

newcomers. Such nice letters you have written, I wish we could put the mail in the *Tablet*, but it would take up so much room now just at the end of the year when there is a good deal else going on. Anyhow and all the same we welcome you, and hope you will all send for your Badges as quickly as you can. Quite a number of you have told me your Birthday dates, and some of you have Mates waiting for you. Please will you send along your six penny stamps for Badges so that you can have Letter Friends for the holidays. I am putting all your letters away in a drawer until I hear from you again, telling me your Birthdays, and sending stamps for Badges. All those Little People who have already said when their Birthdays are need not do so again, but, will the others please let me know at once so we can get everything in order. Such a fine big list makes us feel all excited till you join up properly, and there must be Letter Friends waiting for all of you. I think "Pinto" is a good name for that bull calf, don't you? And I do thank those Little People who sent me the pictures for my prayer-book. Hurry now, precious Little People, that big list makes me so keen to get Letter Friends for you all, but you must get your Badges before that can happen. Glad some of you liked "The Wiggly Weasel," wasn't he a funny wiggly thing? Yes, I agree with the boys that girls' games get a bit tiresome. Cheer up though and try to teach the girls some boys' games. Happy Returns to December Little People.—Anne.)

OTHER LETTERS are from—

JIM CAHILL, who goes to the Feilding Convent but who is already a working Member of the L.P.L.C. Jim and his Letter Friend, Lennie Spelman, are good mates, and they had snaps taken of them after the opening of the Feilding church. Jim has a tame cow called Tiny, is getting a Persian kitten, and found a lark's nest with three young in it. (Glad to hear from you Jim, what about a snap for our picture gallery? How is Lennie these days, he must be too busy to write to us. Has the kitten arrived yet?—Anne.)

BETTY HORAN, Police Station, Avondale, writes a first letter, quite a good one too. Betty goes to the Avondale Convent and puts her spare pennies into a mite box for the black boys. (Welcome Betty, send sixpence for a Badge and become a real Member of our Letter Club. I'm sure to find you a nice Letter Friend.—Anne.)

LADDER WRITING COMPETITION.

This week, I'm very sorry to say, we can have no Ladder. I got two letters only from Jack and Paul Porter, and we'll let these go in with what comes in next time. By the time you read this the Competition will be over, and, very likely, next week or the week after, you will see the results of the judging.

RIDDLE, BIN.

1. What goes up white and comes down yellow?
2. Why do people on a rainy day look like mushrooms?

3. What is it that is all around the world and we can't see it?

4. Why did the white wash?

5. What is it that has teeth but no mouth?

VERSES and PERHAPS A STORY.

THE BOLD KNIGHT.

And challenge knights of every land
I think if God had said to me.

Before He made me quite
"What would you really like to be?"
I'd choose to be a knight.

And I would have a milk-white steed.
A lance and red-cross shield.
And seek to do a gallant deed
Upon some battlefield.

Or I would make my charger stand,
Beneath the city wall.
And challenge knights of every land
To tilt and slay them all.

Then would I fling me from his back.
And all my mail would ring.
The while I strode, all fierce and black,
To kneel before my king.

For kings are very great and high.
And though all knights are bold
The boldest knights are those who try
To do as they are told.

THE DIAMOND AND THE DEWDROP.

A costly Diamond, that had once sparkled in a lady's ring, lay in a field amid tall grasses and oxeye daisies.

Just above it, was a big Dewdrop that clung timidly to a nodding grass blade. Overhead, the blazing sun in all his noon-day glory. Ever since the first pink blush of dawn, the modest Dewdrop had gazed fixedly down upon the rich gem, but feared to address a person of such exalted consequence.

At last, a large Beetle, during his rambles, chanced to espy the Diamond, and he also recognised him to be some one of great rank and importance.

"Sire," he said, making a low bow, "permit your humble servant to offer you greeting."

"Tha—nks," responded the Diamond in languid tones of affectation.

As the Beetle raised his head from his profound bow, his gaze happened to alight upon the Dewdrop.

"A relative of yours, I presume, Sire?" he remarked affably, waving one of his feelers in the direction of the Dewdrop.

The Diamond burst into a rude, contemptuous laugh.

"Quite too absurd, I declare!" he exclaimed loftily. "But there, what can you expect from a low, grovelling beetle? Away, sir, pass on! Your very presence is distasteful to me. The idea of placing ME upon the same level—in the same family, as a low-born, mean, insignificant, utterly valueless —" Here the Diamond fairly choked for breath.

"But has he not beauty exactly like your own, Sire?" the Beetle ventured to interpose, though with a very timid air.

"BEAUTY," flashed the Diamond, with fine disdain—"the impudent fellow merely apes and imitates ME. However, it is some small consolation to remember that 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery.' But, even allowing him to possess it, mere beauty without rank is ridiculous and worthless. A Boat without water—a Carriage, but no horses—a Well, but never a Winch; such is beauty without rank and wealth! There is no real worth apart from rank and wealth. Combine Beauty, Rank and Wealth, and you have the whole world at your feet. Now you know the secret of the world worshipping ME."

And the Diamond sparkled and gleamed with vivid, violet flashes, so that the Beetle was glad to shade his eyes.

The poor Dewdrop had listened silently to all that had passed, and felt so wounded, that at last he wished he never had been born. Slowly a bright tear fell and splashed the dust.

Just then a Skylark fluttered to the ground and eagerly darted his beak at the Diamond.

"Alas!" he piped, with a great sob of disappointment. "What I thought to be a precious Dewdrop is only a worthless Diamond. My throat is parched for want of water. I must die of thirst!"

"Really? The world will never get over your loss" cruelly sneered the Diamond.

But a sudden and noble resolve came to the Dewdrop. Deeply did he repent his foolish wish. *He could now lay down his life that the life of another might be saved!*

"May I help you, please?" he gently asked.

The Lark raised his drooping head.

"Oh, my precious, precious friend, if you will, you can save my life!"

"Open your mouth then!"

And the Dewdrop slid from the blade of grass, tumbled into the parched beak, and was eagerly swallowed.

"Ah—well, well!" pondered the Beetle as he continued his homeward way. "I've been taught a lesson that I shall not easily forget. Yes, yes Simple WORM is far better than rank or wealth without modesty and unselfishness—and there is no true beauty where these virtues are absent."

Good-night all my dear Little People, and remember what I have asked you to do, especially all the new Friends who want to become real Members. We'll have another story next week, and anything interesting I can find to tell you about. Good-night,
"ANNE."

MOTOR CAR OWNERS.

A professional man in Wellington who cleans his own Motor says that since he started to use Q-tol he dispenses with gloves and is able to keep the dirt from getting ingrained. His hands are now smoother than ever they were. A large 2/- bottle of Q-tol lasts two months.

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