

## The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My dear Boys and Girls,—I can see by so many of your letters that you are interested in the Missions in China, but so far, no one has mentioned the Maori Missions in New Zealand. Only a day or two ago someone was telling me that a newly-ordained priest, one of your own grown-up schoolmates, has taken up this work, and I thought I would tell you a little about it in case you have not heard.

Now, most of you children, writing to me from Dunedin, Invercargill, Wellington, Hamilton, and lots of places, have never seen perhaps a Maori settlement or pah, where, maybe, a whole tribe of Maoris lives. A pah is a little village, composed generally of many cottages, large and small, and a big meeting-house, and of course there are many families living in a pah. Children of all ages, fine little boys and girls just like yourselves, their fathers and mothers just like your own dear ones, grandmothers, grandfathers, uncles, aunts, and nieces, nephews and cousins just like you have them, only a lot more generally. Well, there are pahas dotted all about New Zealand, rather more perhaps in the North Island than in the South Island, and it is to these Maoris that our Missioners bring the word of God. Now, children dear, you can all help by saying a little prayer—a Hail Mary daily—for these good priests who work away among the Maoris. Will you all do that? I am sure you will. Ask your fathers and mothers to tell you what they know or have heard about the old days when the French Missioners walked up and down and across New Zealand, working among the Maoris and the few and far between white families. What these good priests did then, the young New Zealand priests are now going to undertake also, but of course, as times have changed, so the work naturally, will be different. Prayers, though, do not change, and these they need children, so remember them, and save just a mite of your pocket-money for their collection day, when it comes round. Don't leave it till the last minute and have to beg it from your fathers and mothers, but be little sports and make a sacrifice of it right now, and have it ready when the time comes. Another day, if you like, I shall tell you something more, but meantime do say the prayer daily, and be helpful to the Maori Missioners.—Anne.

Bunter, Bessie, Menzies Ferry.—How are all the kittens? Of course they must be cats by this time.

Blanchfield, Josie, Greymouth.—Story received; you will hear about the results later. Write again.

Clare, Cissy, Menzies Ferry.—How are Dobbin and Gip and did you all have a glad holiday-time?

—, Ella, Heriot.—Have you been reading our page all this time and liking it? What is your full name?

Donaghy, Mary, Dipton.—Yes, I enjoyed New Year's Day but didn't see you at the sports.

Fleming, Betty, Pungarehu.—Glad to hear from you Betty dear. I shall never be lonely again for I have now over 300 brothers and sisters.

Hannafin, Austin, Upper Riccarton.—Do you think our page is anything like as good as the *Sun* page?

Leydon, Kathleen, Owhango.—So you all go to school except Patrick? What a jolly Christmas you must have had.

McKenna, Winnie, Patea.—Received your story Win, but you did not tell me the date of your birthday.

McNeill, Pearl, Lauriston.—How is "Hops"? That is a good name for an election-day kitten.

O'Callaghan, Ileen, Dipton.—Your little letter was full of news. How is the garden?

O'Brien, Cissie, Clifden.—Would like to come and see you milking some afternoon.

O'Brien, Annie, Clifden.—Do you like going through the Caves? I have seen very beautiful ones at Waitomo.

Orlowski, Elsie, Kohamo.—Can you make your own dress? They seem to be very simple this summer.

Rodgers, Connie, Island Bay, Wellington.—Have you started school yet, Connie? Do you like it?

Smyth, Kitty, Otaki.—How many boarders this year? Did you have nice holidays?

Smith, Jean, Otaki.—I am keeping note of all your birthdays. Have you got tired of waiting for my reply?

Stack, Ineen, Tripp Settlement.—Glad to hear from you Ineen. Hope you like our page and all your new friends.

Silke, Nora, Nelson.—Are you still waiting to hear from me? Soon you will be reading some of the children's stories.

Sheahan, Veronica, Stratford.—Are you still writing to Maureen?

Searle, Marie, Invercargill.—How is Sylvia and all the other dolls? What a big family you have.

Thompson, Elna, Pokako.—Yes dear, I do like quail, but don't get it often. I also like to hear the bush-birds. How is Raymond?

Traynor, Zita, Wyndham.—Hope you do win the competition. When is your birthday, Zita?

Reeve, Leonard, Otaki.—What a jolly family you are and what a busy time you must have with the fruit. Has the bad summer spoilt some of it for you?

Tylee, Imelda, Dunedin.—How is Cocky, and does he still call you in time for Mass?

Timbridge, Doris, Stratford.—I am sorry it rained on your picnic day, but you had a good time all the same didn't you?

Timbridge, Beryl, Stratford.—Thank you for your good wishes dear. Did you have nice holidays?

Webby, Mary, Otaki.—Would you really like to be my secretary? Work hard while you are at school and learn all you can.

Whelan, Eileen, Waimatuku.—Everybody seems to have got wet during the holidays? The summer has been disappointing and short.

York, Patricia, Ohakune.—Did you pass your exams? Now you are back at school again I suppose.

## A Strong Protector

[From *Pearls From Holy Scripture for our Little Ones* by M. J. Warsox, S.J. Dedicated to the Children of the Catholic Schools.]

"Protect me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Psalm xvi, 9.

Suppose, dearest little one, that you had to go through a dark forest or a lonely desert, where a robber attacked travellers, would you have any fear if your father carried you in his strong arms? No, you would not then be afraid: your father's loving breast would be a safe place where no one could hurt you. In the same way, you should have no fear in your journey to Paradise through the desert of this world, because God, your Heavenly Father, bears you up in His arms; and He tells you that He will keep you as the apple of His eye, and protect you under the shadow of His wings. How safe you should feel when thus kept and guarded! What enemy or danger need you dread, when the Lord spreads over you His mighty wings? If, then, a bad temptation should attack you and seek to kill your soul, you may have perfect courage, and lifting your eyes to heaven, say to God, "In the shadow of Thy wings will I hope until this evil thing pass away."

Our Lord declares in the Holy Gospel how He longs to gather His children together as the mother-hen conceals her chicks beneath her wings when any danger is near. And again, in the Old Testament we are told that as the eagle hovers over her nest of young birds to teach them how to fly, so the Lord will spread His wings, and take His little ones, and carry them on His shoulders. You see, then, my dearest, with what tender love and care your Heavenly Father watches to keep you safe, and you ought often pray to Him, saying: "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" (Ps. xxvi.) For if under the wings of the Most High you have trust and courage, nothing can harm you, or separate you from your mighty Protector.

God, your champion and lover, has given to each of you a beautiful angel to guard you in all your ways and lead you in your journey to heaven. When the prophet Daniel was cast into the lions' den an angel preserved him from injury. "My God," he said, "hath sent His angel, and hath shut up the mouths of the lions and they have not hurt me." (Daniel vi, 22.) And we read in the *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert* that a hermit was asked how it was that he was always joyful and never impatient or angry, and he replied: "There is an angel ever at my side who whispers what I am to say and do, and notes down how I act: this thought fills me with reverence and I do what pleases him." Therefore, though you should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, do not be afraid, but hope in the Lord, do manfully, and let your heart take courage.

Prayer: My Heavenly Father, in Thee I will always hope.

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