I am carrying your suitcase instead."

The Liguorian.

CATHOLIC NEWS...
... OF INTEREST

ROME.

During the first days of May, 350 U.S. sailors of the Mediterranean Fleet joined 30,000 other H. Year pilgrims for a papal audience in St. Peter's. 700 others American service men joined the Navy party.

30 of the sailors made their First H. Communion at this occasion and were afterwards confirmed by the Italian Military Ordinary.

LONDON.

6 Oxford undergraduates bought a 1933-old Taxicab, for \$90 only, with which they plan to motor from England to Rome (some 2000 miles far)

Good luck! boys; and hope You come home with your Taxi!

1950 CATHOLIC MOTHER.

Mrs. John Bauer of Manchester, Mich. has been named the U.S. Catholic Mother for 1950. Mrs. Bauer has 14 children, 4 of them Priests and five daughters Religious? Sisters of Mercy. She married in 1890 and is a widow since 1936. Congratulations Mrs. Bauer; your marriage has surely been blessed by the Lord, not only in number, but also in quality. Mabuhay!

45 of the Catholic Children in U.S. Public Schools.

or
 55 of U.S. Catholic Children attend Catholic Schools.

According to P.I. standard this is a very great number.

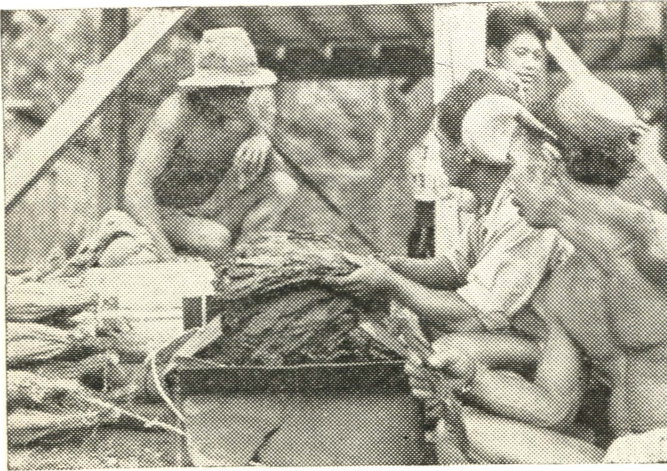
How great is the per cent of the Filipino Catholic Children attending Catholic Schools?

SAINT MARY GORETTI.

Last June 25th the H. Father Pope Pius XII has decerned the honors of Canonisation to St. Mary Goretti, the "Virgin Martyr of the 20th Century" who was savagely killed on July 6, 1902, by a disappointed lover, who had attacked her and vainly induced her to sin with him. Mary was only 12 years old, but she defended herself so well, while shouting: "No, no! It is sin, and God does not want it. You will go to hell!" And the 19-year-old Alexander Serenelli dragging her into the kitchen plunged 14 times his dagger into her chaste body; then he ran. Mary died of her wounds the following day, July 6; not before forgiving the murderer and promising to pray God, to convert Him. 8 years later Mary appeared to Alexander Serenelli, who was in prison; and forthwith the murderer till now unrepenting changed completely and started a life of penance, working as a simple gardener in a Capuchin Monastery in Italy. He was present at the Beatification and Canonisation of his innocent victim.

St. Mary Goretti is the MODERN Patron-Saint of our MODERN feminine youth so often in danger of losing the flower of purity.

**When your life is over, you
 will save only what you have
 given. You will lose all that
 you have selfishly kept,**



PAOTO A. LAMMINEUR

D I M A S

His name was Dimas. The name is not a strange one and it has been known since the earliest years of the Church. According to tradition, the Good Thief who stole Paradise on Good Friday was called Dimas.

But this Dimas was a merchant who run a very successful dry-goods store. He spoke various dialects, knew many people, and for all he always had a cheerful greeting and a good-natured joke. He was the most popular merchant in town. After closing his store at night, Dimas, like any other good businessman, counted his gain. He was a clever merchant, but a tricky one too. He knew it, and his 15-year old son, Dives, knew it also. Often the boy would tell his father,

"Dad, I am afraid God is not pleased with the petty tricks you practice on your customers, and which you wish me to imitate."

"Bah, sonny," Dimas would ex-postulate, "that is done everywhere and by everybody. Else how shall we gain? Moreover, we take only a little from every unsuspecting customer, though for us it adds up to a handsome profit at the end of a busy day." And Dimas would sing as he counted the silver pesos and pesetas and the copper coins. He would sing of money, of how sweet it was to possess it and how it made his heart happy. He would sing of retiring soon from business and of helping the poor with his gain. In these high spirits Dimas would go to bed.

On one such night Dimas had a dream—a terrible one. In his dream he saw his patron, St. Dimas beckoning him to follow. They passed a deep forest till they came to a deep hole into which the two entered. The hole widened as it went deeper, down the earth, supported by pillars of fire.

Dimas saw many people moving around—curious-looking people, horned, cleft-footed and tailed. These assembled, and, following one who held a banner, paraded towards Dimas shouting: "Long live Dimas the merchant!"

The latter would have died of fear had the Saint not stood by him, urging him to look well at the banner. Dimas did so, and he saw a strange design—as it were, a mosaic made of cuttings of cloth, little quantities of sugar, rice, flour, dried fish, onions, and other things. There were even his own prices he had listed at 5, 10, 25 centavos more than what they should have been. Meanwhile the devils kept repeating their weird refrain: "Long live Dimas, Dimas the thief!"

Dimas woke up, shivering with fright. He thanked God that it was only a dream, but he got no more sleep that night.

The next day a new customer came to the store for five meters of the best rayon. The Best, he said, for it was to make a wedding suit. Something clicked in Dimas' mind. His eyes shone like electric bulbs. He could easily have a ₱10 gain. But that dream—that strange banner! . . . But this was business. Customers know merchants must profit, he argued within himself. Yes, he would. But again, no, he would not. Dimas felt hot as fire. He must steal a little or he would go broke—all merchants. But that procession . . . , those burning pillars of fire, that frightful chorus of the devils, kept coming to his mind . . . Why did not this customer come yesterday, before his dream? He looked at his meter-stick—a false one. Hot perspiration trickled down his temples. What could he do?

Just then, as in his dream, S. Dimas stood again beside him, looking deep into the grocer's eyes. He seemed to speak. "Friend," he said, "have you forgotten last night? Or do you not yet understand? Do as you would under God's very eyes. Hurry up! Measure well and ask a just price." With St. Dimas looking sharply on, the merchant could not do otherwise but dispatch his customer honestly. He became speechless with the pain of loss. Suddenly he became aware that his patron Saint was talking to him again.

"Good-bye," he was saying, "I must go now with St. Yves, patron of lawyers, to scold some crooked lawyers who make wrong cases right, just for a few hundred pesos. Then I shall accompany St. Luke to some charge exorbitant fees from poor patients. St. Mark also invited me to visit some Notaries Public whose affidavits are pure lies and inventions. Next I shall go with St. Crispin to some naughty shoemakers who keep fooling—always fooling—their customers, and thence St. Eligius and I will call the attention of several mechanics who say they repair and fix many things in cars just to increase their fees. There are so many crooks. Be wise, Dimas, and don't add your name to the list. God know all things; and do not hope for heaven until you have made restitution for all your unjust profits."

Dimas begged the saint not to go yet. How was he to make restitution for all his little thefts? The Saint suggested works of charity and penance—now or at the hour of his death.

"Ah, no," Dimas exclaimed. "It might be too hot and dangerous to wait that long." He was ready to do



PHOTO C. AERTS

all your clever tricks try to pass through the hole. You can be so elastic, Dimas."

The grocer fell to his knees and begged for mercy, but the St. refused saying, "You have not even said you're sorry!"

Dimas' sweat ran down his face. He grew so cold and pale that his patron, remembering how he too was once a crook, took pity on him and said:

"All right. If you are truly sorry, go at once to Confession. Then make restitution to whomever you may still be able to; and don't ever start cheating again."

Lowering his voice almost to a whisper, the Saint added: "If you do, Dimas,", and he left without finishing his threat.

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whatever the Saint prescribed for his punishment.

"Do it now," he hurried.

"Not I" said St. Dimas. "It is you who must do it. Take a piece of silk, and with the point of your shears make a tiny hole on it. Then with

Dives found his father staring blankly into yards of white rayon.

"Dives," he said, looking up, "do not ever cheat our customers."

FIRST FOR THE BEST

St. Louis, King of France, once saw his sister Isabella busily engaged in making a beautiful piece of embroidery.

"May I expect to receive this as a gift?" he said to her, smiling.

"No," said Isabella. "It is the first of its kind, and I am making it for my Saviour, Jesus Christ."

And when the embroidery was finished, she presented it to the first poor person she met.

PAGAN MAYAOYAO'S DAYS OF OBLIGATION

by *Emilio Natuno*

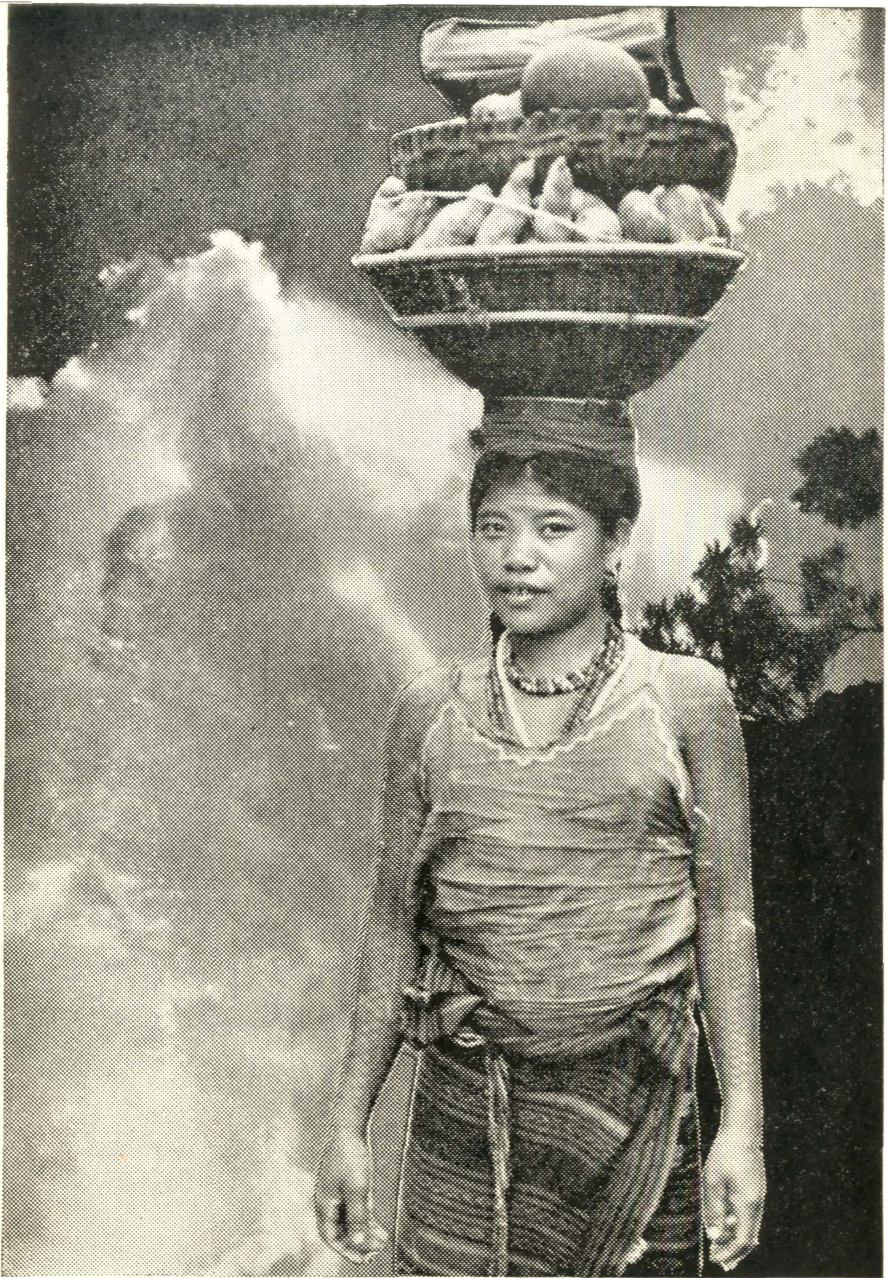
The many gods and spirits in which my beloved people of Mayaoyao believe not only demand that costly and often ruinous sacrifices are offered to them throughout the year, or that they observe hundreds of taboos, such as those of the "ichac" birds of which I spoke last month, taboos which curtail their liberty and hinder them very much in their daily life, but they impose also some other observances which are at time no less bothersome.

I mean the Mayaoyao's days of obligation called "Ngilin" and Tungaw". These are appointed by the leading performants of their sacrificial rites; they are even recognized by the local civil authorities, and enforced to a certain extent inasmuch as they may molest those who would venture to transgress their prohibitions.

A "Ngilin" day is usually proclaimed after an earthquake, a heavy thunderstorm or rain. No one then may go to work in the rice fields or in the sweet potato fields. Everybody has to stay at home, lest he would draw upon himself and his family, nay, upon the whole people the wrath of the gods, who certainly, as they believe, would not fail to show their displeasure and anger by causing starvation in one or another way, or else by means of drought, diseases resulting in heavy mortality.

The "Tungaw" is the day that marks the beginning of the Mayaoyao year. It is appointed after the harvest. On the day that precedes it the rice chief, the "manungaw" as he is called, offers a great sacrifice while they store his newly harvested rice bundles in his granary, during which he performs some very special rites in behalf of the whole Mayaoyao community. He invokes the Earthquaker and Thunderer, the "Bunbuni" or Rice gods, the gods of pigs, chickens, fishes, birds, the gods of animal fertility and conjures them to multiply the rice, the chickens, the pigs the children of the people. "Quite an important sacrifice", so they pretend, "for it wins for us protection and welfare".

However, this protection and welfare will be blocked, or interrupted, or turned into evil, if they do not keep faithfully and minutiously all the injunctions imposed by the "tungaw". No one is allowed to prepare his meals on that day, pound his rice, fetch water; he must therefore do his cooking on the eve, as well as his pounding and he may not be too particular about having a good glass of fresh water, for he has to take it from the jar which he had to fill at the spring the day before. Neither may he go out and take a walk and loiter around the houses of those who are not his immediate neighbors. Yet he must go down
(*please turn to page 34*)



*Beautiful twilight at set of sun
Beautiful goal with race well won
Beautiful rest with work well done.*

E. P. Allerton

THEE ONLY

THE ONLY TRUE EDUCATION

Napoleon was far from being an ardent supporter of organized religion, but in his attitude towards religious education he was wiser than many of the so-called wise-men of our modern generation. This is what the great general had to say on the subject:

"Up to the present the only good education we have met with is that of the ecclesiastical bodies. I would rather see the children of a village in the hands of a man who only knows his catechism, but whose principles are known to me, than of a half-baked man of learning who has no foundations for his morality and no fixed ideas. Religion is the vaccine of the imagination; she preserves it from all dangerous and absurd beliefs. An ignorant friar knows enough to tell a working man that this life is but a passage. If you take faith away from the people, you will end by producing nothing but highway robbers."



PHOTO.
C. AERTS



PHOTO C. AERTS

DULANTE

By

R. F. ALFONSO CLAERHOUDT

* * * * *

Awful is the roar of thunder in the mountains, and lightning strikes to death. Heavy rains swell the mountain streams which, joining each other in the ravines, rush down in angry torrents, carrying rocks and other things in their wake, till they reach the lowlands.

Such a storm had just been raging, but now it had somewhat abated. Doors and windows were opened a little, and anxious eyes peered out to the rain that still fell heavily outside. Lightning still tore the skies here and there, though the thunder sounded already far away to the south, above Pangasinan.

At the entrance of the convento Tacio, the son of Bineian, stood waiting. He was shivering, his shoulders hunched under his kalabdyaw. He leaned backward, sheltering himself from wind and rain, waiting for the priest who would hear his father's confession and help him die a good death. Soon the priest came and said, "Come, Tacio".

Both signed themselves devoutly, and with bowed heads, made their way in the stormy blasts to Kalamai. Above Sawili streaks of lightning still flashed to view.

God is never so near as when we are in sorrow. Believe me, Bineian! You were a God-forsaken pagan, but He wants you back. God wants you back with Him. And now that suffering is come upon you, accept it as your penance.

Bineian moaned! Old Dulante listened to the rain which was falling in heavy drops without. He opened the window and looked at the dark clouds torn apart in some places by the fierce winds. The rain drove through the thick pine trees, sending the fragrance of their branches inside the homes.

"Dulante"!

"What is it, Bineian?"

"Do not leave me alone, Dulante; not even when Tacio comes home. I am afraid. There is someone staring at me from that corner—someone I do not know. Close the window, Dulante!"

... Dulante, why do those eyes stare at me so somberly? O Dulante, come very near to me; I am afraid. Look at that corner, Dulante; do you not see anything? It is the devil waiting for me!"

.....
Bineian, man, your soul is sad as hell, and black as night! But the priest will soon be here. You will make a sincere confession and Sairo, the devil, can never harm you.
.....

"O, look, look, Dulante! Do you not see those fixed, fiery eyes coming nearer to me? O, hide me, help me, Dulante!"

Binayan moved restlessly from one side to the other. Dulante took the cold trembling hand in his and helped the suffering man make the sign of the Cross. "In the name

....."
The door opened and the rain blew in, as the priest and Tacio entered. The latter closed the door hurriedly, and turning, saw his father, like a helpless child, in the arms of the old Dulante.

— • • • —

Weeks later, I saw Bineian after his return to God. We sat at the door of his hut while I listened to the story of his conversion. His face was pale and thin, but it was calm and serene, as his eyes rested on the distant landscape. There was peace in the valley; there was peace in the huts that studded the rice-fields, beyond which the dark mountains of Pawai rose majestically, with fog hanging heavily over its ravines.

His story ended thus:

"Yes; there was no other human being I made suffer more than Dulante. I caused the loss of the last of his cattle. I drove him away from my land where he had his little hut. Once he came to me with deep sadness in his face, and he said only this: "You should not have done that Bineian; but, may God pardon you."

He left, very sad; and all the people prophesied: "God will punish Bineian! And indeed they had uttered truth! My dark soul sank deeper into misery. I wasted all my money in drink. I was like a landslide, taking everything down with me to the depths.

"Everybody knows how Dulante saved me in a storm at Asayang and how he took care of me for weeks. Only then did I realize how good man can be. And one day I said: "Dulante, why are you so good to me? To me who am so bad? I am a condemned soul, Dulante."

"He approached me, knelt beside me, and took my hands in his. O, how his hands trembled while he whispered very softly, "God died

for you too, Bineian, so that your soul will not be lost. Why should I not imitate Him, and be good to you too, Bineian?" "

At this remembrance Bineian bowed his head and hid his face in his hands. I knew the old man was weeping, not only for his past evil deeds, but also because he had witnessed the love of God in the merciful person of his neighbor.

When the human heart comes in touch with God's goodness and love, then he dares not look up anymore. He hides his weeping eyes lest he betrays that endless longing for God that hangs above the quiet abyss of the soul—that longing for Him Who alone can give him peace and happiness for all eternity.



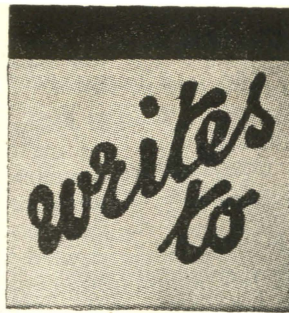
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NIVARDO

*Dear Father NIVARDO, clo Mamma.
Mountains.*

I am ashamed, Father, for not writing to Lily for a long time Mamma read that in the "Little Apostle" and that I was very busy. Please do not believe that again, please, Father for I am not busy at all. I was in my bed only and my head was very heavy always and Tony is making a noise and Mamma says: "Hush, Tony, Carming is sick.

And I did not pray on my knees I am only looking at Jesus with the Red Heart I can see Him, for the door is always open and then I whisper: All for You, Jesus, and for Lily's brother Kolas, and for uncle Pepe. That is all what I pray on the beads of my blue rosary, even at night I do not sleep and it is all dark but the red lamp at the throne of Jesus: I can see Him.

And Uncle Pepe, I told him: "My head is heavy but it is for you." and he said nothing.

And Papa came in the Plane and brought me flowers from Baguio and there was a big white Lily and I said: "Thank You, Daddy and please give that one to Jesus." And he put it there and he cried, I think, Why?, I did not know gentlemen can cry.

And Doctor Lacson came and put the needle in my arm and I did not cry; I said "For Kolas and Uncle Pepe." This is my secret Father, but You are a priest. Will you also pray for Kolas and Uncle Pepe?

Now Mamma says I am allowed to write this letter because of the needle it made me strong, she says. She calls that a shot. But it was a needle only. I think Tony can make a noise again.

Your child and of Jesus.

Carmencita.



Don Bosco

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

My dear Boys,

For many of you this time of the year marks the end of a long vacation. Well Boys, did you enjoy it? I am sure you did and believe me, I enjoyed it myself together with you. I could see you, helping your parents at home and having a lot of fun: camping, playing, swimming, singing, shouting and making all the noise you wanted. That's all right Boys, so long you do not commit sin. Sin is the only thing that can spoil your vacation as it is also the only thing that can spoil your life. You must have experienced it that faithfulness to your four resolutions helped you a lot to stay away from sin.

And now, back again to school. Well, that's not so bad either; don't you think so?. School days are also joyful, at least for those who try their best to do their duty well.

Boys, I would like to introduce to you one of my former boys, Domingo Savio by name. About four months ago, on the 5th, of March, amidst a huge crowd that went to Rome from all parts of the world, His Holiness Pope Pius XII proclaimed him "Blessed" and proposed him as a model to all the boys of the world. It is not without a deeply felt paternal pride that I write you about him for, as I already mentioned it, Domingo was one of MY Boys; he stayed with me at Turin for about three years.

Domingo was twelve years old when I met him for the first time in 1854. After asking him about his studies and his life I told him: "It seems to me that you have the material in you." "Material for what?" inquired Domingo. "To make a coat to offer to God," I said. "All right," answered Domingo, "I will be the material and you will be the tailor; take me with you and when my studies are over, if God wills it, I will be a priest."

One day speaking to my boys, I told them that they should try their best to become saints. Some of them looked at me quite surprised; they probably never had given any thought to such an ideal, believing insisted on three points: first that God wants us to become saints, secondly that it is easy to become a saint and thirdly that an eternity of glory awaits the saints in Heaven. This sermon was as a spark falling on Domingo's heart and enkindling in it an ardent desire to become a saint. For several days he was very serious and silent. His companions noticed it and so did I.

Fearing some illness, I asked what ailed him. "It's nothing bad, Don Bosco," he answered, "it's rather something good." "What do you mean?" "I mean that I want to become a saint. I did not know it was so easy to be a saint. I feel I simply must become a saint; please Don Bosco, will you help me?"

Oh yes, Domingo wanted to become a saint and really he meant it. He kept his ever happy mood and lively manner but at the same time he earnestly put into practice whatever advice I gave him.

In one of my instructions he heard me saying: "Boys, if you want to hold fast to the way that leads to God, remember these three things: Go often to confession, go still more often to Holy Communion and have confidence in your confessor. Domingo grasped the importance of this advice. He wanted his confessor to know him through and through and carefully followed his advice and guidance. At first he went to confession and Communion every two weeks, then once a week and finally he became a daily communicant.

With this state of affairs Domingo was overjoyed. "If I have anything worrying me," he used to say, "all I've got to do is to go and talk matters over with my confessor; he shows me what God's will is, for our Lord says that the voice of the confessor is the voice of God. In Holy Mass and Holy Communion I find all the strength I need to carry out my resolutions." Then he would ask: "What more do I need to make me happy? Nothing in this world, only later to see Jesus face to face Whom I now adore by Faith in the Blessed Sacrament.

Domingo's delight was to spend his leisure time before the Blessed Sacrament. Several times a day he went to visit Him, taking with him as many of his companions as he could get to go.

As his love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, so was his love for our



Blessed Mother. The rosary was his favorite prayer and his scapular his shield against the attacks of the devil. Very often he would kneel in front of the image of Mary and pray with childlike simplicity: "O Mary, I am your boy. Obtain for me the grace to die rather than to commit a sin against holy purity."

One day, one of the boys brought with him a magazine in which were some indecent pictures. He was quickly surrounded by other boys anxious to see the dirty drawings. Domingo also ran up, but as soon as he perceived the true nature of the pictures, he grew indignant, took the magazine and tore it to pieces. At this abrupt interruption the others looked at one another in silence; they understood the lesson.

Domingo had many friends; he was so cheerful and humorous that he easily attracted even the less pious ones. These Domingo would advise in his own simple way and induce them to receive the Sacraments more frequently.

I remember how one day during recreation time, a certain man came up to the boys. He spoke to one of them so loudly that those around could not help hearing what he said. In order to attract his audience, he began by telling funny stories; he was soon surrounded by a crowd of boys all hanging on his words. Then this wretch, changing the conversation began to speak against religion, making fun of all that was most holy and speaking disrespectfully of the priests. Some of the boys, unwilling to hear such impieties, yet not daring to contradict him, went away, but a good number of the most thoughtful remained.

Just then Domingo came up. He had no sooner grasped what was happening that he unceremoniously turned to his companions and said: "Come away, boys. Don't you see that this man wants to harm your souls?" The boys, obedient to the advice of a friend whom they respected and loved, dispersed, leaving the devil's envoy to speak to the empty air. The unhappy man, seeing that he was only wasting his time, went away.

All the time Domingo was with me at Turin, his health was rather precarious and he needed special attention. After about three years he caught a persistent cough and the advice of the physician was that he be sent home for some time. It pained him to leave us. He had a presentiment that he would never return again. At the point of leav-

ing, with tears in his eyes he kissed my hand and turning to the boys who bid him farewell he said: "Good bye boys and pray for me! We shall meet in heaven." It was the first of March 1857.

Although his unusual bood-bye had distressed us, we still hoped to see him back among us soon. But it was not to be; Domingo was ripe for Heaven. In a few years he had accomplished a great deal, and gained the crown of the elect. Domingo died as an angel a few days later in the evening of March 9, 1857.

Well Boys, I could have written you much more about Domingo. Shortly after the death of Domingo I prepared an extensive booklet about him; this is available at the Central Office of Don Bosco's Boys' Association. When reading it, do not only say: "How beautiful!" Say rather: "I will try to imitate what I admire in Domingo."

Domingo had to overcome the same difficulties you have and you enjoy the same opportunities he had. What else do you want?

And now a little surprise for you. At the Central Office of Don Bosco's Boys' Association there are a certain number of small pictures of Blessed Domingo with a precious relic attached to it. Ask for one in my name and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. By return mail! this singular remembrance of your friend Domingo will be sent to you.

God bless you all!

Affectionately yours,

Juc. Gio. Bosco —



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PHOTO C. AERTS

"RATTAN STRIPS"

(For the third part: summary of the foregoing...)

(an Ifugao Detective Story)

Tuginay, who had been killed and beheaded in the forest of northeastern Ifugaoland, was believed to be the victim of a revenge expedition, which presumably had started from Chupak, the abode of the Ifugao's hereditary enemies. They brought Tuginay's body home and there, performed the special rites, with cursing and bangibang dance, wholly in accordance with custom. After the buria all the relatives of Tuginay and of his wife were present at the rite which was to point out whom

the gods wanted to take the lead, later on, in a revenge expedition toward the village of their enemy. It was Bindadan, a famous go-between, who was designated. Yet this very Bindadan was not so sure that the crime had been committed by those of Chupak. He, nevertheless, offered a sacrifice to call the curse of the war gods upon them, but secretly asked the Harasser-deities to help him discover the Ifugao who had cut off Tuginay's head.

— • —

A few days later, when the taboos, that bound the performant of the rites and sacrifices of that kind, had ceased to keep him in his house or on his houseyard, Bindadan went to the house of Oltagon. He stuck his spear in the ground and went up the ladder. Seeing no one else than his nephew's wife, he squatted down in front of her and asked, "Oltagon, did you not tell me before that your husband had planned to bring along with his firewood a bundle of rattan strips? Did you not tell me so on the day that you called on me and asked me to go with your brother to the forest to find out if something evil had happened to your husband?"

"I did," replied Oltagon, "but what's the use of it, since he was killed and brought nothing home, neither firewood nor rattan stripes!"

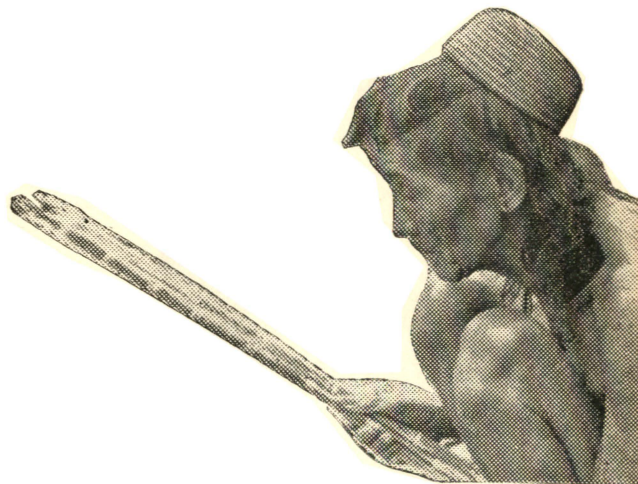
"Maybe, it's all useless," answered Bindadan, "but anyway tell no-

body that I asked you that".

After Bindadan had chewed for a time his betelnut chew, he took up his hip bag, pushed its brass ring and handle under his geestring, stood up and went his way, straight to the house of Bantiyan.

Bantiyan was, in those times, the well known sorcerer of the community of northeast Ifugao land. He was but a poor old man, with no descendants, no rice fields, no house, living in a small hut, he had been allowed to put up in the corner of the rich man's houseyard. Every day he he had the same problem to solve. How to get his meals? Wherever a sacrifice was offered he was there, not to perform the rites, for of all that he knew nothing, but to do the cooking, which gave him the best opportunity to serve himself copiously and to fill his hip-bag with a good break-

Bantiyan was in those times the well known sorcerer of the community of northeast Ifugao land and everyday had a problem to solve....



PHOTOS C. AERTS

fast for the hungry day that might follow the feast. Whenever an Ifugao died and was put on the death chair, he went thither and earned his meals with a broom, keeping the flies away from the corpse; besides, he had his extras when he was called to exercise his profession. He had, indeed in his bag a small rod with which he could find out if a sick person would die or not, if a man under suspicion of theft was truly a thief or not, for he could induce the spirits to make him sleep and then have dreams which enabled those, who had engaged him, to decide what kind of sacrifice they had to offer in order to chase the life of their sick

body; sometimes even under extraordinary circumstances and in difficult cases of illness, he would call on his favorite spirits to take possession of him, in which case he would then tremble all over his body and let the spirit speak through his mouth and reveal whether he wanted a pig or a hen to release the soul of the sick person he had taken hold of. Now and then, it is true, his mysterious revelations or predictions turned out the wrong way, but, all in all, he had been lucky or skillful, enough or was he supernaturally enlightened and empowered, as they all believed? Hence, he had won his reputation of being the best witchman of his community. He only deplored that they didn't need his services more often, for each of his performances won for him the wage of at least two square meals and a share of the victims that would be offered because of his revelations.

When Bindadan had entered his hut, Bantiyan at once knew that something special would be asked from him. He took up a small jar and placed it in front of his visitor. He put a coconut cup in his hand. He slowly took off the cover of the jar and looked: "Hm," he said, "I thought they had not drunk it all", and without more ado took the jar away and back to its corner, he himself had emptied its contents, of course he had, and he knew that Bindadan thought so, but he ought



*Bantiyan
called to
exercise his
profession.*



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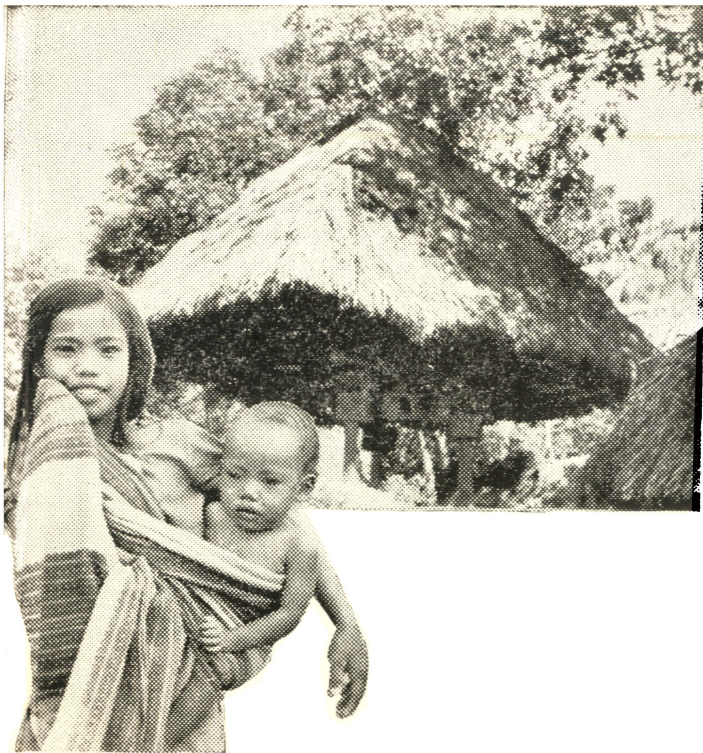


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to receive his guests in the same manner as others do, lest they would say with contempt: "When Bantiyan has a visitor he offers him no rice wine."

So, having shown his respect, at least by his good will, he squatted down, asked a portion of Bindadan's betelnut and a chewing leaf with some lime, and, while he performed the operation of crushing the betelnut ingredients with a nail in a small "ad hoc", he listened to his serious, yes, and mysterious interlocutor.

Bindadan, however, didn't give any explanation. He just invited Bantiyan to come to his house in the afternoon of that same day, before the people would return from their work in the rice fields, just then in order to avoid possible comments about his coming. He should not

tell anybody either. It would be a nightly performance. He should take with him magical rod and, for the rest, not worry about his supper and breakfast of the following morning. So, Bantiyan had but to answer, "Yes"; in fact he didn't even say "yes", but with an air of the most accomplished indifference nodded and pointed with his lips, behind which he savored the betelnut chew, in the direction of Bindadan's house-yard, as he didn't want to give the impression that he understood why Bindadan needed his good services, and that he thought the affair had something to do with the murder of Tuginay, for, if the result of his performance would not exactly be the one his visitor expected, his magical ability might then be questioned to the great detriment of his reputation.

(to be continued)

*Be it ever
so humble
There's no place
like home
There's no place
like home
Oh...
There's no place
like Home.
(Payne)*





*The Smiles that win, the tints that
glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.*

Lord. Byron.

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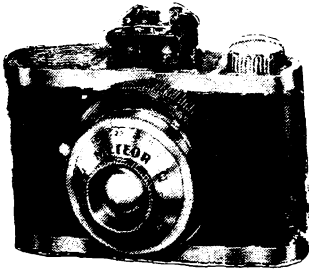
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to the river and take a ritual bath with the others, to wash away all possible evils that possibly adhere to his body in a mysterious way.

And you, dear readers, if perchance you should wish to pay us a visit and come to our homes in order to admire the beauty of our rice terraces, you are advised to make sure, beforehand, that the day of your choice be not a tungaw day, lest you would find your way barred and would be obliged to turn round and go back to the place where you started in the morning. You too fall under the obligations of our tungaw day, and should you make an attempt to trespass the sacred boundaries of our villages you certainly would be blamed for having imported together with your ownself a number of evils for the year to come.

From this, dear readers, you will realize how hard it is for all those who have been baptized to live in accordance with the requirements of their faith, and how much the missionaries need your support so that they may be able to go on with their most laudable work in favor of my poor and ignorant people.

—X—

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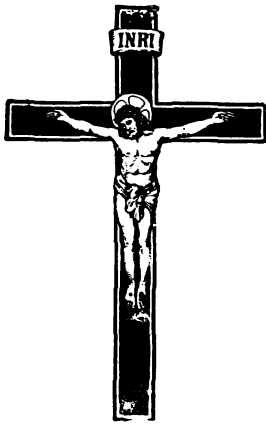
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Pray for the repose of the Soul of

Rev. Fr. Florimond Carlu

of the Belgian missionaries, Parish Priest of Baguio;
who passed away last June 26 at the rectory of
St. Vincent's church in Baguio at the age of 75.

Your Apostleship

My dear Readers

The purpose of the *Little Apostle of the Mountains* is to visit the Catholic Homes and especially the Catholic Schools of the Archipelago to show the needs of the missions in the Mountain Province; the work of its missionaries; the conversion of the pagans, the results and success of both the missionaries in the field and the missionaries at home, WHO ARE YOU, my dear readers, who by your generous help are really missionaries as well as those who sacrifice themselves personally.

Yes without the missionaries at home, little or nothing can the missionaries in the field do—In

You is their hope, by your help shall the word of Christ reach the pagans,

If then You have any interest in the work of Christ in the Mountain Province, read this little Review; make a subscription to it, after You have read it, give it to a neighbor.

Be a missionary of the Little Apostle and You will be a real Apostle to receive some day the reward of the Apostles in heaven

—Sure You will answer our appeal for a subscription to this little Review and for spreading it among your friends.

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