



# A Page for Little People

Conducted by  
ANNE



My dear Little People,

Of course you know what day it is to-day—it's the great feast of the Epiphany, or as it is called in the Old Countries—Little Christmas. And do you know what it all means?

You remember seeing in the Crib, and in Holy Pictures, the Three Wise Men, or the Magi, as they are sometimes called. And you know the story of how they travelled so far and so long, following the Star, so that they might see the Infant Jesus, the newborn King. Well, it was many days after Christmas when they arrived, but, when they did get there, they bowed low before Him, adored Him and gave Him their precious gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. It was their own Christmas—their Little Christmas—and, if you take notice, you'll find that the Crib will disappear from the church after this great day, because the Three Wise Men were the last to arrive. Would you like to know their names? They were called "Caspar," "Melchior," and "Balthasar"—strange names to us perhaps, but great names in the far away Eastern countries where the wonderful story was lived. You know the rest of the story, do you, of how the powerful and wicked King Herod told these Wise Men to come back and give him all the tidings about the wonderful baby they were going to see. He pretended that he wanted to know all about Him, and indeed so he did, but only so that he could have Him killed at once. But an angel from heaven told these Wise Men to go home another way, and not to go near Herod, and the Star guided them the way they were to go. So the dear Little Infant was not killed, but alas! every baby boy for miles and miles round the country was killed by order of Herod. This led to "The Flight into Egypt," another beautiful story I'll tell you another time, perhaps next week. Of course, I'll only tell you very shortly, because we've not got room for much story nowadays. Still I remember how fond I was of these stories, and I think many Little People would like to hear them now.

And how are you enjoying yourselves, are the holidays turning out anything like your dreams of them? Dear me! How I wish I could turn myself into a Fairy or something, so that I could get round and see you all, it really would be something specially nice. But of course, whoever heard of an "Anne" turning into a Fairy of all things, if you please?!!!

Before we go through our letters I'll give you a little something to work out. See what you can do with it and send in the answers:

## The Escaped Circus.

A small girl had a complete cardboard circus—and a very bad small brother. One day she went out, and the complete circus and the complete rascal were left alone. When she came back she found 27 little heaps of legs and arms and heads and tails, and such, all mixed up. Imagine each letter is a part of the circus, and help the poor

child to get things into order again. As a help, we tell you that (1) is a clown.

(1) WOLCN, (2) ROSHE, (3) MACLE, (4) BEARZ, (5) PLEROAD, (6) KYMENO, (7) SOPSMU, (8) KNSAC, (9) GRFO, (10) LINSA, (11) RONKOAGA, (12) PLEANHT, (13) TARBIB, (14) REHA, (15) OLIN, (16) BALYWAL, (17) ERTGI, (18) NYKDEO, (19) PPTLVYAS, (20) BMTWOA, (21) DIZRLA, (22) YIAFR, (23) CRABOTA, (24) DAUTSWS, (25) GEAGS, (26) SOPHO, (27) NADW, (28) PHWL.

—ANNE.

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. This is my last letter to you this year. I will write again next year I hope; when I am in standard three next year. I have two brothers and three sisters. We have six cows and nine calves. I milk four cows and feed the calves and help my father with the hay after I have finished my milking.—Your old friend, Jack Sullivan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Good for you Jack, some day you'll have a truly farm of your own. Thank you and Julia for your pretty cards.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just going to write you a few lines to see how you are getting on. I am in Std. two. I am nine years old. I live at Have-lock North. I walk to school every morning and at night we often get a ride. I live two and a half miles away from the school. We break up on the twelfth of December. We get six weeks' holiday and I am very glad. We have some cats. We have a little baby called Kathleen. She pulls the cats' tails and she does many other things. Your loving friend, Reggie Heffernan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Good boy Reggie, wish I could walk to school with you. Your cats must be angels not to gobble Baby Kathleen up.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am writing a few lines to tell you how I am getting on. I am in Standard 2 now. I have a mile to walk to school every morning. My birthday is on the sixth of October. Our school closes next Friday for our Christmas holidays. I am nine years old. Your loving friend, Dorothy O'Connor, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(You have a birthday mate Dorothy, her name is Mary Hanrahan, and her address is St. Bathans, South Island. Would you like to write to each other?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am writing you a letter to wish you a happy Christmas. On the twelfth of December we are having our concert. Peter Koo-rey is saying a piece of poetry which is called "Opening the Sardines." Rena my sister is saying a piece of poetry which is called "How?" and she is also the jester, and Myra is a princess. Flip is lost now. He got lost when we were shifting, Myra and Rena were coming to where we shifted.

As they were nearly home he jumped out of their hands. I must close now with best love from your little friend, Tom Banks, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Fancy Flip flipping like that, Tom. I'm sure the concert must have been very nice.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing these few lines wishing you a merry Christmas. I hope you are quite well. We are having fine weather. I am in std. two. I go to the Convent school and I like the Convent school better than any other school. My mother is not very well. We break up the 12th of December. We are having a concert the 12 of December. It starts at 8 o'clock. Sister reads us nice stories if we know our Catechism. I have four sisters and two brothers. My big brother, whose name is Peter, works in a motor car garage and there is only three of us going to school. All the rest are at work. Mother has a little baby. She is minding it for a lady. I am sending you a Christmas card. My birthday is the 15th of June. I will write soon again. Your loving friend, Kathleen Cullinan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Thanks for good wishes Kathleen, hope your mother will be better soon. How very nice to have stories read to you.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

I am just writing a few lines to wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. We have had our test and are breaking up on the 12th of this month. I am not going away for my holidays because I have not seen enough of Hastings yet. The flowers all look lovely in Hastings when they are in bunches. We have a few flowers but they are not all out. I think this is all I can think of now so I will say good-bye. With best wishes. Your loving friend, G. Fitzgerald, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

P.S.—Geraldine is my name. I should have put it in before.

(Thank you for pretty card Geraldine. I'm sure you'll find quite enough in Hastings to amuse you during the holidays. Wish we could wander round together.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to wish you a happy Christmas. We are breaking up on the 12th of this month. I think I have passed the exam. I like school very much and I hope to be in standard 3 next year. During the holidays we are going to Napier for a week. There I will have a bathe in the breakers. I will sometimes go for a swim in the baths. Your new friend, Rodger Hanrahan, St. Joseph's School, Hastings.

(Lucky boy to go to Napier, Rodger. Hope you'll enjoy the surf.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,

Just a few lines to wish you a happy Christmas. In my holidays I am going away for about four or five weeks to stay with my Auntie and Uncle. We break up on the twelfth of this month. I hope there will be