

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Good March Day, everyone!

Of all the months, of all the year,
I like Old March the best;
He's such a jolly gentlemen --
He takes no time to rest!

Did March come in like a roaring Lion
or a gentle Lamb? If the former, he
is going out - a meek, little Lamb.

Prayer

"Dear Jesus, for each new morning with
its light,
For rest and care through all the night,
For health and food, for homes and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

Amen."

March 10, 1969

Emily Pauline Johnson was born on the Six Nations Indian Reserve on March 10, 1861. As a child, her mother recited to her, jingles, little verses and told her many, many stories. Pauline would ask her mother to repeat these often and learned them all from memory. She often repeated these stories to her little friends.

Quite often, she would place a book in her mother's hands for her to read out loudly. Pauline would sit on a little stool and listen intently. Her parents were often surprised at the expressions she would use in her every-day language.

As she grew older, Pauline read books by great authors and became an author herself. Her book of poetry "Flint and Feather" has been one of the greatest sellers in Canada, United States, England and foreign countries. She is not forgotten.

Another Story of One who fed Birds and Animals

This wonderful Lady had a love for the old. She loved all grandmothers, great and great, great. She kept collections of treasures that they used to own. She collected beautiful glassware in all colours, red, amber, cranberry, green, blue, carnival, etc. and displayed them in her windows. They simply looked heavenly!

Besides that, she collected old and rare buttons, jewelry of old, dolls made of wax, china dolls made in the 1800's or before. Old rare Indian History books written two hundred or more years ago were in her collection. In fact, you name anything old, she had it!

She cheerfully greeted everyone who came to her door. She had loyal friends, from far and near, who came to visit her. She had a loving disposition and had a cup of tea, and a piece of cake or pie, a dish of ice-cream or a big slice of watermelon, for each one.

She not only welcomed people but also birds and animals. She had a beautiful backyard where flowers of every colour, roses especially, bloomed.

Birds were bountifully fed in her backyard. Many came to stay, for she had beautifully decorated houses built for them. She did not know all the birds that came there but I detected the grosbeak, cedar waxwing, woodthrush, yellow warbler and others. The birds loved this dear lady for they used to light on her shoulders as she scattered the feed for them.

Squirrels and rabbits were fed there too. Their feed consisted of hickory nuts, walnuts, lettuce and carrots.

Animals and birds know when you love them - but the cat was not welcome in her backyard for he is an enemy of the birds. He seeks to devour - but can also be a pet in the right place.

Do you feed birds and animals? If you do, please write. Next week's story - "A Spider which became a pet."

The following is an article sent in by Pamela Porter of Ohsweken School.

One day I found a quarter on the school steps. I gave it to my teacher. She asked if anybody owned it. Nobody did. I took it over to the other schools. No one owned it there. What a funny feeling I had when I found out the quarter was mine!

I did not have to use spy glasses to read your story, Pamela. Your letters were big and bold and please keep them that way. Many thanks for helping me to save my eyesight. You surely did what everyone should do when he or she finds anything. "Try your best to find the owner" -- and you did just that, good girl! The one who lost the quarter must be very unhappy, maybe that's the first quarter he or she ever owned and it could buy so many things.

NOTE

Correction regarding last week's article on "Bats" - ...when a bat is born, it is the size of a honeybee, when grown, it is a nocturnal mammal - flies actively by night