



THE

Good Neighbour

BY "MARY"

From Me To You

WHO was it said "Music hath charms?" Well, whoever it was, they certainly knew what they were talking about, and I am sure you will agree that there is no charm greater than the charm of good music. Music has not the same high place in our lives to-day that it had in our grandmother's day. Perhaps in the rush of modern life there is not the time to devote to its study as there was in the past. Or is it the advent of radio into our homes that has made it pleasanter, or easier perhaps, to listen in to the music of others, rather than create it for ourselves?

Yet, every now and then, we do find folk who gather together just for the joy of making music. I remember still the feeling of utter peace that enfolded me one night when I went to the Christmas party of a group of singers. It was in the midst of the usual hectic pre-Christmas rush, yet for one evening I was taken into another world by the charm of song. It was like drinking clear water from a running stream to hear the voices of these folk. And as a fitting climax to a most unusual evening, they sang the old favourite carol of "Silent Night" in

the candle-glow from a decorated Christmas tree.

Music takes many forms. We hear singing—that is music; we hear the piano—that, too, is music; we hear an organ, or an orchestra, or even the singing of birds—all music. But have we any music left in our hearts these days, music for other folk to hear? We are too inclined to shut our hearts up like a music box that plays old-fashioned airs. The music may be still in our hearts,

but it is wasted if no one can hear it but ourselves. And sometimes I think even we ourselves fail to hear the charm of its melody.

There is music in your heart—let it out. Every one has a different way of expressing their music—some by song, some by smiles, some by laughter. But whatever you do, don't bottle your music up. The world has grave need of music these days—let your heart be a musical heart, and sing.

Mary

Mary's "At Home"

WHAT a delight it has been to me to receive so many letters from you all! And I have had so much enjoyment from them that I feel I must share bits of my mail with you. So, here in my "At Home" you are my guests, making friends with one another, as I have made friends with you, sharing your ideas or thoughts, your experiences. Don't you think it's going to be fun? Please, then, next time you write to me do remember our "At Home."
—"MARY."

IT was lovely to have son pass over the "Journal" last night and say, "Mum, look at this page!" Well, after a few hours in the milking shed, I had on only my second-best frock, but there had been another son's birthday cake on the table, which allows me to say at least, "We met Mary on Ken's 11th birthday." And how welcome you were!

—"ANOTHER MARY" (Morrinsville).

THANKS so much for a very welcome and pleasant surprise. There always seems to have been lacking the little womanly friendliness in the "Journal," but now I am sure it will be there. It is the little human touch that helps us all along in our often very humdrum life. I agree that we must never be too happy. It is only by pain that we can realise the full of many things.

—"MRS. VEE" (Hamilton).