



My dear Little People,

This week we're going to have a story, but we have a few letters to answer yet. Suppose we get the "Daydream" out again, and just fly round to the Little People whose letters we have to answer. We'll pick them up, and then we'll simply go right round everywhere, and pick up every member. We'll all fit into our lovely "Daydream" because it stretches and makes room for everyone, and we'll fly back to the "Joy" where we'll settle ourselves down for a wonderful hour with our new story. Off you go now, climb in while I fix up the head and tail lights, because we can't have other people bumping into us away up in the sky. Settle in comfortably, there's plenty of room, and don't hang over the sides or you'll perhaps be "Sky-sick" and tumble out.

Here we are at Palmerston, and the first place we'll make for is Rev. Father Kavanagh's, because our new Little Person Patricia Phelan, lives there, and she wants to join our L.P.L.C. Patricia wants some little girl, 10 or 12 years old to write to her. (Welcome Pat, I hope someone will write you. Do you know dear, I believe I didn't put your address properly in the membership list? Never mind, I'll make it right now. Come along with us for our trip.—Anne. P.S. Will you please note Little People, that Patricia's full address, is *rejo* Rev. Father Kavanagh, Palmerston.—Anne.)

Now to Pahiatua, to meet Patricia Walsh, who also writes for the first time, and who wants a name for her doll. Pat goes to St. Anthony's School and is in Std. III. (Welcome Patricia, would you like to call your doll "Maysie"? I've been thinking it would be very nice if you and Patricia Phelan wrote each other, what do you think yourselves? You are both Patricias and you both came to me on the same day.—Anne.)

On to Pomahaka to see Frances and Jack Scott, who are playing basket ball, and catching crabs to feed to the ducks. Jack tells me the ducks wouldn't eat the crabs because the crabs nipped them. Frances likes our story, and they both send riddles. (Glad to hear from you two Little People again, you'll see your riddles in the Riddle Bin soon. Mind you're ready when we come flying in on you.—Anne.)

Next is Slope Point, and Nancy O'Brien who is hoping someone will write to her. Nancy comes from Charters Towers, in Queensland. (Glad to hear from you Nancy and glad too that you missed our page when it wasn't in the *Tablet*. No indeed I'm not the least bit tired of my Little People, but sometimes it is hard to get everything done up to time. I will put your special request at the end of your letter.—Anne. P.S. Nancy wishes me to ask the girl who sits seventh in the 5th standard at the Invercargill Convent, to write to her. Nancy herself would like to write to this girl but does not know her address.—Anne.)

The last visit to-day is to Wyndham, to Winnie Traynor, who is another member of the L.P.L.C. wanting someone to write to her. Winnie tells me she likes the "Joy," but she likes the "Daydream" better. (Come along with us then Winnie, we're off to pick up the others. I like your idea of a badge for Anne's Little People, but how can we overcome the difficulty of being so far apart and so scattered in all directions? Perhaps we will manage somehow next year. Look out for the Riddle Bin.—Anne.)

Off we go now Little People, we'll be in Australia in

no time, then to Chatham, then back to New Zealand where we have friends in nearly every town and in the country as well. Have a good look while you're up here, you may not get a chance again for some time. Suppose we dive into the Riddle Bin, while we're making our long non-stop flight.

#### RIDDLE BIN.

What goes to church on its head?—A nail in a person's shoe. (Sent in by Winnie Traynor.)

What is it that the more you take off, the longer it grows?

What does an artist like to draw best?

What was the largest moth ever known?

What is it that is alive at both ends and dead in the middle?

What is as high as a steeple, as light as a feather, and yet no man can lift it?

What is it that by naming it you break it?

If a pig wanted a house what would it do?

When you send in the answers please send in the riddle as well.

#### OUR STORY.

#### THE UNKNOWN LAND.

It mattered not to the Sedge Warbler whether it were night or day! She built her nest down among the willows, and reeds, and long thick herbage that bordered the great river's side, and in her sheltered covert she sang songs of mirth and rejoicing both by night and day.

"Where does the great river go to?" asked the little ones, as they peered out of their nest one lovely summer night, and saw the moonbeams dancing on the waters, as they hurried along. Now, the Sedge Warbler could not tell her children where the great river went to; so she laughed and said they must ask the Sparrow who chattered so fast, or the Swallow who travelled so far, next time one or other came to perch on the willow tree to rest. "And then," said she, "you will hear all such stories as these!"—and thereupon the Sedge Warbler tuned her voice to the Sparrow note, and the little ones almost thought the Sparrow was there, the song was so like his—all about towns, and houses, and gardens and fruit-trees and cats and guns; only the Sedge Warbler made the account quite confused, for she had never had the patience to sit and listen to the Sparrow, so as really to understand what he said about these matters.

But imperfect as the tale was it amused the little ones very much, and they tried then to sing it, and sang till they fell asleep; and when they awoke, they burst into singing again; for, behold the eastern sky was red with dawn, and they knew the warm sunbeams would soon send beautiful streaks of light in among the reeds and flags that sheltered their happy home.

Now, the Mother-bird would sometimes leave the little ones below, and go up into the willow branches to sing alone; and as the season advanced she did this oftener and oftener; and her song was plaintive and tender then, for she used to sing to the tide of the river, as it swept along she knew not whither, and think that some day she and her husband and children should all be hurrying onward as the river hurried—she knew not whither also—to the Unknown Land whence she had come. Yes! I may call it the Unknown Land; for only faint images remained upon her mind of the country whence she had flown.

(To be continued.)

—ANNE.

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