

MARY'S AT HOME . . .

worth all the worry, but at this time of the year, when the country is so lovely, town does not appeal to me. On Friday I was in town (I had to go in by bus) and when I came home it seemed like heaven after all the hurry and scurry, and the jolting of the stuffy, overcrowded bus as a final unpleasantness.—“Cloudy,” Ashburton.

MY friends laughingly tell me that I have a school-ma'am look—not that I have ever had the honour to belong to the profession, nor do they refer to a “schoolgirl complexion.” A short time ago a relative who is a country teacher had to leave because of a sudden illness. It fell to my lot to attend to some private matters for her and on the day I made the journey the relieving teacher was a fellow-

passenger. A number of school children were awaiting the arrival of the train, and while the teacher was met and escorted to her lodgings the children accompanied me along the road. The parents told me the next day that the children had decided I was the new teacher. The laugh was against me!—“C.V.W.,” Waverley.

IT has been so mild and dry lately that we have been working in the garden. My husband has been felling pines, a big row which runs across the farm and spoils two paddocks, so down they came. I hate to hear them crash, but it is good to have plenty of cones as they—and one sort of coal which I can't get!—are the only fuel that really suits my stove. It takes my ten-year-old and me quite a time to knock the

cones off and carry them to the shed, but it's one way we can help.

—“Bee,” Timaru.

*Home's just a corner of the world
that's sent to make us sweet,
A place for smoothing out the way
for tired hands and feet.
A little place for tenderness as well
as joy and song,
A little place to cheer and bless and
help loved folk along;
A place for toil, a place for rest, a
little place for prayer,
A place where everyone can play
his part, however small;
But home that is not full of love is
hardly home at all.*

—Sent in by “Peggy,” Pleasant Point.

I HAVE been reading “W. H. Davies,” by Thomas Moulton. I think Davies and de la Mare are my favourite poets. Have you ever noticed how Davies delights in butterflies? I was amazed at the number of times he introduced them into his poems. I had a volume of de la Mare given me for my birthday and I do not think I've ever had a gift before with so much loveliness in it. Here's a fragment to add to your Winter Anthology:—

*Once was miller, and he would say,
“I go as white as lambs in May!
I go as white as rose on bush!
White as the white convolvulus!”
He snapped his fingers, began to
sing—
“White, by my beard, is everything!
Meal, and chalk, and frost, and hail;
Clouds and surf and ships in sail.
There's nowt on earth that brighter
shines
Than daisies, pinks, and columbines;
But what of ME when full moon
doth show
And mill and meadows are deep in
snow!”*

—(Walter de la Mare)

—“Tinkle Tinkle,” Port Chalmers.

“Wild Life”

I AM sorry I have to disappoint so many readers who replied to my offer to loan the magazine “Wild Life.” I have been simply deluged with letters and have sent the magazine to the writer of the first letter I received. I have requested her to send it on to the next on the list if the idea appeals to her. Thank you all for your friendly interest, and may I say that I have recently seen “Wild Life” displayed in a bookshop here, so perhaps copies are reaching New Zealand bookstalls by now. It is published by the United Press, 62-74 Flinders Street, Melbourne.—“Native Flower,” Wai-pukurau.

*The place that doth contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.*

—Massinger.

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