

had meals when the spirit moved us, and felt very far removed from the world. When dawn flushed the sky, we would creep round the edges of the bays where the big brown trout cuddle the shore, and the early mists of morning would slowly dissolve as the sun rose. Sometimes we would land a gleaming fish, and go back to our camp for a royal breakfast. Is any smell so fascinating as wood smoke in

Competitions

March:

Don't forget our competition for next month—I am expecting to receive ever so many really worthwhile suggestions that are going to help mothers all over the country. Remember the subject? It was "Keeping them amused on wet days." Entries close on April 15th, so be in time.

April:

How true it is that the children of today are the men and women of tomorrow! What sort of men and women are your children going to grow up to be? Are you training them wisely, so that they will make good citizens in the world of tomorrow? Wise parents realise that their responsibility towards their children is indeed a big one—are you a wise parent in this respect? We owe so much to our growing children, they are indeed a precious heritage. Let us share your ideas on the subject for this month, in the hope that they will help towards making the rising generation into finer men and women.

"WHAT ARE THE ATTRIBUTES OF WISE PARENTHOOD?"

Make a note of the closing date—May 15th—and there are two prizes, one of 10/- and one of 5/-.

"MARY,"

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the early morning, any sound so appetising as the sizzling of trout frying? I have been at the Lake at Christmas time, when the blood red rata tumbles down to the shore, and the wild cherry trees are scarlet with fruit, and soft-breasted pigeons take their dessert from the branches, but best of all is the time of year that I have mentioned. Early frosts tingle the mornings and give a wild crispness to the air, and the deer are collecting for the mating season. It is a perfect spot, unspoiled and very, very lovely. The memory of that month by the "Lake of the Rippling Waters" will live forever in my mind, and today, when the world is so full of sorrow, it is good to think that there the wild ducks still fly, the

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pigeons whirr their soft wings, and the music of the tui is waiting for me when peace comes again.—*Maritza, Gisborne.*

WE spent the long week-end at New Year at a beach camp.

On New Year's Eve, we had a bonfire behind a hill on the green by the camp cookhouse. At 12 o'clock, as the New Year came bustling in, we linked hands in time-honoured fashion and sang "Auld Lang Syne," "Land of Hope and Glory," a favourite hymn or two, and "The King." Then a Maori boy arrived with a big steel guitar, and struck up the stirring "Maori Battalion"—and the way the crowd (about 300 of us) took it up! Never had we heard such a wonderful pouring forth of pent-up emotions, such a spontaneous surge of harmony in such weird surroundings, with the plaintive sound

of the steel guitar and the breaking of the surf on the beach for accompaniment, and now and then the lonely cry of some wild creature in the dark remoteness of the bush-clad hills opposite. And above us, the lovely mystery of the night, and the stars seeming to blink at us so wisely and compassionately from the deep blue velvet dome of the heavens. Such insignificant little midgets we must have seemed to them, yet doubtless each of us so important to himself! Strange to think of so many of our dear ones far away across the sea—and of the many, alas! who would never now return—and I know we all sent up a heartfelt prayer that when the next New Year dawned, a universal peace might be very, very near and our loved ones home with us again.—*A. M. Dowell, Taranaki.*