



My dear Little People,

I hope you will find the poetry I am sending you interesting and that some of you will guess what it is that is in all these strang places. Next week we will have some "snaps" again; I have a few new friends for us all to look at. A few children are still writing in pencil; what am I to do with them? Quite a number of Little People are sending subscriptions for the orphanage; our list is growing.

Already acknowledged, £9 11s; Anna Daley, 5s; John O'Brien, 2s; Kathleen Egan, 2s 6d; total, £10 0s 6d.

—ANNE.

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of Earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depth of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him at death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned,
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, and tho' deaf be the ear
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

(Catherine Maria Fanshawe).

Dear Anne,—may I join your happy band. I am Ten years of age and I am in standard four at School. I am going to St. Gerard's Convent at Alexandra, I go down in the train in the morning and home at night. There are about Seventy-four children attending the Convent—also five Nuns—My teacher's name is Sister Usurla. I have three Brothers and three Sisters. Four of us attend school, one of my younger Brothers will start school on Monday next. I would like to see my letter in the *Tablet*, I think I am the first to write Anne, from Clyde. I hope you escaped the Flu Anne, I will close now with best wishes from Eileen Keane, Clyde.

(Yes, Eileen, yours is my first letter from Clyde. I'm sure you found it very cold this winter going to school. I had the Flu but am well now.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I do not think you have had any letters from Hastings yet so I thought I would write to you. I am in Std 2 and I go to the Convent and I learn music. I have two brothers in Saint Patrick's College in Wellington. Have you ever been to Hastings Anne? It is a lovely place but it has been very wet and cold here this winter. I am just getting over the influenza and I have been in bed for a week but I am nearly better now. I have a little kitten, can you give me a nice name for him? This is all for this time so Goodbye Anne from your new fond friend, Agnes Hempseed, Hastings, H.B.

(Yours is the first letter from Hastings Agnes, glad to hear from you. No, I have never been to Hastings but have heard much about it. Call your little kitten "Buster."—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—This is my first letter to you so you will not expect much from me. I would like to ask you can I be one of your little friends. My father and mother get the *Tablet* and I like reading the little peoples page. I

am nine-years Old, and I am in std 2. I go to the state school as there is no convent near. My sister goes to the Ashburton convent to learn music. I will write more next time. Yours truly, Teresa Morgan, Mount Somers.

(Yes, Teresa you can be one of my friends and I'm right glad to hear from you.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—Seing so many letters in the *Tablet* from children I thought it would be nice to write to you. I am nine years old and go to the New Plymouth convent and am in the third standard. I have been to thirteen schools don't you think that is a lot. I have no brothers or sisters and my mother and father live a long way in the bush but I live with Mrs. Smith and her Three children. So I just say she is my other mother and the little boys and girl my sisters and brothers we are very happy and often go for picnics and have lots of fun. In the school holidays I go to see my mother and father. I do hope dear Anne you will find room to print my letter. Yours sincerely, Ray Giles, New Plymouth.

(Glad to hear from you Ray but you mustn't write in pencil again. What a lot of schools you have been to.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am going to be one of your friends. We get the *Tablet* from Grannie. I am ten years of age in standard 3. I have four sisters and three brothers. I go to the public school as there is no Catholic school near. We have seven cows, eighteen hens, and three cats. I would like to see my letter in the *Tablet*. I like reading the Little People's Page. As this is my first letter I will close with love from all. Your loving friend, Kathleen Harding, Motukaraka, Hokianga. P.S.—My birthday is on third of June.

(Welcome Kathleen, glad you want to join us. What a lot of animals you have. Love to you all.—Anne.)

My dear Anne.—This is my first letter to you and I would like to be one of your friends. I am six years old my birthday is on 13th March. I live with my grandmother and I go to the convent school here every day. I have one sister and two brothers I am sending you 2/6 for the orphanage fund. Goodbye now Anne with lots of love from your little friend, Kathleen Egan, Nightcaps.

(Welcome Kathleen and thank you for your donation. You are a dear little six-year-old and your letter is very nice.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—I was pleased to see my last letter in the *Tablet*. Anne were you ever on the Waimoa plains. It is an awful place for mud. The plain consists of about thirty miles in length and about sixteen miles in width and is surrounded by hills. The hills on the north-east side are simply lovely at the present, with their lovely white frocks of snow. Anne did you ever eat a goose egg. I had one for breakfast and I don't think I will be able to eat any more for a week. Enclosed P.N. for 5/- for the orphanage fund. Your friend, Anna Daly, Balfour.

(Thank you Anna for the 5/-. No, I never did eat a goose egg, and I'm glad you survived the one you ate. The Plains do sound a bit muddy.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—this is my first letter to you. I would like to become one of your friends, I am Seven years old and I am in Std 1, I have two Sisters, mary and norah. mary is five years old and norah is 3 months we milk one cow and have thirty fowls but have no chickens yet I am learning the Paine. Dear Anne I will new close I shell write a longer letter next time from your new friend John O'Brien, otantau. P.S.—I am sending 2/- for the orphanage.

(Thank you John for the 2/-. Yours is a very good letter but try to write the next with a pen and ink. Love to Mary and Norah.—Anne.)

Do not go against your own conscience, whatever the gain.

Messrs. Jago, Biggs, Limited, the leading cycle and motor mail merchants in Dunedin, have an important announcement on page 34 of this issue.

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