

## MARY'S AT HOME . . .

small boys, I feel I must take time to let you know how much your message means to me each month—the strength and beauty which lie in your words must be an inspiration to all “Good Neighbours.”—“Rakiura,” Southland.

THE “Journal” brings an added interest to the home. Having a young family makes outings rather difficult. Books are great friends though, and of course the radio keeps us in touch. I learn such a lot through the children's educational sessions and find them most entertaining, too.  
—“London Pride,” Ashburton.

WHEN I was six years old I received a dear little piano about a foot long and with black and white keys which tinkled merrily when I

pressed them. I used to think of all the songs I knew and play them on my piano and ask my brother to guess them. Many times I sang myself hoarse. Sometimes at night my father would play the accordion, my brother would get his mouth organ, and I would join in with my piano.—**Isabella Robinson, Putaruru.**

RECENTLY I received a huge parcel of knitted jerseys, sox, underwear, and woollen skirts—did I have a wonderful time distributing them among my tribe of little ones! I also received three dozen prize gladioli bulbs from a “Good Neighbour.” Next in order, a brand new wringer, and last, a big Christmas cake from another “Good Neighbour.”—“Martha,” North Canterbury.



“I always say  
old friends  
are best —”

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I MUST mention a very special gift I received last Christmas. My eldest son, aged six, proudly presented me with one of his new pups. It was such a sacrifice on his part, and other mothers will know the joy that was in my heart that day.—“M.B.M.,” Invercargill.

AMONG my presents was a bulky parcel wrapped in green cellophane and tied with bright ribbons. On untying the ribbon I found a little scarlet manuka in full bloom. You may not consider a tin-opener a very exciting gift, but for me the thrill was in the card attached, which read, “To Mum, with love from Santa Claus Junior”—it was from my school-boy son.—“Curly,” Southland.

SANTA Claus once brought me one of those gauzy Christmas stockings. It held the loveliest things. Right at the bottom were some sweets, then a brightly-coloured ball and a gaily-painted tin whistle. Next came a

### TO WALK IN PARADISE

He who would seek for treasure  
In furrow or in field  
Finds richer gems about his path  
Than cities ever yield.  
There, like a blue-starred carpet,  
The periwinkle lies:  
Deeper its shade, softer its hue  
Even than angels' eyes.  
Leaning above it twines a rose  
About an elderberry stem.  
Which is the lovelier, none can tell—  
Both were brushed by Beauty's hem.  
He who goes seeking treasure  
Needs only open eyes.  
A thankful and a wandering heart  
To walk in Paradise.

—M.E.T.

much-longed-for doll wrapped round by a picture book for protection. Several other things precious to a child were stuffed into that treasure store of a stocking, and outside was pinned a beautiful bon-bon. What fun we had pulling it and opening that wonderful stocking.

—“Tui,” Hawke's Bay.

DURING my school days I craved for a pocket knife. The one I received was in the form of a pencil with a slit at one end. You pressed the other end and the knife appeared. I was also given a pair of folding scissors.

Some years ago my family saved up and gave me a small magnifying glass as a Christmas gift. I had often wanted one when looking at snaps, so I valued it very much. Last Christmas brought me a cameo necklace from Italy. I was thrilled with its beauty and more so by the fact that Son had remembered.—“Matau,” Milton.