



THE

Good Neighbour

BY MARY

From Me To You

HOW many of you have discovered the joy that lies in dreaming? Remember the old saying which tells us that the best things in life are free? Well, here is one of them, right at your fingertips, which will open magic kingdoms to you and for you.

How precious dreams can be! We all have our dreams, we all have need of our dreams—they are as much part of our lives as our bread and butter. What does it matter if our dreams do not materialise? We who have known the deep joy our dreams bring us will all agree that we lose nothing by having had our dreams; as with pain and sorrowing, we are left richer in spirit because of them.

Let us read what J. Abraham wrote about dreams. He said, "Dreams are very precious things to the world-weary. All poetry is of the stuff dreams are made. Men write poetry out of the depths of their sensations; women read it in anticipation of the joys they hope to experience. And it is all just dreams—dreams of the colour of illimitable blue, steeped in the memory of forgotten amethysts. Dreams make the rugged places of the world appear as gardens of roses and honeysuckles; dreams are the anodyne of life."

We tread on our dreams wherever we go—they are so many, and are so thick about us, we cannot help it.

But our dreams do not mind—they are part of us, and we cannot hurt them.

Dreams DO come true. I have a dream which came true in the most unexpected way, but it didn't come true for a very long time after I had ceased to wish and long for it. And I know now that in the realisation of that dream I lost many other things by the wayside, yet the one dream

fulfilled compensates for a thousand which came to naught.

Hold fast to your dreams—never let them be taken from you. Go out into the open air, for just a little while each day or night, and dream. Time spent in dreaming is never lost, and perhaps to-day, more than ever, we need our dreams as a flower needs the sun.

Mary

Mary's "At Home"

I THINK I can claim to be considered, to some extent at least, to be numbered among the pioneers. My grandparents came out with the early settlers about 1860, my father "went back," and my husband also. My elder children were taught by correspondence, and my younger children started that way too. Now my boys are in camp (Air Force), my elder daughter is in an office, and the younger one is at home, going to school by bus. We are carrying on the farm under difficult conditions, as labour is scarce and we are getting old, in the hope that one at least of the boys will be back to keep it on. There are so many in the same position, or worse, that we can't complain, and at least the war hasn't reached here yet.—Elizabeth, Gisborne.

BIDDI-JAN, if you believe that things are mapped out for us when we are born, are you not throwing over a democratic way of living, and accepting a dictatorship? Might

I explain it this way? If Hitler wins this war, and we virtually become slaves, can you still think this was fore-ordained, and that we must bow our heads before the yoke? I think not. God has given us freewill, translated today in the true meaning of the word democracy. And in that freewill we have our choice between Good and Evil. Many roads there are to take, many lanes, and aye, many a blind alley for us to go down along the Path of Life. But the choice is ours, and ours alone. We have eyes to see with; ears to hear with, and a reasoning mind to guide us. Alas, too often we "gang our own gait." And a pitying Christ looks on over a troubled world today. If it were all ordained, could we not sit back now and say, "It does not matter if fire and famine or war and fever destroy us all. It was planned. And what's to be will be." Planned and perpetrated by Man certainly, but by any being outside this universe I cannot