

WE have had 26in. of snow here, and as it lay for three weeks, we were heartily sick of it. However, if we get a good season later, we will not complain, and one soon forgets all the discomforts—no power, no mail, no bread, no water, burst pipes, and having to cook over an open fire. All the worry about the stock doesn't end with the thawing of the snow. Our upsets in the house were nothing compared to those with which the menfolk had to contend.—“Cloudy,” Ashburton.

THERE always seems so much to do in the winter that I wonder what I do in the summer, when the children do not wear so many clothes and the washing dries quickly and there's no mud. This has been a hard winter, as we have had so much rain and snow, but it will mean good crops and gardens, we hope. The spring

A Friend

*She seemed to know just when she ought to smile
At little jokes we made.
She seemed to guess when some dark travel-mile
Had left our hearts afraid.
She seemed to know just when to grip one's hand,
Or when to turn away
With silent sympathy—she'd understand
Life's labour and life's play.
It wasn't that she talked a lot to us,
It wasn't that she did
Big actions brilliant with grand helpfulness—
Each kindly act she hid!
But on rough seas of storm and tempest gloam
She'd never let us drift,
But take the helm and steer us bravely home . . .
Such friendship is—a gift.
—Ianthe Drage.
(Sent by “Biddi-Jan.”)*

and peace both coming at once are wonderful. I do feel we deserve to celebrate and not be too calm and matter-of-fact about it, don't you?—“Bee,” Timaru.

I HAVE no liking for the mud that comes with the soft spring weather, but a drift of yellow daffodils blowing in the wind is a glorious sight and compensation for any unpleasantness.—“Parnteea,” North Auckland.

WHO could fail to be moved by the beauty of the white countryside on a frosty morning, or feel exhilaration as the sun pierces through the mists and reveals its glory to a welcoming world.—“Pussy,” Taupiri.

I ENJOYED your letter on poppies. Somehow these flowers have always had a fascination for me, both the iceland and the shirley variety with their amazing colours. In this valley

spring is heralded by masses of wattle, and daffodils are in bloom in the warmer places.—“M,” Feilding.

WE live in Taranaki where the majestic Mt. Egmont is always before us, never so beautiful as when it is clad to the bush-line—and below—with a mantle of gleaming white snow. What matter the cold winds when one can gaze on such grandeur.—“M.R.C.A.,” Kaimata.

I HAVE a pear tree growing in an old orchard on a hill which commands a good view of the surrounding country. Each year the pear tree is a blaze of white and hundreds of bees come seeking honey. I love the blossom time and sometimes take my sewing or knitting and sit on a limb of that old tree. It is just heavenly, with frisking lambs round about, and green grass, and every tree alive with spring promise.—“Marion,” Taumarunui.

SPRING never fails to imbue me with the necessary vim to get busy in the garden. The sun lies warm upon the soil. What pleasure the sun brings, for it seems to be in alliance with old Mother Earth, and between the two Old Man Winter simply has to fly. The spring warmth never fails to triumph over the frosty thralldom of cold winter days.—“Roundabout,” K.C.

IN October I get ready to welcome the summer again. I make a new

dress or two, and plant gladioli bulbs and wonder what colours they will be. It is always a busy month for me, but I love it.—“Jessie,” Mokau.

WHAT joy one feels gazing at a clump of violets resting among their green, rain-glistening leaves. The fragrance of their scent mingles with the smell of the rich brown earth about their roots. A massive, boldly-coloured rhododendron bush

Can You See?

*Oh, there's laughter in each sunrise,
A kiss on ev'ry rose,
And a story in each bird-song
That no one really knows.
Oh, there's wisdom in the heavens,
Deep comfort in the seas,
And there's promise in the starlight,
Delight in ev'ry breeze.
Oh, there's yearning in the grasses,
And joy in clouds above,
And in ev'ry part of Nature
The message of God's love.
—Paulette Leaning.*

puts forth frothy heads of bloom, and beside it a tiny plum tree is in blossom, gracefully poised like a ballerina.—“Judith,” Ohau.

It was a sparing speech of the Ancients, to say, “That a Friend is another Himselfe”: for that a Friend is farre more than Himselfe.—Bacon.

from all parts of NEW ZEALAND



From Kaikohe, Bluff, the West Coast . . . even from England come these country lads to their first job in Wellington. Perhaps sons of fallen servicemen, sometimes orphans, they find homely surroundings, good companionship and friendly guidance at the Wellington Boys' Institute . . . and for as little as 11/- to 25/- weekly. The present Hostel is inadequate . . . to erect a new, spacious building for 100 boys, and to establish a Farm Training Centre is a big job. We're appealing for £50,000 . . . please help. Make your donations payable to the Boys' Institute, Wellington; send them c/o General Secretary,

the BOYS' INSTITUTE