

## The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My dear Little People,

I had made up my mind to make our page a little different for a change, but, among my letters the other day there was one from a little friend and it has made me think again. I wonder what all of you will think of Henry Campbell's idea to help the Ponsonby Orphanage children, and I am sure Anne and her chickens can manage it, if they try. Now then, Little People, let us see if we can get a wonderful surprise packet for Bishop Liston, he asked us all in last week's *Tablet* to help him. I wonder did someone whisper to him that a little boy, a friend of "Anne's," was going to try to set the ball rolling among all the other children. Let us see now how well we will do our first work together, so, all of you make a little offering for the orphans who are children like yourselves. If you have to deny yourselves a little so that you can spare your pocket-money—so much the better. And mind you don't worry your mothers and fathers for the money. If you have to borrow it from them, mind you *pay it back*, as this offering must be from the children to the children. I'll come in with you, and you can send the money to me with a little note saying who it is from. Then, every week we will publish our own list, and we will get quite excited watching it grow. Hurry up now, let us start this minute.

Another thing children. Please write your letters in *ink* and on *one* side of the paper only. I should have told you this long ago because it is very important. These grown-ups who print the *Tablet* are very busy people—you haven't the faintest idea how quickly they have to work so as to be finished in time—and you can help them by doing as I say. Remember: In *ink* and on *one* side only.—Anne.

P.S.—Mind you understand that no offering is too small for our list, provided it is the most you can give. Do you understand?

Dear Anne,—This is my second letter which I intended writing on Easter Sunday but unfortunately I met with an accident that afternoon. I was thrown out of a gig and received injuries on my head and arm. It is a wonder I was not killed but I think the Sacred Heart protected me because I always wear the badge. Dear Anne I read in the *Tablet* the account of the fire at St. Joseph's Orphanage: I am very sorry for the poor boys. I think it would be a good plan if all your Little People would give an offering to help in the rebuilding of their Home. If you approve of my plan I will send you five shillings. Best wishes. Your little friend, Henry Campbell, Albany.

(Henry, you are a trump for suggesting such an easy way to help the Orphan children. I'll give the same as you and I'm sure all our Little People will rally round. Certainly the Sacred Heart did protect you, and He always will if you try to love Him and help your neighbor.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I was very glad to see my letter in the *Tablet*. I am now in Std. II. and was eight last April. We have a dear little baby sister, and she smiles at us. This Island is not very big. The season for shooting wild ducks opened yesterday, but Daddy has not been out yet. There is a big lake seven miles from here; and hundreds of wild swans live on it; and men can shoot them at any time. They lay their eggs on the shore, and people gather them to eat and to make cakes. There is a wireless station at Waitangi. We have no roads; and in winter it is very muddy. Pat and I caught ten eels in the holidays. Mummy took me to New Zealand when I was a baby. Your little friend, Edward John Prendeville, Owenga, Chatham Islands.

(So you did forgive me for keeping you waiting so long last time Edward. When are you coming over to New Zealand again? What is a swan's nest like, and are the eggs very big? Some day will you send me a snap of your family at Chathams.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I was very pleased to see my letter printed in the *Tablet*. We have two little kittens named Darky and Spotty. Our examination is next week and I am looking forward to the holidays. We have early church next Sunday and I am going to make my first Communion. Well I must say good-bye now. Love from your friend, Eileen Whelan, Waimatuku.

(Now you are having holidays and enjoying them, too. I'm sure. Did you make your First Communion quite safely?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I wish I were one of your friends. I am six and am in Std. I at school. I like going to school very much and play leap-frog hide-and-seek and other games. We are getting a new fence round the school. I have two sisters called Eileen and Cecily. I will tell you about our farm if you would like me to write to you again.—Mary Griffin, Te Wae Wae.

(Mary mine, you are one of my little friends and your letter is a masterpiece. Wish we could leap-frog together.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am going to be a friend of yours. I have one brother and two sisters. I am in the fourth standard. I live in Westport, the place where the best coal comes from. Our coal saved a warship one time in Suva when all the other boats were wrecked in a hurricane. We had seven ducks but we killed three for Easter Sunday. We have thirteen fowls, on an average we get one egg a day. And we have 29 fruit trees. The weather is fine to-day. Sometimes I get up and go to church. I am a Catholic. I am ten years of age. I stay with a lady at Westport. We had our school picnic on St. Patrick's Day. I am fond of reading the *Tablet*, but Anne soon I'll get no *Tablet* because my friends have got a house in which they will get it. Now I must close my letter. Good-bye now Anne. From your new friend, Patrick Terence Thorpy, Westport.

(Good boy Pat, stick up for your own coal. Do you ever help mother clean the stove. My, what a dinner you had on Easter Sunday. Perhaps your friends will let you peep at the Little Folk's page in the *Tablet*.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am eight years old and am in the second standard at school. How old are you? but I forgot Anne and you need not answer that, as it is not gentlemanly to ask a lady that question. I have a lovely pet lamb and her name is Shiela and a calf and I call her Brenda. Must stop now with love to you Anne from your little friend, Bernard Joseph O'Malley, South Hillend.

(It's quite all right about asking me my age Bernard, but we will talk about Shiela and Brenda instead. How are they and how are you?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am writing again very soon, as my last letter has not been published yet, but I suppose it will be in next time. I went up to the Post Office for the mail to-day, as I was in a hurry to get the *Tablet*, to see the results of the competitions, but as I see it is not going to be in until next week, I need not be anxious for it just yet, but I will next Tuesday. I did not read in the *Tablet* all about the burning of the Takapuna Orphanage, but I wished I had read it. It must have been dreadful for the poor boys and girls, and the Sisters too, to wake up and find themselves in the burning building. How lucky they were to all escape! Well Anne our Easter holidays are over to-day, and we have to go back to school to-morrow. I have just been looking for our sick duck, but it is not far away. About two weeks ago a weasel took seven of our little ducks and nearly killed another one. We have had it inside in a box for about two weeks, and now we let it go with the other little ducks, but it cannot keep up with the other ducks and we always think it is lost. My little brother started serving on the altar last Sunday. Well, as I told you that on Easter Sunday it was going to rain it did, and very heavy too. The Inangahua Junction sports were on Easter Saturday but they had to be postponed till the Monday on account of the rain. Well Anne I think I am taking up too much space, so I close. From your friend, Tessie McMahon, Cronadun.

(By this time you know the results of the competition Tessie, also you have seen your letter published. Did you get that weasel?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I wonder if I am the first to you from Roxburgh. I look at the *Tablet* every week but do not see any of the Roxburgh children's names in it. We have no convent school here so I go to a public school and I am in std. V and I am 11 yrs of age. I have one sister and three brothers my sister and one of my brothers are left school and my other two brothers are in std. VI. We have a orchard and we grow kinds of stone fruits, apples and pears. We are now picking our apples and it takes a long time because we have to be careful not to bruise them because if they are bruised they would not keep. Well dear Anne this is all the news for my first letter but will write a longer one next time. From your new friend —Frances Brady, Roxburgh.

(I am not quite sure if you are my first Roxburgh friend, but you are ever so welcome all the same. Wish I could go fruit picking with you.—Anne.)

### The Pure of Heart

Prayer.—Help me, O Lord, to serve Thee with a stainless mind, a pure heart, and a chaste body. Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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

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