



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

Dear Little Apostles of the Mountain Province:

I call you, my little friends, students of catholic colleges and schools, the Little Apostles of the Mountain Province. In you, the hope of the future of the Philippines, lies my hope for the future of the Mountain Province. In that big province are thousands and thousands of little children, your brethren in Christ, your compatriots. Of the same race, of the same country, created by the same God and for the same heaven as you, no doubt, you have an interest in those children and you love them.

Who does not love a poor, weak and, in a certain way, abandoned child? They are poor, these children of the Mountain Province, most of them without even the means to provide for a decent cover for their body. Have you ever seen the miserable shacks in which most of them live? Do you know that they live mostly on camotes and rice with some vegetables and only now and then a little meat? And yet this is not their real poverty. What makes them the neglected of the earth, is that they are born and reared pagans. And pagans they shall remain and die, if the Missionary can not reach them, teach them, and open catholic schools for them. And after such a death, what shall be their eternity? And have they not a soul made

to the image of God as is yours? And did not Jesus Christ die for them too as well as for You? Does Jesus Christ not love them? Does He not wish them with all the love of His tender Heart to go to heaven? You, who help to educate and christianize them, know ye this: that first you help them to better their material condition of life, for a better education means a less miserable life and more efforts to live according to a higher standard. But above all know ye that you bring at least many of them to heaven, into the outstretched arms of your Savior. After that could the Lord, your judge, refuse you an entrance into His paradise? It will be difficult to enter heaven without bringing a companion along. Here is your chance to bring in that companion, that "pass" which opens heaven.

But you might say: I am poor myself, what can I do? Read the letter which follows and which was sent to me, not by Filipino children, but by Canadian young students.

Dear Reverend Father:

We received your letter a few days ago. We are glad to be able to send you a money order for three dollars which we got by selling paper, iron, tires etc. We are beginning over again for you, Father. We are praying for you daily, Father, that all our

best wishes in your regard may be fulfilled. We beg for an occasional remembrance at holy Mass.

Your loving boys of St. Mary's school, Kitchener.

Is this nice letter not an evident proof that anybody, however poor, can and should do something for the poor pagan children? First, every catholic child can pray, and the prayers of pure children are all-powerful. Please, say at least one "Our Father" a day for the conversion of the pagans of the Mountain Province. But when you say: "Our Father, thy kingdom come", remember you talk to a Father, who is yours and the Father of the poor pagan children too, because these pagan children are your brethren in God and, consequently, you can not call on God as your Father, without recognizing the children of the Mountain Province as your brethren. Now, brethren of one divine family must help each other materially and spiritually.

Materially. Say how much do you spend a year in candies, and other trifles? I am not against your using candies, but a few less each month would leave you some surplus money which could help to make an Igorote's life sweeter and his eternity glorious. And at the end of the year, would you be less happy, less strong?

The other day I received a letter from a little boy from the United States. It was an answer on an appeal for the fund of the Blessed Little Flower. The boy was poor. He wished to do something for God. He had received from his mother a little chicken. He raised it carefully and, when it was big, he made a raffle on it. This brought him five dollars "for your missions, Father", he wrote to me. Say, when God from heaven contemplates such a noble disinterested deed, what a reward must He have put aside

for that generous American boy? And what must have been his satisfaction when that evening, after he sent the money order, he could say a little more truly: "Our Father, who art in heaven, thy kingdom come"?

Are the Filipino boys and girls less generous than the American boys? Should they not be more generous even, because their gifts are intended for their own country-people, for the conversion of their compatriots?

Thus, dear boys and girls, little apostles of the Mountain Province, in you is placed the hope of thousands and thousands of Igorote children. From you many, all of them, expect some help for the salvation of their souls.

Suppose now, you have something to sacrifice for them. How would you send it? Send a money order, send stamps even, or give it personally to the Rev. O. Vandewalle. Add a letter. The part of the Review entitled: "The Little Apostle's Mailbag" is at your disposition. In it you will read the answer to your letter if one is required and the acknowledgement of the gift.

But I dare to suggest a little more. When you have made a great sacrifice, when you have sent let me say five pesos, then if you happen to have any picture of yourself, add a copy of it. It will be printed in these pages. Because then you are an example. Good examples must be seen and known to be imitated. This way you send your picture at a low cost to hundreds and thousands of your friends and Filipino brethren. Good-bye, dear boys and girls. Look once over the house. No iron, no tires, no paper, no bottles for sale? I am waiting for your answer with the proof that you love your countrymen and women and, above all, God, for Whom you make the sacrifice, will reward you a hundredfold on earth and in heaven.

Father Vandewalle.
Box 1393 Manila.