

For the Little Tots



Entries for Our Tiny Tots

I know you like stories, so do I. Stories, especially true stories are always liked by our dear little workers.

But how in the world am I going to begin, for I have to find little words for little folks with little ears, little eyes, little prattling tongues, little everything, unless your hearts, which are so big in their love for Jesus and his dear Priests. (Do not forget the Immaculate Heart of Mary: She is the patroness of the Missionaries in the Mountain Province.)

Hear what Jesus from His Tabernacle says to you, not to *Grown-ups*! "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven". (He means naughty little children also, even those who push now and then their tongue at the teacher's back). I have no ghost (next time I will have) nor robber to talk about to-day, unless the robber in hell: the devil, who is trying his best to take us with him, for he is jealous of our happiness, like he

was of our first parents in the beautiful garden of paradise. (Turn your backs on him and make him a nose).

The story is going to begin. *Look, Listen!* Do not talk, for I shall finish before even beginning! It is a true story, founded on fact and one that will make you fill all the mite boxes at home, to help your little suffering brothers and sisters far and near.

Really I am going to begin this time, but not with the old "once upon a time" for it is in our own time the story happened: this year. Their lived on one of the mountains of your beautiful islands a pagan family, so poor alas! that the children had no food, no clothing, no shelter from the wind and rain in those parts.

One day, in the beautiful month of May, Mary's month, two babies were born in a family. The mother, a pagan, in despair, for she was so poor, said that one of the twins should be buried alive in a hole, not a grave, in the mountain.

Thanks to God such a cruel thing did not happen. A Christian woman hearing this, rescued the little baby, adopted it as her own child, got it baptized and ever afterwards kept it, though she had seven children of her own.

God blessed that woman in every way, for He always blesses and protects generous persons and large families.

Just think of that little baby a prey to animals such as snakes, dogs, etc. and what is far worse, the soul deprived for all eternity of the presence and sight of Jesus in heaven. How Jesus must have loved that little baby when it was baptised: for baptism makes us christians and children of God.

So does Jesus love you as His children, because you have been baptised. Do you wish to show your love and gratitude to Jesus? Drop now and then a centavo, or better still a peso into the Missiona-

ry mite box, drop an Our Father into a bank that will never fail, called the Sacred Heart of Jesus, then a Hail Mary into another bank, called the Immaculate Heart of Mary. These banks are always open for our spiritual accounts.

It is the wish of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions, that we should give much but pray more for the Missionaries and their churches and schools everywhere.

One centavo and then another
Till the mission box is full.
One peso and then another
For the Missioners to pull.
One bee-like worker then another
By their steady and constant motion
Help build our schools and chapels
For our converts' true devotion.

Little Jesus

Little Jesus wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven, and just like me?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky.
Hadst Thou ever any toys
Like us, little girls and little boys?
And didst Thou play in heaven
with all
The Angels that were not too tall?
Didst Thou kneel at night and pray
And didst Thou join thy hands this
way?
And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands to pray to
Thee?
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in

right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers
said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
What it feels like to be small.
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my Father's way.
When Thou wast so little, say:
Could'st Thou talk Thy Father's
way?
So, a little child, come down
And hear a child's talk like Thy
own.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look Thou art so fair)
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one".