

JOSE RIZAL



Where the coco palms swing and sway,
 Where the grass and fields are ever
green,
 Where lies the blue Laguna Bay,
 There Rizal was born on June nineteen.

Midst the tumult of oppression,
 He lived to heed his country's cry,
 With mighty pen he fought corruption,
 And did what no one dared try.

Thus this mortal lived and died,
 For his country and people's sake,
 His name shall be known far and wide,
 Inspiring awe in other nation's wake.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

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cially in overcoming my weaknesses. I will give my classmates no chance to laugh at me whenever I fail to answer a question and whenever I read orally," emphatically speaks Florencia.

"God, help you, my child. I wish you success," says the mother.

Beaming with enthusiasm, Florencia gets a reader and begins reading aloud the poem which she read so very poorly in class the day before. that her classmates laughed at her. She reads it over and over, putting more effort in improving her expression and pronunciation at every repetition. Her last reading pleases her so much that she goes to her mother and exclaims, "Oh, mother. I believe my teacher is right in telling me that I can be a good reader if I would only practice often. The way I read this poem now is ten times better than my reading yesterday."

"Of course, your teacher is right, Florencia. Almost all difficulties can be overcome if there is the determination and the patience and perseverance to overcome them."

"Well, that reminds me of the health poster we are required to submit tomorrow. Everytime we have poster-making, I don't prepare because I simply can't draw. But now, I will make one. If others can do it, why can't I?"

"That's a good rule to follow," smilingly approves the mother. She affectionately pats her child and goes to the kitchen to prepare the food.

With a very strong resolution Florencia begins making her poster. After about twenty minutes of persistent trying she finishes it. She views the neatly drawn poster with perfect satisfaction, then runs to her mother saying, "See, mother, see the poster I drew!"

"That is very nice. I never knew you can draw so well," comments the happy mother as she looks at the picture.

"How pleased my teacher will be when she sees it. I shall buy theme paper, mother. Do you want me to buy something for you at the store?"

"Please, buy five centavos' worth of biscuits
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