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The

LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



The **LITTLE APOSTLE**

P. O. Box 55, BAGUIO, Philippines

Vol. XIX, No. 3 November 1949

A monthly mission magazine published by the Immaculate Heart of Mary Missionaries in the Philippines.

PURPOSE OF THE MAGAZINE:

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

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OUR COVER



**OUR BENGUET IGOROTS LOVE THEIR
NATIVE DANCE.
SO MODEST!
GOD'S ANGELS COULD COME DOWN AND
ENJOY IT!**

(PHOTO CHAS. AERTS)

editorial

Growing Fast...

Are you watching 'The Little Apostle' grow?

It is like a strong husky boy, bursting through his clothes.

Nor can we keep it from growing, for our Readers are sending us many requests for this and that department.

"Father, when will you begin again the 'NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT?'"

"Father, when will you begin 'THE FAMILY CIRCLE'? We enjoyed it so much before. It did much good too."

Others say: "Father, is there anything special we can do for 'The Little Apostle'? We are ready to help."

These queries are encouraging, aren't they? We thank our dear Readers for their wholehearted interest in our humble little magazine.

Here is our answer: NEXT MONTH. Watch for the next issue, and you will welcome back both 'THE FAMILY CIRCLE' and the 'NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT'.

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT.

—We are glad and proud to say that from the first day of the war till the present day we have said the Novena of the Last Resort for our Readers EVERY FIRST SATURDAY of the month. (We have missed saying it for only the few weeks we were hiding in Longlong, where we had no chapel, no house, and lived in the shadow of the rocks for shelter.)

Perhaps through the mercy of God, your life was spared because of this

prayer. We had promised to pray the Novena . . . , and we did pray it . . . , and we actually do pray it . . . , for all our Readers and Benefactors. We will publish every month the GENERAL INTENTION together with the SPECIAL INTENTIONS you will send us. Oh, the big family of little apostles!

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—Here are our plans: every month we will give you some beautiful thoughts on the life of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, the Little Flower.

All of us—missionaries and mission-friends—will make her our model to study and copy. Little Therese . . . you must love little apostles!

PROMOTERS.—We want to find some Celadoras or Promoters of 'The Little Apostle'. One in small places and several in the large cities or towns. Who? You? Yes. Just a few extra minutes for missionary work! You cannot be a missionary in the front-lines . . . , you cannot be a catechist . . . , but you can spread the mission idea . . . , the mission news . . . and find new subscribers to "The Little Apostle."

We pray that on reading this you will immediately say: "Yes, I can do it . . . , I will do it." May we expect your answer?

If we have one or two hundred zealous PROMOTERS the whole of the Philippines will soon know, read and love "The Little Apostle." We alone cannot do it . . . , but we HELPED BY ONE OR TWO HUNDRED PROMOTERS can do it.

The list of Promoters will be published monthly. To all who send us fifty subscriptions we will send an official diploma. But, more important than anything else is the Holy Mass that will be said every first Saturday of the month for the Promoters, for their spiritual and temporal welfare.

Will you think this over?

—»X«—

MISSION INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER:
(blessed by the Holy Father)

PEACE AND CONCORD IN MADAGASCAR.

* * * * *

Madagascar is a large island on Africa's South-East Coast. It has 700,000 Catholics with several bishops, native Hovas. A communist-inspired revolution spread fire and destruction all around: many Catholics suffered martyrdom, for nothing could shake their determination to live and die as Catholics. An apparent peace actually reigns in Madagascar. The evangelization, however, has suffered a severe setback. It badly needs our prayers and help.

FROM OUR READERS

My dear Friends, the Missionaries,

It is a joy to hear from you again after long years of silence. Before the war we learned to appreciate your work among the pagans through "The Little Apostle". We followed you as you went about your arduous task amidst sufferings and countless self-denials. During the war we longed to know how you fared and how your missionary activities thrived in the face of the enemy. We almost had given up hope of ever seeing your little magazine again when one day it came to us unexpectedly. My family considers it a blessing to be able to resume contact with you.

If in the years to come I would be unable to subscribe, I hope my sons and daughters will take my place.

Please send us a line whenever you need our help. We are always ready to do what we can.

Mrs. M. S.

Dear Reverend Father,

I am glad to know that the "Little Apostle" is out again. That was my favorite magazine when I was in the grades and in the high school. To it I attribute the finding of my true vocation—to be a missionary. By God's grace I am now a priest. I hope and pray that "The Little Apostle" may lead and inspire the Filipino Youth and especially the young boys of the Mountain Province to heed Christ's call, "Come, follow Me."

Father P. E.

Reverend Father,

The letter of the Editors of this magazine has touched me so much that I have called up my friends and convinced them to subscribe to "The Little Apostle".

Please remember us in your prayers.

Mrs. G. U.

A wealthy and socially important woman went to heaven. Saint Peter pointed to a beautiful mansion and said: "This is your chauffeur's home." "Well," said she, "if that is his home, think what mine will be like."

Pointing to a tiny cottage, Peter said: "There is yours." "I can't live in that," she answered. And Peter said: "I'm sorry, that's the best I could do with the material you sent me... Those who suffer have sent ahead fine material."

Fulton Sheen

MEET OUR MISSIONS AND OUR FATHERS

(continued from last issue)

IFUGAO

Finally we reach the East...: the Ifugao tribe and region. There we find the mission of BANAUE, the center of mountain tourism, with its scenic rice terraces. Banaue was the very first holocaust of the war, having been wantonly burnt by a Japanese expedition on February 2, 1942. The Sisters are back, and the new school is a beehive of activity and learning. Our Lord, however, and the Fathers still live in very poor dwellings.

Twenty kilometers farther South is the mission of BURNAY, now called Lagawe. Formerly it was a barrio of Burnay. It is most centrally and advantageously situated along the Bontoc-Nueva Viscaya Road, and is since last August the capital of Ifugao. Our Fathers have, besides the provisional church, a new high school. They are full of hope for the future.

KIANGAN

Built in 1910 by the veteran Father Jerome Moerman, the mission of Kiangan was completely demolished during the famous Yamashita campaign in 1945.

Everybody may lose courage but not Father Moerman! With an unconquerable spirit of optimism he is now rebuilding it from scratch. How the natives admire him! He is forty years with them...! No wonder all the natives know, love, and respect him as their second father!

The laborers of yore are now few... Most of them rest somewhere beneath the shadow of the cross. They were tireless workers. Not a single one abandoned his flock during the dark hours of the Japanese invasion and conquest. Christians and pagans alike came to love their "father" more and more. Was he not during those trying days a Priest and a Doctor to all indiscriminately?

Heroes seldom mentioned...! Never publicly honored they have all attained the summit of christian heroism. The good shepherd never abandons his sheep to the ravening wolves, but, if necessary, he gives his life for his flock.

"The Little Apostle" is glad and proud to offer this humble tribute to all those who have kept burning the holy flame of christian faith during the long months of tyranny and oppression.

Since liberation, a good number of young missionaries has come to our assistance, thank God. Are they going to beat their predecessors? We will see...!

And now we go ahead...under the leadership of our inspiring Vicar Apostolic, Bishop William Brasseur, a man of tireless activity and boundless trust in God.

(the end)





BARRIO OF GINAANG (KALINGA)
PHOTO AUGUSTIJNS

The Mountains Are Thine...

The Immaculate Heart of Mary was solemnly proclaimed Patroness of the Mountain Province on August 29, 1949. The following lines were written on August 30th. on a Dangwa Bus . . . , along the Mountain Trail . . .

Mother,
this is all thine now
since yesterday.
Already it was thine, I know,
since ever.
But
we did not yet tell thee
until yesterday.

From the highest step of our altars:
in the Cathedral thru the micro,
in the humble village churches,
—some like stables still
of Bethlehem, temporary, small,
where micros are not needed,—
we told thee
we consecrated the Montana.

So, it's all thine now:
our mountains, our trails, our fields
our hearths, our jars and our beads
our gongs of old bronze,
our animals, our granaries,
our selves.

We proclaimed it solemnly
TO THEE WE CRIED
in a loud broad voice
that undulated with the clouds
in the wide blue sky
over our mountains,
Queen!

And thy sweet glowing Heart
responded to our voice
with the rays of thy love
penetrating,
undulating over our mountains.
Thou graciously listened
and smiled on thy children:
and camest from Libanon
to be crowned our Queen.

Thou always wert, of course,
consecrated to us
but we were not to Thee,
we, the lowly, the poor
exiled children of Eve.
The Trinity, Holy, Holy, Holy!
had consecrated Thee to us
in the Beginning

(OVER)



but...we did not know
or did not mind...
or did not proclaim it loud enough.

Now we did!

Now we have crowned Thee
with the lilies of our slopes,
with the orchids of our forests,
with the pearls of our waterfalls
with the plumes of our volcanoes,
with the gold of our mines,
with the color of our rainbows
and with our souls.

O clement, o loving,
o sweet Virgin Mary.

We shouted it from the lofty peaks,
we sang it loud
so that all might hear it,
those in the cottages
and those on the rugged paths
of their rugged wretched lives,
those too that are dead
or sleeping in the shadows...

And we, the privileged
who were the Voice

—not in a desert,
but in the mountains,
where echoes are many
and limpid and clear,—
we bless the Lord and pray
that All may heed the Voice
—or the echo—

lingering and lasting
that consecrated ALL;
that all may know
they now have a Queen
whose Immaculate Heart
is in their lives
as the moon is in the life of the fields,
and that ALL may turn
to the golden Sun.

Oh, Orient!—Jesus, Mary's Child,
the King of glory,
in the Hills eternal.

D.M.G.

more catechists

“VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS”
(continued)

By Rev. Father MAURICE DE
BRABANDERE

It is especially on the days of the priest's visit that the catechist is most busy. He prepares the neophytes for baptism and those already baptized he prepares for confession and Holy Communion. He gives an account to the missionary of all important happenings in the place during the latter's absence.

After the departure of the priest, the catechist continues his apostolate. On Sundays and holydays he leads prayers in common, and instructs those who attend on one or another point of Christian Doctrine. He tries also to introduce pious practices, especially the recitation of the Rosary, knowing that a mission where the Rosary is often and well prayed is a fervent mission. He seeks the ailing and administers as best as he

can the proper medical care, making use of the medicines entrusted to him by the missionary. He keeps an eye on babies in danger of death, taking every chance to baptize them. He is equally on the lookout for souls who need his help to meet the Master. In case of death, the catechist arranges for a Christian funeral and presides at it—a task not always easy in regions of many superstitions.

Wherever catechists are doing bravely their work, they attract pagan natives by their patient and persuasive ways, winning for the Church more and fervent subjects. In a place where a catechist has had the chance to stay long, he leaves indelible marks on the Christians he has helped to form.

(the end)

“It is the constant dripping of water that wears away a stone . . . and it is only by regular and constant instruction that we shall bring people back to God.”

...their sacrifices are a challenge to our faith...

THE LESSON I LEARNED

by Philip H. O'Neill, S.J.

I have long been puzzled why the maps of the Philippines are so vague regarding the mountainous regions a few hundred miles north of Manila. The mapmakers must have eventually given up and gone home because large blank sections of the map are simply marked "unexplored."

After a recent visit to the missions of the Belgian Fathers in the Mountain Province, I can sympathize with the mapmakers.

Apparently no one but the missionary can feel any attraction for that rugged land north and east of Bontoc. With a few exceptions, even the intrepid merchant and the mining engineer have crossed it off their lists. In this geographical blind-spot the Belgian Fathers have staked out a claim for themselves and have been working it vigorously for more than forty years. They are working of course for the souls of fellow human beings, the primitive mountain people. These simple folks are also called to an eternity of happiness with God in heaven, if some one will only tell them about it.



EXPLORING THE "UNEXPLORED" REGIONS—APAYAO, MT. PROV.

(PHOTO VAN DEN BERGHE)

No one travels very far in the Mountain Province without walking. The provincial road, just wide enough for the four wheels of a truck with a fearful precipice under the hubcap of the outside wheel, brings you around the mountain sides into the heart of the territory and leaves you there. If you wish to accompany the fathers on their missionary journeys, you go it on foot up and down the exhausting mountain trails which make your breath come in gasps. Years ago there were some horse paths in the territory but these have been abandoned to the jungle. The present day trail in some places is too nearly perpendicular for any self-respecting quadruped; in other places it is only two or three inches wide where it cuts across at a dizzy height half way up the face of a mountain. However you are usually too weary even to look down. The hiking party keeps up the steady pace and eventually you arrive.

The destination is a native village in some mountain valley, where the river makes a sharp curve,—grass huts on stilts under a canopy of palm trees. As soon as the father appears on the far bank of the river the whole village turns out to meet him, for he brings them medicine,

**Sacrifice without love is pain,
Pain with love is sacrifice,
Pain without love is misery.**

**Love without pain is Heaven,
Love with pain is Purgatory,
Pain without love is Hell.**

Fulton Sheen

both physical and spiritual. Powders, pills, bandages and antiseptics for wounds, worms, malaria and the germs which thrive in the teeming tropics; the Sacraments, the Mass and the Word of God to give them hope and divine comfort in their monotonous lives. The father's progress down the main street is a triumphal procession.

Needless to say there are few if any material comforts in these native villages when everything has to be carried over the trail on a human back. A small can of condensed milk is a treasure and if a man has six galvanized iron sheets on the roof of his hut instead of the usual grass, he is probably the wealthiest householder in the town. In the Mountain Province the Belgian Fathers go native, there is no choice about it. The brisk cool air and the gorgeous mountain scenery are a natural attraction but apparently not strong enough to draw any permanent homesteaders except the missionaries. Working to spread the Kingdom of Christ in the souls of men, they find these mountain villages an agreeable place to settle down.

St. Teresa of Avila said that she would endure many deaths to save even one soul. St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, admonished one of his priests who thought that his parish was not big enough to require his personal attention. "A single soul," said St. Charles, "is worthy of the continual presence and guardianship of a bishop."

In the Mountain Province the population is sparse. The pastor of a parish often has to hike many weary miles to reach a tiny village in some remote valley. Moreover the popu-

lation will always be small. Only a marvelous system of rice terraces which utilizes every inch of ground and drop of water, makes it possible for the present population to support themselves on the rocky slopes. The missionary priest cannot console himself with the thought of vast multitudes who will one day enter heaven because of his sacrifices. But even one soul would be worth it all.

This is the lesson which I carried away with me after my visit to the missions of the Belgian Fathers north of Baguio. For more than forty years these heroic priests have endured the hardships of a region which repels all other visitors. Their single motive is to save souls, not millions of souls but those of a small mountain population. Their sacrifices are a challenge to our faith.

Is it deep and strong enough to appreciate the value of one human soul?

Mons. John S. Vaughan has written: "The earth harbors nothing more precious than a human soul. It is made to the image of God. It is redeemed by the death of the Infinite. It is destined to bask forever in the sunshine of God's presence. The consequence is an easy one to draw: since the soul is all this and far more, it must follow that the noblest, highest and most blessed and privileged work is to help souls, to labor and toil for them and to devote one's life, talents, wealth, strength and means to their service. It was thus that all the saints argued and it was upon this principle that they all acted, each according to the measure of his opportunities."

—●★●—

A THOUGHT FOR NOVEMBER

When the sheep have grazed and thinned the grass in the lower regions, the shepherd will take a little lamb in his arms, carry it up the mountain where the grass is green, lay it down, and soon the other sheep will follow. Every now and then, Our Blessed Lord takes a lamb from the parched pasture of a family up to those heavenly Green Pastures, that the rest of the family may keep their eyes on their true home.

Fulton Sheen

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER RELIC, REQUESTS BAPTISM.

(TOKYO, NC)—No man will ever know just what happened in the mind and heart of Mr. X. from Tokyo. But from the known facts there seems to be some connection between the relic of St. Francis Xavier and the man's baptism a few hours before his death in the Catholic Hospital conducted here by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

The man had been anything but friendly, showed no interest in things Catholic and even resented the presence of nurses in his room. Hearing that the right arm of St. Francis Xavier was being shown in the hospital, he insisted brusquely that the relic be brought to his room also—and on that very evening he asked to be baptized. He died on the following day.



Our Lady's Mantle

by *Teresita Joaquin*

Among our daily prayers is this short and consoling petition which my father composed: "COVER US ALL WITH THY MANTLE, O BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, THAT WE MAY BE SAVED FROM ALL EVIL AND TEMPTATION, AND FROM ALL DANGER OF BODY AND SOUL."

This is how my father came to compose it.

It was in the first years of the Japanese Occupation, October 1942. We had been living in the town of in the house of Reverend Father X. It was a sort of an idyllic life filled with God's peace as our proximity to the good priest and his lovely little church kept us in good dispositions spiritually.

Then suddenly one dark night this peace was completely shattered. The guerillas swooped down from the mountains and killed the Japanese caretaker of a mine nearby, as well as six Filipino collaborators. After this, they disappeared into the hills leaving the town trembling with fear at the reprisal that was sure to follow.

The next morning we awoke to find the whole town astir, for everybody was busy packing what clothes and provisions he could, to go into the hills to hide.

We followed, and in a few days we found ourselves in a small igorot village in the heart of the mountains. One afternoon, my mother, who had been ailing sometime with intermittent fever, fell seriously ill; and the following afternoon the Japs began shelling the village. That meant they were coming.

Mama's fever was now so high that it would be impossible for her to walk far, but all the villagers had fled; and there was no one who could be had for love or money to carry her. My father feeling desperate decided we would stay and face the Japs. At this mama protested, and with a stubbornness born of her love for her family of four children besought Daddy to leave at any cost.

The footpaths we followed were steep and slippery. Mama stumbled and turned pale from pain, but was grim and resolute nevertheless. Daddy bore the youngest on his back, keeping as near as possible to mama to help and support her. The rest of us were so young and helpless that we were a constant worry to our parents. A misstep might send one or another off us plunging to certain death in the torrent 100 ft. below. When darkness fell, Daddy was more worried and afraid than ever. We could not use a torch as the Japs might see the light and pick us off. Our path now lay along an almost perpendicular wall of rock, and we had to feel our way carefully and painfully. The constant roar of the waters below was a continuous admonition against the terrifying danger of the precipice.

"Daddy, let us pray, I am afraid" I said.

Then for the first time I heard Daddy's prayer. It came out of his heart. In that awful darkness and silence his voice rang with fervor and supplication, but also with confidence:

"COVER US WITH THY MANTLE, O BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, THAT WE MAY BE SAVED FROM ALL EVIL AND TEMPTATION, AND FROM ALL DANGER OF BODY AND SOUL."

It infused us at once with courage. Then Daddy began the Rosary, and we prayed as we groped forward inch by inch.

All of a sudden we found ourselves in a meadow glittering with myriads of fireflies, and a path lay before us lighted by the flashing millions of little insects. We were speechless with delight. Then Daddy said with a laugh: "There is Our Lady's Mantle; she has spread it for us to walk on."

At the end of the trail we found ourselves in the village of... where we knocked at the door of the Parish Priest. Surprised to see us at that late hour, the good Father asked us how we had found our way there. "O the Blessed Mother has showed us the way" my father replied;... and he told him the story of "Our Lady's Mantle."

PLEASE, SEND NO FLOWERS!

Such was the last request of a pious Englishman whose hobby for sixty long years had been flowers, fine flowers, the finest in whole England: Mr. Frederic Wood. — We understand... He did not need them anymore... and preferred prayers to flowers. — He was right.

...from Lubuagan to Antipolo...

PILGRIMAGE

—I—

I shall take my staff, Mother,
I shall go and see where thou livest:
a pilgrim—for thanksgiving,
a beggar—for new graces...and bread.
Four hundred miles shall I go, over mountains and crags, along fields and
forests and towns.

I shall cross my 'Beautiful Land of the Morning.'
I shall reach the Palace-Wonderful of the Queen
and her throne, Antipolo,
where she holds the Baton,
four hundred years old, that rules us, a scepter of love.

I walk along the seashore. Greenish and white are the waves.
I feel the soothing coolness of the breeze caressing my face: it's her angels
...or her motherly hand...

I cross the Central Plain: Pangasinan, Tarlac, Pampanga.

○ Filipinas, green and golden! This is the country hallowed, blessed,
where for four hundred years now every heart and mouth has prayed:
"Father in heaven, Thy Kingdom come!"-and it did come; where a thousand
islands with a hundred different tongues are strung together in wonderful
unity on a "cadena de amor"; every inhabitant knows: Mary's Chain of
Love, the Rosary.

I pass by barrios whose names form a litany of saints: San Carlos,
San Pedro, San Fabian, San Isidro, Angeles, San Fernando...

I need no watch: the Angelus bells, the "Animas" tell me the time.
The church steeples of stone or wood or bamboo lift up my mind above the
foreign advertisements of cines and bars. They point, like mileposts, to
the end of my journey: to heaven.

Heaven...oh, why do not all men direct their busy lives to true
happiness? You, on marketplaces and mainstreets I see running worrying
after material things, come with me to Antipolo...Street vendors, bar-
tenders, crowds of men and women, farmers and soldiers...come with me
to the source of peace and true wealth, to the throne of grace: the throne
of Filipinas' Queen. Religion is still in your heart: I can read it on your
kind faces and God bless you for that unfailing, inherited reverence towards
the priest.

Mother Mary, yes, this country is thine. The folds of thy blue
mantle, like the blue seas all around and the sky above, surround..., envelop
our Islands.

I am nearing. In the distance I see a horizon of mountains and,
like a huge mirror, the Laguna Lake.

Here are the hills.

Antipolo.

Angels are in the air, all about me. I hear, methinks, their thrilling voices:

—"Her Majesty is expecting you." . . . And I anticipate her appearance: A queen in golden array on a throne at the right hand of the invisible King, a Queen more beautiful than the moon in Philippine summer nights, more impressive than an army in battle array.

And who am I? A poor mountaineer, unacquainted with royal palaces. . . a lowly father to simple inhabitants of dark sooty cottages on mountain slopes.

—II—

The Queen is on her Throne.

Tenderly she looks down on me. And I look up in her motherly face. Then I see that her throne is a rough piece of wood, framed in white-washed boardpaper and decorated with cheap paper flowers.

The war had raged also around the Queen of peace. The miraculous statue had to be hidden. It was saved by a faithful son, a young priest who is dead now. The Antipolo Church is no more. . . like my church, it was bombed and burnt to the ground. Her Palace is a temporary shack as poor as my temporary convento, open to rain and wind. It may be blown down by tomorrow's typhoon. . .

Maybe this is why I feel at home here. . .

I look up at her. She invites me to speak up.

Jesus is present: There He is, in the little Tabernacle in front of His Mother.

I greet Him:—"Rabboni!"

He says: ECCE MATER TUA: Behold your Mother.

And conversation is under way. We are three.

What did I say? He knows. She knows.

What did I feel? I cannot tell. . . I, her Child-priest, and brother-priest of her Son, embracing in my heart thirty thousand others of her children for whom I came to plead. . . She had loved them first and Jesus died for them under her very eyes. . .

My feelings? The feelings of us three?

We shall not try to lift up the veil.

But what I can tell is this:

The Lady of Antipolo in her white robe and blue mantle is the Queen of heaven and earth. That mantle which was expanded already over the exiled Eve is still sheltering all men, all nations in the world. Its train is held by myriads of angels whose First Lady she is too.

The history of mankind, from Paradise to Fatima—and Russia—proclaims her universal mediation.

All generations do call her blessed.

And of all nations, she holds her dear Filipinas as a predilected child upon her heart.

This I knew when I knelt there.

This I knew when I confidently put in her motherly lap my thousands of children, Christians and pagans, and my poor self.

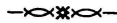
This is no secret... I asked "Our daily bread"...

I asked those things the poor always ask.

I begged alms for them. I asked her to send me some help, thru her well-to-do servants, for reconstructing our church wherein we shall thank her and more worthily receive her Divine Son when He daily comes to us? Rabboni!!!...

I requested, above all, her help for rebuilding the souls.

This I knew when I called her Queen of my Mission. Our Life, our Hope.



This I know whenever to thee, Mother, I cry,
praying,
from the shadows of my Highlands
to show to us too,
as thou didst to the Lowlands,
the Blessed Fruit of thy womb, JESUS.

A.R.T.



"LORD, HELP TH

A NOVEMBER STORY

DALAIDI hears the "dilandili" singing; he is aware that the rains have passed and that the sun is shining. . . . He sees the "Ketope" dancing in the branches of the Balete trees as she flaps her wings in the air and hops from tree to tree. Nature is vibrant with happiness and enthusiasm proclaiming that harvest is nigh.

But Dalaidi is numbed with sadness. It is as if he had ears but could not hear; eyes but could not see. He is aware that the happy season is in. It is harvest time. Everybody is gay and carefree. The smell of ripe rice is brushing his nostrils. Why, oh why can there be so much happiness when at the same time pain and sorrow stabs one's heart? That is the drama of living wherein one must play his part.

There is no way out. Dalaidi must go on living. His wife and his two children Idyan and Salinga had died. For a time he lived with the youngest, Sinaicha. She was his light and his love. But she too was taken by death. When Sinaicha was dying she held to his hands and said: "Father. . . you will be very lonely when I am dead, but I shall pray God to take you to heaven too."

Since his daughter's death loneliness had dogged his every step, haunting him at every turn.

Yes, loneliness is Dalaidi's lot since Sinaicha's death. . . a loneliness both sharp and cruel, a loneliness that gnaws at one's very being, at the very root of one's soul. From the moment he wakes Sinaicha is in front of him. She swings her arms this way and that way. . . now she dances and hops in tune with the sound of whistling bamboo reeds. . . now her dimpled cheek wrinkles in glee as she says: "Father, I love you." Now she recites the poem learned for her baptismal day:

"I love you, oh my God!
You live in me, and I in You!

Now she cuddles inside his arms and says: "Father, how good God is. . . , now she prays the rosary in front of the crucifix with such devotion as to make one feel that she is communing with God and the angels.

At such times Dalaidi would open his arms to embrace his child but only the air receives his embrace. Alas all was but a dream! Life to which we cling to so tenaciously is, at one blow turned into death.

But the memory gives him peace of mind because he knows his child is in heaven and is praying for him.



DO YOU MY UNBELIEF

What could he not expect, nay, hope for? "God has chosen the little ones to confound the wise." Loneliness and pain are the school through which God purifies and strengthens His loved ones.

ALL SOULS DAY...

In the cemetery we see Dalaidi leaning over the tomb of Sinaicha. It is twilight. . . . He is alone. Everyone has gone home to the loved ones but Dalaidi has no one to go home to.

"Sinaicha, my child, your father is so lonely in this world! You have asked me to become a christian. I want to be converted and I want to love God, my Father, as you have done. I want to be with you in heaven.

My God, too long have I waited to throw myself into Your Fatherly arms! I do not know how to converse with You but I can tell You that I want to love You as Sinaicha has loved You. She told me so often that You open wide Your arms to embrace those who wish to come to You. Here I am, Good Father, Who art in Heaven. Save my poor soul. Have mercy on Dalaidi."

't Was night. . . . He left the cemetery. . . . "Lord, help Thou my unbelief!"



by Alfonso Claerhoudt

The Bishop - - - Jots It Down - - - - -

EVERYONE living in the city of Baguio as well as its many visitors knows of the hot springs in the tiny barrio of Asin, an hour's ride from the city.

Here sulphurous waters gush out of the rocks and they have been found to be very beneficial to the sick as well as invigorating. Were it not for the hot springs Asin would be lost to all but its Igorot population, for it is hidden away in a deep valley surrounded with tall, majestic mountains. On the slopes are the houses surrounded by plantations of sweet potatoes and a few rice fields.

Now, Father Valerio, the active parish priest of St. Vincent's Church in Baguio, has begged me many times to go down to Asin and see the people. I finally set a day. We took the only available road down, out of the city and then we met the small trail that comes from Irisan and Longlong. Longlong has many hallowed memories for us, for it was at this place that so many of the priests, sisters, brothers and lay people hid away from the Japanese in the terrible last days of the war. Now, as we pass by, we see the winding road, through brooks and rivers, that these souls had to follow. Here it was where some had to be left behind and were lost, or had to be carried, some way or other, down the seemingly never-to-be-reached Tubao, where the Americans were awaiting them.

A little further we passed a small barrio of Ifugao people, coming from as far as Hapao. They too had fled from Yamashita and his soldiers who had eaten up all the crops as they came along. Many of these people are Christians. They are excellent wood carvers. Here in this spot they found the right kind of wood for their work, so they have settled down to stay.

We passed through the two long tunnels that had been blasted through the mountains by a railroad company, thirty-five years ago, when an attempt was made to have a line run from Aringay, at the foot of the trail, to Baguio. It was never completed.

Soon after the drive through the tunnels we came upon Asin, deep in its valley, with the towering pines all around it. Besides the cottages of the Igorots, there are a few scattered homes of Ilocano settlers. And our school-chapel! It has been but recently built as the old one was bombed to pieces in the war. The school, with its bright roof and aluminum walls, is filled with children from all around, all anxious to learn about God as well as to get a regular education in secular things.

Once a month, on a Saturday, mass is said here. From all over the barrio the people come, devout, sincere, waiting to hear the word of God from the priest who says the mass. Here they receive Our Lord

in the Blessed Sacrament, have their children baptized and the marriages performed. Hardly any of them ever marry out of the Church. Then on Sundays, when there is no mass and no priest among them, they meet together and say the Rosary. Our Lady must love them for their faith!

For most of the pupils it was their first glimpse of a bishop... and all were thrilled! When I began to speak to them in their own dia-

lect, the Nebalay, their joy was complete. They drunk in every word with rapture. It was a joy to me to see their faces as I spoke to them.

And, as they climbed back over the mountains I know that they were saying to each other: "Apo Obispo came to see us. He blessed us, and our parents too."

+ W. Brassley

Why do we feel so disgusted after we have sinned? For the same reason that we feel pain when we break a bone. Things are not as they OUGHT to be; we have disturbed God's order. REMORSE is the voice of God calling us back again to peace.

The floating bell-buoys on the ocean need no hands to ring them; the restless waves do the work. So does remorse toll the bells of an uneasy conscience. *Fulton Sheen*

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CATHOLIC FACTS AND NEWS

STATISTICS

- During 1948, the Catholic population of the United States has increased by 642,646.
- In the United States of America there are at present about 70,000,000 Protestants (belonging to more than 200 denominations) and 26,718,345 Catholics. There are 4 Cardinals, 20 Archbishops and 159 Bishops.
- Our own Philippines has about 15,000,000 Catholics (about 80% of the whole population) with 2 Archbishops (Manila and Cebu) 17 Bishops (Auxiliaries included), 1 Vicar Apostolic (Baguio) and 2 Apostolic Prefects (Mindoro and Palawan).
- In England, the great Catholic Weekly "The Universe" sells 225,000 copies weekly.
- The Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (C.I.C.M.) scattered all over the Mountain Province have 815 missionaries in foreign missions.
- There are at present 3,342 Fathers and Brothers, and 3,439 Sisters of belgian nationality working in the mission fields.

"... TOGETHER WITH THY WHOLE FAMILY..."

- There are 50,000,000 Catholics living in the countries behind the Iron Curtain. 22,194 Catholic priests (1,500 of them have disappeared or have been arrested) take care of them.
- In Soviet-controlled Hungary, where Cardinal Mindszenty is since months in jail — or may be already dead — 25% more Catholics than before the persecution are now frequenting the churches and the religious services. The Bishop of Vac, the most red district of Hungary, ordained his new priests, not at the Cathedral, but at the very towns from where the young priests hailed. It produced startling results upon the townmates; most of them had never witnessed an ordination.
- Budapest, the capital of Hungary, has 1,100,000 inhabitants. On Sundays, in spite of the raging persecution, Masses are said from morning till night in the 159 churches and chapels. **We will pray with them and for them ... in our Mass ... next Sunday.** "We beseech Thee, O Lord, to accept this offering which we, Thy servants, **together with Thy whole family** make to Thee."

**BELGIAN PRIEST WHO AIDED
PHILIPPINE GUERRILLAS TO
GET U.S. ARMY AWARD.**

Washington, October 9 (UP).—
The United States army Tuesday
will give its highest civilian
award to a Belgian Priest for his
wartime "bravery and devotion
to the cause of freedom" in the
Philippines, a defense depart-
ment spokesman said.

This spokesman said Col. John
Cole of headquarters, military
district, Washington, would pre-
sent the "medal of freedom with
a bronze palm" to Rev. Andrew
Marques in ceremonies attended
by Philippine Ambassador Joa-
quin Elizalde, Belgian Ambassa-
dor Baron Silvercruys and Con-
gressman Louis Rabaut of New
York.

Marques is affiliated with the
Immaculate Heart missions and
currently lives in Arlington, Vir-
ginia.

The Belgian government, on
recommendation of the late Phi-
lippine President Manuel Roxas,
recently made Marques a knight
of the order of Leopold and gave
him a "croix de guerre" with a
bronze palm.

Marques was a missionary in
the Philippines for 16 years and
a long close friend of Roxas.



REV. ANDREW MARQUES

At the ceremonies, Col. Cole
will read the citation signed by
President Truman.

Marques is cited for "utter
disregard of his personal safety"
and "great risk of his life" in
aiding the underground move-
ment during the Japanese occu-
pation and for his service as a
guide to the United States libera-
tion troops.

EXTRACT FROM MANILA BUL-
LETIN, Monday, Oct. 10, 1949.

<p>CANDELAS APROPIADAS PARA TODA OCASION</p>	<p>Candelas marca "ALTAR" liturgicas para la Santa Misa</p>
<p>"LA MILAGROSA"</p>	
<p>Fabrica de Candelas Genuinamente Filipina</p>	
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ANSELMO VERSUS Bishop



The weather was gray and foggy that last day of November 1935. Father Anselmo tied his pony to a tree, in the midst of a large mountain village by the name of Surubamba.

Slowly he turned his eyes to the encircling mountain tops around the valley; then, as if counting them, to the roofs of the native cottages that peeped out from between the banana trees nearby. He knew the place. . . His face was sad. . . and a tear came to his eye, as he knelt on a large stone in the middle of the cornfield where he had alighted. The tear came from his heart!

"Good Master," he prayed, "it was on *this* spot you came and dwelt, . . . there stood your Altar, on which you were born to these poor people." And after a pause:—"Do come back

in this village, Good Master! Make this again your Nazareth, stay here with your Mother."

In the far distance, on the mountain slopes, he saw more housetops, half hidden under the trees.

"Lord, make these villages your Galilee. . . , Cana, Capharnaum. . . , walk again and teach and work miracles here,—miracles will be needed! . . . Lord, send me back here: Make my feet—and my heart—strong . . . Mother Mary. . ." Perhaps he had spoken half aloud, for Juan, his companion, was startled,—"Come here son," he said, "let us continue our rosary. That's just why we come! . . . to say our rosary here."

Both prayed. . . They reached the fifth sorrowful Mystery: "Jesus dies on the Cross." . . . Never in his life

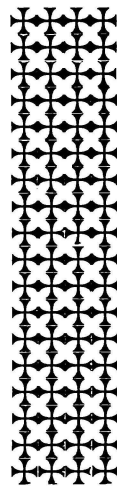
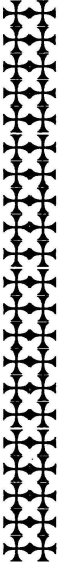


PHOTO
ARMAND



...FATHER ANSELMO TIED HIS PONY TO A TREE...

was the thurible of his missionary heart so kindled by the strong wind of zeal...and like burning incense, his prayer went up unto the Throne.

"Juan, my son, let us pray a little more! The first glorious mystery: *The Resurrection.*"

Before the end of the decade, a few children came. He interrupted his prayer to talk to them and ask the names of their parents. He hoped to hear a name that was familiar to him...

From a distance some grown-up people had been looking on. The parents? None had approached. Only the children had come.

There was a chilly wind and a steady drizzle...gray and cold like the hearts of the people, he thought. He was alone again. The children had been called away.—O you parents! Why prevent them! Let at least the children come to him.—Now it rained and, with Juan, he en-

tered one of the cottages. They were served rice and beans, but there were no questions put to the visitors... Are these people no longer like the other Surubs? Where is that native good-humored curiosity and hospitality? He spoke their language and knew the place, but should he stay? The pony was grazing. He lingered a while around the house but his greeting was scarcely answered. He felt sadder than when he arrived... He made haste to go.

In the place where he had his meal, the children are still playing with the beads he gave them. Their mother at the door follows (with her eyes) the black figure. There he rides...he is climbing the North-hill from where the "Mission" buildings overlook the valley: Buildings with painted roofs, one of which has a steeple. The bells are ringing. But the stranger does not stop. She sees him disappear over the crest. Back

inside, the woman, expressionless, looks at the framed Madonna picture he had given her before leaving.

The trip on horseback to his distant residence was not like the happy rides he had made over these mountains long ago! . . . He thinks of the former church grounds, now a cornfield; of the children in the cottages and the hundreds more all around; of those red-roofed buildings. . . , of the bells that rang strangely in his ear at the noon hour. His rosary does not move between his fingers, but he prays that the ostentatious North-hill may be moved down to the narrow cornfield. . . yes, faith can move mountains.

Sebio came home to his cottage:— "I met an old priest," he said to his wife, "like one I knew long ago. . . He greeted me kindly in our Surub dialect. I wanted to talk to him, but I didn't dare to. The Mission ladies were looking from their porch." Then he noticed the children holding the beads and saw the Madonna picture. . . —"The old man with the beard gave us this, Daddy. He ate with us."

Sebio did not talk. He took the picture and looked at it a long time, then he fixed it on the wall. "Dulce Virgen Maria", he said.

After he finished his rice and beans, he squatted in his corner, his eyes towards the Dulce Virgen Maria. There came over him a vision of things long ago: of himself as a boy, lighting the candles in a small wooden church. . . , of a young beard-

ed priest at the altar. . . of the same priest, squatting around a fireplace with old men who were listening and nodding; he saw himself in a group of small boys of his age, intent on wonderful stories. . . He could hear the voice of that priest and remembered how once he came to him when he was lying sick on his mat. . . That was long ago. In those days a bell rang three times a day and now it seemed as if the bell were ringing sweetly in his heart. He fell asleep and the Angel of happy dreams covered him with the soft blanket of his wings. He murmured half forgotten prayers—"Ave Maria".

It all came back to him now. Yes! He was baptized by Padre Anselmo: on that day God's messenger had wrought brightness in his soul, as one lights a candle in the dark. . . He had been adopted as Child of God and Mother Mary! "Hail, Holy Queen, full of grace. . ." O sweetness! . . . He was a Christian. . .

He awoke from his dream as Wilson entered: "Daddy is it true that a Roman priest ate in our house? . . ."

Wilson was a tall boy, his eldest, employed by the "Senoras" on the hill, and Mrs. Green had sent him to know all about the ghostly apparition in their "kingdom". For a whole week, at evening tea, the strange visit of the old Padre was talked about on North-hill. . . and then. . . forgotten. Surubamba now was their Kingdom, if not by right, at least in fact. Forty years ago, it

**Men nowadays die of hunger; but the bread they miss
most is the Presence of God.**

Cardinal Suhard

was the domain of Christ-the-King and Padre Anselmo was his agent. But one day, after he had been ill, an order had come from the Bishop: He must leave and there could not be a successor... It was the King's will! Be it done! In tears, he said the Mass and distributed the last Hosts (to his faithful) almost as viaticum. Then he closed the Tabernacle and the Sanctuary lamp was put out...

Gradually it became cold and dark, in the soul of Surubamba. Later, when the Bishop could send a visiting priest, —so seldom,—it was too late. The Catholics were still children in the faith: their souls, temples of the Holy Ghost, like the old country churches of England, had been taken over by a new religion. It was not a King Henry but a group of "Missioners", more to be pitied than blamed, who had done it... Money had done it. Silver coins, nickel and copper. The money had sparkled on their palms and shone

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"A gem isn't polished without rubbing—nor a man without trials."

in their eyes. Heaped on their souls, material things had suffocated them: their lamps had gone out. The white garments of their baptism had been lined, inside and out, with glittering rayon and become a motley dress of many colors. Ever Sunday, crowds lined up in the pews of the oversize church, whose cold gray walls resounded with cold phrases from a well meaning gentleman, called "Father Hall", and after the Service, a sexton stood at the door checking the names of the Congregation.

The first Sunday in Advent, it was a big crowd. For within a month it would be Christmas and there would be gifts... *(to be continued)*

**A SAYING OF
 SAINT THERESE**

**Let nothing disturb thee,
 Nothing affright thee.**

**All things are passing,
 God never changeth;**

**Patient endurance
 Attaineth to all things;
 Who God possesseth
 In nothing is wanting.**

Alone God sufficeth.

christian . . .



PHOTO DOBBELS

and not yet baptized!

by *Father J. DOBBELS,*

missionary at Kapangan.

ONE early afternoon, a boy came to ask medicine for a sick woman. I suggested that I would accompany him home to visit her. The rains came after we had left the convento and after half an hour on horseback, we had to climb a steep mountain. The heavy downpour had caused many slight landslides and the narrow paths along the mountain sides were obliterated by the fallen muddy soil. I had to get off the horse and hiked while the animal followed me. After a short time, I had to leave the horse in the care of a man living in one of the huts close by and I continued walking.

After crossing the rice paddies, we finally reached the house of the sick woman. Happily, she was not very sick and I conversed with her.

Twilight stealthily crept upon the place and I thought of returning home. It would take me more than an hour to reach home—so I changed my mind. Instead, I directed my steps to a group of houses where several Christians lived. It was already dark and the people were astonished to see me with my boy coming to visit them at a late hour. Nevertheless, they were happy.

"Come in, Apo, come in" was the merry welcome.

I stooped very low to enter the little hut. In it lived a family with eleven children. The parents are pagans but the children have all been baptized. Everyone was excited and wanted to prepare something for the Padre. In the meantime, I started to recite my breviary near the bright fire made by the "saleng". The chickens were settling down to roost nearby. They made much noise with their cockling and the flapping of their wings.

Indeed, the family was honored with the Padre's visit to their poor dwelling. The mother cooked what little food they had. Meanwhile, the father of the family arrived. He excused himself.

"We are sorry, Padre, we cannot prepare anything special. We have no more rice—only a few camotes and bread."

"Do not worry. A little remainder is sufficient for me," I reassured him.

My supper was ready, all set on the floor. After partaking of the frugal meal, I went out in the open and talked with the people. They responded to a short lesson in Catechism and were very attentive to my stories. I also explained the duties of the Christians to God and to their fellowmen. Then we sang a song. When all were already quiet, I asked if they had any question. The father whom I had just visited wanted to say something.

"Padre, you told us that the pagans make offerings to the spirits of their ancestors but they may not do it. It is true the pagans have that custom. But I am no longer a pagan. I am not yet baptized but I know many prayers and it is now seven years that I have refused to offer to the spirits.

When my first children were baptized, a Father came to bless my house and I still remember what that Father told me then. He said, "Now that your house is blessed and some of your children are baptized, you should no longer join in the superstitious beliefs of the pagans." I promised to follow his advice. The other pagans are angry with me when I refuse to offer to the spirits. My children taught me the prayers. I hope you will allow me and my wife to be baptized soon."

This happening struck me and I thought to myself: It is wrong indeed to think that our work, our lessons, our advices are sometimes in vain. Our Lord, all good and merciful, allowed this simple event to happen because I was weighed down and seemed to lose courage. Meeting this pagan of goodwill my spirit was buoyed up with renewed light and hope.

How true it is that we do not always meet success in our work—the success we expect or wish for! But let us always remember that with or without apparent success our prayers are never in vain. Our Lord answers them in one way or another—often in a way contrary to ours

In vain will you build churches and schools if you neglect to wield the weapon of the printed word.

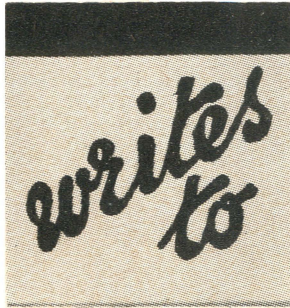
Pope Pius XII

but decidedly the best. This is an encouragement for us all—missionaries, benefactors, and friends who pray very much for the missions. With our prayers and sacrifices, we can help the Christians who fall away from our fold and the many pagans who find it hard to give up their ancient custom.

This is a strange story of mankind—and sadly true. While one who has received "gratis" the precious gift of God—his faith—simply flings it away to the winds as he pleases and when he pleases, another accepts this same gift from Above with boundless gratitude and treasures it lovingly as a pearl above all price.

• • ● • •

CARMENCITA



LILY



To: Lily

To Rev. Father
Catholic Mission
Mountain Province

My dear Lily:

My name is Carmencita please, and in the letters I receive from Mama my name is "dear Carmencita." So please do not call me most reverend Carmencita...; I was ashamed to reverend Father and my brother who made fun at me.

Your long letter made me very happy; I ran to Mama and said: "Mama, send Lily my Sunday dress, please," and she said 'yes', and she said: "I will mail it to the Reverend Father of Lily's place." So, dear Lily, when you go to the catechism, ask Reverend Father for the package. I told Mama also the rats ate all the rice in your barrio and Mama said nothing but she looked at the bread on our table and there came tears in her eyes . . . , and I do not know why but I also felt crying because of Mama and she said: "I know what shall I do."

So, dear Lily, write me again a long letter. Are there many deer and wild chickens in your mountains? Mama said: "How good your friend Lily" when she read you pray for all of us. . . We, every night pray one 'Our Father' for the Mountain children, that they may know Jesus.

Your friend
Carmencita

KEEP SMILING...



“Father, I lost my temper. What shall I do?”

Shall I pray to Saint Anthony, so wonderful in finding lost things?

Shall I put an advertisement in the papers: ‘Lost my temper on October 15th. A reward will be given to the one who finds it and brings it back to the owner?’”

ANSWER: The best thing to do is to say a prayer, to blow your nose, and to swallow six times. It does not always work, but it is often very useful. Give yourself time to realize that to get always angry is awfully silly. If things go wrong, we just make them worse by getting angry. We shouldn’t mind it so much to say to our confessor: “Father, I have made an awful fool of myself.” (from the Universe)



SMILES FROM SABANGAN, MT. PROV.



CORRECTING TEST-PAPERS CAN BE FUN!

In a test of religion one of the questions was: “Cite a text from the Gospels to prove that Christ appointed St. Peter Chief Pastor of His Church.” One of the brilliant students turned in this **CANDID** answer:

“Feed my *ships*, feed my *lamps*.”

Short Echoes From The Field

- - -



(PHOTO DE HAES)

FIESTA IN PACDAL—(BAGUIO)—

Sunday, October 9, was Pacdal's Fiesta. The new statue of the local patroness, Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima, was to be blessed in the church dedicated to her, by our Bishop, His Excellency the Most Reverend W. Brasseur.

Already on the day before there had been a children's pilgrimage to, and floral offerings at her shrine, at which a hundred little ones and some other devotees attended. Starting from the village square the long line of boys and girls, bouquets in their tight grasps, wended its way to the Virgin on the hillside, reciting all the while the rosary she so loves . . . Once there, the gracious Queen received the flowers offered her in token of the hearts raised to her in song, while the mountains around reechoed the sweet refrain of the Ave.

On the Fiesta itself the day started with a procession from the Park Circle to the church. It was a sight worth seeing. . . long twin lines of children dressed in their gayest

best, followed by Baguio legionaries in white, grouped under their respective banners, the Virgin in their midst, and trailed by people of all walks of life, with their shepherd, the Bishop, closing the procession.

In the church, festooned with garlands of white flowers, from an altar decked in blue and white, Our Blessed Mother welcomed the people who had come to hail her.

The church was crowded to the rafters, and the children's voices raised in the Missa de Angelis went even beyond that. It was to them chiefly, as they sat almost literally at his feet, that His Excellency addressed his sermon, presenting to them the example of Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco of Fatima. He also

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reminded the whole congregation of their serious obligation to heed Our Lady's warnings for a more christian way of life.

It was mid-morning when the people dispersed homeward, carrying with them choicest blessings in reward for their filial devotion. But Mary kept her watch long after the sun had sunk behind the pines.



SALEGSEG (Kalinga)

A TRIUMPH FOR THE MOTHER
OF GOD.

The Town Fiesta of Salegseg Mission, is celebrated annually on the feast of the Assumption. This year, the celebration coincided with the Teachers' Conference of the two districts of Balbalan and Lubuagan and with a Boy Scout Camp-O-ral.

Teachers and Christians throughout the Salegseg Mission area began arriving on the twelfth. The Teachers' Conference, presided over by the District Supervisors of Balbalan and Lubuagan, was held the following morning in the local public school building. While the conference was in progress, more and more people were arriving from the barrios, as well as visiting dignitaries from Lubuagan.

At six o'clock a. m. on August 14, 1949, the Boy Scouts' Mass was offered and the ceremony of Investiture was held in the Salegseg Church. This was a colorful affair with six troops participating. After breakfast, a spirited competition among the troops was held on the Public School grounds; Boy Scout stunts, songs, and other demonstrations, delighted young and old.



SALEGSEG (KALINGA)—A BEAUTIFUL SETTING

PHOTO DEPREE

August 15, 1949, the Feast Day of the Blessed Virgin Mary, began with a Communion Mass, followed by a grand Procession of about two thousand people from various walks of

their beloved Patron Saint to implore her powerful intercession. Summed up in a few words: It was a triumph for the Mother of God.

Catalino Badang

WON'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE A TOMBSTONE LIKE THIS ONE FOUND IN ITALY?

**Here lies Estella
Who transported a large fortune to heaven
In acts of charity
And has gone thither to enjoy it.**

(PHOTO DEPRE)

Rev. A. Claerhoudt
with some of
his little
friends.



A SUGGESTION !

TWO PIECES OF CANDY CAN DO MUCH !

TEACHERS! Two pieces of candy every year will give you "The Little Apostle" on your library table each month.

Let me explain. Say for instance that you have forty pupils in your class. Ask them to deny themselves two pieces of candy a year for the love of God.

Collect the hard won ten centavos from each and presto! Four pesos in hand will pay a year's subscription to "The Little Apostle."

Simple, isn't it?

Go ahead, try it !

WON'T YOU...

HELP ME GROW?



Be as water and sunshine to me!

Like a little tree, I have just been planted by loving hands, but these kind hands are not enough to make me grow. Like every plant, I need water and sunshine.

And oh! I do SO want to grow up fast into a strong, sturdy, massive tree so that my wide spreading branches may provide a safe haven to those who are still battling their way in the storm of fear and uncertainty.

Each of YOU can be as sunshine and water to me.

Yes, EACH ONE OF YOU.

How?

By asking others to subscribe to me, "The Little Apostle."



(PHOTO ARMAND)

PLEASE HELP ME GROW!