

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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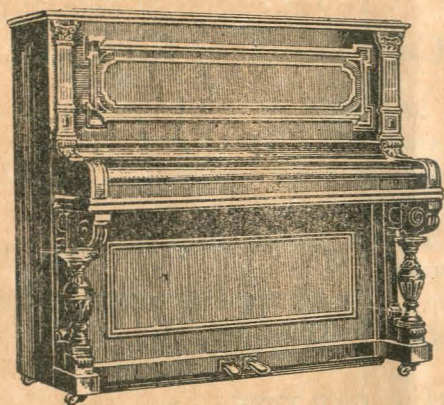
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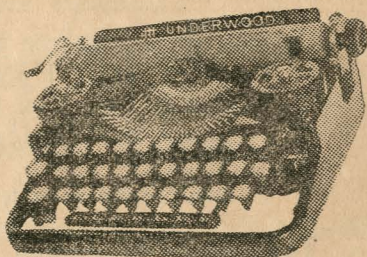
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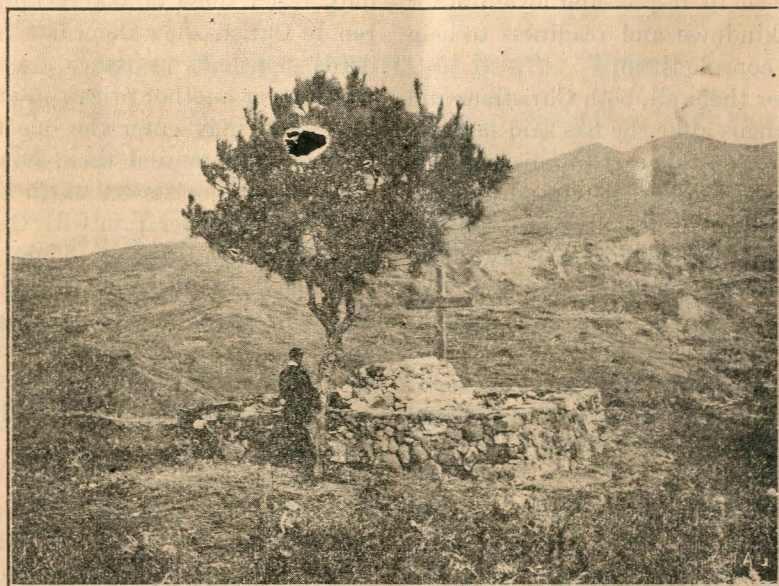
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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

For the Conversion of Bauco
Father Legrand gave up his life. -- What Shall we do?



HERE, on top of a wild mountain, surrounded by many graves of children who died after having been baptized by his hand, in the shadow of a lonely pine tree, under the arms of the hopeful cross, protected by a simple heap of rude stones,

gathered by his grateful poor children of the Bauco mission, lie the remains of dear Father Legrand, thousands of miles away from his beloved mother, brother and sister who, after their immense sorrow caused by the accidental death of their son and brother, will not have

the consolation of even once contemplating his grave.

Now and then a passing missionary will stop his horse on the way-side and climb this mountain to say a prayer at his grave. The few Christians of the mission will pay him a visit whenever they bring one of their dead to the cemetery and offer in gratitude a "Hail Mary" for the repose of his soul. The passing pagans will remember him as they go by, for after all, they had learned to respect and love him for his kindness and readiness to help and console them.

For them all, both Christians and heathens alike, he has said farewell forever on this earth to his country, friends, brother, sister and mother. For them he has lived in solitude and poverty and he has sacrificed all earthly comfort, nay his very life. And, Christian and pagan alike, they have built over the remains of their father and benefactor the mausoleum their poverty could afford; they have done what they could.

They have filled up the gap between them and the coffin of their missionary, but nevertheless at the same time a greater gap was opened, a deep precipice: they have become spiritual orphans, they lack a Father, a man of God who, as Father Legrand, would teach and guide them, to bring them out of the darkness of their paganism into the light of the Church and heaven.

Oh! if they had the means to support another missionary! But

they are so poor that most of them do not even possess the means to buy the most necessary clothes.

Who then will provide them with the priest they need and long for so much? Who will send them another zealous Priest like the deceased one? The inhabitants of Bauco are Filipinos like their 10,000,000 Catholic brethren of the "Pearl of the Orient". They live under the flag of 20,000,000 Catholic Americans.

Oh! if the "Little Apostle" could only reach these 30,000,000 brethren in Christ, show them how hundreds of pagans at Bauco are only waiting for another priest, in order that they may enter the one true Church, and remind them how no greater work exists on earth than that of the cooperation with Christ to convert pagans, no doubt but that the Legrand fund of ₱10,000 (\$5,000) would soon be collected and its interest would permit another Missionary to take the place of dear Father Legrand and continue his glorious work.

Catholics, who read the "Little Apostle", the pagans of Bauco have heaped upon the grave of Father Legrand a few stones of gratitude. Of you now they beg for what you can possibly spare and give for the resurrection of his missionwork. To some it will be easy: of their abundance they will gladly offer a little money. For others it will mean an act of selfdenial, the giving up of some pleasure. Nay, for others still it may mean the sacrifice of some necessary article. But to

all it will mean the happy satisfaction of having contributed to the christianization and the civilization of thousands. To all it will mean an act of admiration for a missionary and his work. To all it will bring the blessing and the reward of the Savior.

Rest, Father Legrand, rest in peace on the mountain of Bauco. Your work shall and must go on. Filipino and American Catholics a-

like are known for their Christian generosity. The fund for Bauco, your fund, will start, grow, swell and permit your successor very soon to take your place. From heaven pray for Bauco's benefactors, then too, you pray for your own, now abandoned work, and the success of the fund will console your poor and desconsolate orphans of Bauco, once YOUR mission.



Father M. Ghysebrechts, of Bontoc, Writes:

Bontoc, November 11, 1924

Dear Father Van de Walle,

Thanks to God, thanks to those who are praying for the conversion of Canew. Some days ago, Pedro, the only baptized adult at Canew, called at the Priest's house.

"Father, come to Canew, please, nearly everybody wants to be baptized, boys and girls, men and women, all are learning their "prayers".

I could not believe what Pedro was telling me, but as soon as I could cross the river, I went to Canew, it was the very first time after the construction of the chapel.

During two days I had not a moment's rest from daybreak till late in the evening: 65 persons presented themselves to recite their prayers, and nearly everybody knew them.

One boy, only 5 years old, named Cosme Chokhoen, recited all his prayers without a mistake, counting on his fingers the different sentences of each prayer.

Those who knew only a part of the prayers were grown up and married

persons. One of them, a little bit disappointed told me: "Father, we, married people, want to be baptized, but our head is as hard as a stone, we try to put the prayer into our head, and the prayer does not enter".

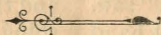
Every time I go to Canew, people ask me to send a catechist, the whole town asks for religious instruction.

I cannot neglect other places entrusted to my care, and once or twice a month only I can visit Canew. Roger Ikhid, the catechist of Tokokan, is helping me for the moment, but he can not make this sacrifice regularly.

But you, dear reader of "The Little Apostle", can help me. The children of God are asking the bread of God's divine word and there will be nobody to give it to them if you do not help me. Do not allow the divine harvest of those souls to be spoiled. I need ₱ 30 a month to send a catechist up there.

Who wants to help Jesus in saving souls? . . . during one day? . . . one week? . . . one month? . . .

Father Marcel Ghysebrechts.



The Death of Coba Matoday

It was on a Sunday morning of November. High Mass was just finished and the Christians of Bokod sat on their heels in small groups around the modest convent. One of them came to me and said :

—“Apo Padi, little Coba is sick, very sick; I thought she would die last night and she asked me to call you.”

—“All right, Anselmo, I shall go with you. Just a couple of minutes and I shall be with you, go ahead.”

Pio saddled my horse and in no time I overtook Anselmo at Salá-sa.

—“So, Anselmo, little Coba sank down pretty quickly?”

—“Last night Apo Padi, I thought she would not see the morning.”

—“I am going ahead, Anselmo.”

—“Yes, Apo, you may find her perhaps alive still.”

I whipped my pony . . . ahead I went and quickly over the stony trail that curves on the brink of the growling mountain torrent. Onward, pony! How he whined! stretched out, sweated. Ahead! I must arrive in time and down again fell the whip on the poor pony's back.

And soon I saw from the climbing trail Ping-ing-aan, yonder on the crest; at the right was Padai and at the next curve the rice paddies of Karaw . . . I could see already Matoday's shack in the far distance . . . After a while I could see the people in small groups around the house of the dying child.

After a few words with the neighbors I entered Matoday's hut accompanied by her brother.

—“How nice of you, Apo Padi, to have come to see me. I thought you would not have found me alive” said Coba, and she pressed my hot hand

between her cold thin fingers. I saw a tear roll down from her glassy eyes and after that another and another, and then she sobbed and sobbed so bitterly that my eyes too got wet.

Little Coba Matoday, the little mountain girl would die . . . long ago already she had felt her poor life slip away, little by little, but every day more and more, as the dying light of the setting sun behind the golden mountain crests.

It is a year ago since little Coba had become weak. She found it hard to walk. Then she felt a pain in her back, later on her limbs became stiff and so she had to lie down for months, her face turned towards the black-smoked wall, from which the white crucifix and the small statue of the Blessed Virgin spoke to Coba of hope and a better life in eternity.

—“Do you then feel really so sick, Coba, that you think you will die today?”

—“Ay, Apo, I am sick, very sick . . . anai . . . anai . . .” A painful sigh and a slow contorsion said more than words of the terrible martyrdom Coba was enduring. Her dim eyes foretold a premature death. “But I am not afraid to die, Apo. My little soul will go to Heaven; truly, eh, Apo? . . . and I shall see Our good Lord and the Blessed Virgin . . . and I shall be happy . . . very happy.”

And then Coba kept silence . . . what a silence in that quiet hut of Coba! Only the feverish breathing of little Coba interrupted the deathly stillness of the dark abode. She kept in her thin little fingers my trembling hand and I kept my eyes on hers, which now and then opened very wide to see something I could not see.

After a while again she sighed :
 "how good of you to have come!"

And I ?

I was glad I had come. I was happy to be at the side of a little Igorote child, so pious and now at the end of her road to Heaven. The little Coba was one of these privileged souls whom the Lord permits a while to blossom on earth as the Benguet lily of the mountain slopes. Her short life was gone, noiseless as the morning breeze among the pine trees of her village, peacefully as the twinkling stars before the rising sun

— "Apo Padi, I am not afraid to die" she had said and a heavenly smile covered her angelic face, when after a few moments the hand of death snatched her away from this world to bring her to God . . . When the angels welcomed her in paradise, her first word will have been the one she had often repeated during the days of her martyrdom : "sesemekentaka, Jesus-co" "my Jesus, I love Thee tenderly."

Such was the beautiful soul of Coba Matoday, an Igorote girl from Karaw, the village between Bokod and the high Kadassaan mountain ridge . . . Oh! what beautiful souls the Lord finds in the peaceful hamlets of the Benguet province . . . so many pure souls who love their God with childish simplicity, who at the first morning ray find in the half darkness their way to their small chapel and kneel respectfully on its rough wooden floor, who receive their Lord into their innocent heart and who, after the moments of thanks and prayer, climb the steep stony mountains, where in the paddies they work and slave the whole day long . . .

Oh! so many there are whose heart loves and praises God incessantly and who, exhausted after the heavy toil of the long day, can still find strength to murmur : "Salamat, Chiosko"

Thanks, my God, all for Thee.

I say, they are many, the beautiful souls God finds in the peaceful villages of the quiet Benguet province . . .

The little Coba was buried in the Catholic cemetery of Karaw. A small wooden cross spreads its arms over her earthly remains. On the grave blossom and shine the blueuban-ubaan and the silver ta-lec-tec flowers . . .

Perhaps a day will come, when somebody entering this cemetery may ask for the little Coba Matoday, and they will look for her grave under the high wild mountain grass, but it will be difficult to locate the exact spot . . . and later nobody will talk any more about Coba and nobody will remember that in this lost village of the mountains there lived once a pious and pure little girl, who said : "I am not afraid to die, my soul is going to Heaven", and who died smiling as an angel, which she was . . .

Oh! peaceful, quiet Benguet province, with your golden ricefields on the brink of your torrents, with your perfumed pineforests on your mountain slopes, with your black kadassaan groves on the highest peaks : how you look to me as the image of the eternal paradise. How many little souls have you sent already to Heaven . . . but alas! how many still are left in your villages who ignore the Creator of your beauty and peace!

But a day will come, nay, it must come, when from your countless little hamlets a song shall rise in unison to praise the one and true God, Who loves you so dearly . . .

Your children who were the first to be called by God into His glory are now praying and begging incessantly for the conversion of their fellow countrymen, the Igorotes of the Mountain Province.

Father Claerhoudt.

A Wonderful Example of True Devotedness to God and Country

GOOD example is the most efficacious means on earth for attracting all, especially young people, to good and even heroic deeds, while scandal is the greatest infernal power on earth to seduce these same young people to bad and even horrible acts of perdition. Good example, given or presented to us, is a great grace we receive from Heaven, and we ought always to thank God for it, and then try our best to follow or imitate it.

I wish to present to our young Readers of "The Little Apostle" the wonderful good example of a French girl, who loved her country with all her heart, and her Catholic Faith above all. Her name is Pauline-Marie Jaricot and, although being only a poor weak girl, she organized what is called the "Living Rosary" and founded that great charitable Society, you ought to know very well, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Pauline-Marie Jaricot was born at Lyons, France, on July 22, 1799, and died in the same city on January 9, 1862. This truly devoted daughter of France was only seventeen years old when she began to lead a life of exceptional abnegation and selfdenial, surrendering herself completely to a continual sacrifice for the welfare of her deeply beloved country and for the greater

extension of the Kingdom of God among all nations. On Christmas of 1816, Pauline consecrated herself for life long to the service of God, and made the perpetual vow of virginity.

Pauline was thoroughly French in heart and soul, and loved her country and countrymen so tenderly, that she did all she could to draw down upon them the blessing of Heaven and the special protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This pious Servant of God understood very well that the greatest service, one can render to one's country, is to impose on self real sacrifices, in order to atone for the sins committed therein, and to enkindle among one's countrymen active Christian Charity, which is the soul of a nation that deserves to be called civilized. In order to atone for the many sins of negligence and ingratitude committed against the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Pauline organized a Union of Prayers among poor and devoted girls, who were called: "Réparatrices du Sacré Coeur de Jésus Christ".

It was on the occasion of a visit to her married sister who lived in Saint Vallier (Drôme), that the pious servant of God succeeded in completely transforming the licentious life of a great number of poor girls who were working in the factory of her brother-in-law. Among

these converted girls together with the "Réparatrices", our zealous Pauline started the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; the first alms to help the work of Evangelization in the Foreign Missions were collected at the Union of Prayers and in the factory of her brother-in-law.

This systematical organization of collecting alms began already in the year 1819, when Pauline obtained from each one of her most intimate friends the service of acting as Promoters, who would enlist ten members willing to contribute weekly ten centavos for the Propagation of the Faith. One out of every ten Promoters gathered the alms collected by her co-Promoters; and, since the system was soon established in many other places, all the contributions were finally sent to the central treasury, from where they found their way to the Foreign Missions. This local organization extended itself from Diocese to Diocese, till it became a general Society for the entire great country of France.

Like all enterprises undertaken for the greater Glory of God, the work of Pauline-Marie Jaricot met with difficulties and opposition of all kinds on all sides, but overcoming them all with God's blessing, the Propagation of the Faith was officially recognized by the Holy Father on May 3, 1822, according to the plan and system of its pious foundress, Pauline-Marie Jaricot. And we can witness in our days

that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is the greatest charitable organization existing all over the Catholic World for supporting the Missionaries working in the Field Afar.

* * *

Conclusion. We know that all our young Readers of "The Little Apostle" are very pious and that they love their native country greatly. What Pauline-Marie did for France, you, my dearest friends, are able to do in some degree for your well beloved Philippines. "The Little Apostle" offers you the best of opportunities. Look out! Please, do not allow it to pass by! it would be too great a pity! Right now make your resolution. Write it clearly on a pretty little card, which you will fix above your bed beneath your Crucifix, so that you may read and renew it every morning, read and examine it every night. This ought to be your resolution: 1) "I will pray daily and deny myself at least once a day for the conversion of my countrymen, the poor non-christian Igorotes of the Mountain Province. 2) I will endeavor ALWAYS and EVERYWHERE to find subscribers for 'The Little Apostle', to make it be adopted by all Catholic families known to me."

All right! May God bless your young generous hearts a hundred-fold!

All for our beloved Philippines, and the Philippines for Jesus Christ! Is such your slogan?

The Psychology of the Filipino

By *Hon. Norberto Romualdez*

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands

(Continuation)

Hence for example, the verb *kain* (to eat), forms its future, past, and present tenses in this way:

This slide shows Rizal's rule for the formation of tenses:

ROOT:	<i>kain</i> (TO EAT)
FUTURE:	<i>ka-kain</i>
PAST:	<i>k-um-ain</i>
PRESENT:	<i>k-um-a-kain</i>

This is true with some ordinary regular verbs.

As to the voice of verbs, in many cases, we prefer using them in the passive rather than in the active voice. For example, we seldom say in Tagalog *akó ay kumikilala sa iyó*, nor in Bisayan *akó nakilala sa imo* (I know you), but we say in Tagalog and in Bisayan *nakikilala ko ikáw*, which translated literally is: *you are known by me*.

4. Phonetics

Another basic element to be considered in any language is the Phonics.

In general, the letters in the Filipino dialects have certain particular sound. The Spanish influence, however, and now the English, have made themselves felt in the Filipino Phonics.

As to the vowels, the *a* in its Spanish sound has suffered no change. The *e* and the *i*, as well as the *o* and the *u*, in their Spanish sounds, are being differently pronounced by the educated Filipino. But you must have observed that some Filipinos, for lack of occidental culture or phonics, confuse the *e* with the *i*. Hence, many say *Pidro* for Pedro; *very will* instead of *very well*. Some say *boyno* instead of *bueno*; *very god* for *very good*.

In the Filipino dialects there is a special vocal sound which is of guttural emission. This is necessary, to distinguish the meanings of certain words, as *bága* (live coal), *bagá* (lung), *baga* (swelling) *bagá* (it seems). *Tabí* (edge), *tabi* (with your permission). *Ópo* (white squash), *opó* (yes, sir, or yes, ma-

dam), *opo* (sit down).

As to the consonants, the English is somewhat similar to the Bisayan, as regards the aspirate *h*, as well as the nasal sounds. That is why, in respect to native sounds, an American who learns to speak any of the Filipino dialects, pronounces native words very much better than a Spaniard.

There are, however some Spanish sounds which some Filipinos find it hard to emit, such as the sound of *z* (zeta) in Spanish or *th* (hard) in English. Hence, some say *sapatos* instead of *zapatos* (shoes); *I sink*, instead of *I think*; *bos* instead of *both*. The same difficulty arises with the soft *th* in English. Some say *di man*, *I know dat*, *oldow* for *the man*, *I know that*, *although*. The correct pronunciation of the *f* or *ph* sound is also difficult for some Filipinos. They say *pip grade*, *Pilipines*, *prend*, instead of *fifth grade*, *Philippines*, *friend*. Neither is it easy for many of us to pronounce the *sh* correctly; we say sometimes *I wis* *I sal go*, for *I wish*, *I shall go*. The reason is that these sounds do not exist in Filipino phonetics.

I need not extend my examples to show these difficulties and errors of the Filipino in the pronunciation of English. Here I am a good example myself committing these errors and meeting with those difficulties, as is undoubtedly observed in my delivery of this lecture.

5. Prose and Poetry

Our prose presents nothing in

particular, except with respect to style, which, as I have said, is brief, following closely the oriental style. Interrogative sentences have special emphasis in the Filipino dialects to affirm a fact or support an assertion.

Rhetorical figures, proverbs and quotations, similes and comparisons, give much color, force and persuasive effect in Filipino prose. These characteristics are, as noted before, common to all Oriental literatures. We also partake, like the Chinese and Japanese, of that Oriental courtesy and modesty, which is a characteristic notably distinctive of Chinese letters, although we do not go as far as these Oriental neighbors of ours.

6. Poetical Forms

As to Filipino poetry, there is much to be said about our verses, their measures and rhymes, and about our epic or narrative, lyrical and dramatic poetry. These subjects require more time for discussion, so I shall only make some passing remarks.

Of the three main classes of poetry, to wit, epic, lyric, and dramatic, the lyric is the best preserved in the Filipino literature, in the form of popular songs. The epic is found in some fragmentary remnants of old epic songs, like the *saloma*, the tune of which will be given later. The dramatic is found in some works written by some native authors in the old, as well as in the present, times. It is also found in translations of Spanish dramas called *co-*

rridos, probably a corruption of the Spanish word *ocurridos*.

As to versification, rythm and rhyme are observed in Filipino poems. The rhyme is similar to that of the English verses in being more liberal than that of the Spanish verses.

As to the kinds of meter, there are two kinds most used in native poetry. They are: verses of 6 and 8 syllables, and verses of 12 syllables divided into two fragments of 6 syllables each.

This stanza from "Florante" is composed of 4 verses, each of which has 12 syllables, and is composed of 2 fragments of 6 syllables each:

*Sa iság madilím gubat na mapaglaw
dawag na matiník na walag pag-itan
halos naghihítap ag kay Febog silag
dumalaw sa loob na lubhag masúkal.*

(In a gloomy, mournful forest, an entanglement of thorny rattan, through which the beams of Phoebus can hardly penetrate, to visit its dense entrails)

The following Leyte-Samar Bisayan song is of the same type:

*Tugon ko sa imo, mahál nga inugay,
di ka gud padará san damo ga sagkay
an paglakat nimo gabáy magmahinay*

ga diri ha tukso, lumiskad san latay.

(I warn thee, my beloved friend, let not thyself be led astray by many friends. In thy walk, better go most slow, that thou shalt not be cast, and slip off the bridge)

The following Pampangan verses are of eight syllables:

Kg pamagaku mimigat

*dapat, nun burít mo, kagyat,
kekag tutuparan agád
ig kapagakuan diglat.*

(Avoid making promises, but if you make any, live up to it)

Some Ilokano verses are also of eight syllables, like the following:

*Di-ka agsasaot nakas-ag
ta-bagim met lat damkaam.*

(Do not use bad words, for you degrade yourself by them)

But the Magyans of Mindoro, are fond of verses of seven syllables, as observed in the following:

*Ako gagos ragragan
tunda dumgan sa pint'an
ako maambon way man.*

(Permit me that I be given to eat, like a guest at your door, and I will give thanks indeed)

Such is the case in the Bikol dialect as seen in these verses:

*Bagog dumtog na gikan
sa harayog banwaan*

(A new comer proceeding from distant places)

7. Filipino Alphabets

I shall now speak to you on the old Filipino writing, as the writing of a people is the only permanent element of every literature.

The people here, in ancient times were not so permanently settled, as in big continents. This Archipelago consists of many islands. The immigrants did not form here great kingdoms. The time they remained here undisturbed, was comparatively too short for making endeavors to leave to their posterity any permanent monument of their culture.

Stone was not used for buildings, as dwellings of light materials suited the climate better.

There was of course in ancient times some paleographic material; but these where pagan rites or ideas were contained, were destroyed by the missionaries as obstacles to the thorough christianization of the people.

All of this accounts for the fact that no paleographic monuments are found in this country, except some very scarce material. The ancient Filipino made inscriptions on wood, and also on living trees, but wood and living trees cannot be classed as permanent materials in this country where fire, dampness, earthquakes, volcanoes, and typhoons, are both frequent and destructive.

But through the industriousness of some Spanish missionaries and some secular writers, whose works were published in the 17th, 18th,

and 19th centuries, we now know the ancient Filipino Alphabet, which, otherwise, would have totally disappeared, due, first to the introduction of the arabic Alphabet by those Malays who came to the Islands after the introduction of Islamism in Malacca in the 14th century. This is the same alphabet that is found, up to the present time, in Mindanaw, to such an extent, that some people, not very conversant with Philippine History, take the Arabic Alphabet, which they find in Mindanaw, as the Ancient Filipino Alphabet, which assumption is not true. The ancient Filipino Alphabet would have been also almost totally lost and unknown to us, were it not for those industrious writers, because of the introduction by the Spanish Government of the Roman characters, which are now universally used in these Islands.

(To be continued.)

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity."

These words are from the pen of Daniel Webster and they are worthy of deep study. The work upon immortal souls must, of course, begin at home. When our own souls are properly formed, we may hope to be instrumental in forming the souls of others.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of those who signed the Declaration of American Independence, and a first cousin of America's first Archbishop, said shortly before his death:

"I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things this world can bestow—public approbation and applause; but what I look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself, is that I have practiced the duties of my religion."





CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

Justice in the Philippines.

It is an open secret that justice in the Philippines is slow, very slow. Cases may remain in court for years and years. Of course, this prolonged delay causes unnecessary expenses of court and lawyers, and often important losses in commerce and industry. In criminal cases, even when the guilty one is punished according to his crime, the sentence fails too often to produce one of its necessary effects: the fear of others committing the same crime.

But what adds to this deficiency in the courts is that lately an unusual great number of convicted have been pardoned after having served only a part, sometimes an insignificant part, of their jail sentence. Since January first until now more than 400, sentenced to jail, have been pardoned by the pardon board, and besides, the Governor General, too, pardoned some. Of course people who, in a hurry, or in a bit of passion, have committed a crime and have been sent to jail for a certain number of years, should be pardoned after a time on account of their good behavior, which may be a guarantee of their further good conduct.

But to pardon many after a few days of punishment, when they deserved an exceptionally long chastisement, may induce others to commit graft and others misdeeds with the hope that they, too, may be pardoned pretty soon and enjoy the fruit of their stealing.

It may have another consequence: if

the peaceful citizens see that criminals are pardoned on easy terms, seeing that it takes them often a small fortune to prosecute thieves, etc., they may easily conclude that after all it is not worth while to prosecute. Society will thus be greatly endangered by lack of prosecution and also by the great increase of criminals who know that most probably they will not be prosecuted at all, or, if they are, that they will pretty soon be free again.

For students.

Every year the Government sends a few students to the U. S. to continue or perfect their studies. This year twenty-nine were sent. It has been said that the lucky ones have sometimes been appointed for a scholarship not on account of their merits but thanks to certain favoritism. Why not appoint students to scholarships in other countries by a serious contest to be sure to have the best ones.

Do you know that each student of the public school costs the taxpayers in the Philippines about P25 a year? The Catholic schools do not receive a cent from the Government and nevertheless some 40,000 pupils are educated in these schools. How much per year do they consequently spare the Government and the taxpayers? However, note that the parents of those Catholic students pay for the students in the public schools, and many of these parents have to pay monthly fees for their own children. Is that just?

During the first semester of 1924-1925 about one thousand students, enrolled in the University of the Government, failed in their examinations or were otherwise set aside. Professors of the University lay the blame upon the schools this thousand students came from. Would it be a rash judgment to say that students at the University could study a little more, if they attended better to their studies and were not so often seen on the playground or at the many festivities? This means a great loss of time and causes further distractions, which prevent students from studying seriously.



Again it is heard that some public schools shall have to close, if further help of the Government is denied. This is the old song of every year, but ordinarily after much complaint, and perhaps after some delay, the schools are reopened and continue as before. The elementary schools in the Philippines cost the Government about P 9,000,000 a year. Another P9,000,000 are paid by the Provinces and the Municipalities.

Did you know

that the Philippines were damaged for

about P200,000 this year by storms? That the Philippines imported P1,000,000 worth of eggs from China during the first five months of the year, when the Philippines should export eggs? That Mr. Lozano, representative of Iloilo, did not miss a single meeting of the Legislature this year, while Mr. Montejo, representative of Leyte, did not attend a single one, although representatives, in addition to their salary, receive P10.00 a day during the session time, whether they attend the meetings or not? That from the provinces come reports of bumper crops of rice and sugar cane? That the total revenues collected by municipalities this year show an increase of P2,000,000 over last year? That, had the Democratic Party in the U. S. won at the last elections, the Philippines would have received immediate independence? That actually the U.S. Government listens to what Japan thinks about the Philippines' independence and to what England, France and Holland say about the same subject, seeing that the recognition of the Philippine independence might stir up the national spirit for independence of their colonies?

Students do not forget to try at least to find a new subscriber to the "Little Apostle". Send in the subscription price by registered mail. Beware of pickletters!

Foreign

England and Egypt.

A few years ago England granted more or less independence to Egypt: this was the result of long years struggle of the Egyptians for complete independence. It was clear however that England would never concede this last.

The dominion over Egypt means the dominion over the Suez canal, the gate-

way between Europe and the Far East, between England and the Indies and John Bull pretends still "to rule the waves". Nevertheless Egypt these last years more than ever insisted on her right to rule herself. Lately she boycotted the English merchandise. The English did not give up and so spirits on both sides ran higher and higher. A few weeks ago some soldiers of both

countries mixed in a fight. More recently Sir Lee Stack head of the English armies in Egypt, was assassinated. The British Government asked the exorbitant indemnity of P5,000,000, the withdrawal of all Egyptian troops from Sudan (southern part of Egypt) and other measures of protection for foreigners. At first the Egyptian Government refused, but a few British ships sent from Gibraltar to Cairo, English troops marching in the streets of the same town and some airplanes soaring high in the sky over the Nile Delta were sufficient to bring the Egyptians to their knees and, so far, peace seems to be reestablished and in the meantime "Britannia rules the waves" between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean and elsewhere.

Spain.

In 1912 Morocco was divided between Spain and France. For more than ten years Spain had nearly continuous trouble and fighting against the Moors of her Moroccan colony. This war was extremely unpopular in Spain. This was one of the reasons why General Primo de Rivera overthrew the civil Government. Nevertheless since then the Spanish reverses in Morocco continued. At the end of November Spain at last decided to evacuate the inner part of Morocco, keeping possession only of the northern coast.

China.

The civil war in China seems to be at an end, at least for a time. Wu Pei Fu has disappeared. San tsao lin has gone back to Manchuria, from where (at least he says so) he will cooperate with the civil Government of Peking which is master in the northern provinces but is far from dominating the southern parts. The end of the civil war caused the dismissal of many ex-bandit soldiers who consequently have returned to their old job. Already several Americans have been kidnapped

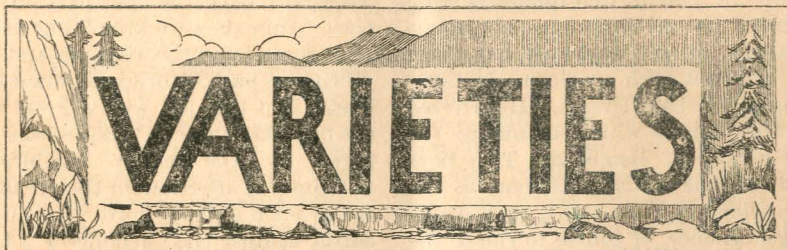
by bandits. They remember how formerly American captives paid a good ransom while other foreigners refused. This may be a reason why the bandits prefer American captives, for other foreigners instead of forwarding money make Chinese Government responsible for these depredations and this brings the bandits into serious trouble.

United States, Holland & the P. I.

A dispute has arisen between the United States and Holland over one of the 3,000 Philippine Islands, called Palmas, south of Mindanao. It seems to be an ideal place for opium smugglers between Borneo and Mindanao. A few Filipino constabulary on that island would help a good deal to do away with the opium traffic in the south. But Holland is in possession of the island, has been in it for a number of years, although once ousted out in 1906 by Governor General Wood, then Governor of Mindanao. But again Palmas returned to Holland. This question is now being examined at Washington and Hague.

The Far East.

Why does the United States propose to spend annually \$110,000,000, on her fleet the next twenty years? Lately Japan protested against the maneuvers of the American fleet in Hawaiian waters. A few days ago the American air-fleet started some exercises between Manila and Iloilo to see how from the air an invasion of the Philippines could be stopped. Japan decided these last months that all her students should receive military training. The king of England told the Britain legislature that Singapore should be made a fortification of first class. Holland voted 100,000,000 guilders to strengthen her fleet, mostly used around Java and Sumatra. Why all this? On the 17th of December Mr. Britten, of the U. S. Congress said "Japan was preparing for war". And what are the nations mentioned doing?



Bambang.

Eureka. A new religion has sprung up! Bambang had already three churches: but now it counts one more, or rather: "Christ" has come back and in a special way, this time to and for Bambang. A hysteric fellow from a barrio, calling himself "Christ" goes from house to house to preach. His doctrine seems a little jewish: "do'nt eat pork" he shouts, and "but for the boys and girls I would destroy the world" he adds (which is terrible) and to soothe a little his awe-inspiring menace, he bestows his blessings . . . upon the ricefields of his followers. But . . . who never made a mistake? it seems that his fruitless blessings have by mistake been showered upon the wrong rather than upon the right spot . . . and so, twice already, he has been called before the judge to answer for his unpardonable errors. Nevertheless until now his new messianic spirit did not abate.

Quiangan.

Last October the new chapel of Mungayan was inaugurated in the Ifugao mission. Mungayan is a village in the valley of the Ibulao river, about nine Kilometers from Quiangan, near the Quiangan-Banaue trail.

About two years ago, some women of that place were baptized. Just imagine: for a long time they had come to Quiangan for instruction in our Holy Religion and to attend Mass. The people asked for a chapel in their village and offered the best place on which

to build it, between the public school and the river, near the trail.

Last October. Father Moerman, in charge of the Ifugao mission, blessed the little chapel. Previously Mass had been said in Mungayan in one of the poor Ifugao shacks. At the occasion of this blessing, not only the baptized Ifugaos but even the Pagans of Mungayan attended Mass. How they watched everything! What an interest they took in the ceremonies! it was for most of them the very first time they saw a priest in sacred vestments, offering the divine sacrifice. How they gazed at the Christian marriage blessed by its lawful minister, God's priest. After Mass fifteen little children received the holy waters of Baptism. Finally a picture was taken of the whole congregation, consisting mostly of Pagans.

What a change this little chapel will bring among the inhabitants of Mungayan. If we could only have a school near the chapel! From headhunters the people would soon become peaceful farmers. In the meantime some angels will probably fly up from Mungayan to Heaven . . . for so many little ones die in Ifugao. Baptized, they will from Heaven pray for their parents and relatives as well as for their benefactors.

Long live the new Mungayan mission! But . . . when shall we have a catechist at the place?

Bambang.

Father Devesse, missionary of Bambang since 1913, after a vacation of

about one year in Belgium, where he attended the golden jubilee of his parents, has returned. Never has a person received such a welcome in Bambang as Father Devesse. He arrived on the heights which dominate the lovely town of Bambang. Two boys were on the watch. As soon as the missionary came in sight, they disappeared at once, of course to run to the town and announce the news. Father Devesse, unconscious of what was awaiting him, descended tranquilly the slope of the hill. All at once, from the cocogroves cracked and echoed innumerable shots of guns, deafened by the hurras of the hundreds of men who acclaimed the happy return of their father. A little farther waited a procession of little girls dressed in white, like angels. Nearly all the men and women of the town had come near in the meantime, forming a procession which must have looked much like that of the first Palm Sunday. Bambang is divided into three religious bodies: Catholic, Aglipayan and Protestant. But today Bambang was all one, and near the Catholic walked the Protestant as well as the Aglipayan. Today Bambang had only one heart: the heart of a child who welcomes its father after a long absence, happy to see him back again at home: for Father Devesse is an "Ibambang" (one of Bambang, one of the Bambang family). That this is true could be seen from the tears of joy which were shed by women and men alike and which caused Father Devesse to weep for joy also in union with his flock. Two brass bands, one Aglipayan enlivened the triumphal march to the church which was in its poor yet festive decoration. A *Te Deum* was sung. The Father, in a trembling voice, thanked his people and renewed his former pledge to sacrifice himself as usual for the material and spiritual welfare of the town.

This was only the first part of the feast. Animals were killed, big tables were spread and the welcome and the welcomers partook of an abundant banquet. But the joy was so great that the next day another banquet was prepared by the happy inhabitants, as a proof of affection for their Father. Bambang may have its antagonism against the Catholic Faith, nay even against the Father sometimes because he is the pastor of the Catholics. But this royal welcome given to Father Devesse shows clearly that friend and enemy appreciate alike the sacrifices, the devotedness, and the many other qualities of Father Devesse. May this union of all the people in welcoming the missionary in their midst manifest itself in the near future in an undivided union in the true church.

Bayombong.

Real famine rages in the northern part of the province of Nueva Viscaya, where it is not rare to see twenty, forty beggars in a group. Many are those who eat only once a day, and then what do they eat? It is heart-rending to see the miseries of the poor people. Of course the rate of sickness and death runs high among the people. The cause of the famine is not so much to be found in the deficiency of this year's ricecrops as in the exportation of rice into Isabela, and again the great number of immigrants who arrived this year and who had to live on the little rice left. As no help came from either Red Cross or Government, Father Jurgens of Bayombong went himself to Cabanatuan and bought all the rice he could, to relieve as much as his means permitted, the starving people. The famine will certainly last until the middle of January when finally the crops of rice can be harvested. May God bless the kind generosity of Father Jurgens.

The Wonderful Bamboo

It would be hard indeed, all but impossible, to name the tree or plant of nature's formation that is most valuable to man. Every need of his—fire, food, clothing, shelter, from cradle to coffin—is met by one or another of her forest creations. If we were called on to name one particularly, more useful than another, which would we select? And yet if there could be a competition, I think perhaps the Bamboo would come out 100 plus. To begin with, a whole house can be built of its wood, furniture and all, as is done in the Philippines. Walls, roof, doors, floors, ladders, tables, baskets, fishing-rods, bottles, plates,—all the details of a household are made of it. You can cover yourself with its woven leaves on a cool night, you can wear a mantle or hat or even dress of the same material, you can write a letter over to the Fireside on the paper made from its rough sheaths, you can sail in a boat behind bamboo masts as securely as under those of heart of oak. You can

make music from its flutes and violins, strings, pegs and all; you can use its hollow stalks for water pipes in your plumbing. If your fire goes out, you can start it quite easily again by rubbing two pieces of bamboo together a little vigorously. You can surround your garden with its fence of rails. You can put on your dining table (bamboo) a fine pickle of tender shoots. If there is anything else you can't think of to use it for, sit down and think it over and realize that it can do that too!

Now comes the other part of its story. It isn't a tree, it is classed with the Grasses, although it sometimes attains a height of 70 feet, but only in its native climes. It positively refuses to grow in the temperate zones unless it is accommodated with a greenhouse. It blooms twice in a century. When its second bloom is over seed appears, and our bamboo bows its tall head and dies.

The Sign of the Cross

Shortly after Columbus discovered America, missionaries were sent to the new land to convert the natives. In portions of South America, large numbers of Indians became Christians. While the missionaries alone were with them, they loved and respected the white men.

After a time, men came who cared little for God or the salvation of souls; they tried to obtain all the riches possible. These adventurers were so unkind and dishonest that soon the Indians began to hate the "Pale Faces," and it became dangerous for a white man to go near them.

A poor shipwrecked sailor found him-

self on the western coast of South America, surrounded by Indians, whose angry looks made him fear for his life. More and more fierce grew the looks of the Indians, until, at last, the man gave up all hope and began to prepare for death.

Bowing his head he made the Sign of the Cross, when, at once, a change came over the Indians. Instead of anger the Indians began to show joy, and the leader advanced, and, making the Sign of the Cross, took the white man by the hand saying, "Good man, son of the black gown." They kept him with them several months until a ship arrived and carried him home.

Fianza

(Continuation)

Who knows the inborn spirit of gambling of Igorotes, would think it to be an impossible task to eradicate the evil of gambling among these children of nature. Only Fianza would be able to do such and . . . he did it.

Truly, gambling had become a real plague among the Igorotes of Benguet. From far and near, from the province of Lepanto, gamblers found their way via Baguio to Itogon, to gamble. Poor and rich gambled and many lost the little or the much they had. Fianza himself gambled now and then, but it was only for pleasure, recreation, never for important quantities of money. Never did he play at night. He even scolded the poor who gambled and the rich who put too much at stake, but the evil continued.

Once during a feast, I said to Fianza: "that gambling must stop, Fianza. Give good example, let us call the old men and make a contract together never to gamble again, or if they do, let them be brought before you and then you judge them." Fianza approved the plan. Hundreds were present at the feast. A meeting of all men was called up just before dinner. The old and rich, all sat on their heels in a big circle around Fianza and myself. I spoke first. I explained them the many evils of gambling. Then I asked the influential people present to give their opinion and to take the pledge, never to gamble again in the future, or if they did, to be willing to appear before Fianza to accept an adequate punishment and even to bring others before him for the same purpose, if they had been caught, even though the guilty were their own son.

Fianza was the first to say he agreed to the contract and the pledge. After him all the other men of the Itogon

district took the pledge and promised solemnly to fight the bad custom by accusing those found guilty of gambling before Fianza. After this solemn pledge, Fianza stood up and shouted: "Now, listen, all of you! It is not a sin for me to gamble. Whenever I lose some money, it's nothing: I am rich. Gambling is for me a recreation. But that is not the same for you all. Which of you loses money in gambling, spends the money or the cow he needs to buy food and clothes for wife and children. Thus it is a sin for you to gamble and thus to cause the sorrow of your wife and children. I have told you this often and you did not believe me. The Father here asked me not to gamble any more and I promise here most solemnly to say farewell to my innocent recreation. And which of you here present shall gamble again in the future, shall be accused, be brought before me and be punished without mercy. Thus I declare: all those who shall be caught gambling shall pay a fine of 10 boards to be furnished or bought for the erection of the new school. Who is caught a second time shall furnish 20 boards etc. Now, do not think these are only mere words. Gambling **MUST STOP.**"

A little later a man came again from Lepanto to gamble. As soon as he heard what had happened, he turned his back on Itogon and left never to come back. I remember having received about one hundred boards for the new school . . . the inveterated custom of gambling had dwindled away forever among Fianza's countrymen of Itogon, thanks to Fianza's character.

Do not think he was a terrible, awe-inspiring tyrant. Quite the contrary. He was the most pleasant, the kindest, the most democratic man I ever met in the Mt. Province. Where Fianza was,

there was a lively conversation and a most hearty pleasure. Fianza, the "Bacnang", the king, was nearly always among the poorest. Friend of the poor, he took their defense whenever it was possible in any dispute. However, he would never have said a word against his conviction to please anybody. He disapproved roundly what was wrong and encouraged what was good and this in presence of the praised as well as before the disappointed. His mouth spoke the sentiments of his heart. He could even tell frankly the plain truth but without bitterness, and when he had finished the scolding he acted again as he ever did in a most friendly way.

Whenever I arrived at Dalupirip, I had never to ask whether Fianza was there or not. I could see it on the faces of the people, I could hear it in the air. If he was absent, a deadly silence reigned in the village. Never did I see Fianza take his meals alone. He took them seated on the same floor and at same low long table as the laborers and his servants took them. And when he saw in other towns how the rich ate alone and gave their servants and visitors to eat after they had finished, Fianza said: "this custom must hurt the poor."

Never was there a feast in the eastern Benguet without Fianza being invited and present: "that gives them pleasure, said Fianza: these people went to great expenses, let us go and attend their feast, that they may enjoy it." The arrival of Fianza at a feast brightened the eyes of all present: when he was present it meant a pleasant feast. Therefore, in order to be sure he would attend the feast, people before giving it, came to see Fianza after a journey of even two days, to ask him whether the day fixed for the feast would suit him or not. If a Pagan had fixed the date without knowing that it corresponded with a sun— or feastday of obligation, Fianza refused to attend the feast on that date, wherefore the date was soon changed: he had to be there, even if the date was to be transferred for two weeks and more. No, Fianza would not give up Mass on Sundays or Holydays for any feast in the world. A staunch catholic he was, not therefore a stern cold puritan; he was a most pleasant storyteller and between the twinkling of his fiery eyes he knew how to tease others in a most charitable and innocent way: which won him the affection of all.

(To be continued.)



A Good Alphabet

Attention at both work and play,
 Busy all the livelong day;
 Courteous at home and school.
 Diligent to keep the rule;
 Earnest in whate'er you do;
 Friendly with your classmates too,
 Generous of hand and heart,
 Honest in life's every part;
 Innocent of all that's mean,
 Jolly as a king or queen;
 Kind, when'er your footsteps roam,
 Loving to the ones at home;
 Merry in the sun and rain,
 Neat in dress, but never vain;

Orderly in desk and books;
 Patient in your thoughts and looks;
 Quiet when 'tis time to be,
 Ready others' needs to see;
 Steady in your every aim.
 Truthful, though it brings you
 shame;
 Utilising in the fight
 Vim and courage for the right;
 Willing others to befriend,
 'Xemplary to the end;
 Youthful till life's set of sun
 Zealous till success is won.



MAILBAG OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE



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

Ojo, Ojo, Ojo! News from the non-Visayan-speaking society.

Dear Reverend Father Vandewalle.

This morning (Dec. 8th) I read in the "Little Apostle" my own words and your nice little answers. Enclosed you will find our small contribution (P15). A part of it was collected from our old society of twelve members (Remember dear readers that these twelve old members promised to pay one centavo for each Visayan statement spoken. Thus try to figure out how many statements the little ladies of the old society have said during their chats), another from the new one of thirty six members (for what kind of statements these contributed, I do not know. Please, Miss Aldanese, inform the readers of the L. A.), another little sum from those who owned unmarked clothes (I avow that all this constitutes such a mess that it becomes impossible to find out how much the members of the old society have talked).

We had a retreat for three days (as silence is to be kept during such holy days, the L.A. suffered some loss, eh?) Rev. Father Kilbride C. SS. R. gave us touching sermons in Visayan (not being a member of the old society, he did not have to pay, otherwise the contribution would have made a whole sum). This morning we have been received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, some as children of Mary, and others as Aspirants. (May they

all persevere and remain true children of Mary, having at heart the extension of Her divine Son's reign on earth).

We hope to send you another sum by Christmas (the office for such transactions is always open at P. O. B. 1393 Manila, many thanks in advance).

All the children of St. Catherine's school send you their very best wishes for a merry Christmas and pray for the success of "The Little Apostle" (many thanks, and best wishes for the PROSPERITY OF THE THREE SOCIETIES).

Very respectfully yours,
Margarita Aldanese.

I received another nice little letter from a little Filipina Sister. She is a teacher of more than thirty tiny tots and she writes that the little ones bring her now and then their penny for the missions in the Mountain Province. How nice, is it not? Are these little Tots not real little patriots who are already doing their very best to erase from the map of the "Pearl of the Orient" that dark spot which reads "non-Christian Province." Please, Sister, when you say the prayers with these pure little children, say now and then: "let us pray now for the conversion of the pagan Igorotes."

What shall I say about the generosity of the children of the Catholic school of Gigaquit who contributed P17.50? There is a missionary spirit behind them and that Missionary is Miss Priscila L. Bejar, President of

the Catholic School Aid for Luzon. May God bless abundantly her activity.

A few days ago Miss Amparo Diaz gave me five pesos for the L. A. : a sum collected from pupils of the first year of St. Teresa's Academy, Manila, who had spoken spanish in the college, which is against the rule. Following the example of the non-visayan-speaking girls of St. Catherine's school, Carcar, the said first year decided to impose a fine upon all pupils of the class who speak spanish, the money to be given to the L. A. This new society will certainly beat the non-visayan-speaking, for, when girls or women speak spanish, they seem to make a hundred statements in a minute, sometimes three or four speaking at the same time. Say, Miss Diaz, do the offenders have to pay per statements? If so, your society will bring in a nice sum every month.

Last, but not least, a word of thanks to a most generous benefactress Miss E. M. from Manila. She did not send a fortune but nevertheless it was a real treasure : her Christmas pictures "to be distributed among the baptized little Igorotes." Little girls like their pictures. To give them away means a great sacrifice. Many thanks Miss M. and be sure that the pictures will be admired and cause many a good thought among the young Christians.

The L. A. will not publish the names of the benefactors. Some have complained, because other entities had bothered them asking for support of their good works; arguing that since they had given to the missions they should also contribute to such and such a good work. Only when requested shall the names of benefactors be mentioned in the L. A. and God who sees all things will reward them in secret.

Happy new year, dear readers. May God bless you all abundantly during the year 1925, and may some of your

Christian happiness redound in favor of the unhappy non Christians.

Yours respectfully,
Rev. O. Vandewalle.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

Blessed Little Flower's fund for the Bokod Mission.

From a friend to the L. Apostle A. N. E.	P2.00
From Miss C. W. St. Teresa's Academy	2.00
From Miss M. B.	2.00
From Miss H. D.	60.00
From Miss N. G.	20.00
Acknowledged before :	183.90
Total	269.90

Miss C. Col.	P8.00
Anonymous, Iloilo.	5.00
Rev. T. J. G.	2.00
Rev. E. G. H.	8.00
Anonymous, for a catechist at Mayaoyao.	30.00
Miss McC. for la Trinidad mission.	30.00
The Catholic School of Gigaquit.	17.50
M. Austin O. D.	18.00
Miss An. Led. Iloilo.	5.00
Miss Rose Mul.	2.00
Students of Grade VI. Holy Family Academy, Angeles, Pampanga.	10.00
Total	135.50

Father Legrand's Fund, Baucó

Miss Margarita Aldanese. P15.00
To all benefactors the most sincere thanks of the Missionaries of the Mountain Province.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of canceled stamps from :

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For the Little Tots



Two Near Eastern Detectives of Days of Yore

Alas! they died too soon. Would to God others of their stamp could live in the Philippines, for they would be hailed with oft-repeated "Cead mile fualthe" by many Far Easterns. The wrongs might be righted and the country would prosper spiritually and materially. The Religion taught by Jesus Christ, not by Jack, John etc. will do this for every country under the sun, moon and stars. Let us reflect for a moment.

The first one of my detectives or observers was a man wide awake (not his hat, but his head) with wide open eyes, keen ears and few words, in every way an observer. We have scores of observers, who see everything with crooked eyes, crooked minds, whose views and lights are like what candles give us, when compared with electric light. Imitators spring up by the hundred, initiators mighty few, if any.

I have not yet begun my simple narrative which, no doubt, you

know already, but no matter; for a thing repeated over a hundred and one times, will finish by being heard and heeded by the open-eared listeners and open-eyed lookers-on.

No 1 detective is of a poor negro, who explored the forests and woods in search of quadrupeds and bipeds and who never came home empty-handed, though often famished.

Alas! one day, on coming back to his little house in great haste, and having no few suspicions on his mind, on entering his hut, he found that his meat had been stolen. Instead of crying over his loss, he carefully examined his limited premises. ("Never cry over spilt milk"). Some white men appeared on the scene. He asked them if they had seen a short, old white man, with a short gun and a dog with no tail, only an improper fraction of one, consequently he was "bobtailed". They said: "Yes, about an hour ago". "He is the one who stole my meat" said the Negro,

"which way did he go?" Like a valiant soldier he pursued the robber and caught him. (Would it not be fine if the policemen in the P. I. could catch all the thieves?) On being asked how he knew that man so well, even though he had never seen him, he answered: "By using my eyes". (There are people who see more with their eyes down than up) Then he continued: "I knew he was of a low stature, for he piled up stones to stand on, so as to get at the meat. He was old, from the short steps he took, and he was a white man (not an impec-

cable man) for he turred out his toes when he walked. He stood his gun against a tree, and the mark left by the muzzle showed its length. The dog's prints showed it was small, for the mark made by the improper fraction of the full tail that did not exist, showed that it was born without the remainder, or three quarters of its tail".

This a true tale of a tail amongst other tales. I like this tale for it teaches me to open my eyes, to be an observer in more than one way, not a copier.

(To be continued)



Untiring Workers for the "Little Apostle"

Tell me what the Mite-Boxes say,
Ever filling night and day;
When we sleep and when we wake,
What a busy sound they make!
Never idle, never still,
Always working with a will.

* * *

What does "Little Apostle" say
Writing onward day and day?
Swift as birdies on the wing,
"Give and pray" oft does it sing.

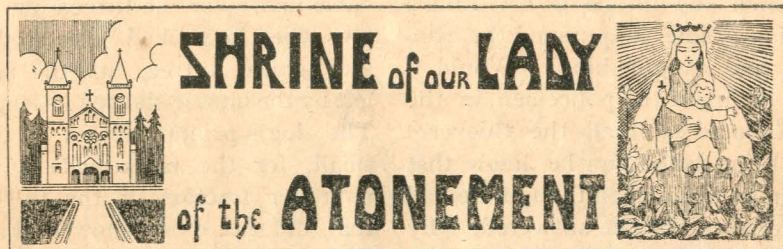
Never idle, never still
Always working with a will.

* * *

Like the mill, the brook, the bee,
May it oft be said of ye,
That you're always busy too,
For ther's work enough to do,
If ye work then with a will,
It will be but praying still;
Ever merry, never weary,
It will be but praying still.



Did you invite your friends to take a subscription to the "Little Apostle"? If not, do it now. Do it for God and for your country. Every subscription helps the cause of the conversion of the Igorotes.



The novena of the Atonement for the Month of January 1925, will begin on Saturday, January 3; for the month of February, on Saturday 7.

Those who wish to take part in the Novena are requested to send their intentions to

REV. FATHER FL. CARLU
CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT
BAGUIO, MT. PR , P. I.

The Special prayer for the Novena is as follows:

I salute thee, Holy Mary, Daughter of God the Father, and entreat thee to obtain for us a devotion like thine own to the most sweet Will of God.

I salute thee, Virgin Mother of God the Son, and entreat thee to obtain for us such union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus that our own hearts may burn with love of God and an ardent zeal

for the salvation of souls. I salute thee, Immaculate Spouse of God the Holy Ghost and entreat thee to obtain for us such yielding of ourselves to the Blessed Spirit, that He may in all things direct and rule our hearts and that we may never grieve Him in thought, or word, or deed.

At the moment of going to press, the following letter arrived. It comes from poor children, who send this Christmas to their even poorer brethren: a splendid example of Filipino generosity and true Christian charity, an example to be imitated and which no doubt will find many followers.

Holy Family Academy
 Angeles, Dec. 17, 1924.

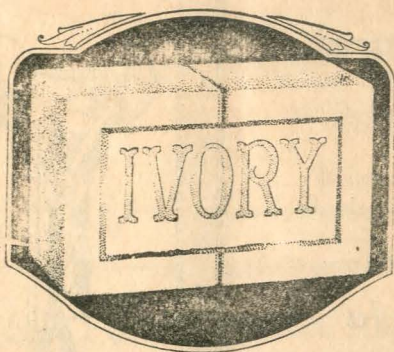
Rev. Father Provincial
 Home Sweet Home, Baguio, P. I.
 Rev. Father:

Since a few months we are acquainted with "The Little Apostle of the Mountain Province". Six of our classmates subscribed to it. The others could not afford to do the same. But we agreed to put now and then a few centavos into the Mite-box. Just now we have ten pesos (P10.00). Our teacher said it would be a fine Christmas

present for the poor Igorotes. Therefore we are sending you, Rev. Father, this little gift for our brethren in the Mountain Province. We are only twenty pupils, boys and girls and are poor ourselves. So we could not do more.

Dear Rev. Father, receive our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We remain respectfully yours
 The boys and girls of Grade VI
 of the Holy Family Academy.
 Angeles, Pampanga P. I.



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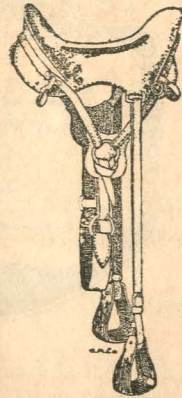
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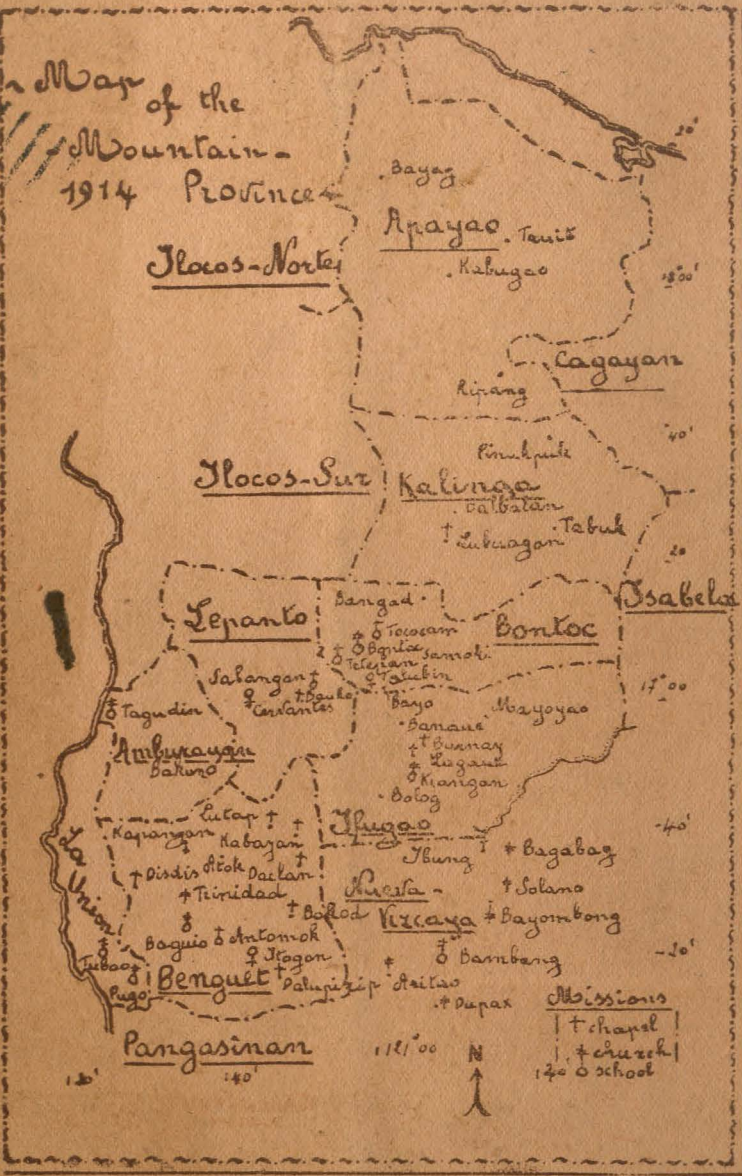
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Our Mission Field

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