



Mary's at - Home -



DID you know that the October issue of the "School Journal" is to be written entirely by children? I think it is a grand idea, and the "Journal" should prove very interesting. We sent in a few contributions from the school here—all the pupils are Maoris.—**S.J.M., Whatuwhiwhi.**

WE have a lovely big garden which should be a picture this coming summer. There are palms and cabbage trees, pink and white camellias, lilacs, rowans, and forsythia. I am counting the days till they show new life.—**"Pal," Linwood.**

RECENTLY we experienced about two and a half feet of snow, and there is still a covering of nearly six inches which is thawing very slowly on account of the frosts. The stock suffered severely. We took refuge in our old harvest-kitchen, a large concrete-floored room containing an underground water tank and two stoves. We use the place at harvest time to prepare meals for hungry men-folk. Though it lacks the comfort of a living-room, it is clean and warm in emergencies. We had only candles for light for a fortnight; it is grand getting the electricity back once more. With such a cold winter we are doing quite a lot of skating. Two or three times we have skated on the lagoon which is from 10 to 12 acres in area. The ice is so clear this year that we have been able to take snaps of the mountain reflected in it. This clear ice is splintery and less dangerous than the white snow ice, which is inclined to break into blocks and form hidden trap-doors.—**"Clara Jane," Rakala.**

For a Friend's Birthday

*This is the day
When your soul started on its earthly way.
I send you every golden wish I can,
Yea, all that is in tune with God's great plan,
All you can be, or do,
I wish for you.
I am so glad you came
Into this world of gold and grey,
So glad your soul's bright flame
Shone upon me—but gladder still to know
Your great heart's overflow
Will, to the very end,
Call me your friend.*

*Come what will and come what may,
Here's the door of a brand new day.
Here am I with my pilgrim load
Off once more on the wonder road.
Yesterday's tracks went with the night,
Tomorrow's trail is hid from sight.
Yet sure am I, as I can be,
Today holds something sweet for me.*

—Fay Inchfawn.
—From "Darky Top," Northland.

THE wattle is flowering along the creek. I think the English name mimosa a far more lovely name for such a delightful tree. Swelling buds

*These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers;
And of the good, brown earth—
And best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.*

—H. Van Dyke.

on the willow and the first green shoots of young grass add their attractions, and my heart echoes the song of Thomas Nash, the 16th century poet—

*Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids
dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds
do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, to-witta-woo!*
—"Homespun," Halcombe.

I HAVE been enjoying reading your "Good Neighbour" pages for many months. I especially loved the issue which contained the "Twelve Beautiful Things" competition, and your own page on Beauty. It was an inspiration, and I thank you for all the lovely thoughts you have given me.—**"Evanne," Oamaru.**

I AM going to tell you about a useful gadget I have. It is a very strong stick about 32in. long and I keep it in my kitchen-laundry. On washing day it serves as a copper stick. A cup hook is screwed into one end, and though the hook is used to hang the stick up by, I put it there for quite

a different reason. As our blinds have good springs, they often fly up out of our reach. Instead of climbing on a chair or getting the stepladder, it is a simple matter to insert the end of the stick holding the cup hook into the crochet ring on the blind and pull it down. I also find my stick very handy at spring-cleaning time, as it saves me a lot of climbing. I have had a V-shape cut out of the other end so that I use it to hang pictures or take them down. The picture cord is easily slipped into place by the cut-out end of the stick.—**"E.A.G.," Oamaru.**

I WAS most interested in the "Magic Carpet" competition and considered your first choice excellent. Of course, I guessed that England would still be the Mecca of the majority of "Good Neighbours," for we had that idea inculcated into us at school; in fact, I think it must be for that very reason that I lost all desire to visit the Old Country—maybe we had an overdose. However, your variety of choices made very good reading. For my part, after having visited the East, there is one country which I should particularly like to see had I a magic carpet (but I thought I would leave it to someone else to do it better literary credit) and that is the United States. And for the one simple reason—that I like the people. It struck me as strange that with all we read about scenic attractions, etc., no one seems to have a simple reason like this for wanting to visit a country.—**"R.E.E.," New Lynn.**

THE "Journal" arrived this morning and I was cheered up by reading your pages. It is a dismal day outside with rain and cold winds. How I wish I had a magic carpet; I'd take a leisurely trip round the world, the

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