

RELACIÓN DEL PRINCIPIO DE LA MISIÓN DE LOS MANDAYAS, HECHA POR MI, FR. PEDRO JIMÉNEZ, VICARIO DE FOTTOL Y CAPINATAN, COMO A QUIEN LE TOCA, POR HABÉRMELO MANDADO POR ORDENACIONES, POR SER FRONTERA DE ESTOS PUEBLOS, COMO OTROS MUCHOS PP. VICARIOS LA TIENEN, PARA PROCURAR LA REDUCCIÓN DE SUS VECINOS.¹

Estando en Lal-loc o la Nueva Segovia, recibí una carta del P. Prior, Fr. Juan de Santa María, y, entre otras cosas que me decía, venía esta proposición: "V. R. va a Fottol, frontera a los mandayas; trate de esa reducción, que yo le ayudaré en todas mis fuerzas".

Consulté esto con religiosos, y me dijeron tratase de descansar de los trabajos y pesadumbres pasadas, y no me metiese en nuevas pesadumbres.

Llegué a Fottol; hallélos pereciendo de hambre, y los de Capinatan. Preguntéles la causa; dijeron que eran los mandayas que no les dejaban beneficiar las tierras, ni guardar sus legumbres y mieses, y que no se podían menear ni apartar de la orilla del pueblo. "Y, para que veas esto, el año pasado, siendo Vicario de aquí el P. Fr. Alonso Cobelo, se entró a la fuerza de Capinatan, mataron (al medio día) a un español, y en el cuerpo de guardia de aquí mataron a otro indio, y por los cazadores han muerto y

¹ Empezóse año de 1683

herido a muchos; y testigo de esto sea el P. Vicario de Malaoeg, Fr. Alonso Cobelo que por acá ha dejado buen nombre, y a muchos tristes". En fin, no dice sino la verdad, a lo sencillez por su natural, honrado, verídico y libre.

Con esta relación de mis feligreses, quedé melancólico, y entré en consulta conmigo. Ofrecíanse las inmensas pesadumbres que seis años padecí en la Yrraya, el consejo de los dos Padres de que no metiese en nada, sino vegetar; temía la carne, y a veces me parecía bien. Luego entraba el escrúpulo, y me decía: "Si dos te aconsejan te des al ocio y descanso, otros muchos te aconsejan lo contrario, y el Padre Prior de Manila también; además que no te toca a ti el escoger la especie de persecución; que a Cristo Judas lo vendió, y hasta ahora no te han puesto en Cruz".

Estas y otras consideraciones me obligaron a decir: "Haré todo empeño por la reducción de estos mandayas que traen inquietas desde los Caraballos hasta Malaoeg, que es lo mismo que decir que los zambales traen inquietos o acosan desde Arayat hasta Pangasinán. Luego entré en considerar el modo o medio. No lo hallaba por lo cerrado que estaba, y nadie se atrevía a ir por embajador, ni ya tampoco me atrevía a enviar.

Supe en este tiempo como unos enemigos (aunque no eran los que yo deseaba reducir) iban a Malaoeg con título de trato. Escribí al P. Vicario de Malaoeg, Fr. Alonso Cobelo, que aquellos tres indios, si era posible, pasasen a los enemigos con aquella carta. Consultó el dicho P. Vicario con los enviados, y, hallando era temeridad, me respondió que mi carta la dio a los enemigos, y que los portadores se volvían, porque era temeridad enviarlos.

Estos tres indios que envié a Malaoeg, dada la carta, y que en todo caso llegase a manos de Diego Biguan, apóstata y bajo-nero antiguo de Capinatan, se concertaron con los enemigos de verse aquí cerca de Capinatan en un arroyo llamado Ytavi, y que les dirían el efecto de la carta. La carta contenía el que se acordase era cristiano, y que bien sabía había cielo e infierno, etc.

Llegóse el tiempo en que mis tristes embajadores se fueron a encontrar con los enemigos, a quienes dieron la carta. Encontráronse en el estero o arroyo llamado Ytavi, y por ruegos los trajeron al pueblo de Capinatan. Agasajélos, y el cabo y soldados

y todo el pueblo, y me dijeron: "Padre, la carta leyó Biguan el bajonero antiguo de Capinatan, y, acabada de leer, todo fue sollozos y llanto; y los indios le preguntaron que por qué lloraba. Dijo la causa, y cómo el Padre de Fottol le amonestaba lo que ya él sabía. Con esto quedaron confusos y suspensos; y hasta ahora, Padre, no hay más."

Con esto, bien aviados los enemigos, los despedí; y con ellos se fueron mis tres embajadores, fiados ya en la amistad, con algunas cosillas que les di, y el cabo les dio; y con carta para el apóstata bajonero Biguan y para otros, y que capitularan con mis tres enviados y dejaran las armas entre si y contra nosotros, y que procurasen verse conmigo, que de palabra les diría lo que en carta no se puede.

Llegaron los enemigos a su pueblo llamado Nabayugan y mis tres embajadores, cartas y regalo. Leídas por los que deseaba reducir, determinó un principal llamado Bayat (que ya es gobernador), a ir a verse en los embajadores al pueblo de Nabayugan. Fue, y con él cinco compañeros. Hablaron largo, y los embajadores dijeron de palabra mi intento.

Estando en esto, y con mucha alegría y gozo, un indio, llamado Litan, del mismo pueblo de Nabayugan, sacó de la fiesta y consulta a un compañero de Bayat, con título de agasajarlo, y en el camino lo mató por sus quejas antiguas. Bayat, viendo muerto a su compañero, se enfureció, diciendo en sustancia era esto contra el derecho de las gentes, y que ellos destruían la intención del Padre. Con que se fue, con intentos de tomar satisfacción por armas.

Los nabayuganes, sentidos de la traición de su vecino, lo anduvieron a buscar para matarle y, no dando con él, despacharon mis tres embajadores con orden me dijese la desgracia, y que otro día nos compondríamos; que ahora no era tiempo; que aguardaban a Bayat y a los demás que habían de ir a tomar satisfacción de la muerte.

Con esto, consulté a los indios el modo que tenían los mandayas en componerse en semejantes lances. Dijéronme: "Padre, lo ordinario es pelear; y los agraviados son muchos respecto de los nabayuganes, y han de tomar o procurar satisfacerse. Otro modo

tienen, que es componerse y pagar la muerte". A que dije: "Pues yo la pagaré, pues Dios pagó la mía". Luego al instante escribí cinco cartas, todas a Biguan, que las leyese a los que iban. Recibieron dos tibores de sal, agujas, peines y ciertas camisillas, y a los portadores regalaron trayéndolos de pueblo en pueblo, celebrando la generosidad del Padre y cabo, y asombrándose de que hubiese quien pagase deudas de otros, y los despidieron bien aviados, y que harían todo lo que yo quisiese, y que me bajarían a ver una legua de Capinatan, y el apóstata Biguan me escribió, no bajaría él de verguenza; que le perdonase y luego bajaría.

Subí al encuentro, y en este viaje tan corto se me perdió la embarcación. Salí en cueros a la media noche, y muchos se anegaron, y dormí con las mantas mojadas, aunque todos mis compañeros se escaparon de la avenida repentina.

Llegaron los enemigos, que eran sesenta. Estaban tímidos, y me avisaron no pasarían si yo no iba por ellos a la otra banda. Fui, habléles y agaséjé; y que, pues yo me fiaba de ellos, se fiasen de mí; que mis compañeros eran pocos y de Capinatan, y los más sus parientes y deseaban verlos, y la paz de todos. Con esto, todos bajaron; y dos días que estuve en aquella playa todo fue alegría y abrazos *ad invicem* de todos, y trocar camisas, bolos o machetes, y los que no tenían parientes, trataron de amistad. Con esto, me bajé y a Yringan y a Bayat conmigo y cuatro naturales más.

Yringan y Bayat dudaron de bajar, viendo lloraban sus hijos y vecinos, que se volvían a sus montes. Díjele a Yringan: "¿Para qué dudas de bajar a Capinatan?" "Padre", respondió, "habrá treinta años que, siendo vicario de Fottol y Capinatan el P. Muñoz, bajaron allá los principales, y a ellos y a sus compañeros cortaron las cabezas". Díjeles: "El P. Fr. Felipe Muñoz murió ya de vuelta a España, y sé muy bien no tuvo la culpa; que los Padres no pueden matar. Ahora, advertido, yo cuidaré de vosotros". Estuvo suspenso con esto, y de repente dijo: "Padre, yo me fio de tí, que ya te conocemos de oidas; allá vamos a morir, o a vivir". "A comer puercos y a regalaros iréis" (le respondí). Bajamos, y sus hijos y compañeros llorando.

Llegamos a Capinatan, y el cabo, o fuerza, nos hizo salva, y todos se alegraron. El cabo los llevó regalo y todo el pueblo. Bajaren a Fottol y Afulug, y todo fue bodas y alegría.

Subieron muy contentos, y con ellos algunos de Capinatan, a los cuales regalaron, y corrió la voz entre ellos de la afabilidad del cabo, y agasajo.

Y el apóstata Biguan me avisó otra vez que él de vergüenza por su apostasía no bajaba, que le perdonase y me vendría a ver. Enviéle un recado amoroso, y que no dudase del perdón.

Bajó este Diego Biguan, y en la balsa traía una banderilla, y escrito en ella: *Yo soy Diego Biguan, el apóstata y el más mal hombre al mundo, pues volví las espaldas a mi Criador y Señor; pido perdón de mis pecados por amor de Dios.*

No estaba yo en Capinatan, y se entró en la fuerza, y se echó por el suelo, besando los pies a todos los soldados, y con suspiros confesando sus pecados y pidiendo perdón de ellos. Bajó a verme a Fottol y se me echó a los pies, llorando y acusándose. Y esta humildad no la dejó, ni el llorar, oyendo las chirimías (acordábase había sido bajonero), hasta que murió, como diré adelante.

Con la subida de Biguan y sus compañeros se acabaron de confirmar en que no había traición, sino todo buen trato y deseo grande de que volviesen a fundar sus antiguos pueblos, Nuestra Señora del Pilar y su visita San Antonino.

En este tiempo iban y venían indios e indias, y en Malaoeg sucedió que un indio mató a un enemigo, y a dos de sus compañeros llevaron a la ciudad. El alcalde agasajó a los vivos y castigó al matador, y dio satisfacción. Yo estaba ignorante de esta muerte y tres enemigos bajaron a verme y a decirme y preguntarme "¿qué amistad era?" Satisfícelos con que no sabíamos nada. Le di los dos vivos y bien agasajados, y con un presentillo a su principal los remití a su pueblo, y dijeron como la intención de los Padres, alcalde y españoles era buena; que la desgracia fue una locura del de Malaoeg, la cual pagaba en el calabozo. Con esto se aquietó, y subían y bajaban como antes.

Y yo, deseando llevar algunos a Lal-loc, con el fin de que viendo el agasajo, a sí de los Padres como de los españoles, y viendo el mar, fuerza y piezas, y lo poco que hay que ver (que para ellos es mucho), hacía diligencias para ese fin, y que se les quitase el horror que tenían a los españoles en tantos años de guerra. Prometiéronme que sí; solo Darisan, que mató al espa-

ñol dentro de la fuerza, y aquí en Fottol a un indio en tiempo del P. Vicario de Malaog, Fr. Alonso Cobelo, temía; escribíle, enviéle un presente y amorosamente le decía que los españoles no sentían eso, sino traiciones, y que lo que hizo no fue traición sino valor, y que lo habían de premiar, y que creyese no había en mi otra cosa.

Creyó Darisan, y determinó bajar con todos los demás. Pero el diablo metió su montante para mas gloria de Dios. El caso fue un indio de acá abajo, de los que subían a sus negocios, estándose embarcando con todos para ir a Lal-loc, volvió a la casa de su huésped, y dicen echó las manos con descomposición a una enemiga. Su marido le dio una lanzada y le mató. Con esta muerte se detuvieron todos y se alborotaron, y fueron al pueblo del matador llamado Fibaga y, no hallando gente, le comieron los marranos y lo saquearon.

Después entraron en consulta, y el Biguan me remitió por tres enemigos una carta que refería la desgracia, y que fuese a toda prisa tropa para castigarlos. Los tres enemigos entraron con silencio y me despertaron; y, leída la carta y enterados del caso, comenzó el llanto en el pueblo; pero nada se descompuso en los tres, antes todos (como los dije) los agasajaron y le dieron las gracias por el aviso, y, bien aviados y con un regalo de mantillas para unas principalas, y sal, los despaché, y por carta al apóstata Biguan que por una desgracia entre dos no se había de menear la provincia, y que por uno no padecerán muchos, y que así descuidasen de eso y no se admirasen; que entre nosotros cada día se matan unos a otros, y que prosiguiesen su viaje; que los aguardaba en Capinatan.

Leída mi carta, recibido el regalo y convencidos de la razón, se alentaron y bajaron Yringan, Bayat, Biguan y Darisan, el que mató al español, que mostró en esto mas ánimo que no en meterse el medio día dentro de una fuerza de españoles, y otros y otras hasta veintidós personas.

Pasé con ellos a Aparri, y hallé allí al alcalde y escribano y al P. Fr. Bernardo López. El alcalde apadrinó al niño de Yringan, y se llamó Cristóbal Romero. Al nieto de Biguan, el secretario, y se llamó Nicolás Almazán. Agasajólos y honrólos, y a Yringan hizo maestro de campo; a Bayat, ex-gobernador; a Biguan, teni-

ente; a Darisan, sargento mayor, y a otros los demás oficios, y me dio su embarcación y subí con ellos a la ciudad, a donde fueron bien recibidos y agasajados, así de los Padres como de todos.

Yo me volví con ellos a Capinatan, a donde los alcanzó el Ilmo. Sr. Don Fr. Ginés de Barrientos, obispo de Troya. Allí confirmó a los dos chiquillos y a Biguan el apóstata, y les dio limosna, y tomó por escrito lo que dijeron, que fue que un principal de Ilocos del pueblo de Dingras decía a los de Calatug y sus vecinos que, si los cagayanes los apuraban, él les daría socorro, y este tratillo es la causa de su terquedad y el motivo que tiene para amenazarnos si admitimos ministro. El Sr. Obispo les dijo procuraría el remedio de tal desorden (que lo es sin duda), pues no hay razón sean amigos de Iloco y nos hagan guerra en Cagayan, con lo que de ella rescatan.

Quitado este trato, necesariamente se han de reducir sin trabajo, porque no tienen a donde buscar hierro y lo demás. Subiéronse los enemigos muy contentos y agradecidos, y muy ufanos ellos y ellas de haber visto la mar y lo que hay que ver en la ciudad.

Fue esta ida a la ciudad de mucha importancia, porque hablaron bien de los españoles y se les quitó el miedo y horror que les tenían, y se confirmaron más en los deseos de reducirse. De que se siguió que, juntándose los principales, consultaron sobre mi subida, si era o no acertado el que yo subiese solo, como quería, y sin bulla. Resolvieron que no, pues los de Calatug eran muchos, y sabían habían dicho que, si subía el Padre, lo habían de matar y a sus compañeros, y que mejor era pedir socorro al alcalde (pues nos lo prometió en Aparri) humillar estos Calatugueses, y humildes, sin recelo podremos fundar y juntarnos. Y, si no, harán lo que en tiempo del P. Fr. Martín Real de la Cruz, que nos juntó y poblamos, y los de Calatug nos alzaron, y hasta el día de hoy gozamos de sus guerras e inquietudes.

Estas y otras consideraciones les obligó a pedir socorro. Concediósela el alcalde, y, después de concedido, volvieron a enviar Biguan con dos principales para que de palabra instara el que fuera a toda prisa la tropa.

Pero sucedió que corría un catarro maligno, y en cinco días se llevó al apóstata Biguan. Pidió con grande instancia los santos

sacramentos, y, cogiendo un Santo Cristo, lo besaba y daba a besar, diciendo echasen agua bendita para que se fuesen unos hombres que le decían se fuese con ellos a beber. Parece eran los diablos. Le querían coger por donde los halla flacos, pero el les decía que no quería su vino o brebaje ni irse con ellos, sino con aquel Señor que le crió. Ordenó se bajasen del monte sus parientes. En fin, murió cofrade, y todos los españoles le asistieron y tuvo un entierro muy honrado, quedando todos dando gracias a Dios y con piadosas esperanzas que Dios llevó a este apóstata penitente no porque fuese tropa sino para reconciliarlo y llevárselo.

Este fue el fin de Don Diego Biguan, bajonero de Capinatan que habrá veintitrés años que en un asalto, que estos reducidos dieron, se lo llevaron, y, como no fue voluntaria su ida, Dios le tuvo misericordia; y quizás porque los enemigos que dieron el asalto tuvieron respeto al templo y casa del Padre, los llama Dios ahora, pues los cabeçillas del dicho robo (que robaron más de cien personas) son ahora Yringan, maestre de campo y Bayat, gobernador; y son los más fuertes.

Luego que los parientes de Biguan supieron su muerte, se bajaron a Capinatan a vivir de asiento, y entre ellos su madre de más de ochenta años, que yo la di todos los santos sacramentos, aunque escapó.

En este tiempo subían y bajaban sin temor, pero sucedió que el gobernador de Malaoeg escribió le habían dicho unos enemigos en Malaoeg que todo el trato que tenían conmigo era traición y que estaban concertados de matarme y a mis compañeros. El alcalde temió, y a toda prisa envió soldados a Capinatan para que a todos los enemigos los remitiesen a la ciudad. Pero sucedió que todos (que debían de ser treinta), el día antes llegase este orden (nosotros ignorantes de tal orden), los habíamos despachado y no había quedado mas del maestre de campo Yringan y una niña suya, que había detenido yo para que se fuese o subiese conmigo.

Con esta novedad llamé a los de la familia de Biguan, que dirían la verdad, pues acababan de bajar y para no volver. Dijeron era falso, y que no había mas duda que la causa por qué Biguan había ido a pedir tropa. Llamé también a Yringan y le dije lo

que pasaba, y me respondió: "Padre, ojalá me abrieras y vieras mi corazón! Yo, Padre, no estoy en los de los enemigos, ni sé a quien me he de fiar; verdad es que no sé nada ni temo mas a los de Calatug y su cordillera". Pero, en sustancia, me dijo: "Padre, yo no tengo por bien el que subas sin menos de cien personas, porque de eso no se sigue daño y te aseguras y nos aseguras, y, si llevas pocos, han de ir temblando y quizás no querrían ir. A los que fueren contigo les daremos de comer como a coadjutores, pues *dignus est mercenarius mercede sua*. Y, si por ir solo, te matan, me perderé yo y toda mi parcialidad, y, consiguientemente a todas estas almas, porque tomarán venganza los cristianos, y después no será posible el volver las cosas al estado que tienen".

Convencióme este hombre, y me pareció que había leído lo que declaró la Junta que el año de 1582 determinó acerca del modo que ha de haber para que se proceda justificadamente en la conversión de estas gentes. Hizo esta Junta el primer obispo de Filipinas, Don Fr. Domingo de Salazar; y lo que he leído es que es muy necesario para los tiempos y tierra, y gente de ahora, por ser en todo muy diferentes de los de la primitiva Iglesia, que se gobernaban por reyes y leyes y no como estas gentes, que los predicadores o misioneros lleven el recaudo o resguardo de gente, que para su guarda sea necesaria, y para guarda de los que se redujesen; no sea que por miedo o la dejen o no reciban la fe.

Esto es lo que he leído, que en mi poder tengo esta Junta.

Y a mi me parece bien (con ser tan rudo), porque, asentando que el religioso misionero va de paz y con amistad, ¿qué mas da que lleve ciento que doscientos coadjutores; y, a mas, van sin recelo de valerse de lo que la ley natural da, que es poderse defender y retirar en caso de disturbio?

No dudo que esta Junta estará en Manila, pues por acá no faltan traslados, y así a ella me remito, que hay muchas cosas para saber como se ha de portar un predicador, y por haber muchos leído por acá esto.

Algunos, o todos, me han tenido por temerario en subir como subí. Pero yo, cuando subí, hallé razones (no obstante lo que se decía de que me querían matar, y lo que añadió el maestre de campo Yringan) y lo que yo he leído de que en estas tierras vayan

con escolta los misioneros, y con una armada fue nuestro P. Provincial (juzgo se llamaba Martínez), a la Isla Hermosa; y Su Reverencia iba casi por cabo, habiendo antes ido a la Yrraya, y, compuesta, pasó a la Isla Hermosa, y era santo y letrado.

Todo esto me convence a que es necesario resguardo y que no contradice al ser y llamarse misionero. Y que no solo son los que con seis u ocho personas entran entre estos infieles, misioneros, sino antes imprudentes por apartarse del orden y del sentir de todos los hombres doctos y prudentes.

Y, volviendo a la historia, digo como determiné subir solo, y el cabo escribió al alcalde mayor de mi determinación, y yo al P. Vicario Provincial pidiendo su bendición y oraciones y que me subía como a Su Reverencia le parecía, convenía. Antes de subir, quiso el cabo impedirme la subida, por no haber aun recibido carta del Señor alcalde, y temor si me sucedía algo; pero rindióse a mis molestias y quedó contento con haberme protestado que los daños que viniesen, así sobre mí como sobre ocho indios que llevé y dos sacristanes fuesen sobre mí, y puso por testigos a toda la fuerza. Con esto subí, y en mi compañía el maestre de campo nuevo y apóstata llamado Lázaro Yringan y una niña, hija suya, que el P. Fr. Jaime del Munt,² mi compañero cristiano, llamada María del Rosario. A 13 de mayo de este año 1689 y domingo, después de misa, subí el río arriba, y en él encontré unos enemigos que sirvieron de mucho.

El día siguiente me alcanzó un soldado que a toda prisa envió el cabo. Preguntéle que a qué iba. Díjome: "El cabo nos dijo a todos que, pues ya había hecho un yerro, quería hacer otro; que si había alguno que se atreviese a llevar esta carta que contiene la muerte del P. Ruiz. Todos se excusaron, y excusaban, por el peligro, pero yo le dije "que no solo a llevarla sino a proseguir y ser compañero en todo lance de Vuestra Reverencia". Dijo no llevaba mas fin que el mío, y así le admití y subió conmigo. Llámase Bartolomé de Sosa.

Llegando al paraje de Nuestra Señora del Pilar, adonde, matando el presidio, se alzaron, teniendo respeto al P. Fr. Martín

² Aquí parece cortarse el sentido. Sin duda debe faltar alguna línea en la copia del siglo XVII, hecha al parecer por un amanuense filipino. (Nota del Editor)

Real de la Cruz y a las cosas sagradas, hice alto dos días, por aguardar a los de Nabayugan que envíe a llamar. Vinieron unos doce, y, temiendo pasar el río, me avisaron pasase yo a ellos con un compañero, y de la otra banda estaban. Pasé, habléles, y les dije que, pues yo me había fiado de ellos, se fiasen de mí y pasasen el río. Preguntáronme si había conmigo enemigos. Díjeles que cinco, y entre ellos Yringan, maestro de campo; que los demás los había enviado a avisar como subía, y que el principal enemigo suyo lo había despedido porque, llorando de rabia, dijo había de matar a uno de vosotros, y que por mi respeto no había ya tomado satisfacción de la muerte de su suegro. Pero que le dije acabaría de componer lo que casi estaba compuesto. Con esto, pasaron conmigo a la banda, y nos holgamos y se hicieron amigos de sus enemigos y concertaron de fundar con ellos, y aquella noche con un compañero mío y un enemigo de los que iban conmigo, se volvieron a la otra banda, habiéndoles dado un poco de sal, agujas y peines, y ellos me dieron un regalo de arroz y legumbres.

Por la mañana, pasé a despedirme y a confirmar los más en la amistad, y me dijeron que si estaba yo loco, pues con tan poco resguardo de gente me iba a meter entre los mandayas; que lo que corría era me habían de matar y a mis compañeros. Yo les di las gracias por el aviso, y que lo mismo corría por los pueblos de los cristianos, y aun los de Malaoeg lo escribieron al alcalde; pero que yo no creía nada, ni había causa para que yo temiese, ni ellos la tenían para matarnos, pues no les habíamos hecho nada sino mucho agasajo, y que si era por las guerras antiguas, a eso venía a echar tierra, y que se vaya uno por otro, y tratemos de ser amigos todos, y que yo no podía ya dejar de pasar. Despedíme de ellos, y fuimos subiendo el río arriba.

Al llegar a la antigua visita, llamada San Antonino, que también se alzo con la cabecera, se aparecieron de la banda tres indios con sus armas. El maestro de campo Yringan y su niña y los demás saltaron de la embarcación y fueron a prisa y con gran alegría la playa arriba a ponerse en frente de los tres. Mis compañeros comentaron mal esta alegría; yo la comenté favorable, y los animé diciéndoles: "No veis que ya están en su tierra, y naturalmente los mortales se alegran en su patria. Esta alegría es lo mismo que decir, "ahora veréis como os pagamos los agasajos que nos habéis hecho."

Los tres que se han aparecido vienen a encontrarnos, por saber que subo. Con esto, les volvió la sangre al cuerpo, y subimos y, llegando a donde estaban, a dos vueltas conocieron no había traición.

En esta ocasión pregunté a Yringan si podíamos llegar a su pueblo. Dijo que si, pero tarde, y que no quería llegar sino muy de mañana. A que le dije que temía el llegar tarde, que yo después de Dios iba fiado en su palabra, y que si nos querían matar, allí nos podían matar como en su pueblo. A que respondió; "Padre, hartas veces te he dicho que no convenía subieses solo; yo voy con miedo por la voz que ha corrido, y aun de mis íntimos no me fío, porque no sé su interior. Mi intención es dormir aquí y llegar a mi pueblo de mañana, y fortificar mi casa y defenderme con mis parientes de la conjuración (si la hay, como se dice)."

El día siguiente llegué a su pueblo, y mis compañeros, tímidos por ver mucha gente, no quieren pasar y estaban dando gritos a su usanza. Viéndolos tímidos, me embarqué yo, y el soldado Sosa también, y un enemigo nos bogó al modelo de los que pasan de la puerta de Santo Domingo a San Gabriel. Al llegar a la playa, levantaron el grito, y en suma fue todo. *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*; y de tropel me acompañaron hasta la casa de Yringan, besándome por todo el cuerpo, y algunos los zapatos. Con esto, mis turbados compañeros se alentaron y pasaron.

Era sábado, y al medio día ya tenían cercado la casa de Yringan con una estacada y empuyado, y hecha puerta y posta en ella, con orden que dio el maestre de campo Yringan que no entrase mas de los que él mandase a verme y sin armas, pero no sirvió de nada, porque atropelló la gente, y de todas partes vinieron y se metían por las ventanas a besarme el hábito y a verme, y todos traían su cornadito, unos arroz, otros otras cosas, piñas, plátanos, miel, camotes, ubis, gages, vinagre, ajos, frijoles, puercos, gallos y gallinas, con que mis compañeros engordaron famosamente.

El domingo dije misa con harto concurso de apóstatas, que lloraban acordándose de los antiguos tiempos, y dos chirimias alegraban el valle. Los infieles se reían, no por burla sino por la novedad.

En este tiempo me vinieron a ver los de Calaog, y otros sus vecinos, y no los dejaron entrar a verme; antes le cerraron la puerta, recibiendo con ceño y ásperas palabras, de que quedaron turbados. Son estos contra quien pidieron socorro al alcalde. No obstante, pedí los dejasen entrar en la casa; departí con ellos largamente; y, aunque vi no estaban duros, hallélos fríos, diciendo que ellos no querían sino trato con Cagayan, como lo tienen en Ilocos. A que les dije lo que les convenía que, pues eran los mas apóstatas, convenía volverse a reducir e incorporarse como antes con Cagayan, y paz y todo lo necesario con Ilocos.

Con esto se despidieron; y yo, viendo tal agasajo, respecto, reverencia y amor, dije al maestre de campo Yringan: "Pésame el que suba tropa; lo uno porque no están tan duros como juzgasteis cuando la pedisteis al alcalde. Lo otro, que ha de pasar por aquí la tropa, y se espantarán las mujeres, y no han de dejar de paso de hacer daño, y puede ser se eche a perder todo y no se haga nada. Pues los calatugueses están escondidos porque saben que pedisteis socorro".

Métiles en la cabeza escribiesen al alcalde. Escribieron y firmaron todos los más principales, suplicando al alcalde no enviase la tropa por ahora, que si por bien no se ablandaban, sino que los inquietaban, le pidiesen socorro, como se lo prometió en Aparri.

Despaché la carta y embajadores a los calatugueses, que tratasen de componerse y adunarse con sus vecinos, los cuales habían escrito en su favor, pidiendo no fuese tropa, y que agradeciesen esto, y que yo bajaría presto a interceder para que no subiese.

En este tiempo, cuando yo y mis compañeros estábamos tan alegres y regocijados de los mandayas, pues fue un continuo baile y convite a su modo, el alcalde estaba con gran cuidado, y despachó mandamientos, y se alistaron mil trescientos, lo uno por ayudar a los indios reducidos contra los calatugueses; lo otro por el cuidado que mi persona le daba.

Otros me bautizaban de temerario; otros que, si me sucedía desgracia, yo tenía la culpa, pues no me mandaron fuese sino que si quería ir (pero solo esto con los bogadores, dos sacristanes y cocinero) fuese. Yo fui, porque no se perdiese esta conversión

que *alias* redunda en gran paz de esta provincia; y así, fiado en la obediencia, me subí.

Remitida la carta, traté de bajarme (antes empadroné de los reducidos mil ciento diez personas sin otros tres pueblecillos, y no entran en esta cuenta los calatugueses que poco más o menos serán dos mil almas, que espero en Dios se reducirán). Al bajarme, me dieron tres niñas y dos niños para que acá abajo las adoctrinase y enseñen a tejer, y a los niños a leer. Al despedirme, conocí el amor que me habían cobrado, pues todo fue llanto, y a mi se me humedecieron los ojos. Acompañóme golpe de gente hasta donde estuvo el pueblo de Nuestra Señora del Pilar.

De allí bajé a Capinatan, y antes me anegué, y saliendo todo, y todos, y las niñas, pasé derecho a Abulug, secándose el habito en el cuerpo.

En Abulug encontré al capitán Figueroa con la tropa. Detúvelo, y le dije cómo los que pidieron la tropa, pedían ahora lo contrario, porque hay razones para mudar de consejo, y por no parecer la carta, certifiqué con juramento lo había leído y remitido. Consultó por despacho al alcalde, el cual respondió hiciesen Junta y que se arrimase a mi parecer, como señor de la montaña, pues bajaba de ella.

Dije lo que antes, y añadí otras graves razones, con que la gente volvió a sus casas, y el capitán y cabo a la ciudad, y yo despaché carta a los enemigos para que descuidasen y bajasen a verme.

Bajaron los mayores principales, y querían subir también los que el Rdo. trajo, pero no se la dí por ser número crecido y la embarcación muy mala; y, si sea necesario, juzgarán como aun párvulos tenían gran miedo. Diles de elefante (sic) una camisa a cada uno, cuando fueron a misa.

Volveré, *Deo volente*, para primeros de septiembre a dar principio al pueblo, que ya vi el paraje y tomé posesión de él en nombre de Nuestra Señora de la Peña de Francia. Esta es, mis Padres, la historia de los mandayas. Va sin retórica, pero verdadera, a que yo atiendo mas hasta el día de hoy, 8 de julio de 1685 años.

FR. PEDRO JIMÉNEZ.

The Mission To The Mandayas, 1685

Fray Pedro Jiménez, O.P.

Translated by William Henry Scott

Translator's Introduction

Dominican Fray Pedro Jiménez of Salamanca arrived in the Philippines in 1666 and was promptly assigned to Cagayan, which in those days included all of northwestern Luzon and the Babuyan Islands. After five years in Cabagan, the Babuyanes and Malaueg (now Rizal), he was sent to Fotel (Pudtol, Kalinga-Apayao), a day's journey up the Apayao River from Abulug, to restore the mission work among the Mandayas (Apayaos, or Isnags) there that had been abandoned following the Manzano uprising of 1660-1661.

The Apayao mission had had a stormy history since its founding 75 years before. It began when Fotel natives came down in 1608 to request a resident missionary following the first *conquistador* tribute-collection, and it expanded upstream to Capinatan six years later. The murder of its two resident friars in 1625 sent its converts back into the mountains, but they returned the following year when the work was reopened. Then in 1639, another uprising wiped out the garrison, killing 25 soldiers but sparing the priest, who was sent safely downstream with the church ornaments. Two priests were sent back to revive the work in 1645, and in 1657 Fotel was given responsibility for the

Babuyan mission as well. Then in 1661 or 1662, during the Christian persecutions connected with the revolt of Juan Manzano (or Magsanop) of Bangui — himself an "Igorot," most probably an Isneg of Calanasan — both Fotel and Capinatan were abandoned by their converts once more. It was ten years later that Father Jiménez arrived.

In less than two years, this energetic friar had constructed two stone churches in the wilds of the Apayao jungle whose ruins survived until the 20th century. But in 1678 he was reassigned to Cabagan, when he proceeded up the Cagayan River to found Itugud in Irraya, now Reina Mercedes, Isabela. In 1684, however, the Apayao missions were in trouble again and Father Jiménez was reassigned as Vicar of Fotel and Capinatan. The dramatic story of his adventures and his success in attracting the converts back to the Church is told in the present translation of his own words written on July 8, 1685. Then, in September of that same year, he proceeded up the Apayao River to found a third mission in what is now the sub-provincial capital of Kabugao, which was so successful that it became an independent station with three assistant priests in 1688. He was starting to build a church there, too, when failing health sent him to the Dominican hospital in Lal-lo, where he was permanently assigned in 1690. As soon as he regained his strength, however, he requested permission to try to restore the work he had started in Itugud, and there he died in the attempt on December 20, 1890.

Father Jiménez' *Relación del principio de la Misión de los Mandayas* is preserved in the Dominican archives in Manila, Division of MSS, Section CAGAYAN, Vol. 13, Document 4, Fols. 1-5, and Document 5, Fols. 50-70 (this last a modern copy of the first), with another copy at the Library of the University of Santo Tomas, Section of MICROFILMS, roll 129, Documents 4 and 5. Written by the chief protagonist of the events it describes immediately after they occurred, it provides intimate insights into Spanish missionary endeavour which are wanting from published accounts produced at a distance in time and space, and preserves many details of conditions in 18th-century northern Luzon which would otherwise be unknown. The people among whom Father Jiménez labored would now be called a cultural minority — if not outright savages — yet he himself evidently considered them Filipinos

that is, *indios*) whether converts, apostates or pagans, and although the account makes obvious the personal danger to which he exposed himself, it nowhere mentions the fact that the objects of his proselytizing were head-hunters. Dramatic evidence is presented *passim* of a volatile society quickly given to feuds and vengeance, and of the symbiotic relationship between political subjugation and Christian conversion. The fact that pagans in the Cagayan Valley made war against their neighbors with the support of Christian allies in Ilocos Norte comes as a surprise to the modern reader imbued as he is with the concept of highland-lowland isolation and enmity, and so does the Dominican friar's frequent recourse to what would nowadays be called a "Kalinga" peace-pact.

One of the clearest messages of the account is that Father Jiménez' own missionary tactics were largely successful. Contrary to standard procedure, he refused to be accompanied by troops or armed escorts and was consequently rewarded by attracting converts willing to risk their own lives to defend him and by crying crowds of followers pressing around to kiss his garments. Perhaps the only significant detail missing from the account is any reference to the personal asceticism which no doubt made it possible for Father Jiménez to accept so cheerfully the simple food and raw conditions of life in the Apayao jungle. Like a medieval monk, he rarely ate meat, and possessed only two garments. These he changed only once a month and in them he he often slept soaking wet on the floor of some Filipino hut — as he did the night before he died at the age of 50.

Translation

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MISSION TO THE MANDAYAS¹ WHICH I MADE, FRAY PEDRO JIMENEZ, VICAR OF FOTOL AND CAPINATAN, AS I WAS ORDERED, HAVING BEEN SO INSTRUCTED INASMUCH AS THEY WERE ON THE FRONTIER OF THESE TOWNS, JUST AS MANY OTHER FATHERS VICAR HAVE TO TRY TO WORK FOR THE CONVERSION OF THEIR NEIGHBORS.

¹ *Daya*, *laya* or *raya* means "upstream" in many Philippine languages; thus Mandaya, Ilaya and Irraya appear in various parts of the archipelago as "upstream" or "those upstream."

While I was in Lal-lo, or Nueva Segovia, I received a letter from the Father Prior, Fray Juan de Santa María, who, among other things, put forth this challenge: "Your Reverence is going to the Fitol frontier of the Mandayas; I have given much thought to their conversion so I will help you with all my power." I discussed this with other religious, and they told me to be content to rest from my past travails, and not to take on any new ones. When I arrived at Fitol, I found them perishing of hunger, as well as those of Capinatan. When I asked the cause, they said it was because the Mandayas would not let them work their lands or tend their vegetables or stray beyond the outskirts of the town. And that you may understand this, you should know that last year when Father Alonso Cobello was vicar here, one of them entered the fort at Capinatan and killed a Spaniard in broad daylight, and another, a Filipino, in the outpost here, and they have killed and wounded many of the hunters. The Father Vicar of Malaueg,² Fray Alonso Cobello, is witness to this, a man of good reputation here and much hard work — that is, he tells nothing but the simple truth and I have no reason to doubt his candidness, honesty, truthfulness and directness.³

When I heard this account from my parishioners, I felt melancholy, and began to think it over. I thought of those six years I suffered in Yrraya, and the advice of the two fathers that I should not get into any more of the same but rather take care of myself, and for a while it seemed to me that they were right. But then a sense of duty rose up to tell me, "If two advise you to take your rest and leisure, many others advice the contrary, and the Father Prior in Manila among them." I said to myself, "It isn't up to you to choose your own afflictions — Christ was sold by Judas but they haven't put you on the cross yet." These and other considerations forced me to say, "I will exert every effort for the conversion of these Mandayas, who are making trouble all the way from the Caraballos to Malaueg" — just like those Zambals who keep making trouble and depredations from

² Now Rizal, Cagayan.

³ The Rev. Fray Alonso Cobello reached the Philippines at the age of 26 and was assigned to the Cagayan mission in the Babuyan. In 1682 he became Vicar of Fitol, and was transferred to Malaueg in 1684, where he became ill the following year and died in Manila on September 16, 1685.

Arayat to Pangasinan.⁴ Then I started thinking about the means or method, but I could not hit on one because everything was so unknown, and nobody dared to go in as an ambassador, nor had I dared to send one up to that time.

Just then I learned that some Pagans — though not those I wanted to bring down — were going to Malaueg for purposes of trade, so I wrote to the Father Vicar of Malaueg, Fray Alonso Cobello, that those three Filipinos should proceed on to the Pagans with the letter if that were possible.⁵ The said Father Vicar discussed this with the Filipinos and found that it would be a bold undertaking; he replied to me and that he had given my letter to the Pagans but that the bearers were coming back because it was rash to send them in themselves. These three Filipinos whom I had sent to Malaueg with the letter, which I intended to reach the hands of Diego Biguan, apostate and former Precentor of Capinatan, by whatever means, arranged with the Pagans to meet here near Capinatan in a brook called Itawi and that they would give them the reply. What was in the letter was that he should remember he was a Christian and that he knew very well there was a Heaven and a Hell, etc.⁶

When the time came for my poor ambassadors to go to meet the Pagans to whom they had given my letter, they met them along the stream or creek called Itawi, and managed to bring them to the town of Capinatan by pleading with them. I received

⁴ The term *zambal* was applied in 17th-century documents not only to the natives of the modern province of Zambales, but to highlanders all over the central plain of Luzon — especially unsubjugated highlanders — and the Ilocanos called the Filipinos south of them “Zambals” as late as the 1790’s. The Zambal “trouble and depredations” referred to here are no doubt the interruption of Spanish land communications between Manila and Cagayan by head-hunters of Mount Arayat mentioned in a report to the King by the Archbishop of Manila in 1698 (see W. H. Scott, *The discovery of the Igorots* [Quezon City 1975], p. 70).

⁵ The word here translated “Pagans” appears in Father Jiménez’ text as *Enemigos*, but the context and the fact that he writes it with a capital letter make it clear he does not mean the word in a literal sense — as he does in such other phrases as “sus enemigos” and “el principal enemigo suyo.” Most probably he was himself translating the Ibanag term *kalinga* which means “enemy,” since that is what the Cagayan people called the mountaineers to the west of them in general.

⁶ Diego Biguan was evidently a native of Nabayugan trained in the old Capinatan mission in the 1640’s or ‘50’s as precentor, or cantor, in the church, who returned to the mountains following the Christian persecutions of the Manzano uprising of 1660-1661.

them and feasted them, and so did the Commander and the soldiers and the whole town, and they told me:

"Father, Biguan the Precentor of Capinatan read the letter, and when he finished reading it, he burst out in sobs and a flood of tears; and when the Filipinos asked him why he was crying, he told them the cause — that the Father of Fitol was admonishing him with what he already knew. So they were only confused and surprised, and until now, Father, there's nothing more to tell."

So I sent the Pagans off with careful instructions, and my three ambassadors with them, their friendship already formalized with some little things I give them and what the Commander gave them, and with a letter for the apostate Precentor Biguan, and gifts for the others, and word that they should enter into an agreement with my three Filipinos and lay down arms among themselves and against us, and that they should arrange to meet with me so that I might tell them face to face what could not be written in a letter.

The Pagans reached their town, called Nabayugan, and my three ambassadors with the gifts and letters, which were read by those whom I desired to convert. A chief named Bayat (who is now *gobernadorcillo*) decided to go the town of Nabayugan to meet with the ambassadors. So he went, together with five companions. They talked a long time and the ambassadors told them my intentions. But a Filipino named Litau of the town of Nabuyugan who was taking part in all this with great happiness and joy, took a companion of Bayat's away from the meeting and fiesta to entertain him, and killed him on the trail over an old quarrel. When Bayat saw his companion dead, he flew into a rage and said something like, "This is against the custom law, and it has undone the Father's intercession!" — and with that, he went away with the intention of taking revenge by arms. The Nabayugans, incensed by the treachery of their townmate, went out to catch him and kill him but could not find him so they sent my three ambassadors back with instructions to tell me about the accident and that we would have to make our pact some other time since there would be no opportunity now because they were waiting for Bayat and the others who were sure to take satisfaction for the death.

I therefore inquired of the Filipinos the method the Mandayas had for settling such cases, and they told me, "Father, ordinarily it is by fighting, and the aggrieved are many compared to the Nabayugans, and they will certainly take revenge — or try to. But they have another method, which is to agree together and pay the death off."

To this I replied, "So, then I will pay it off, for God will repay me later," and I sat right down and wrote five letters for Biguan to read to all those who came there. They accepted the two jars of salt, needles, combs and certain little things I sent, and regaled the bearers, taking them from town to town, praising the Father's generosity and the Commander's, and being amazed that anybody would pay off somebody else's debts, and they sent them off with the promise that they would do everything I wanted and come down to see me a league from Capinatan. But the apostate Biguan wrote me that he would not come down for shame — that I should pardon him first and then he would come down.

I set out for the meeting — though even on that short trip, lost the boat: many were thrown into the water and I came out of it stark naked in the middle of the night and slept under wet blankets, though all my companions survived the sudden surge of the current. Sixty Pagans arrived, but they were afraid and told me they would not proceed unless I went over to them on the other bank. I went over and talked to them and reassured them, saying that since I trusted them they should trust me, and that my companions were only a few and from Capinatan, mostly their own relatives, who wanted to see them and to have peace among everybody. So they all came down, and the two days I stayed on that riverbank everything was rejoicing and embraces *ad invicem*⁷ among them all, and they exchanged shirts and bolos or machetes, and those who didn't have relatives made friends. Thus I was able to bring down both Yringan and Bayat and four other Filipinos.

Yringan and Bayat had been hesitant about coming down at first, seeing their children and townmates crying that they should return to their mountains. I asked Yringan, "Why do you hesitate to go down to Capinatan?"

⁷ "Mutually."

"Father," he replied, "thirty years ago when Father Muñoz was Vicar of Fotel and Capinatan, the chiefs went down there, and they took their heads and their companions', too."

I told them, "Father Felipe Muñoz died on his return to Spain, and I am positive that it wasn't his fault for the fathers can't kill, and in this case I assure you I will be responsible for you."⁸

He still hesitated a while but then said suddenly, "Father, I trust you because we already know you by reputation. Let's go there — to live or to die."

"And to eat pigs and regale you and then you will believe it," I responded.

So we came down, with their children and companions still crying. When we reached Capinatan, the troop commander made them gifts and the whole town went down to Fotel and Abulug, and it was all like a wedding and a big party. They went back very happy and with some from Capinatan, whom they regaled, and word spread among them of the Commander's affability and kindness. But the apostate Biguan sent me word again that he would not come down for shame for his apostasy, so I sent him an affectionate message saying he could be sure of forgiveness. So this Diego Biguan came down, and on the raft he carried a banner that said, "I am Diego Biguan, the apostate, and the worst man in the world since I turned my back on my Creator and Lord; I beg pardon for my sins for love of God." I was not in Capinatan at the time but he entered the fort and threw himself on the ground and kissed the feet of all the soldiers with sighs and begged pardon from them. He came down to see me in Fotel, and threw himself at my feet, sobbing and accusing himself, and he never dropped this humility, or sobbing whenever he heard the flageolets — remembering how he had cantor — until he died, as will be recounted below.

When Biguan went back up with his companions, they were finally convinced there had been no treachery but rather all good

⁸ The Rev. Fray Felipe Muñoz was trained in the Dominican convent in Mexico City, and here appears to have been Vicar of Malaueg in 1656, but no other record of his Cagayan assignments has been located.

treatment and the sincere desire that they should re-establish their old towns of Nuestra Señora del Pilar and its out-station, San Antonino, once more.⁹ Men and women were coming and going freely again, when it happened that a Filipino killed a Pagan in Malaueg and they seized two of his companions and took them to the City.¹⁰ The Governor received the survivors graciously and punished the murder, and gave the victims satisfaction. I didn't know about this death when three Pagans came down to see me and talk about it and asked, "What kind of friendship is this?" I convinced them that we hadn't known anything about it, and presented the two survivors to them and entertained them and sent them to their town with a little gift for their chieftain, and they told how the Father's and the Spaniards' intentions were good, and that the misfortune had been a mad act by somebody from Malaueg who was now paying for it in jail. With this they were calmed down and started to go up and down again as before.

Myself, desiring to take some of them to Lal-lo with the idea that they would see my reception by the fathers as well as by the Spaniards, and see the sea, the fort and guns, and the little there is to see — though for them it is plenty — and that the fear they had of Spaniards for so many years of warfare should leave them, I made preparations to this end. They promised me they would go, except for Darisan who had killed the Spaniard inside the fort and the Filipino here in Fitol in Fray Alonso Cobello's time, the Vicar of Malaueg. I had to write him and sent a present, and told him cordially that the Spaniards didn't get angry about this sort of thing but about treachery and that what he had committed was not an act of treachery but of bravery and that they would certainly respect him for it, and that he should believe I had no other intentions at all. So this Filipino Darisan was persuaded and decided to come down with the rest.

But then the Devil unsheathed his sword against any more glory for God. What happened was that a Filipino from here, together with those who had gone up on their business, was in

⁹ The Mission of Nuestra Señora del Pilar was founded by Fray Gerónimo de Zamora, O.P., in 1632, the year after he restored the Fitol-Capitanan work which had ceased with the murders of Fray Alonso García and Brother Onofre Palao on June 8, 1625.

¹⁰ Lal-lo, Cagayan, then provincial capital and see city of the Bishopric of Nueva Segovia.

the boat with all of them for the trip to Lal-lo, when he went back to his host's house and, they say, improperly laid hands on a Pagan woman and her husband speared him and killed him. With this death, everybody stopped and got excited and went to the murderer's town called Tibaga [Dibagat?] and, not finding anybody, ate all his pigs and sacked the place. Then they held a meeting, and Biguan sent me a letter by three Pagans which told about the crime and requested that troops should go up at all speed to punish them. The three Pagans came in quietly and woke me up, and when the letter was read and its contents known, the wailing began in the town, but the three showed no sign of fear at all. They entertained them — as I told them to do — in front of everybody, and gave them thanks for the message, and I sent them off with careful instructions and a gift of blankets for some important women, and salt, and a letter to the apostate Biguan saying that the whole province shouldn't be stirred up just because of a quarrel between two people, and that many ought not suffer just for one, and that therefore they should forget this and not act so surprised that people kill each other every day, and that they should continue the journey. Then I waited for them in Capinatan.

After reading my letter, receiving the gift, and being persuaded by my arguments, Yringan, Bayat and Biguan were re-assured and came down — and Darisan, who had killed the Spaniard, demonstrating in this even greater courage than he had entering the fort full of Spaniards in broad daylight — and other men and women, 22 persons in all. I took them to Aparri, where I found the Governor and the Notary and the Reverend Fray Bernardo López. The Governor stood godparent for Yringan's nephew, who was named Cristóbal Romero, and the Secretary for Biguan's nephew, who was called Nicolás Almazán. They entertained and honored them, and made Yringan *Maestre de Campo*, Bayat *ex-Gobernador*, Biguan *Teniente*, Darisan *Mayor*, and the others the other offices. They loaned me their boat, and I took them up to the City, where they were well received and regaled, both by the fathers and by everybody else.

Then I went back with them to Capinatan where the Illustrious Señor Don Fray Ginés de Barrientos, Bishop of Troy, caught

up with them.¹¹ He confirmed the two little boys there and Biguan the Apostate, and gave them alms and took down in writing what they said — “It was a chieftain of Ilocos from the town of Dingras who told those Calatug people and their neighbors that if the Cagayanés bothered them he would give them help, and this agreement is the cause of their obstinacy and the reason they have for threatening us if we accept a minister.” The Bishop told them he would try to find a remedy for such an irregularity, which it doubtless is since it makes no sense for them to be friends in Ilocos and make war against us in Cagayan just for the little gain they would get out of it. If this relationship were cut off, they would surely be reduced without much trouble since they have nowhere else to get iron and other things.¹²

The Pagans went up very contented and grateful, both men and women being very proud for having seen the sea and what little there was to see in the City. This visit to the City was of great importance because afterwards they spoke well of the Spaniards and lost the fear and horror they had of them, and they were more confirmed in their desire to be converted. As a result, when the chiefs met together, they discussed the matter of my going up alone as I wished to do, without any fuss. They decided that I should not, since the Calatugs were many and they knew that they had said that if a priest came up the river, they would be sure to kill him and his companions, and so it would be better to ask escorts from the Governor, and teach those Calatugs a lesson. “Then we would be able to make missions and meet together without fear. Otherwise, they will do what they did in the time of Father Fray Martín Real de la

¹¹ Bishop Ginés Barrientos was Auxiliary Bishop of Manila under Archbishop Felipe Pardo, and a Dominican, though not a member of the Philippine Province.

¹² Calatug, or Calafuc, is in the Ripang-Conner area of southeastern Apayao where the ethnolinguistic boundary between the Isnég and Kalinga peoples is not clear. The area was considered enemy territory by the Apayao River Isnég in the 1740's, and the transcordilleran trade route to Ilocos survived to be described by Fray Manuel Mora in 1805 as follows:

“There is a route for Ilocos, not straight but making a sharp angle to the north — going straight would be shorter — and many embezzlers from Ilocos travel it from around Dingras. A Filipino of Malaueg told me that he had crossed it several times, that it was not possible to go direct but only by detours both to the right and to the left, but without contacting the Apayaos” (Julián Malumbres, *Historia de Cagayan* [Manila 1918], p. 345).

Cruz who lived among us, and we still are suffering from their wars and disturbances even now."¹³

The Governor agreed to it, and after getting his agreement, they came back to send Biguan personally, with two other chiefs, to urge the troops to come as quickly as possible. But it happened that an epidemic of malignant head colds was spreading [in Lal-lo], and in five days it took the apostate Biguan. He urgently asked for the Holy Sacraments, and, grasping a holy crucifix, kissed it and handed it to the others to kiss, and asked them to anoint him with holy water so some men would go away who were telling him he should come with them to drink. These, it seems, were some devils who wanted him to drink, but he told them he didn't want their wine or drinks, nor to go with them but rather with that Lord who had created him. He ordered his relatives to come down from the mountains. Finally he died, a brother [in the Faith], and all the Spaniards attended his funeral and he had a very honorable burial, leaving everybody giving thanks to God with pious hopes that God would accept this penitent apostate, not because he was one of the Host, but in order to reconcile him and raise him up.

Such was the end of Don Diego Biguan, Cantor of Capinatan, who had been carried off at the time of the attack 23 years ago, but, as these converts say, God had mercy on him because his departure was not voluntary. And maybe because the Pagans who made the raid had respect for the chapel and the priest's house, God is calling them now, for the ringleaders of that assault — which robbed more than a hundred persons — are now *Maestre de Campo* Yringan and *Gobernador* Bayat, and they are the strongest [in the Faith]¹⁴ As soon as Biguan's relatives learned of his death, they came down to Capinatan to settle per-

¹³ The Rev. Fray Martín Real de la Cruz of Santa Cruz de Carbareras, Cuenca, was assigned to Cagayan in 1629 and took charge of the Mandaya missions in 1635. During an uprising on March 6, 1639, which killed all the troops in the Capinatan fort, Fray Martín was spared: he was forewarned, put in a boat together with the church ornaments, and sent safely downstream. Two different accounts of the troop abuses which caused the revolt have been recorded, but what role the Calatugs played — if any — is not mentioned.

¹⁴ This raid must have been connected with, or soon followed, the revolt of Juan Manzano in December 1660 and January 1661, but evidently did not share the anti-Christian spirit of the movement which burned churches, killed three friars, and persecuted faithful Filipino converts.

manently, his mother of more than 80 years among them, to whom I administered all the Sacraments, though she later escaped.

Then, while people were going up and down the river without fear, it happened that the *Gobernador* of Malaueg wrote that some Pagans in Malaueg had told him that all the dealings they had had with me were treacherous and that they were agreed to kill me and my companions. The Governor was afraid and sent soldiers to Capinatan immediately to send all the Pagans to the City. But it happened that we had sent them all off, being ignorant of such an order, and there was nobody left except *Maestre de Campo* Yringan, whom I had detained so that he would go upstream with me, and one of his daughters.

With this turn of events, I called the members of Biguan's family, who would surely tell the truth because they had just come down to stay, and they said it was false, and that there could be no doubt inasmuch as Biguan himself had gone to ask for troops. I also called Yringan and told him what had happened, and he replied, "Father, God grant you to open my heart and look into it: I am not mixed up with those Pagans, Father, nor do I know whom I can trust; the truth is that I don't know anything — nor am I afraid of those Calatugs any more or their mountains." But he also told me, in effect:

"Father, I don't think it is good for you to go up with less than 100 persons for with them along no harm will follow and you can feel secure and so can we, but if you take only a few, they will have to go up trembling and maybe they won't be willing to go at all. We will give food to those who go with you just like our own comrades for *dignus est mercenarius mercede sua*.¹⁵ For if they kill you because you go up alone, I will be lost myself and my whole party, and then so will all these new souls because the Christians will take revenge and later it will be impossible to restore things to their present state."

Thus this Filipino persuaded me, and I seemed to recall having read what the council in the year 1582 declared about the means that could be justified for use in the conversion of these

¹⁵ "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

people.¹⁶ The first Bishop of the Philippines, Fray Domingo de Salazar, called the council, and what I have read is that it is absolutely necessary, considering the times and the land and people in the present situation, who are so very different from those in the days of the primitive Church who were governed by kings and laws as these barbarous people are not, that preachers or missionaries should take the guards or escorts needed to protect them, and guards for those who are to be converted, too, so that they will not turn back or fail to receive the Faith out of fear. This is what I have read from what I have here, and what they said seems good in my simple opinion — that is, that since it is taken for granted that a religious missionary goes forth in peace and friendship, it doesn't matter if he takes 100 or 200 helpers, or makes use of what is granted by Natural Law in order to proceed without fear, that is, self defense or retreat in case of an uprising.

Doubtless this opinion is to be found in Manila for there are plenty of copies around here, so I refer to it since there are so many open questions about how a preacher should conduct himself, and because most of the many who have read it here have called me too bold for going up the way I did. But when I went up, I had my reasons, despite what I said about their wanting to kill me and what *Maestre de Campo* Yringan added, and what I had read about how missionaries used to travel in these lands with an escort, and how our Father Provincial — I think he was called Martínez — actually traveled with a fleet, of which His Reverence was almost like its leader, and went to the Island of Formosa after having first gone to Irraya and pacified it, and he was a saintly and learned man.¹⁷ All this convinced me that an escort was needed and not contrary to the condition and calling of missionaries, and that not only may missionaries enter among these barbarians with six or seven persons, but that, indeed, it would be imprudent to depart from the orders and opinions of all the learned and wise man.

¹⁶ The complete text of the resolutions of this Council ("Suma de una junta que se hizo a manera de Concilio el año de 1582") has been published in fascimile in *Philippiniana Sacra*, Vol. 4, No. 12 (Sept.-Dec. 1969), pp. 431-537.

¹⁷ Governor Fernando de Silva sent an expedition to take Formosa in 1625-1626 and Dominican Provincial Fray Bartolomé Martínez went along

But — to return to the story — I say that since I had decided to go up alone, the Commander wrote to the Governor of my decision, and I to the Father Vicar Provincial before going up, asking for his blessing and prayers and, inasmuch as I was actually going, how he felt about it. The Commander wanted to stop me because of his fear that something might happen to me, but was finally overcome by my pestering him and by being satisfied by my declaration that any danger that might befall me or the eight Filipinos and two sacristans I was taking along would all be my own fault, for which I called the whole troop as witnesses. So I started up with the new *Maestre de Campo* and apostate, Lázaro Yringan, in company, and a daughter of his whom Father Fray Jaime del Menu, my Christian colleague, had named María del Rosario.

On Sunday, May 13, of this year of 1685, then, I went up the river after mass, and encountered some Pagans on the way who didn't pay much attention to us. The following day a soldier overtook me whom the Commander had sent out post-haste. I asked him the reason for his coming and he told me, "The Commander told us all that since he had already made one mistake he wanted to make another if there were somebody who would dare to carry this letter with the news of the death of Father Ruiz;¹⁸ everybody begged off, and they begged off because of the danger, but I told him I would not only deliver it but continue on and be your Reverence's companion, come what may." He said he had no purpose other than mine, and so I accepted him and he went up with me. He was called Bartolomé de Sosa.

Reaching the site of Nuestra Señora del Pilar (where they had revolted, killing the troops but respecting Father Fray Martín Real de la Cruz and the sacred objects), I spent another two days waiting for those I had sent for from Nabuyan. Some twelve came down but, being afraid to cross the river, they remained on the other bank and told me I should cross over to them with

with five priests, hoping to open mission work there. As a ploy to disguise the fleet's real objective, punitive raids were made up the Cagayan River to Irraya and up the Apayao to Capinatan.

¹⁸ The Commander is being ironic, of course; he means that since he was foolish enough to have permitted Father Jiménez to go up alone in the first place, he might as well be foolish again and send somebody else up alone.

one companion. I went over, talked to them, and told them that since I trusted them they should trust me and cross the river. They asked me if there were Pagans with me. I told them there were five, including *Maestre de Campo* Yringan, and that I had sent the rest to announce I was coming up, and that I had sent away their principal enemy because he had shouted out in anger that he would certainly kill one of them, and that he had not already taken revenge for the death of his father-in-law only out of respect for me, but that I had told him I was going to finish the pact that was already almost made. With this, they crossed back to the other bank with me, and we visited together and they made friends with their enemies and agreed to it with them, and that night they returned to the other side with one of my companions and one of the Pagans traveling with me, I having given them a little salt and some needles and combs, and they gave me a present of rice and vegetables.

In the morning I went over to bid them goodbye and confirm the friendship all the more. They asked if I were crazy that I had come with such a small group of people to intrude among the Mandayas who, the word was out, were determined to kill me and my companions. I gave them thanks for the advice, and told them that the same word was circulating in the towns of the Christians, and that in Malaueg they had even written it to the Governor, but that I did not believe there was anything to it nor was there, nor had anything happened to me to make me afraid or to them to make them want to kill me since we had done them nothing but kind deeds. Or if the problem was those old quarrels, that was just what I had come to settle, and to persuade them to come down for whatever reason and we would talk about all becoming friends together, and that I could not turn back now. Then I took my leave of them and we left and continued up the river.

Upon reaching the old out-station called San Antonino which had also rebelled the same time as the main mission, three Filipinos appeared on the bank, armed. *Maestre de Campo* Yringan, his daughter, and the others went ashore from the boat and rushed up the bank to greet the three with great joy. My companions murmured apprehensively about this joy, but I acted pleased and tried to reassure them by saying, "Don't you see —

they are now in their own territory and men are naturally happy in their own homeland; it's just as if they were telling us, 'Now you will see how we will repay the kindness you have shown us.'” The three who had appeared on the bank came down to greet us, and when my companions saw me start up, the blood began to flow in their veins again and we went up, and when we got near, they glanced around and saw there was no treachery.

I then asked Yringan if we could go as far as his own town, and he said yes, but later, that he didn't want to get there until early tomorrow morning. I asked him why we had to arrive later, that I trusted his word next to God's own word, and that if they really wanted to kill us, they could do it there just as well as in his town. To this he replied:

“Father, I have told you again and again that it wasn't wise for you to go up the river alone. I'm proceeding with caution because of the rumor that's going around, and I don't even trust those close to me because I don't really know what's in their hearts. My plan is to sleep here and arrive in my town early in the morning and barricade my house and defend it with my relatives against the plot — if indeed there is one as has been reported.”

The following day we reached his town, but my companions were frightened to see so many people and didn't want to proceed for they were giving shouts in their manner. Seeing they were afraid, I stopped, and so did the soldier Sosa, and a Pagan rowed us in like those going from the door of Santo Domingo to San Gabriel.¹⁹ As soon as we reached the bank, they started to shout but it turned out to be all a matter of *Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini*,²⁰ and they accompanied me in a throng to Yringan's house, kissing me all over my body and some my shoes. With this, my distraught companions started to breath again and proceeded.

¹⁹ Santo Domingo was the Dominican convent in the northeastern corner of the old Walled City, near the present site of Letran College, and San Gabriel was a small Dominican hospital across the Pasig River in Escolta (near the former site of the Hongkong and Shainghai Bank); the boatmen between these points must have had a reputation for leisurely rowing since the expression here is apparently a simile for reluctance or sloth.

²⁰ “Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord,” said of Jesus when he was acclaimed by the people of Jerusalem on entering the city prior to his crucifixion.

It was Saturday, and by noon Yringan's house was already encircled with a stockade and stakes and a gate constructed with a relay of guards under orders from *Maestre de Campo* Yringan that nobody should enter except those he gave permission to see me, and unarmed. But it was all useless because people pushed through in crowds and came from everywhere and climbed through the windows to kiss my habit and visit me, and they all brought various offerings, some of them rice, and others other things — pineapples, bananas, honey, camotes, *ubis*, *gabes*, and cocks and hens, with which my companions and I gorged ourselves grandly. On Sunday I said mass with a good-sized crowd of apostates who shed tears recalling old times and on hearing the two flageolots ringing through the valley. The pagans laughed, not for mockery but because of the novelty.

Meanwhile, the people of Calatug and others of their neighbors came to see me, but they wouldn't let them in, shutting the gate against them at first and receiving them with frowns and rough talk which made them uneasy for they were the ones against whom they had asked the Governor's help. Nevertheless, I asked them to let them enter the house and I talked to them a long time, and although I saw they were not absolutely adamant, I found them cool, saying that they didn't want to deal in Cagayan at all as they had been doing in Ilocos, to which I told them that what would be best for them, since they were really apostates, was to be converted again and join with Cagayan as they had been joined before, because their deal with Ilocos was offensive to Cagayan and it would be ridiculous to make war in Cagayan and peace in Ilocos and get all their necessities from there, and with this they departed.

Having seen how ingratiating, respectful, reverent and friendly they had been, I told *Maestre de Campo* Yringan, "I'm sorry the troops are coming up, first, because they are not so obstinate as you thought they were when you asked the Governor for troops, and, second, because the troops will have to pass through here and the women will be frightened for they are sure to do some damage when they go through, and it is possible everything already gained will be lost, for the Calatugs are in hiding because they knew you would ask for help." I suggested that they should write the Governor, so they did, and all the most

important men signed it, asking the Governor not to send troops now because the Calatugs had backed down of their own accord, and they would only ask him for the help he had promised them in Aparri if they made a disturbance. I sent the letter off, and ambassadors to the Calatugs to discuss making a pact to join with these neighbors of theirs who had written in their favor to ask the troops not to come up, and to say they should appreciate this, and that I would go right down myself to intercede so the troops wouldn't come up.

During all this time that my companions and I were so happy and rejoicing with the Mandayas — for it was one continuous dance and feast, as is their custom — the Governor was getting terribly worried and sent out orders for 1,300 men to get ready, both to aid the subject Filipinos against the Calatugs and because of concern for my own personal safety. Some were saying I was courageous, and others that if some accident had befallen me it was my own fault since nobody had ordered me to go but rather that I had wanted to go myself — and with only the boatman, two sacristans, and a cook — whether because I just wanted to or because I didn't want those conversions to be lost that had already been obtained in this province in complete peace, and so, trusting in [Christian] obedience, I had gone up alone.

After sending off the letter, I got ready to go down. (First, I listed 1,110 persons who had been reduced, not counting three or four other little villages, nor were the Calatugs included in this count who must be 2,000 souls, more or less, who I trust in God will be converted.) When I started down, they gave me three girls and two boys so that down here they would be catechized and the former learn to weave and the boys to read. On parting, I could see the love they had developed for me for everybody was sobbing, and myself, my eyes were wet, too. A crowd of people accompanied me to where the town of Nuestra Señora del Pilar had been, from which I went on down to Capinatan and was soaked before I got there, along with everything and everybody else, including the girls, but I went direct to Abulug, my habit drying on my body.

In Abulug I met Captain Figueroa with the troops, stopped him, and told him how those who had asked for the troops were

now asking the opposite because they had reason to change their minds, and since the letter had not yet appeared, I certified with an oath what I had read in it and that I had sent it. He notified the Governor by messenger, who replied that they should hold a meeting which should defer to my opinion as one who had just come down from the place. I told them what had happened, and added other weighty reasons, so the conscripts returned to their homes and the Captain and Commander to the City, and I sent a letter to the Pagans that they should relax and come on down to see me. The main chiefs did come down and wanted those to go up whom Father Rdo [*sic*]²¹ had taken up before, but I wouldn't let them because their number would be so increased and the boat was in very bad condition, as they could judge for themselves if necessary from the fact that even the little kids were terribly afraid. I gave an "Elefante" shirt²² to each one when he went to mass.

I will go back up, God willing, by the first of September to found a town whose location I already saw and took possession of in the name of Nuestra Señora de la Peña Francia.²³ This then, my fathers, is the history of the Mandayas, told without style but true, which I have brought up to the present date of July 8, 1685.

²¹ The text appears to be faulty here. If "Rdo" is a contraction of "Ricardo," no friar of that name appears in Dominican records of the period.

²² Evidently a popular "brand" in 1685, but unknown today.

²³ This was to be the scene of Father Jiménez' greatest missionary success — 1,300 converts and recovered apostates the first year, and three assistant priests two years later. He was just starting to build a stone church when he had to leave for reasons of health, and the Calatugs then made good their threat and killed or drove off all the converts in the Mandaya missions. The site of the mission was Sibata, just across the River from the present sub-provincial capital of Kabugao, and is still called *Nagsimbanan*, "place where the church was."

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ARINTERO, JUAN G., O.P., *The Mystical Life of St. Therese of the Child Jesus*. 62 pages. Translation from the Spanish by José L. Morales.

This puny paperback contains an introductory dissertation by Father Arintero about the mystical phenomena, which are the night of the senses, infused prayer of contemplation, ecstasies, the night of the spirit, wounds of love, transforming union or mystical betrothal, and the spiritual marriage. The main portion of this work aims to prove that St. Therese of the Child Jesus (died in 1897 at the age of 24 and canonized in 1925) was endowed with at least some of those mystical phenomena, and thus led a real mystical life.

Why did Father Arintero make a special study of St. Therese's mystical life?

At present there are two main — but not only — schools of thought in Christian spirituality. One school (of Tanqueray, Crisógono del Santísimo Sacramento, etc.) teaches that the ascetical and mystical lives are well-defined and distinct (like childhood and maturity), the ascetical life preceding the mystical. The other school (of Arintero, Garrigou-Lagrange, etc.) proposes that the ascetical and mystical lives are but phases of the same life: at the beginning the ascetical aspect prevails but without excluding the mystical portion or ingredient; while the mystical element is paramount at the "home-stretch," so to say. Now, to the moot question: "Can a mere ascetic become a saint?" the former school answers with a clear and decisive "yes" and puts for the martyrs and some other canonized Saints, particularly St. Therese, as an example and proof. On the other hand, Father Arintero denies the possibility of reaching holiness without leading a mystical life. Thus he took on himself the burden to prove that the Little Flower led a high — though perhaps not the highest — degree of mystical life.

The core of Father Arintero's system of spirituality is that all men are called to salvation and to holiness or sanctity as well; that the seed of holiness has been planted in the soul by the graces received in baptism and confirmation; that the gifts of the Holy Spirit are the main "instrumental causes" of the mystical life; that from the very beginning of the spiritual life one is both an ascetic and a mystic, though at the outset more of the former than of the latter. Father Arintero also speaks of mystical senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, which at first are weak, but wax more and more developed as the soul advances in holiness. By such mystical senses the soul sees spiritual things (and thus may learn more in a minute of contemplation than in years of study); hears private revelations; smells ultra-terrestrial fragrance; etc. Protestants base their theory of private interpretation of the Bible on a special light given by God; but this is something different from the mystical senses described by Father Arintero.

"On January 8, 1952, the process of his (Arintero's) Canonization began with the Diocesan process and on May 11, 1972, all his works received full approbation from the Commission appointed to examine them by the Sacred Congregation for the Canonization of Saints" (p. V). Thus we should have utmost respect as we read how Father Arintero shows the different stages of the mystical life of St. Therese.

However, he himself confesses: "We have no definite proof to show whether she (St. Therese) really reached the fullness of the transforming

union, which is thought so few actually do achieve (even among the canonized saints)" (p. 58). And: "Whether or not she reached the truly stable union of the Spiritual Marriage we cannot, we repeat, affirm with certainty since evidence is insufficient. What can be maintained is that she attained to the truly heroic virtues with which he exhaled, and continues to exhale, the 'sweet odor of Christ' with which she wins so many souls" (pp. 60-61).

The little time and effort spent in perusing this illuminating pamphlet will be rewarded by the good Lord, who will suffuse the reader with deep sentiments of humility; for while St. Therese at so early an age was jetting into the lofty heights of mysticism, many of us bowed by age and hoary in hairs are still crawling slowly in the humble *terra firma* of ascesis.

BENITO VARGAS, O.P.

— oOo —

CONNER, PAUL M. O.P., *Friendship between consecrated men and women*, Teresianum, Rome, 1972, 260 pages.

Fr. Paul M. Conner, O.P. sees the "need for a balanced view... for a more detailed and scientific view... especially concerning the particular relation of masculine-feminine friendship to the growth of charity". Hence, "there is need of gathering the testimony of pertinent disciplines in order to form a theological judgment."

This thesis, the author concedes, would have less urgency in a healthier psychological age wherein many individuals in history have attained sanctifying degrees of charity along with and through noble friendship with other sex. But today, without a healthy natural background, there is need for clarification and guidance.

Thus, considering the fact that the natural subject must be disposed for supernatural action, the author seeks to offer helpful insights for this human-divine experience.

The thesis, therefore, proposes to investigate the positive and negative aspects of masculine-feminine friendship between two consecrated celebrities striving toward the perfection of charity. The subject-matter is more concrete than general moral Theology. It deals directly with a helpful or harmful means with respect to the goal of Christian life. Hence, it falls strictly within the specificity and practicality of Spiritual Theology.

The thesis, however, neither proposes to discuss directly the priesthood and women nor married friendship and the life of charity. Furthermore, it does not want to give the impression that the analogy of masculine-feminine friendship is the only model for approaching charity and one's relationship with God. Its purpose is simply to investigate that of friendship in the experience of consecrated men and women to see how it can help or hinder their growth in the love of God.

The thesis contains four chapters. Chapter One seeks an orientation from Sacred Scripture. Chapter II turns to human experience and reason by introducing pertinent data from one 'school' of modern empirical psychology, but not descending to the modifications of generalities by the uniqueness of each human person or type. Chapter III presents experiences from the lives of selected saints, blessed, and holy people. This serves

as an important source of concrete data in the specific field of Spiritual Theology. Chapter IV gives a theological evaluation of the foregoing data. Finally, a general conclusion is made to summarize and endeavor to establish practical norms.

The author deserves a praise for his noble purpose, systematic approach and a well-established presentation of the subject-matter.

The book is not only interesting and enjoyable, but profitable. It is a must not only for consecrated men and women, but for all men and women.

GEORGE O. MORENO, O.P.

— oOo —

DOOHAN, LEONARD (SDB). *The Power of Cosmic Subjection*, Teresianum, Rome, 1972, 79 pages.

The present work is part of the dissertation presented by the author to the Teresian Institute of Spirituality in Rome. It is a study of some of the spiritual aspects of Christ's Royal Office as participated through *Baptism* and lived here and now by the layman.

The writer opens his study with a passage taken from article thirty-six of *Lumen Gentium*. He quotes: "Christ obeyed even at the cost of death, and was therefore raised up by the Father. Thus He entered into the glory of His Kingdom. To Him all things are made subject until He subjects Himself and all created things to the Father." However, Christ has not kept this power of subjection to Himself alone but communicated this power to His disciples "that they might be established in royal freedom and that by self-denial and a holy life they might conquer the reign of sin in themselves." Further, Christ shared this power to them so that "by serving Him in their fellow men they might... lead their brother men to that King whom to serve is to reign... In this Kingdom, creation itself will be delivered out of its slavery to corruption and into the freedom of the glory of the sons of God."

From this passage the author draws the point that the baptized lay person is vested with the "power of subjection" which he can exercise: first, over *Self* (that is the personal aspect); second, over other men (that is the social aspects); and third, over non-personal being (that is the cosmic aspect). According to the writer this passage "embraces the whole reality in man's spiritual life." How he proves this point of his is something that the reader must discover.

The author divides the work into three main parts. First, he considers the *Subject* of this power of cosmic subjection who is the layperson living in a specifically conditioned milieu. The second part is dedicated to the consideration of the specific teaching of Vatican II regarding the cosmos — the whole creation, and everything that makes up the temporal order — as *object* of man's power of subjection. Finally, in the third part, the author tries to present some ways and means of actualizing this power of cosmic subjection.

Through this general outline one could not help but see the usefulness of this study to laymen who want to live a renewed way of life encouraged by the last Vatican Council. To them all, therefore, we eagerly recommend this work.

VICENTE G. CAJILIG, O.P.

— oOo —

GROUP DE LES DOMBES. *¿Hacia una misma fe eucarística?* Editorial Herder, Barcelona, 1973 — 80 pages.

The core of this small paperback is a dogmatical "agreement" signed by 18 Catholic priests and 14 Protestant pastors about the Holy Eucharist — the product of many years of discussions among said co-signatories who are active members of the Les Dombes Group, founded in 1937 by Père Couturiér (died 1953) as a living experiment in interconfessional dialogue 30 years ahead of Vatican II.

As we read in the book (p. 65), the subscribers to the "agreement" vowed and vow to stick to their own churches to the very last. Thus it is implied that both the Catholic and Protestant sides stick to the substance of eucharistical doctrines of their respective faiths. The agreement or compromise may thus be merely nominalistic rather than objectivistic. And that is what this reviewer sees in the signed text which is couched in ambivalent gobbledegook, or in ambiguous verbiage of diplomatic protocol, or even in the double-meaning lingo of fortune tellers or sybillic sorcerers. The following quotations serve as few samples to show that we are not exaggerating:

"Es el Espíritu quien, invocado sobre la asamblea, sobre el pan y el vino, nos hace a Cristo realmente presente, nos lo da y nos lo hace discernir" (p. 2).

"Lo que se da como cuerpo y sangre de Cristo, queda dado como cuerpo y sangre de Cristo, y exige ser tratado como tal" (p. 24).

"...según la promesa de Cristo, todo creyente miembro de su cuerpo recibe en la eucaristía la remisión de sus pecados y la vida eterna, y es alimentado en la fe, la esperanza y amor" (p. 25). Indeed the Eucharist can forgive venial sins directly, and mortal sins indirectly, when there is a duty to receive it, and one merely makes an act of perfect contrition because there is no chance to make a sacramental confession for the nonce.

"La celebración de la eucaristía, fracción de un pan necesario para la vida, incita a no aceptar la condición de hombres privados de pan, de justicia y de paz" (p. 26-27).

"Confesamos, pues, unánimemente la presencia real, viva y operante de Cristo en este sacramento" (p. 23). Without any trace of malice, this can mean either that the Eucharist is the real, living and "operating" Christ; or simply that God — Christ — is everywhere.

So do we mean to discourage any interconfessional dialogue? Not by a long shot, for our Lord said: "I say to you further, that if two of you shall agree on earth about anything at all for which they ask, it shall be done for them by my Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together for my sake, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. XVIII, 19-20).

BENITO VARGAS, O.P.

— oOo —

LOPE, CILLERUELO, O.S.A., *El Monacato de San Agustin*, Archivo Teologico Agustiniano, Valladolid, 1966, 334 pages.

El Monacato de San Agustin is the answer to the challenge of presenting Augustine's monasticism without falling into the following extremes: one, to present it as a *punctum temporis*, a phenomenon, that took place in history in an instant; the other, to present it as a kaleidoscope of texts taken without discrimination from the voluminous works of the great Father. Undoubtedly, these approaches cannot show the mind of Augustine on the matter. On the contrary, they confuse the issue even more; the one by oversimplification, the other by lack of critical judgment.

To give an authentic exposition of Augustine's monasticism, a keen sense of history is in order. One should keep the historical facts intact. Fray Lope Cilleruelo, O.S.A. did just that. With historical data as starting point, he traced back the origin of Augustine's monasticism and followed faithfully its internal homogeneous movement. Thanks to his critical judgment, he was able to discover what were specifically monastic in the teaching of the great Father and thus, produced a well-documented book free from a purely subjective interpretation of Augustines' texts.

Because Augustine's monasticism was a complex phenomenon, it was not an easy task for Fray Cilleruelo to present it in all its intricacy. To give a global view of the matter, he had to dig deep into the life itself of the Saint. And rightly so. For the monasticism of St. Augustine was intimately woven with his life; whence, the justification of the author to begin his book with the pre-conversion period of the life of St. Augustine.

At first glance, the narration of Augustine's flirting with Manichaeism, Stoicism and Platonism seems to be superfluous. But Fray Cilleruelo did it on purpose not obviously to show that Augustine's monasticism was Manichaean or Platonic in spirit, but simply to prove that the development of the same followed the long journey of the Saint from error to truth. It was in the Church that Augustine finally found the Truth. So, it was also in the Church that his monasticism was finally actualized. No wonder then that his monasticism was ecclesial in character. It was a monasticism in the Church, by the Church and for the Church.

Presenting the evolution of Augustine's monasticism in the light of his life and philosophical and theological works, Fray Cilleruelo situated the same in the right historical and theological perspective. Thus, the result is a book remarkable for its panoramic vision of the subject it deals with. Moreover, its loyalty to facts is noteworthy. Fray Cilleruelo did not put words into the mouth of St. Augustine. Instead, he let the great Father speak for himself. For this, the author and his book deserve commendation.

ENRICO D. GONZALEZ, O.P.

— oOo —

LAMBINO, ANTONIO, S.J., *Freedom in Vatican II*, Ateneo de Manila University Publication, 1974, 121 pages.

In this book, Fr. Antonio Lambino, S.J. attempts to investigate the theme of liberty as found in *Gaudium et Spes*. It is the author's contribution toward meeting the need of comprehensive treatment of this theme.

In the introduction, the author attributes the result achieved by *Gaudium et Spes* to the method it followed. He describes this method as "the

testimony of revelation read and interpreted in terms of contemporary human experience or to put it the way around, the contemporary human experience discerned in the light of revelation.'

In his investigation, he presents several scriptural expressions along which *Gaudium et Spes* lay down the foundation of what he calls "theology of liberty". It is especially in St. Paul's writing that we find this concept aptly described. "The liberty of the Sons of God" is the key toward the development of a theology of liberty. "The liberty of Sons of God" has its basis in divine filiation through the spirit. To be an image of the Son — that is what it means to be free."

The New Testament considers liberty as effect of the saving action of God through the mediation of Christ. "You have been called to liberty" St. Paul tells the Galatians.

Aside from the scriptural basis of theology of liberty, the author in explaining Article 17 of *Gaudium et Spes*, which speaks of the constitution of man in philosophical terms, considers free will as a "condition" for a Christian liberty. However, it cannot be the pivotal point of a theology of liberty owing to the reason that free will cannot express the concept adequately and remains on the psychological level.

Chapter IV contains the social dimension of the concept of liberty. It is interesting to note the following points:

"Moreover just as man in his individuality is an image of God, so is man in community a reflection of divine reality".

"The union of the Sons of God in truth and charity is compared to the union of divine Persons."

The last chapter contains the so-called "cosmic" dimension of liberty. It is an explanation to chapter three of *Gaudium et Spes*, entitled "Human Activity in the World." Human activity and its achievements are intended to promote man's liberty — liberty understood as the power to realize the image in oneself.

Altogether, this is a satisfactory study, informative and stylistic in its own way. As the author complimented *Gaudium et Spes* for "having the courage to say something good even if it isn't perfect", so in the same manner, we compliment Fr. Lambino.

PATRICIO APA, O.P.

— oOo —

MARY ST. PETER OF THE EPIPHANY, O.P. *Features of Sanctification*. New York: Jose Morales, 1972, 452 pages.

As the title suggests, *Features of Sanctification* is a book on holiness. The author, Sister Mary St. Peter, describes the real way to Christian mysticism through the life of Sister Mary Reparata Rose of the Sacred Heart. Her close association with the latter enables her to write down the evolution of Sister Reparata's mystical life with a precision of an eyewitness. Setting the keynotes of Sister Reparata's mystical life into six features, she divides her book into six parts namely 1) *The Master Explains*, a resume of Sister Reparata's mystical life; hence a resume of the book itself; 2) *The Game of Love*, a description of her mystical childhood; 3) *The Game of Hate*, an exposition on how the devil works against human

souls; 4) *Authority*, an explanation of the significant role authority has in the life of the Church and of the consecrated souls; 5) *Victim-Life and Mystical Favors*, a detailed account of the fulfilment of the Lord's promise to Sister Reparata: to suffer as He suffered in Calvary so that she may become more likened to Him; and 6) *The Eucharistic Life and Consumation*, a revelation of the secret of her mystical life: the Eucharistic presence in her.

Just like any book on mysticism, *Features of Sanctification* offers an easy reading. A familiarity with the mystical terminology is a requisite to understand its content — Dr. Jose Morales, the publisher, provided an invaluable help to fill the need. Explaining the true essence of mysticism in the *Introduction*, he saves the readers from would-be difficulties and thus paves the way to a better appreciation of this book.

A book on Christian spirituality, *Features of Sanctification* belongs to all times. It is relevant to the present. For its greatest merit consists in this: that it serves as an effective reminder to modern man that all things in this world will have no meaning unless they are subordinated to the one thing necessary.

REYNALDO REYES, O.P.

— oOo —

WALZ, MAXIMILIAN, C. P.P.S. *The Life of Sister Mary Reparata, O.P.*, New York: Jose Morales 1972, 149 pages.

If there should be one solid proof that the path of sanctity and perfection being strived at by Christians do not only belong to the times of an Augustine, a Dominic, a Catherine or a Therese, there is then that need of presenting before modern man the life of a contemporary child of God, one who could manifest the ever-living presence of a personal God to man. More than ever, man seeks to realize for himself that from this modern age, the life of saintliness has its foundation still rooted in it ready to flourish even in the wake of the ever-growing distorted philosophies of life.

Father Walz, in presenting to his readers the life of Sister Mary Reparata, O.P. takes a part of this noble role. Though a lack of systematic biographical sketches can be traced in his book, the purpose of bestowing upon his readers the sublimity of a life chosen in the intimate service of God is put forward in a most simple but illuminating and perspicuous manner. It would be seen that the work was not merely intended to those who are more advanced in the spiritual life. Instances are such that explanations though sometimes deviating from the life's literary continuity, are inserted giving the readers glances on mystical phenomena and devotions as that of St. Louis de Montfort's to the Blessed Mother.

His seemly scrupolosity in depicting the life of Sister Mary Reparata and his being a personal confessor bring before the imagination a woman, human and frail as she is yet able to transcend from the material world and reach the heights of the supernatural. The most wanting atmosphere of prayer and mortification in our times receives its contrary fullness in that little soul of a Dominican Sister. Once again the life of a soul in personal communication with Christ on the Sacrament is pictured and brought closer to the mind. The inevitable desire to share in loneliness and even in the ignominious outrages and blasphemies received by this Sacrament on the altar is mirrored in her life. On the other hand, her whole spiritual edifice would not have gotten its stronghold had it not been for the love of authority which her penetrating eyes of faith saw in his superiors.

So seldom is written and read how the battling forces of evil tries to win over a single helpless soul yet envelope in the precious blood of its Saviour. The preter-natural occurrences and persecutions which all throughout appeared inconceivable were so vividly and movingly portrayed as to leave no room to doubt the raging struggle between the forces of heaven and hell. The physical and spiritual sufferings of this Dominican nun was indeed a living sacrifice, and patience adorned it as a hidden treasure — "before the world suffering is a reproach, but before Me, it is an infinite honor."

In her purity of heart, her spirit of faith, humility and love; a spirit of patience, mortification and conformity to the holy will of God, God once again channels to man an example of a soul ready to be made His instrument for the fruitfulness of souls.

This work cannot be but highly commended as an excellent spiritual awakening and nourishment for souls.

TERESO CAMPILLO, O.P.