

it must have been for you to read all the choices—people's tastes vary so, don't they? Of course, I would have been compelled to include in my list one of the much-loved volumes by A. A. Milne, either the "Pooh" books or the little poems, or "Ole' Brer Rabbit" or "Alice in Wonderland," which either my husband or I generally try to read to our children each night. If my husband reads about Winnie the Pooh, I find myself not rattling the evening dishes quite so much, so that I can listen in as well.—"L.R.A."

I HAVE been a most interested reader of your pages for several years. I thoroughly enjoy the essays

Lullaby TO BARRY

*Sleep, lovely boy of the fair downy head;
Rest in my arms, little flower.
Star-dust on drooping white eyelids is shed
As I lay thee in blue-ribboned bower.
Fragile white dreams from the star-scattered night
Flutter across closing eyes,
As clutching his cover with fingers curled tight
My darling in tiredness lies.
—Dear trusting face,
By pillow-lace,
Sleep as the day softly dies.*
—M. N. Kelly.

and the paragraphs, and I have tried many of the recipes with great success.—"Golden Amber."

I AM of a somewhat melancholy disposition, given to fits of depression, but I have my own cure for "blue" days. I recite fragments from "The March of Life," by C. J. Dennis, and one verse in particular:

"And I am blest because my feet have trod
A land whose fields reflect the smiles of God."

From my back door I see a wonderful vista of undulating hills, and green fields. I also have a glimpse of blue water with a range of purple mountains as a back-drop. And as I gaze upon this beauty a deep peace enters my soul and I feel this is indeed "a land whose fields reflect the smile of God."—"Honeysuckle Rose."

WHAT city children miss, with their bought scooters and kiddycars, compared with the country children's joy in manufacturing their own toys. From Mother's long-hoarded petrol case, a pair of pram wheels found on the "tip," and a liberal helping from Father's nail-box, my little girl made a cart that would go. The cow's cover is minus a few straps, but a dog must have harness, even though he doesn't show as much enthusiasm for this new game as he might have and has a habit of lying down in the shafts.—"Kirsty."

WINTER

*Winter, sable clad, has broken the song
of the lark,
Scattered, unheeding, the leaves in the
park—
The pink-stemmed leaves of the sycamore
trees.
He's silenced the flight of the bumble-
bees,
Withered the grasses, bent the sedges,
Revealed the secrets of brakes and
hedges,
Robbed the oak of its remnant leaves,
Stolen the magic the sunlight weaves.
He's slipped the rowan's crimson locket
With chrysanthemum petals into his
pocket—
Ah! but see, in his wanton flight
He's dropped the ruff of an aconite!*
—Gweneth Bell.

WHEN we were travelling down from Christchurch a few weeks ago I noticed that the grassy hollows in the meadows were full of rain. I have always loved those gathered waters and remember one at Wakefield with drowned buttercups in it, a reflected mountain, and a blackbird paddling! A glimpse of reflected loveliness—reflections have a strange beauty and attraction, don't they?—mainly because of their unexpectedness, I suppose.—"Tinkle Tinkle."

I THINK that one of the lovely things in life is a garden. Be it large or small, it brings a special joy to its

WHICH WAY?

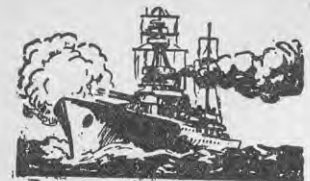


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