

The  
**Little Apostle**  
of the Mountain Province



**Merry Christmas**  
1925

**Happy Newyear**  
1926

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Catholic School Press, Baguio, Mt. Prov.



# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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

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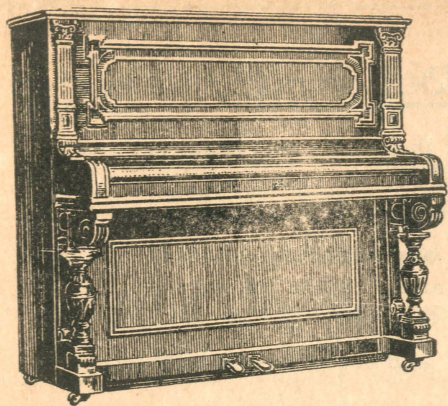
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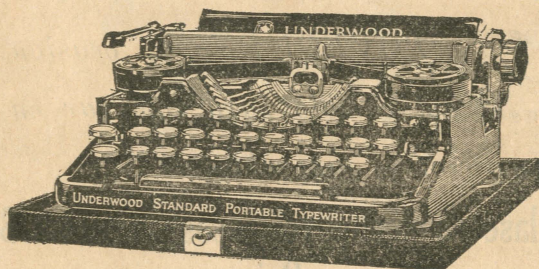
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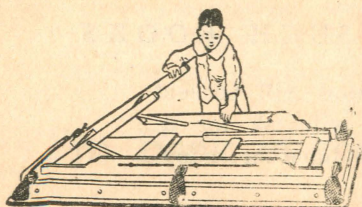
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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# Merry Christmas



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Remember the Self Denial Week

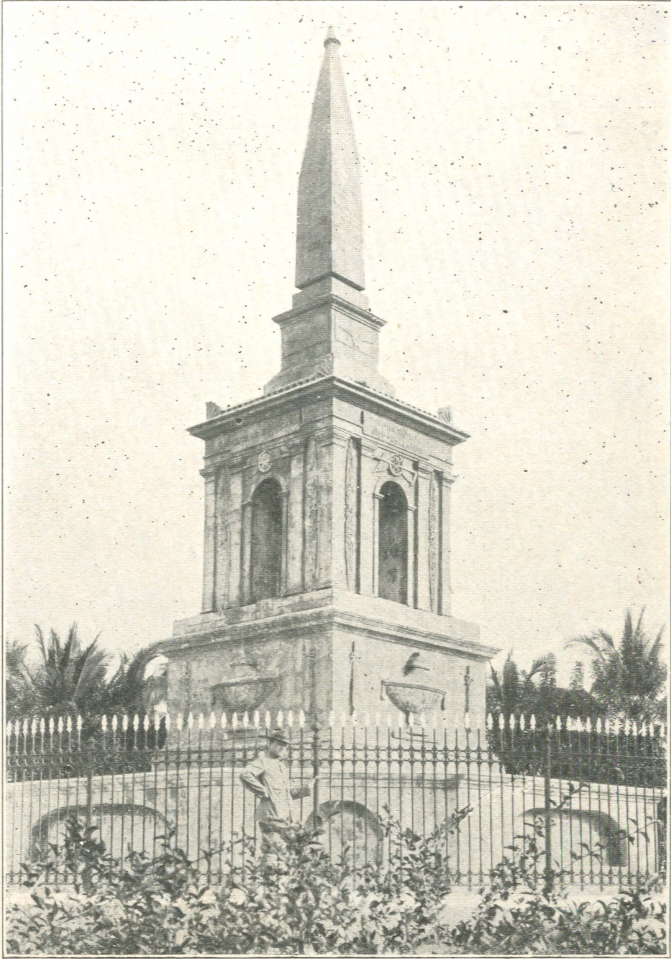
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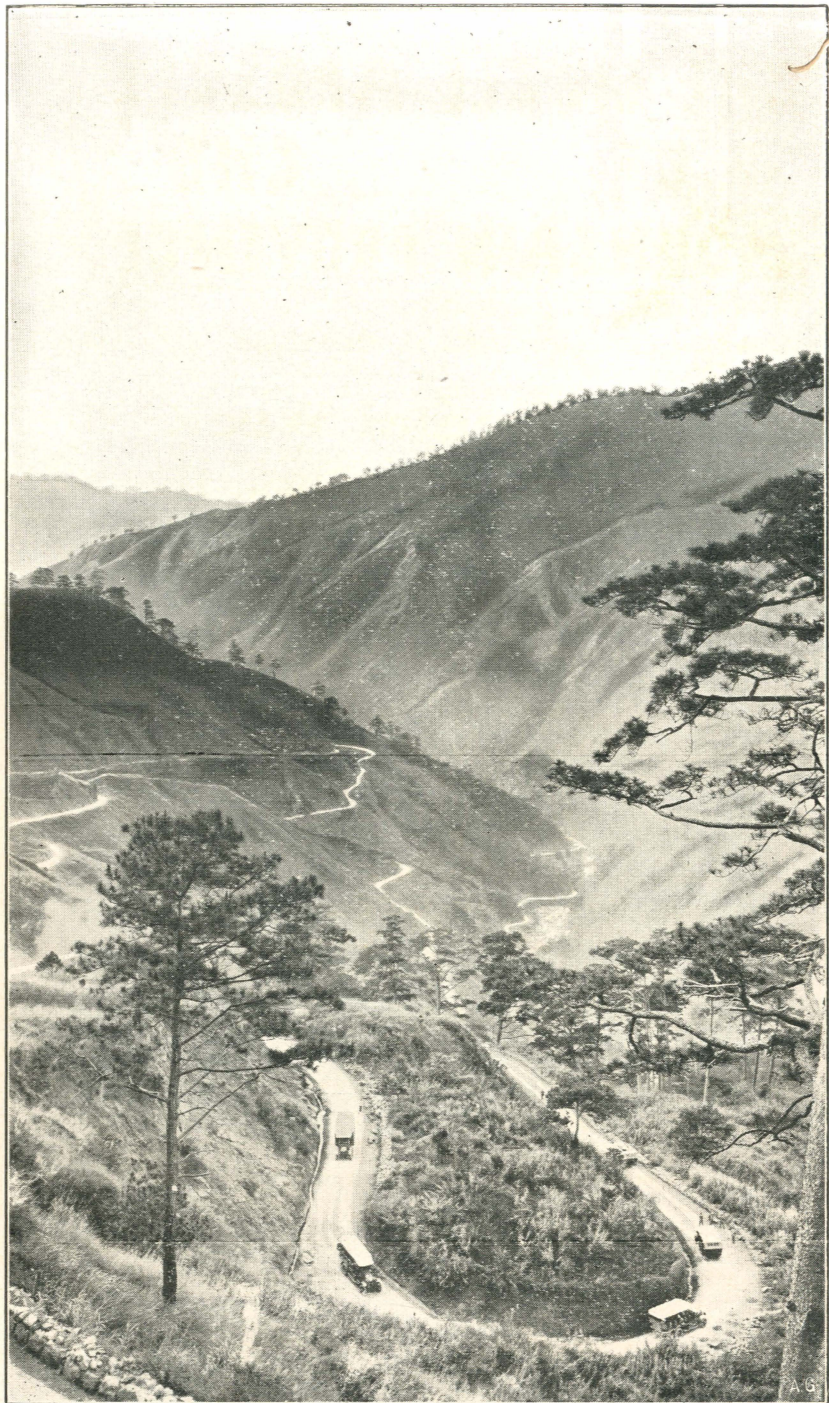


San Sebastian Church, Manila



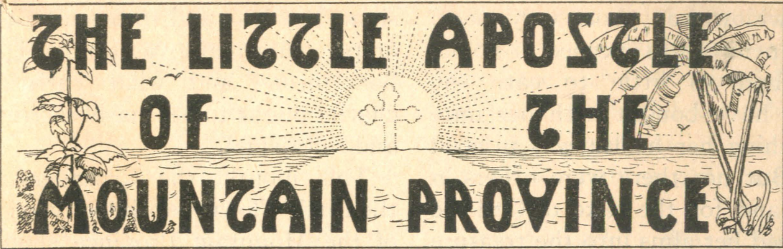
Magellan monument, Mactan Island





The "Zig-Zag" on the scenic road to Baguio





# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

## Self-Denial Week

*CHARITY* in all its forms was a natural outlet to the piety of these simple hearts. Husband and wife set aside each year a considerable portion of their earnings for the Propagation of the Faith; they relieved poor persons in distress, and ministered to them with their own hands. On one occasion Monsieur Martin, like a good Samaritan, was seen to raise a drunken man from the ground in a busy thoroughfare, take his bag of tools, support him on his arm, and lead him home. Another time when he saw, in a railway station, a poor and starving epileptic without the means to return to his distant home, he was so touched with pity that he took off his hat and, placing in it an alms, proceeded to beg from the passengers on behalf of the sufferer. Money poured in, and it was with gratitude that the sick man blessed his benefactor.

In reward for his virtues, God showered even temporal blessings on His faithful servant. In 1871 he was able to give up his business as a jeweller, and retire to a house in the Rue St. Blaise."

*(Taken from the Prologue of the Autobiography of the Little Flower.)*

We read in the Gospel that Jesus praised two people for their charity: the good Samaritan and the poor widow who offered her mite in the temple. The good Samaritan was a busy man on a pressing journey, but he found time to take care of a wounded unknown man and when his time did not permit him to remain at the side of this poor Jew, an enemy of the Samaritans, he paid what was necessary to complete his charitable work.



The widow was poor, very poor. Her penny was needed at home. She had so little to eat, she could have bought with her mite something her health was in need of. But no: there were others in need and for the sake of God she dropped her alms into the treasure of the temple.

St. Elizabeth put a leper in her own bed to take care of his body and soul. Her husband found out that his saintly wife had received Jesus Himself into their palace.

St. Martin had given half of his cloak to a poor old beggar. The next night he saw in a vision the Savior dressed in that same half garment. Monsieur Martin did not become poor on account of his generosity. Nobody has become poorer by giving to God. Did Jesus ever lie? Did he not say that even a glass of water given in His name to the poor would not remain without a reward?

What He praised in the good Samaritan and the poor widow, He still praises in us when we offer for His sake, not of our abundance, as the rich had done in the temple just before the widow dropped her mite, but of what we need ourselves or might rightly enjoy.

Jesus Himself could have saved us by a life without pain or sacrifice. The act of His humiliation at his birth was sufficient to redeem a thousand worlds. But what sufficed for our salvation did not suffice to His love. He wanted to suffer for us, nay to die for all, to

show His love and to teach by example what real love of our neighbors means and what christian charity ought to be: one of sacrifice and self-denial.

This month, the Crusaders of the Little Flower for the conversion of the Mountain Province should observe their self-denial week: they should make some economies, at the price of a real personal sacrifice, which they will send to the "Little Apostle" for the christianization of our pagan brethren. Crusaders, make this first self-denial week a success. Be good Samaritans: not your enemies but your compatriots lie near the road, mortally wounded and dying the eternal death. Like the poor widow you may yourselves be in need: but there are greater wants than yours and those of the body: there are souls in need, there are souls to save; they need your help to become instructed, to learn of heaven and God; nay: Christ your Savior needs your help, your alms, your mite to shed His blood over the last Pagans of a province of your own country. What you sacrifice for them you give it to Him: your privations for His sake will not last long and be far from what He sacrificed for you, but what you do to Him, He too will reward. He may recompense already on earth. Were St. Elisabeth and St. Martin not amply rewarded? Were the parents of the Little Flower our Patroness not greatly recompensed for their charity already on earth?



Within a few days, when the Angels sing: "Peace on earth to men of good will" you will wish a "merry Christmas" to your friends and neighbors. Add something to this wish: give your mite to the last of your neighbors of the Philippines, that christian peace and eternal joy may be brought to them thru their peace with God. Give it before you celebrate the peace which was brought to us on earth by the Savior: you shall

have brought from heaven upon yourselves an assurance of your own peace with your eternal Judge, and feel the celestial joy of having given a "Christmas" i.e. a godly gift, which only a godly gift can reward.

Dear Crusaders, dear Readers of the "Little Apostle": merry Christmas to you all. But if you wish this godly wish to become realized, force heaven by your godly gifts during the self-denial week.

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### Hints For The Self-Denial Week

Choose one week of Advent, as your self-denial week.

And during that week, what should you do? What can you do to make some economies which you will send to the "Little Apostle", for the Mountain Province?

1. Don't eat any candies: don't go to the cine; use your feet at least once instead of spending some money for a conveyance; mend your own clothes instead of giving them for repair to an outsider; repair yourself or have repaired by one of the house all your dresses; it may save you the expense of a new dress; if you smoke, give up your cigars; don't use any powder and perfumes for a week; do some of your own work for which ordinarily you pay; and above all use your common sense and your own initiative to make some economies on unnecessary expenses.

2. Examine the house. There

may be in some corners some objects cast aside and which may be sold. Sell them.

3. If you have a heart for God who became poor for us, act like a poor person and beg your friends and neighbors for an alms for the missions in the Mt. Province.

4. Suppose for a moment you were a pagan yourself just think what you would like others to do for your salvation. What you would like them to do for you, do it now for our pagan brethren of the Mountain Province.

5. Promoters: call the attention of your members on their obligation to observe the self-denial week. At the end of the week, collect their savings and send them to the "Little Apostle", per M.O. or in a registered envelope. God will bless you in proportion with your endeavor and efforts to work for Him.



## December 3rd, St. Francis Xavier

A young Spanish Gentleman, in the dangerous days of the Reformation, was making a name for himself as a professor in the University of Paris. He could have become wealthy and honored, but he was told by St. Ignatius that life was short and eternity long and that worldly wealth is subject to rust while heavenly treasures are infinite and last for ever. He understood. After a brief apostolate amongst his countrymen in Rome, he was sent by St. Ignatius to the English Indies, where for years he was to wear himself out as a Missionary, bearing the Gospel to Hindostan, to Malacca, and to Japan. Thwarted by the jealousy, contentiousness and carelessness of those who should have helped and encouraged him, neither their opposi-

tion nor difficulties of every sort which he encountered could make him slacken his labors for souls: he worked for God and Heaven, for his own and the salvation of others. The vast kingdom of China appealed to his charity, and he was resolved to risk his life to force an entry, when God took him to Himself, and on the 2nd of December 1552, he died, like Moses, in sight of the land of promise.

Not all can go to foreign countries, to preach the Gospel, but all Christians should preach it by their example at home and their cooperation with the Missionaries in foreign countries. What is your missionary spirit? Until now what have you done to help Christ in His Mission of bringing all souls to His heart and Heaven?

---

### Help Support The Missions

*Help support the Missions  
For 'Tis the Master's work,  
His loving eyes are saddest  
When we our duty shirk.*

*Help support the Missions  
My Christian friend and true,  
For you will gain His Blessing  
On all good things you do.*

*Help support the Missions  
Their sufferings are untold,  
But we have our Father's promise  
To repay a hundredfold.*



# The Mighty Dollar

## CHAPTER I

### The Good Tidings

**L**IKE to read the books of Father Francis J. Finn, S. J., and I wish that such books were in the hands of every Filipino boy who wants to be good and to make the best use of this short life upon earth. The other day I began to read one of Father Finn's books, called Harry Dee, and the very beginning of it was for me an extraordinary piece of surprise. Why? — Well, because the author began his first chapter in this rather funny way: "I hope the reader may not be bored; but I find it necessary to begin my story with a great deal about my insignificant self...." Now it came to pass that I was asked myself to write a story, and trying to begin I discovered that I also found it necessary to begin my story with a great deal about my insignificant self. So I dare hope the kind reader will excuse me and allow me to introduce myself to him. I am a Belgian Missionary who came to the Philippines long, long ago; who spent in these beautiful Islands many, many years; who went to the United States of America and remained there for about three years; then came back to this magnificent place where grow the cocoa and banana trees, and who is presently enjoying the

bright sunshine only known in this tropical country, the Pearl of the Orient, our beloved Philippines, the beautiful.

But my story began in the United States of America. I was at that time acting Parish Priest in one of those busy towns of West Virginia. Weirton is the name of the town. I have never seen a bright sunshine over there, never. The blue sky was almost always entirely hidden behind dark smoke pouring out from the many high chimneys of steel Mills and other Factories. The black smoke was charged with black dust which fell upon trees, plants and grass, killing them at their first trial of appearance; it entered into the house covering the floor and furniture, and what is worst of all, it penetrated into people's lungs through mouth and nostrils, so that they were spitting black saliva and at night had their nose filled up with black soot. What a life! you are thinking, dear reader; believe me, I thought the same. But see, one day I received a letter from the Superior of all the Belgian Missionaries who are in the Philippines, and that letter ended in this way: "Come back to the Philippines, where you will meet with a hearty welcome. The sooner you come,



the better it shall be." I wondered why just on that same morning less smoke was coming out of the chimneys, the dark black clouds were split and a golden ray of sunshine broke through them right upon my desk, upon that blessed letter of good tidings. I felt happy indeed, so happy that words cannot express it; happy to go back to the country of my heart, happy like the children of Israel must have felt when they returned to the Land of Promise after their long exile in Babylon.

Father Mc S., the Parish Priest, could not at first believe in the sincerity of my happiness, and thought I was trying to make the best out of it. Some friends came to tell me it was too bad, too bad to leave the country of comfort and the mighty dollar. But I had witnessed with my own eyes that comfort and mighty dollars do not procure much happiness, and, if I was going back to the land of the poor, I felt the truth of Jesus' saying: "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And the Philippines is a kingdom, a kingdom of nature's splendors, a kingdom of peace and simplicity, a kingdom of freedom and pure air, a kingdom of Christian hospitality; and this earthly kingdom is for the true Filipino an open door to the eternal kingdom in heaven. If Filipino boys of the so called "Rising Generation" could only realize what a treasure lies in the simplicity of their sweet home, not so many would leave the house

of their fathers and go into a strange land where too late alas! they will discover what a great mistake they have made, mistake which becomes to many the bitter regret of a whole life. I met a good number of such unhappy creatures, and I will write the story of a typical one whose sad experiences may stand as a warning to those thoughtless young men who are about to surrender themselves as new victims to the false illusions of a treacherous imagination.

The following day I left Weirton for New York where I had to prepare the many requisites which are imperative for a long over-sea trip. When the early Mass was over and a hurried breakfast taken, I stood on the Rectory's threshold to bid a last farewell to my American friends. Many of them had a tear in the corner of their left eye, and one said it in the name of the whole band: "How can you be glad, Father, to go back to the Philippines!"

— "Well, my dear friend, because I have been in the Philippines and I know what they are."

— "We admit, Father, that the Philippines is a beautiful country, but the people.... Brr!!."

— "Kindly, my dear friend, do not judge those you do not know."

— "We know them Father, through our Magazines and Papers."

— "I am very sorry indeed that you believe the fancy stories of Magazines and Papers rather than... the truth."

— "What is the truth about the Filipino people, Father?"

—“Listen, my dear friends, and please tell it to all your co-Americans: The Filipino people are Catholics, they are the most civilized people in the Far East; if only they had sufficient Catholic Priests to teach them, to keep them in the holy Faith and in their wonderful Christian customs, they would stand

among the finest people of this entire world of ours.”

I saw on their faces that they believed me, and I jumped in the automobile that brought me to Steubenville where I took the train for New York, the greatest city of the world.

*(To be continued)*



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# THE MISSION

## A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt, former Provincial Superior

(Continuation)

Baguio, Feb. 20, 1925

Dear Father Vandewalle:

**D**E O GRATIAS. "North, East, South, West: Home best." I have that best and am at my best: in perfect health and almost beside myself with joy after all the consoling things I met with during my journey.

"In cauda venenum" says the proverb... well... the end of the trip had a tail and a rather long one of the kind mentioned in the proverb.

FEB. 17. At 4 a.m. we say mass. At 6, we are on horseback. We have to reach Pampang, and although not very far, one never knows what might happen on the road. The mountains we are going to cross, are covered with a heavy raincoat, and I have not even a thin one to wear. We cross the Bambang river, of course at a bad place... chance keeps apace, the question is to be favored by it and we were not... or rather were to some ex-

tent, when some good hearted people made loud vocal and strong muscular signs which bring us into the right direction after nearly a full bath. Two hours later we reach Salinas, famous for its salt-sources. In the same primitive manner as 14 years ago, the people here extract the salt for the whole province. It seems to me that 14 years ago there was greater activity... but... well I must say nothing: just a remark of a passer by.

The road is wide and good but... and here begins the tail: our guide from Bambang has disappeared. Father Pelsers returns to locate his whereabouts. It takes him half an hour to bring the guide to the right spot and the good direction.

Half an hour before we reach Santa Cruz: bang! the saddle of Father Pelsers needs a saddler and as we have not one we can only substitute that need very imperfectly, we lose one hour more, but we can continue and so we arrive at 11 a.m. at the presidential building of San-



ta Cruz. It is too early to stop for lunch, so on we go, for we are behind schedule. Besides we are carrying with us some boiled rice in a banana leaf, salmon in a tin and a good supply of water to get in the mountains.

At 12 we find an ideal place for a picnic near a small clear rivulet, a faint picture, one would say of that used by our great-grand father Adam after his daily walk, some food for the horses: in fine, a place where we take our lunch whose menu I have mentioned already to prevent indiscreet questions. Lunch and siesta last one hour and at 1 p. m. we begin the ascent of a steep mountain which you know and where you too, have done a great deal of your purgatory, for it certainly brings one a little nearer to heaven. But we are more fortunate now by having a lovely trail that winds its way in numberless curves towards the top. The road is now somewhat longer but far easier for horse and man. Higher and higher we climb, finally we descend and at 4 p. m. we are in front of the Pampang municipal house.

Before we left Bambang we asked some officials of the Presidency to be kind enough to phone to the Pampang officials and say that we would arrive there in the afternoon. So we ask if the Bambang authorities had sent a notice. Of course they had not. Really I was not surprised at this negative service, we are accustomed to such Bambang charity. These officials are always

so busy that they never have a moment free to be kind to a Catholic priest. So we leave the municipal building, and find a way of arranging ourselves even without the Bambang official charity. Pampang is a beautiful place, but with few inhabitants. It looks much like Banaue. The slopes of the mountains have been shaped into succeeding and superposed flats which formerly must have been ricefields. It seems to me there must formerly have been many people at Pampang. Who were they? Where did they come from and how did they disappear? Not even the oldest inhabitants can furnish any information on this subject.

The place is fertile; more and more people, even some of our Christians of the Benguet province, are settling here. A few months ago we bought a house at Pampang to serve as a resthouse for the Missionary from Itogon who visits these people regularly. It lies about a mile from the main road; so: to that house with its chapel we go to pass the night.

It takes twenty minutes to walk a mile when the road is... a road. But when it is a mudpool like now it takes... in fact it took us three quarters of an hour to reach our house. We lost the right trail, and our guide too. But, after having asked twenty times and more for the way, we arrived at dark, looking like living statues of black mud. The house is large like some Igorrote houses of the Benguet province.



are. Here follows the complete list of its furniture: an altar and a box, no bed, no chairs, no utensils... nothing. The softest bed is fatigue: that's what we found out that night on the floor with a saddle for a pillow and the horseblanket for a cover.

If we had now only a little rice, for we have some preserved tinned salmon left. Father Pelsers sets out for the coveted cereal. He knocks at the door of the nearest hut. It is the shack of a christian family. Chance keeps ever apace... and these poor yet generous christians exercised in the most perfect way towards us several of the corporal works of mercy. May God bless them. I have always observed that poor people are the most generous.

A wise man thinks seven times before he speaks and a good traveler in these mountains must find out on the eve of his departure what road he will follow the next day. Tomorrow we have to reach Dalupe-rip near the Agno river. There are two so-called trails and together they do not make a decent one. There is another one over Tchiptchip (imitate the young chicken to pronounce this word): this is the shortest, but it is so dangerous that it might become, should we cross it, our real road to heaven. The other trail is longer, and 10 years ago it was a pretty good one. But since this part does not belong any longer to the Mountain Province, the trail has been completely abandoned and neglected and as the Igorrotes do not pass by this path, nobody can

give us any information if it can be crossed or not in safety. This is quite a problem which we solve by ourselves in favor of the second trail, for we cannot trust our guide who ignores that way, but our guardian angel and Providence. Before all serious undertakings one has to sleep first to rest one's tired head; that's what we do too. Good night.

FEB. 18. All the Christians of the place attend mass in the early morning. Some of them go to confession and receive Holy Communion. We start at 7 a. m. and on our way meet several Christians who hoped to arrive in time for mass and who would probably have received the Sacraments. These neo-converts can make sacrifices and give good example to other Christians.

Pretty soon we reach the trail... we follow it for a while and then... alas! we are blocked up for a time and make our way through the tall grass as best we can. Formerly there was a road here, but the grass and bushes have covered it entirely, and it is with great difficulty we find here and there at least a mark of the old trail. The new guide seems to locate easily the few traces left, we follow on horseback. Poor horses: the mountain we climb is very steep; after one hour we reach the top: the horses are exhausted.

Here we find a trail downwards, but the wild boars have bored so mercilessly thru the narrow path that it becomes dangerous to tread



it, so that we often walk on foot.

At 10 a.m. the guide in front of us halts. Impossible to pass: a tree lies across the path. What are we to do? The horses can not pass over the log. To our left is the steep mountain covered with impenetrable bushes. To our right is a slope under a forest of shrubs and grass and here we stand on a trail half a meter wide.

It looks as if we shall have to return to our starting point and take the path to Tchiptchip, which we

just wanted to avoid. Let us try to make a passage. First upwards: impossible. Now downwards: after one hour's hard work we try the horses. All right they reach the bottom of the precipice. Another problem: how shall we climb this steep sandy hill in front? Let us dig a zigzag trail to make a less steep passage. After digging for an hour the horses can proceed. It takes us exactly two hours to pass that tree: Deo gratias and forward we go with new courage.

*(To be continued)*

## A Letter of Father Debrabandere

Trinidad Nov. 2, 1925

Dear Father Vandewalle.

**D**O YOU wish to hear of the visible help from the Little Flower? It seems to me that she has dropped one of her roses upon my mission.

Some time ago, I chose Her as the Patroness of the Tublay mission. We had worked there for a long time and almost in vain: She came just at the right time and, if not... Since two years Tublay has become, if not the most populous, at least the most fervent center of our Trinidad mission, and I am sure that the benefactors of Tublay will partake of a similar beneficent shower of roses from heaven: the Little Flower drops choice roses gladly on the missions.

I made a novena in Her honor just before Her first feast: Sept. 30. I had asked Her blessing on the mission of Trinidad. The 30th arrived and.....nothing special had happened. At 3 p. m.: tock, tock on the door!

Two Christians from Tublay entered.

"Father, there is an old man dying at Tublay".

The old man in question had two children baptized since two years, but neither their example, nor their prayers, nor my entreaties could bring the old man to reason. I told his children to watch their father and to call me at any time of the day or night, in case he became dangerously sick. And here now came the call.

"Yes, Apo; Jose and Martha



sent us to ask you to come tomorrow morning to see their father, for he is very sick."

"All right, let us go straight off!"

"Oh no, Apo, there is no hurry. Tomorrow will do. You know the river is very high: impossible to ford it this afternoon. Tomorrow Apo". Why, I do not know, but I wanted to go to see the old man just then. "No, no, I am going now. Better one day too soon than one hour too late. Francisco, saddle my horse, I am going to Tublay".

Ping, pang, ping, pang, up the hills, down to the valleys, deep in the mud now and then, over the boulders and cobbles, ping, pang.... so went my faithful pony while I said as well as I could my rosary in honor of the Little Flower. Ping, pang, ping, pang.... yonder in the distance stands the shack of the old man. As usual all of a sudden darkness fell first in the canyons, then around me, and finally over the mountain peaks, but in the meantime I had arrived at the hamlet of the old man. Only one small hill more to climb and I would reach him.

"Apo, better go first to the church" said one of the two christians who had come to call me. "It is dark and the road is slippery. Better come tomorrow morning".

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow? No", I said, "NOW", and I could not have said otherwise although I was tired and exhausted, for there was a voice speaking within me saying:

NOW!

In the darkness of the night I climbed the steep hill. The burning hearth of an open hut showed me the direction....there near that fire was the old man perhaps dying. I must arrive in time and I redoubled my efforts. I reached the hut. Old Dapa lay on the floor near the burning fire. He was sick, very sick, near his end, I thought, for his breathing was rapid and deep, the rattle of death sounded already in his throat.

I was welcome. Nobody expected me....they thought I would come only tomorrow.

These last years Dapa had not said very much: he was 80 years old. Now,....he could scarcely speak any more only now and then did he sigh deeply and mumble unintelligible words.

I understood why I had come not tomorrow but NOW.

Dapa had said these last days that he would like to be baptized. To me too he had said once before that he desired to be baptized before death. And then I had spoken to him about God and Jesus and heaven and Dapa had smiled. Yes, he wanted to go to God and heaven and he had tried to learn a prayer but the old head of Dapa was too hard to learn by heart. "Yes, Apo, he said, I believe it all, but my head is too old".

And that same evening I baptized Dapa in the poor hut, filled with smoke but open to God's infinite mercy. And I left Dapa with the



hope of seeing him again the next morning.

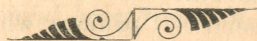
But before the sun gilded the majestic mountain peaks, I was told by José that Dapa his father had died yesterday evening a few moments after I left.

That same day we brought the remains of old Dapa to the church before we buried him in the cemetery. All the people of Tublay attended the mass and offered a prayer for the first adult who was borne to the Church of Tublay for burial. I said a few words to my Christians during the mass, I spoke to them of the wonderful ways and

mercy of God and how anybody who did his best would not be abandoned by God. And an old woman among the faithful unable to keep silent from her place in the church confirmed my words by saying: "Indeed, Apo, Dapa had always been a good man". After mass I was told that during these last twenty years he had never taken part in any superstitious ceremony.

Now has not the reward for Dapa's pagan righteousness been mysterious and instantaneous!

Morice De Brabandere.



## The Child's First Grief

### I Verse

"Oh call my brother back to me!  
I cannot play alone;  
The summer comes with flower and  
bee—  
Where is my brother gone?  
The flowers run wild, the flowers we  
sowed  
Around our garden tree;  
Our vine is dropping with its load—  
Oh! call him back to me!"—

### II Verse

"He would not hear thy voice, fair  
child!  
He may not come to thee:  
The face that once like spring-time  
smiled,  
On Earth no more thou'lt see.  
A rose's brief bright lift of joy,  
Such unto him was given;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!  
Thy brother is in Heaven"—

### III Verse

"And has he left his bird and flowers?  
And must I call in vain?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again?  
And by the brook and in the glade  
Are all our wandering o'er?  
Oh! while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more!"



## Mission News and Notes

### Baguio.

Our mountaineers of Atok are lending a helping hand to the Government. They are widening the mountain trail north of La Trinidad, so that when the work is finished, it will be possible for autos to run between Baguio and Atok. Note well that our brave people do this gigantic work without wages.

In the meantime the people of Itogon are working also on their trail and in like manner without wages. The better the roads are, the easier it will be for the missionaries to reach their people; not that henceforth they will visit them in auto, but the trail will become safer for horses, the ordinary conveyance of Missionaries.

Thanks to His Excellency, Governor General Wood, work is being pushed on actively too on other trails in the Mountain Province.

### Trinidad.

Father Deldaeie, for more than six months under medical treatment in Manila, is back again at his mission of La Trinidad.

### From a Mission of the Mountain Province.

(for special reasons we do not give names)

The other day I gave a medal of

the Little Flower to Mr...., a visitor of the mission. He had already devotion to this wonderful saint.

He went home in his flivver, little doubting how on his way he would be witness of a twofold miraculous intervention, the first in favor of somebody else and the second in favor of himself.

On the road his auto struck a little boy. Mr....thinking the boy was dead and losing his presence of mind more or less did not stop his machine at once but ran some distance farther thinking that his companions who just followed behind in another car would pick up the poor corpse. How astonished he was when his friends met him smiling. They told him the child had not been hurt although the very wheels of the machine had left their marks on the little boy's body. Doubting their words, for he was convinced the little fellow had been crushed, he returned immediately to the spot. He found the boy, took him along in his car to the nearest hospital and the doctor declared that the boy was not hurt at all. Then Mr....gave sincere thanks to the Little Flower and told me that while striking the boy on the road, in despair but with confidence, he had cried out "Little Flower, help!" And help did come, a rose from heaven dropped immediately,





The Little Apostle recommends unto your prayers the soul of the Rev. Father Van de Pieterman, of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, missionary in Oteisa, Surigao. "Transiit benefaciendo": when he arrived at Oteisa in 1912 he found about 500 people who had already made their Easter duty.

Last year some 500 men and 750 women fulfilled this sacred duty, and the Father distributed 32,655 H. Communions during the year. Such works as these speak for themselves, and enable us to imagine what he must have won for himself in eternity.



### Love's Captive

*I wish I were the little key  
That locks Love's Captive in,  
And lets Him out to go and free  
A sinful heart from sin.*

*I wish I were the little bell  
That tinkles for the Host,  
When God comes down each day to dwell  
With hearts He loves the Most.*

*I wish I were the chalice fair  
That holds the Blood of Love,  
When every flash lights holy prayer  
Upon its way above.*

*I wish I were the little flower  
So near the Host's sweet face,  
Or like the light that half an hour  
Burns on the shrine of grace.*

*I wish I were the altar where,  
As on His Mother's breast,  
Christ nestles like a child, for e'er  
In Eucharistic rest.*

*Bue oh, my God I wish the most  
That my poor heart may be  
A home all holy for each Host  
That comes in love to me.*

—FATHER RYAN



# The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

*By Father Morice Vanoverbergh*

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

*(Continuation)*

MAY 6th (Tuesday): Next day I felt much better and was able to accompany our Bontok missionary, thanks to God.

At this time our little people heard about my departure and they all came: first, two of the women, Sirakka and Lagunay; then all the rest: Masigun and family; Bugayong and family; Asi and some of the visitors at the prayer meeting: about twenty five persons in all. They gave me six arrows and sold me one bow, while I distributed the rest of the rice and salt, and gave one of them an old white cassock: by tomorrow three or four of them will have a new dress. Rev. C. de Brouwer, whom I introduced to them, gave them some medals, and I told them they should not be afraid of him, as he was a man of the same kind as myself. He then promised to come back to see them, and to bring rice and clothes with him, which seemed to please them very much. They all accompanied us to the river, and, when finally we embarked few eyes were dry.

Adieu, kind little people, may God bless you and soon send a missionary to lead you on the right road, which, with God's grace, will be an easy thing to do, much eas-

ier, humanly speaking, than to convert most of the other pagan tribes, that are living in these mountains.

And now we had to go up instead of down the river, and it was not an easy job for our men to keep the boat from running the other way; it took us much longer to travel the same distance than when we came down from Kabugaw, as may be readily understood. At noon, we stopped at a place a little higher than Tawit, where we had lunch on shore. After a good rest, we boarded the vessel again, but I had fever the whole afternoon, and laid down in the boat without caring for anything. Needless to say it did not please me very much to have to walk in such a condition, whenever the boat was pulled over a place where the current was extraordinarily swift; but there was no remedy and I had to comply: a little purgatory to lessen the real one.

We stopped for the night just above the rapids at Ginned, where a copious draught of hot tea entirely restored me. We slept "à la belle étoile" on the sloping bank of the river, in the sand, having taken the precaution to dam with



sand the place between our temporary bed and the river, as we had no intention to roll down and take a plunge. We hoped no crocodiles would venture here, as we were much higher and farther away from their favorite resorts than we were at Kapinatan. Another reason why I preferred this place was that sand was much softer than stones.

MAY 7th (Wednesday): We all passed the night sleeping soundly, and next morning I was able to take a little breakfast. Besides the three of us in the boat, there was, not Montmorency, but a Christian from Abulug, who returned to his post somewhere in Apayaw, where he had taught school before, but had returned home on account of sickness. On our way up to Kabugaw he sickened again and decided to go back to Abulug the same day. Then Mr. Juan Andaya had the headache, and I was in a pitiful condition: a real floating hospital.

We arrived at Kabugaw about 2 p.m., and I was just well enough to walk up to the house of Cn. Lizardo and to go to bed and stay there. Mr. Lizardo and Mr. Andaya took care of the rest, under the direction of Rev. C. de Brouwer.

MAY 8th (Thursday): A bad day: Sick, without being able to eat anything, and too weak to leave my bed.

MAY 9th (Friday): No more fever but I was tired and exhausted. I do not believe there are better

nurses in the world than those three: Rev. C. de Brouwer, Mr. Lizardo and Mr. Juan Andaya.

In the evening, there was a gathering of Christians at the house of Cn. Lizardo, and I attended it, in an easy chair, between pillows, so as to interpret for Rev. C. de Brouwer.

MAY 10th (Saturday): A hammock was prepared for me, as we had to leave to-day, in order not to keep my companions from the town feast of Bontok (May 25th). But to find carriers was not an easy thing, and it was half past nine before we were able to leave, after having thanked our kind hosts for their inexhaustible generosity and hospitality. We all started together: I in the hammock, with four carriers; Rev. C. de Brouwer and Mr. Juan Andaya on horseback, and four Bontok boys (Gerardo, Pedro, Francisco and Simeon) with three horses and the baggage.

We took a little lunch at about 4 miles from Kabugaw, at Badduat, where a kind teacher gave us a place to eat and to take a little nap, which did us much good. Then my companions preceded me on our way to Lenneñg, where we expected to pass the night, hoping to arrive at Ripañg the next day, from where we intended to take a side trip to Malaweg and Mawan-an. I had heard many Negritos were living there; from there we should reach the mountain trail again by Piat and Tuaw.



But, at Leneñg, I found Rev. C. de Brouwer with a very high fever, and Pedro not much better. This upset all our plans and annoyed me more than one can imagine. The man in charge of the cabin announced the news to Cn. Lizardo by telephone, and the latter promised to come and see us either here or at Ripañg. That same evening, as we heard later, an explosion occurred at the dispensary of the Kabugaw hospital, and killed three boys, which prevented the captain from overtaking us on our journey.

MAY 11th (Sunday): We decided to go on anyway, as it was impossible for us to stay in such an out of the way place. I was too weak to go on horseback, and my companion needed the hammock for himself; I had to be carried in a blanket attached to a bamboo pole on the shoulders of two Isneg. As only two carriers were ready early in the morning, we went ahead, followed by Simeon on foot. What could possibly make a man worse quicker than this improvised stretcher? Unable either to sit or to lie down, one had to take hold of the pole not to roll out, and, together with the movement of the carriers, it meant something worse than forests and leeches and rivers and crocodiles combined.

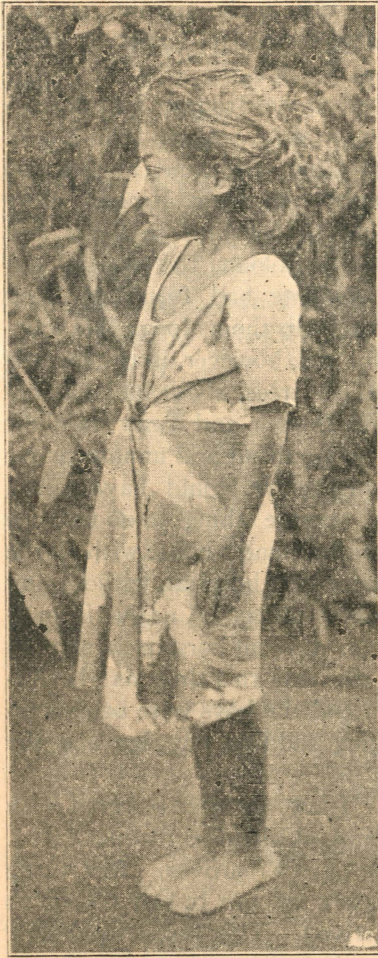
Finally, I arrived at Talifugu, where I dismissed the carriers at once, to their own great satisfaction; then I took some rice with



*A Negrito girl*

milk, kindly given me by one of the teachers, who was himself just recovering from sickness, and, after having waited a long time for my companions, as no communication could be had on account of the telephone having been removed since the last visit of the provincial





*The same Negrito girl (a side view)*

governor. I set out for Ripaňg on horseback. Only about 4 p.m. did I have a horse to ride on, because, while I was waiting at Talifugu, Gerardo and Francisco had arrived with several horses from Lenneňg, and I had picked out Mr. Andaya's steed, as it was the best for me at

the time; the good animal carried me all the time till we reached Lubuagan, the capital of the subprovince of Kalinga.

Ripaňg is only seven miles from Talifugu, and it took me about three hours: so you can imagine at what pace we traveled. At Ripaňg, we were received by the secretary with much kindness, and I was able to eat rather well, but we had to go to sleep without having heard anything from our companions, the telephone line being interrupted on this side of Lenneňg. This did not surprise me at all, because I had observed several yards of wire stretched over the trail at some distance on this side of the cabin at Lenneňg.

MAY 12th (Monday): A good rest did more for me than a variety of medicines, and we could not do anything but wait after all.

Finally, in the evening, to our glad surprise, we saw Rev. C. de Brouwer arriving in the hammock, with Mr. Juan Andaya and Pedro, both on horseback; the news they brought, however, was far from reassuring, as both, the father and Pedro, were not yet well.

MAY 13th (Tuesday): There was no question of going to Malaweg, so we planned to go straight to the Lubuagan hospital. I was worse now, having perhaps been imprudent in my diet, but, when the carriers arrived at half past nine a.m., I did the utmost to continue my journey on horseback. Instead of waiting for these fellows, I should



have started early in the morning, before it was too hot, but one is never too old to learn.

I took the lead and the others followed. At about half past one p.m., I arrived at Boloan completely exhausted, and threw myself into a kind of hammock at the house of the inspector of the road. I firmly resolved not to leave it till night. I heard nothing about my companions until about 4 p. m. when they arrived, the two sick men worse than ever. The reason of their delay was this: at about a mile from here, they had stopped at a private residence to take a rest, the sun's rays being too hot to suit their tastes, and, to say the truth, I could not blame them.

Here we decided to go to Tuaw to rest and consult a doctor. It was absolutely impossible for me to continue this way on horseback, and for the good father, it would have been utter rashness to lose this opportunity. Our plans were: after a few days of rest at Tuaw, I should return home by the way I came here, and the father would go to Bontok, either by Tuguegaraw, Kagayan, and Isabela, or by Lubuagan, as first planned.

MAY 14th (Wednesday): A Kalinga died here this morning, and I went to the house to see the mourners and the corpse: several half-naked women were lamenting and crying in unison, all the while rubbing the body of the dead man, whom they held sitting in their midst; the spectacle not being very

interesting to me, I came back, and still early in the morning, we left Boloan to reach Tuaw at about 9 a.m.

Rev. C. de Brouwer had preceded me, as he was ready in a very short time; the same carriers who brought him from Ripang, were willing to continue to Tuaw, and here, at Boloan, the consejal and the teniente had furnished fresh men to help them along. He waited for me, however, in the shadow of a few trees, about half way between Boloan and Tuaw, to allow me to go ahead and announce our arrival, as it would have been a very strange thing to do to come to another man's house with all the inmates of a hospital, without any previous notice. A native from Isabela, also on horseback, showed me the way this time, as Mr. Andaya and the boys were behind arranging saddles, baggage and the rest.

At Tuaw, we were received with their usual kindness by one of Rev. Z. de Luna's relatives. Rev. C. de Brouwer was put to bed as soon as he arrived. This looked like home, and when the owner of the house came back from a sickcall, he found his house transformed into a hospital. All clouds disappeared from the horizon in this home-like atmosphere. Now I was able to rest, and the morning passed quickly, as the sick father had no more fever. Pedro was the only one who did not improve in the changed atmosphere. In the afternoon



we sent for Dr. Querol, whom I met here when I first came to Tuaw, but, as he was not at home, we should have to wait for his return, perhaps the next day.

I had considerable leisure here, and passed the time calculating the distance in miles between Kabugaw and Bontok: the number I arrived at was 148; and that was not yet home for me, as from Bontok to Tagudin I should have to make 78

more. From Tagudin to Baguio, an automobile or motorbus would give me a lift, so that did not count. We had a consolation though in the fact that we were not at Kabugaw, so that only 91 or 92 miles separated us from Bontok, the capital of the Mountain Province, and the center of the world for all Isneg and Negritos living in Apayaw, and for the Kalinga people as well. (*To be continued*)



## Kind of Words

You talk along so very fast

By night, as well as day;

But have you thought how many kinds

Of words you have to say?

And first of all the names of things

Are always Nouns, you know,

That is, of things you see and feel,

Like "dog," or "rain," or "hoe."

Then Pronouns stand instead of Nouns,

Their usefulness you'll see,

Instead of often saying "John,"

We use the Pronoun, "he."

The Articles are little words,

And there are only three,

Before the Nouns they often stand,

They are "A," "An," and "The."

Then you will find the good old Verbs,

About the Nouns they tell.

What they may do, or feel, or be,

They show us very well.

The Adjectives describe the Nouns,

As "good boy," "pleasant night,"

The Adverbs show how things are done,

As "She sings well tonight."

The Prepositions, useful are

To show how Nouns may be

Related to some other Noun,

As, "John will stay to tea."

Conjunctions, always must connect

The sentences, or Nouns,

As "Jane and John drove out and saw

The cities and the towns."

With all these little parts of speech

Well settled in your mind.

To study grammar then, I think,

You'll surely feel inclined.

—By CLARA J. DENTON.





# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

## England.

The Catholic Herald and its associated papers have inaugurated a project to build one church in every diocese, or 24 churches, and in addition these papers will offer for two years an annual stipend of \$250 each to new missions thus established.

## France.

M. Bucaille, a Municipal Councillor of Paris, states in a pamphlet: of the six Saints raised to the altars of the Church in this year of jubilee, five belong to France. Of the nine venerable beatified in St. Peter's this year, five were French. Eighteen priests belonging to the nineteenth century have been proclaimed either Saints or Blessed or Venerable: of these half are French.

More than half of the students in the State Training college, where the future professors are educated, are professing Catholics. Out of 550 students at the Polytechnic College 400 approached the altar to make their Easter Communion.

In a quarter of a century more churches have been built than in

the preceding two centuries. In Paris, where during the hundred years of the concordat no more than 23 new parishes were erected, since the Separation in 1904, 33 have been erected. To these figures must be added some 58 chapels-of-ease.

Since Herriot began his persecution of the Church in France, the French Catholics have been more active than ever. So too in the United States since the K. K. K. started its movements against the Church there have been more conversions than in the past, and that mostly in the States where the Kluxers were most active, as f. i. in Oklahoma.

From November 26 to 28 a congress was held under the presidency of Cardinal Dubois to consider the recruiting of priests.

## Germany.

President Hindenburg has sent a telegram to the Clergy and Catholics who celebrated the 700th anniversary of the death of St. Engelbert, archbishop of Cologne, once administrator of the German Empire during the absence of Fred-



erick II in Italy, and later murdered by his nephew. Hindenburg eulogized the Saint as the great champion of German unity.

### Italy.

The Holy Father has fixed the feast of St. Teresa, the Little Flower, for October 1. St. Teresa's death took place on Sept. 30, and normally that date would have been declared her feast day. However, Sept. 30 is the feast day of St. Jerome, one of the great doctors of the Church and in order to avoid a conflict, the next day Oct. 1 was chosen.

The Holy Father Pius XI has decided to prolong the Holy Year celebration from December 24 to December 31, according to a Central News despatch from Rome. He sent 25,000 francs to Msgr. Breynat, Canada, for the establishment of a mission near the Great Slave Lake.

### Poland.

The Archimandrite of the Orthodox church of Vilna (Poland) was converted and admitted into the Catholic Church. Of course the schismatic authorities deposed and degraded him. Nevertheless 25 orthodox laymen followed his example. In the meantime the Uniate Catholics of Sub-Carpatian Russia are persecuted by Russian orthodox agents, said to be directed princi-

pally by an Orthodox archbishop irregularly ordained. These agents sometimes enter the churches of the Uniate Catholics and drive the people out with sticks. They also damage or even burn their crops fire shots through the windows of the priests' houses, set fire to houses and poison wells. So far they have succeeded by these methods in seizing 44 Uniate Churches.

### United States.

Without catholic schools, Catholic religion must decline. If the Catholic schools had an enrollment of 1,981,051 in 1920, this year the number is 2,500,000, which means \$140,620,872 expenses to be paid by the Catholics of the U.S. or about \$7 per Catholic capita. If the Filipino Catholics paid as much, per capita, there would be money enough to support all the schools of the Philippines (for the budget of the public schools in the P. I. is less than \$8,000,000) and there would be enough left to build hundreds of new schools every year.

In the U.S. there are 11,500,000 Negroes. Of these only 250,000 are Catholics. 5,000,000 are Methodists and Baptists. The rest are still pagans. The Catholic Board of Mission Work among the Colored People is taking steps to start an increased mission work among these Negroes who are indeed religiously inclined.

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**"Save a soul during your life and you have secured the salvation of your own"!**





# CURRENT EVENTS



## Philippines

### Politics.

It was published by a local paper that Senator Osmeña actually in Washington, working for the Filipino cause, sent a telegram to the Legislature asking for co-operation with the Governor General. Nevertheless, the non-co-operation spirit did not lessen, and not only were several bills passed which will certainly be vetoed by the Governor General, but also many appointments made by the Executive have been pigeon-holed. After the closing of the sessions of the Legislature came the news from the United States that Congressman Underhill would propose a bill before the American Legislature amending the Jones bill and asking to suppress the right of the Filipino Senate to approve or reject the nominations made by the Governor General. It seems that this Underhill bill has little chance of passing: this is also the opinion of Governor Wood who said he did not want such legislation in Washington.

It is not all harmony and peace in the great Nacionalista party. It is rumored that great differences exist between President Quezon and some of the minor leaders. But Mr. Quezon is a fine politician and he may, as in other difficult occasions, hoist again the olive branch over the great party.

It was only after long and sometimes vehement discussions that the resident Commissioners Isauro Gabaldon and Pedro Guevara were re-elected to

their posts in Washington. The greatest opposition came from the Senate against Mr. Guevara.

A bill was passed calling for a general plebiscite all over the Islands whereby all men and women of 21 years of age and who under the existing laws would be regular voters, will be called to the polls to express their political belief in the Independence of the country. They will be asked to vote a simple "yes" or "no" to the question: "Do you want immediate and absolute independence of the P. I.?" The bill may be vetoed by the Governor General and then the Filipino side will claim that fear of an overwhelming majority for independence is the reason of the veto, and the other side will say that the plebiscite would be exercised under pressure and ignorance.

After much discussion on the value of the Monroe Commission's report on the Filipino schools, the Senators have decided to look for themselves into the severe critics of the above mentioned commission and they will make a trip all over the Islands to investigate the schools.

In the meantime the Provincial Governors will visit Java from which they may bring back much valuable information, for there may be learned much from old Governor Foch, especially in the question of economy and efficiency in the administration of a country.

If the former Municipal Council of Manila has been much criticised for



continual division etc. the actual has begun its work pretty well, and one of the best measures it took was to forbid the display of obscene pictures in some commercial streets of Manila.

A local paper attributes this action to the "religiosity" of Mr. Tan, a Knight of Columbus, and the President of the Municipal Council, as if the moment a man has no religion he might allow what is immoral or as if it were not the duty of a man at the head of the Municipal Council to take the defense of those who have religion. Well done Mr. Tan!

### Economics.

All money in circulation in the P. I. amounts to ₱109,797,818.00 in paper, and ₱20,837,831.32 in silver, which makes ₱129,635,649.00 or about ₱10,000 per capita.

The Cebu cement plant which the Legislature first refused to sell and might new sell perhaps if reasonable offers were made, was adjudged by the Legislature ₱250,000 instead of ₱2,000,000 as asked by its administration.

The Filipino export is mostly to the United States, where the Filipino products enter without duty. But the American products are admitted free too into the P. I. This explains how the Philippines are the fifth most important export market for the United States.

This last month the export of cigars

and tobacco to the U. S. has been heavy (23,212,204 cigars). The hemp and lumber exporters were severely criticised by foreign markets because the quality of their goods did not correspond to the demand. Measures should be taken to prevent this, for it might do harm to Filipino export.

The grinding of sugar is in full swing, but the crop of this year will be less than that of last year, due to heavy rains at the time of planting the cane.

### Schools.

Of the total sum of the budget for public works (₱8,868,500) ₱1,038,000 are destined for improvements on public school buildings.

A bill was passed by which all insular teachers shall have to pass the civil service examination, even those teachers who were graduated from the Filipino Normal School. This last part of the measure was rebuked by many as it seems to manifest a lack of confidence in the highest pedagogical institution of the country.

According to the Board of medical examiners, the practice of both Christian Science and Spiritualism constitutes a violation of the medical law.

Governor General Wood signed the bill authorizing provincial and municipal governments to create pensionadoships not only in insular and special schools, but also in provincial, normal and high schools.

## Foreign

### Balkan States.

The old warlike hostility of the Balkan States of Europe has again been aroused to be highest pitch. Bulgarian soldiers attacked Greek civilians in their territory. Greek soldiers invaded Bulgaria and murdered a few Bulgarians. Greece sent an ultimatum

to Bulgaria and invaded her enemy's territory occupying a few towns. Then came the League of Nations and told both warring countries to stop their fight, under menace of severe measures. Both yielded to the League, whose authority has thus greatly increased by this success and there reigns again peace in the Balkans.... until the next clash.



## China.

Anarchy is spreading more and more thru China. In the South the soviet element has won a few victories against the party of the old order.

In the North the three leading generals: Shang-tso-lin of Manchuria, the Christian General and the defeated Wu-pei-fu entering again into the scene of action, are fighting each other. Shang retired to Manchuria once victorious, but deprived of the benefit of his battles and driven out of Peking by the former Warlord, has taken the reins of the Government. Wu seems to win more adherents. Scores of Russians help and direct the warring factions, but the antiforeign feelings of the armies have been given vent lately by a mutiny of Chinese soldiers against a detachment of Russians who left many killed on the field.

In the meantime the conference about the extraterritorial rights and for the revision of tariffs goes on but rather slowly, for nobody knows who really rules in the Celestial Republic or who may rule tomorrow.

## France.

France is in a critical position. The Government is at a loss to find means for paying its debts to the United States, and its ever increasing expenses. The franc has reached the low level of the Italian lira.

For the Moroccan war, the revolution in Syria, the maintenance of an army on the Rhine, the interests to be paid on internal loans, the fear of a capital levy (15% on all properties and capital during 15 years): all these have contributed to decrease the value of the franc. It is true: the Moroccan war is at a standstill, due to inclement weather, but nevertheless it requires

an army in northern Africa of about 100,000 men. These last days the Druse revolutionaries (an Arabian tribe) against France in Syria have overrun nearly the whole country and brought the French domination to within an occupation of only a few towns, in which the French detachments look as if they were besieged. The Druses are receiving sufficient help from Russia and are also actively supported by Turks and Arabians. General Sarrail, famous for his inactivity in Salonica during the world war, has been recalled from Syria, under suspicion that he had sacrificed uselessly thousands of lives in Damascus when he bombarded and destroyed part of this town. The English in view of the fact that their turn for being attacked by the Arabian element might come, have promised some help to the French in the near Orient. Nevertheless it is always a great disadvantage for the party at war when it has to fight, far from home against an enemy in his own country.

## Holland.

At the time of voting the annual budget, the parties opposed to the Catholics of Holland have attacked fiercely and refused to vote the sum necessary for the support of the Dutch ambassador at the Vatican. At this refusal the four Catholic Ministers of the Government resigned. Premier Collyn was asked by the Queen to rearrange the ministry. It will be difficult for any party to govern without the co-operation of the Catholic party, the strongest in the Dutch legislature. The enemies of the Catholic Church may soon have to bow before the staunch action of the Catholic Ministers.

---

**Crusaders!** If you can not save much, you can at least make serious efforts to get subscriptions for the "Little Apostle". Did you try this?



# QUESTION BOX

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

*Question No. 12. — 1) What are indulgences. 2) What is an indulgence of 300 days. 3) What is a plenary indulgence? (Question sent by a Catholic Igorrote).*

Ans. — An indulgence is in no way the remission of sin past, present, or future, nor does it forgive the eternal punishment due to mortal sin.

It forgives only temporal punishment.

Temporal punishment is a certain punishment due to sin after its guilt has been forgiven, because the penitent was not sorry enough for his sins when they were being forgiven in the Sacrament of Penance.

The Church has received from Christ all power on earth and in heaven, and "whatsoever she shall bind or loose on earth shall be bound or loosed also in Heaven", said Christ to His Church, giving Her thus all power to forgive sin under whatever conditions She proposes.

In the early days of the Church, some penitents who had committed certain great crimes, were ordered to do penances such as fasting on bread and water for a certain time etc. Only in certain cases, when delay would have been dangerous to the penitent, did the Church do away with those public penances, f. i. when a persecution was imminent, when death was near etc.

By doing such penances (which by the way kept Christians from committing the great sins for which they were imposed) no doubt the temporal punishment due to their sins was partly or entirely remitted.

Later on these public penances were suppressed and the Church attached this power of remitting temporal punishments to certain prayers or works of devotion, called indulgenced prayers to which are attached so many days' or years' of indulgences.

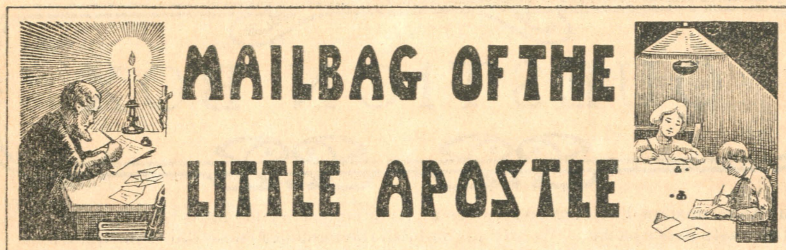
2) F. i. She said, that whosoever, in the state of Grace, would recite devoutly a certain prescribed prayer would gain an indulgence, let us say of 300 days. This means that in such a case the person who says that prayer with the required conditions may have as much of her or his temporal punishment remitted as if he or she had performed formerly a public penance during 300 days.

3) In other cases the Church attaches a plenary indulgence to certain prayers and works of devotion done in a state of Grace. If these conditions are fulfilled by a person, then all the temporal punishment due to his or her sins is forgiven. Thus a plenary indulgence is the forgiveness of all the temporal punishment due to forgiven sins.

---

Are you a Crusader of the Association of the Little Flower ?  
Don't forget the Self-Denial Week.





# MAILBAG OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE

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

Manila December 1, 1925

Dear Readers of the "Little Apostle",

I add my most sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas to those already expressed in our little Magazine. But not only do I make mine those wishes, but also the petitions, and I hope not a single Crusader will be a slacker from the very first year of the existence of our Association of the Little Flower.

The mailbag being reserved for correspondence, here follows the most precious message which ever reached the mailbag. I found it on my desk on a certain morning, hidden under other papers. It was in an open big strong envelope, of a golden color, as people on earth never use for correspondence. It had no stamps, which added to its mysterious appearance and excited the more my curiosity. Do you wish to read it? For it is really addressed to little children. I copy it exactly and keep the original for myself. Here it is.

Letter from the Infant Jesus.

Dear Children.

This is MY OWN SPECIAL SEASON, and I am asking you to spare a little money from the sum your generous parents will give you.

In the Mountain Province there are thousands of MY DEAR LITTLE ONES, and your own brothers and sisters, less fortunate than you, who will ignore MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

How can you help them?

Not alone by money, as the Little Flower, My great friend said, but by PRAYER, EARNEST PRAYER, ARDENT PRAYER, and TRUSTFUL PRAYER.

And your recompense during this life will be in proportion to your generosity to MY APPEAL. And I promise you a happy eternity surrounded by the circle of little Igorrote souls saved through your Charity.

.....

The letter has no signature, may be it is not the custom of signing letters in heaven. But isn't that a gentle lovely letter from the gentle lovely Babe of the Crib? Can you resist that pleading voice from heaven?

Some have given it already a generous hearing and if I may believe letters sent from earth, more will pretty soon send an earthly letter with heavenly help.

Miss Salvadora Bello, (there is a meaning in that family name, for her acts of generous help for the missions are so praiseworthy) writes the following:



Vigan etc.

Dear Reverend Father.

Last Oct. we celebrated the feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, the Patroness of our dear Academy. In the afternoon we gave a nice little program, but private, to which we invited only the few remaining old pupils of the Rosary Academy still in Vigan.

After the velada we made a collection for our Igorrote friends and here-with I send you the sum of ₱30.00, for the Legrand fund of the Bauco Mission. I am inclosing also ₱7.00 for 14 new crusaders.

In our classroom we have a box (is it a big one?) into which we drop now and then a few centavos. (Well done, dear pupils of The Rosary Academy).

During the month of December we promise to make sacrifices and put more into the box than we usually do because we will practise the "Self-denial week". Will you approve of it, Father, if we send these savings all

together, instead of each girl sending her own saving separately? (Of course. It is the best way: let the Promoters gather what their members have economized, and send the sum together with the list of the offerings to the "Little Apostle" in registered letter).

Your respectful child in Xt.

Salvadora Bello.

You see, the self-denial week will be a success at the Rosary college. But this does not mean that other colleges and schools, or other Promoters will let themselves be outdone in generosity towards so noble a cause. Now comes the time of the "God wills it" when the Pagans of the Mountain Province should receive generous help from their Christian brothers. Christ gave Himself for us at Christmas. Let us give something of ourselves to Him to bring souls to Heaven: let us give to God a "Christmas" to deserve and receive our own in due time.

Yours respectfully in Xt.

O. Vandewalle.

---

## Better Than Talking

The virtue of silence under trial is one of the rarest virtues and the most difficult to acquire; therefore, it is most pleasing to God, conducive to the strength and beauty of Christian character.

It is wisdom to say little concerning the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the back-biting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not

dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold.

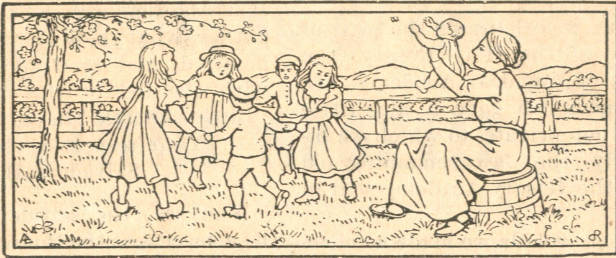
It is not hard to be good when you have love and sympathy and encouragement, but to be good when not one soul cares whether you live or die, when your kindest thoughts, your least selfish acts, your dearest sacrifices are treated alike with insult, cruelty and contempt, to be good then is the great accomplishment.

---

**Crusaders and Promoters! Now is the time, once a year, of showing your missionary spirit! Let your motto be during the self-denial week: "for God and heaven!"**



# For the Little Tots



## Pattie

*Pattie at the palace of Emperor Charles*

*(Continuation)*

**W**HEN Pattie arrived at the gates of the imperial palace, he met the Emperor in person who together with a stiff gentleman dressed in gold waited on him.

"Are you Patricius Makrol?"

"Yes, sir," said Pattie.... "Patricius Makrol....Pattie...."

"Pattie?"..... giggled the Emperor and he looked from the corner of his left eye towards the stiff gentleman in gold: "Ha, ha, those people from the provinces find names for their offspring with more poetry in them than one can find in all the books and volumes of...of..."

And he tried to find the name of a great poet, but he did not remember the great man's name....

"Pattie", continued the Emperor, "you are welcome....I am the Emperor".

This was the first meeting of Pattie and the Emperor.

The same day Pattie was dressed for his office at the palace. The Emperor had made him the court-nar, that is a kind of a harlequin whose duty is to make the Emperor laugh, for, a few days ago, the court-nar had died of mere sorrow.

Pattie was adorned in a pair of pants whose legs were of the swollen balloon style, one yellow and the other pink. His vest was of the tigrestyle; except that the stripes were of all possible colors. His stockings were white and his low-heeled shoes with points turned upwards were red. On Pattie's head stood a lovely golden cap like a pyramid, at whose pinnacle swung a tinkling little bell, near a long white goosefeather. In his hands he held a marotte, which is a small stick on top of which thrones a white-bearded little dwinde.

And when Pattie was completely metamorphised into a smart jester,



he was told by the tailor to have a look at himself in the big mirror to see how nice he was. Pattie looked and: "indeed, he said a nice dress....but I am glad my dear mother does not see me in such.... a vanity".

Being now the Emperor's buffoon, of course Pattie had to take his dinner with His Majesty and dining at the imperial table he had to drink wine and to eat cake and, yes, he uttered something about "sand and water and pastor and advice and stomach and humanity," but he ate heartily. After dinner Pattie had to meet all the princes and princesses of the court who were anxious to know their new jester. After two hours observation, a count found Pattie too clever; dame Salam-salam found him too stupid; the Prince of Saragosa said he was a savage; the Marques of Brederode said he was too well educated; one thought he was too tall, another that he was too small and all present had their most divergent opinions, which however they only whispered in each other's ears for fear of the Emperor, because each one saw well that the little buffoon was the pet of the great Emperor.

Only William the Silent, prince of Orange, when asked by the Emperor what he thought of the little Pattie, said what he meant and declared it frankly: "Majesty", he answered, "listen to Pattie's words... he will tell you openly what he thinks ...and what he thinks is—wise!....

Had it not been for the Emperor and his fatherly heart, Pattie after two weeks would have taken off his balloon trousers to return in his former Sunday dress to Lisseweghe... for....no.....that wasn't a life at the court. Pattie thought of his former joys at his village....to stroll thru the field together with Dorie in search of birds' nests....to climb upon the highest trees, higher than Johnie....to fish in company of Lewis.....and to play truant all four instead of drawing mannequins on their slate at school....that was a life.....that was grand!.....no, at the imperial court that wasn't a life.....he had always to be polite, always to be nicely washed and combed, always say "please" here and "please" there. Nay, he had once run barefooted thru the corridor of the palace and an old dame from Toledo put up her pimpled nose and said it was indeed "vulgar". Pattie would have thrown his marrotte at her grey wig, but.....no, that wasn't life at the court.

He had told the Emperor of his experience with that scarecrow from Toledo, but the Emperor had answered in a sorrowful voice that this was all "etiquette" which Pattie did not understand at all and thought it was..... vanity, and the Emperor said further that people do not always have everything according to their wishes, which Pattie understood very well.

So Pattie remained at the court for the sake of the Emperor.

That evening they sat together



in a smaller room: the Emperor and Pattie. The Emperor pushed his state documents and warpapers aside and Pattie laid his marrotte on a chair and leaning with his elbows on the table, he told the Emperor how Dorie had entered once the garden of farmer Pete to steal apples and instead of apples got pears from big Pete's long horsewhip..... and how Lewis had once painted his little sisters with charcoal, which his mother had to scratch off with soap and for which she soaped rudely her offspring John with a heavy slipper.

And the Emperor listened all ears and laughed and dreamed and he remembered how at Ghent he had once looked thru the window of his palace and had seen lots of little boys on the street who amused themselves by ringing the doorbells which aroused the maids of the houses and made them enter into a fit of anger to the greater joy of the giggling distant boys. And now the great Emperor looked at little Pattie's eyes:

"Pattie", he said, "what a happy lad you are!"

"And you?".....asked Pattie astonished.

The Emperor hummed..... he thought how foolish it must look to confess to a little buffoon...but...

"No, Pattie, I am not happy."

Pattie looked astonished and.....

"Let us go to Lisseweghe", he said, "you can buy the castle..... and....."

"To live in Lisseweghe?" laughed the Emperor, "and who will administer my countries?"

"Your ministers, I think" said Pattie, "and your son....."

"And could I say farewell to Brussels?—and to these lovely villages of Brabant?"

"There is a policeman in each village and a pastor too....Come on, come with me to Lisseweghe."

"Easily said, Pattie,..... easily said....."

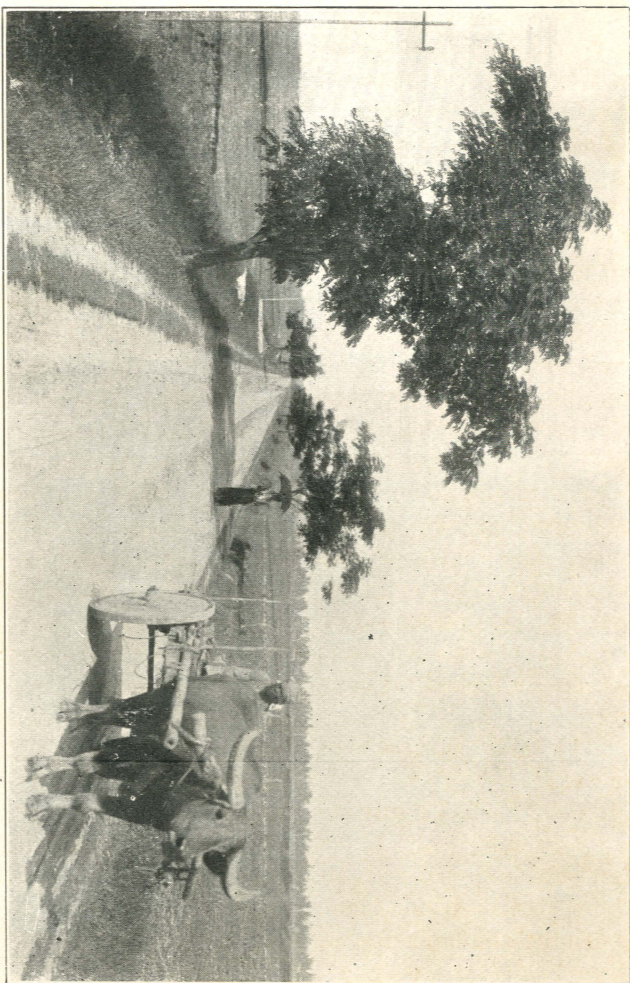
And after this conversation the great Emperor remained for two or three days morose and silent: his courtiers tried to guess the cause: was it against the king of France? Did he plan another war against the great Turk? Not at all! Even an Emperor is a mortal man with a human heart and an emperor's son would be happier could he leave now and then the palace and lurk for apples in another man's garden in company of Dorie and Johnie and Lewis, while playing truant, even at the danger of getting pears from Pete the farmer's long horsewhip....

*(To be continued).*



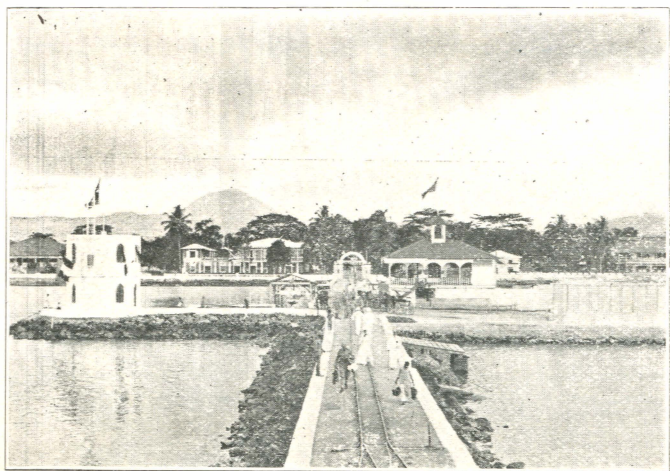
Are you a Promoter of the Crusaders of the Little Flower? Don't forget to give to the members of your circle the personal letters you will receive at the beginning of this month.



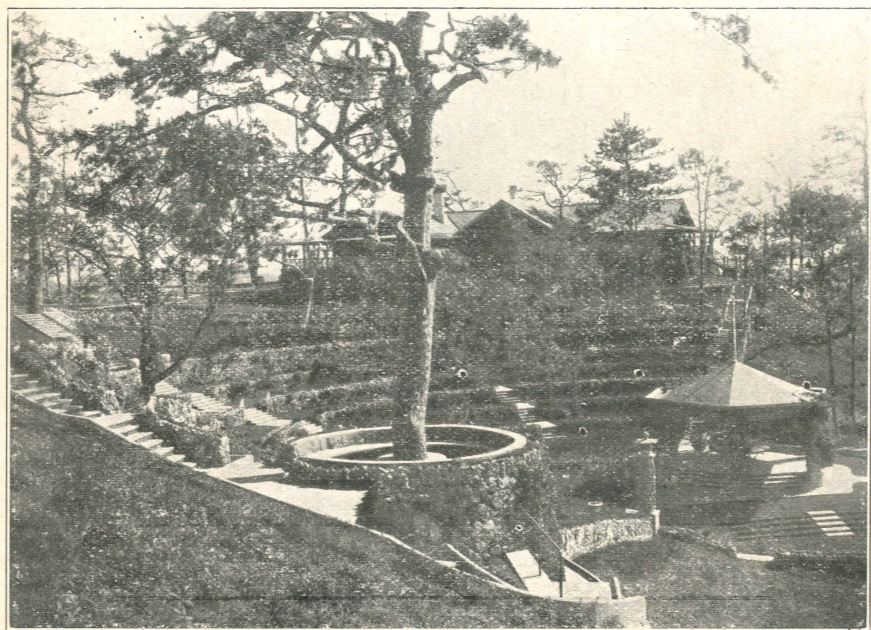


A typical Country scene



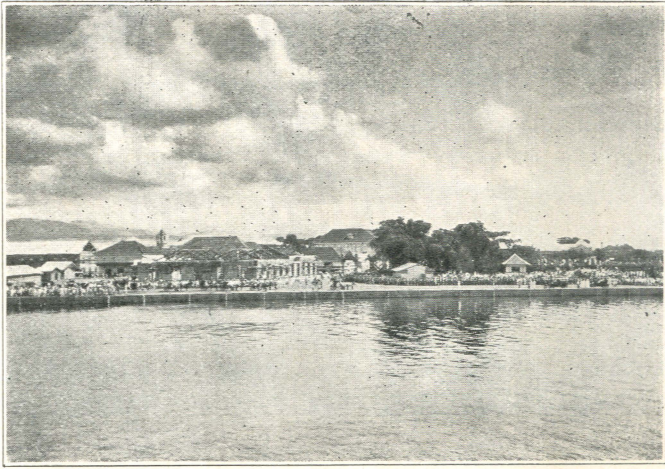


A view of Jolo, Sulu

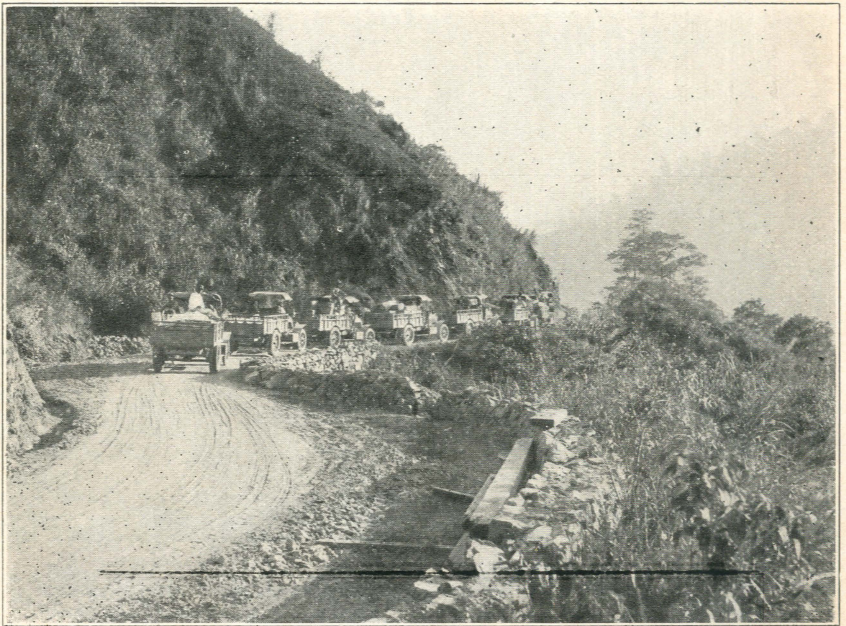


The Amphitheater, Baguio



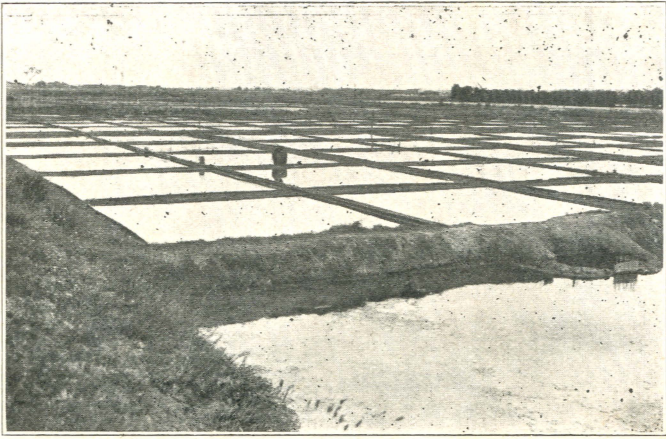


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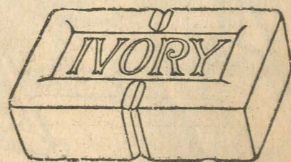
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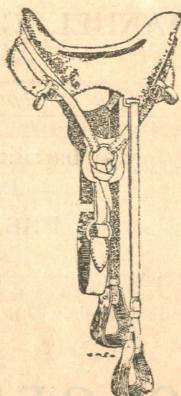
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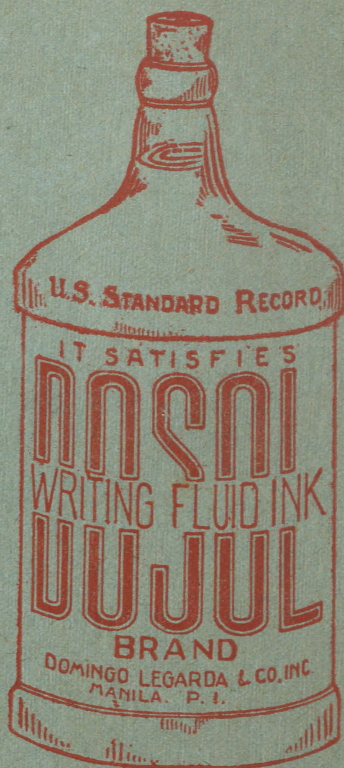
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