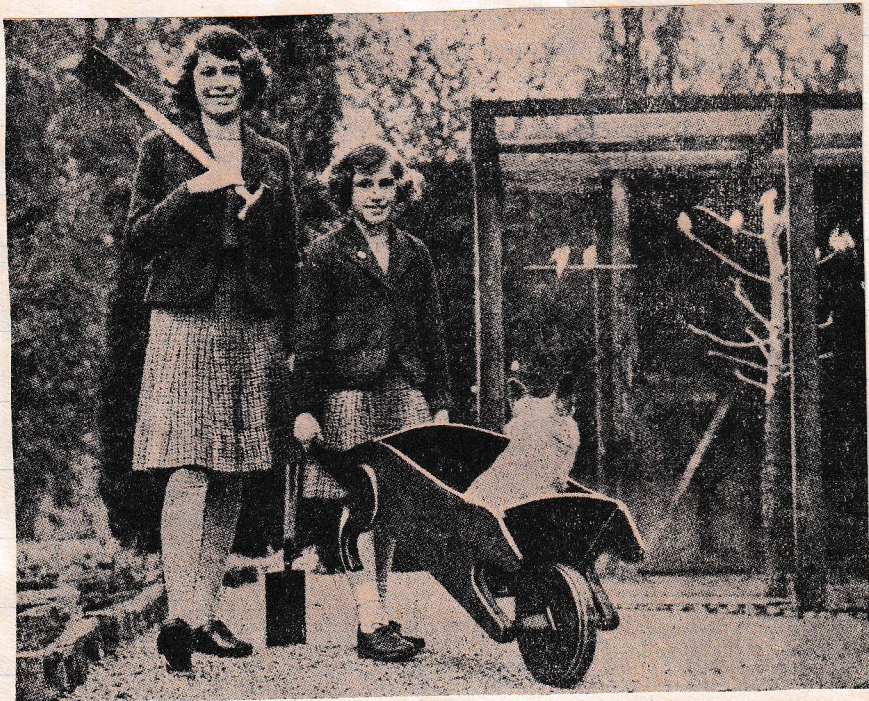


The
GOAT
ISLAND
MAGAZINE
May - June



No one May keep This Magazine More than
3 days. Please Observe



In their garden at Windsor, the Princesses
dig, hoe, trim paths, weed and cart and car-
ry all their produce. they also plan all the
beds and order the seeds and plants.

The Story of Mary Jones . . . (continued)

Mary, after saving her money for six years has walked twenty five miles to buy a Bible.

Soon after daybreak Mr Charles called her and together they went to the famous Ministers house. Mary told him all her story, how she had learned to read so that she might study the Bible, and how she had saved up her earning for 6 years to buy one of her own. The face of the minister clouded as she spoke and when she finished he broke to the little girl the sad news that the entire consignment of Welsh Bibles sent him from London had been sold, save one or two he was weeping for friends whom he could not disappoint, and that the society which provided them had refused to print them anymore!

At first Mary was unable to understand what he was telling her; then, when she realized that all her prayers and

abouts had been in vain, all the hoping,
all the waiting, the weary tramp with
bare feet, she buried her face in her hands
and sobbed as few girls have sobbed before.
For a few moments the only sound in the
room was that of Mary's crying, then
Mr. Charles rose and laid his hand on the
bowed head. "My dear Child," he said in
a voice broken and unsteady, "I see that
you must have a Bible, difficult as it is for
me to spare you one. It is simply impossible
to refuse it."

He took a Bible from a cupboard and
handed it to Mary. The radiance of her
smile, breaking through her tears, so
touched the good preacher that he
said to her companion, Mr. Charles "From
this day I can never rest until I find
some means of supplying the urgent
want of my people who cry out for the
Word of God."

Mary went home on feet winged with

joy, and in the course of her life became
a wonderful influence for good among the
Welsh people. Two years later Mr. Charles
visited London and, as a result of the
eloquence with which he told the
story of Mary Jones it was decided that
a society should be founded which would
send supplies of God's Word all over the
world. In 1804 the British and Foreign
Bible Society was founded.

The End

Competition

May. June.

I illustrate a song 
f Title

Make the pictures not more
than 8" x 6" in any medium
(Pencil, pen, crayons, paints).
Write the name of the song on
a separate piece of paper



Cinerarias which grow on the bole of a
phoenix palm. This was done by tacking
narrow strips of wire netting round the trunk
so that extra earth could be put round.

The Editor Moves House

Dear Readers,

I have just moved my
"digs" to ~~C/o~~ Miss Blachburne
82 Onslow Dr.

Epsom

Duchland
and have still a pile of untidy
suit cases in my room. You'd
be surprised what a lot of stuff
I had collected in one term!

The first day was Saturday
& I got quite a bit of unpacking
done. On Sunday we went
to the church which is just
across the road (and got no
unpacking done) all the week
I've been going to the grammar
school (Epsom girls) and yester-
day Mr Willis, our clergyman
called (M. Willis please note)

But to get back to the business of moving
I had one huge suitcase crammed
with things and then discovered that
both latches were broken so I tied it
up with rope & sent it on ahead by
carrier. Then I had my unfortunate
little school case, a small basket
a shoe bag, a sewing bag all as
full as they would go and a tennis
racket. When I got to the train
thus loaded the grumpy old trammy
started making remarks about
all these young people being too
lazy to walk (I'd like to have seen
him walk nearly three miles with all
that luggage) Then I staggered about
another 3 miles (I have since found it
was only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile) up to here.

Yours hoping you will never have
to move house

Ed.



Making A FLORAL LOTO

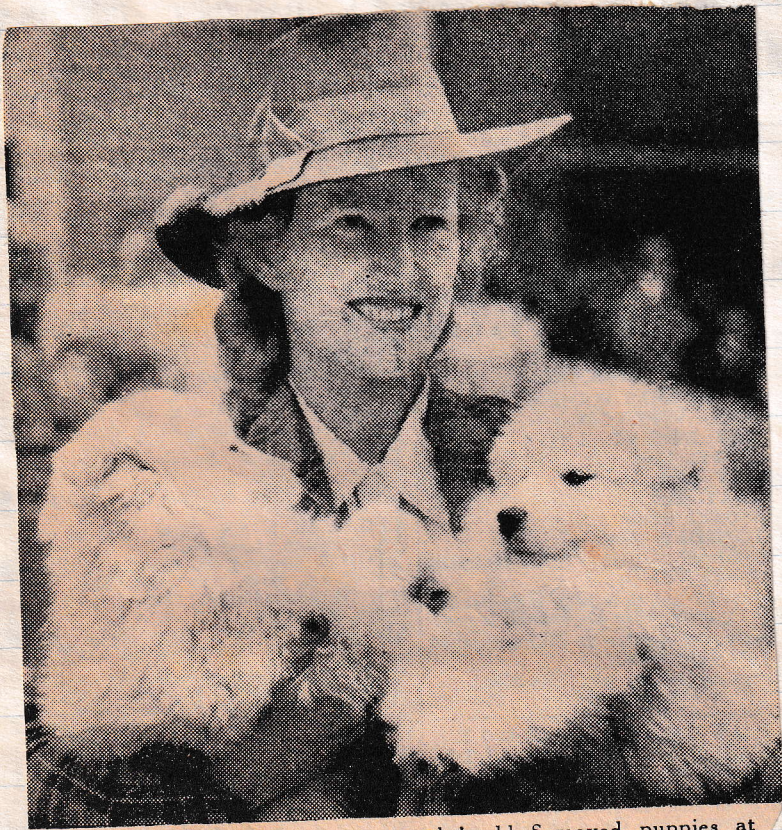
Floral loto is a very old game. Usually 12 pictures of flowers are put on a large card (there may be more or less) and there are usually 12 cards

gerberas - African Daisies which are dealt out.

the game is to have the flowers' names on little cards which are put in a bag and drawn by turn. the drawer calls out the name on the card and everyone has to look at her pictures and see if she recognises the flower. If she has it she puts the card on the picture and it is then her turn to draw. the first to get a full card wins.

(Please ask me if any point is not clear - Ed)

NIKOLAI ^{of the} STEPPES



FIRST APPEARANCE: Seven weeks' old Samoyed puppies at the Auckland Kennel Club's Show

Here is the first picture ever taken of Nikolai. He is photoed with his sister Lena who was a bit shy. Nikolai belongs to my dentist and that is the nurse in the picture. Nikolai himself has had no adventures beyond taking prizes at shows but away in the past one of his ancestors -----

Nikolai belonged to Olga - dear Olga, so gentle and loving, the sweet helper of the poor and needy and sick and sorrowful. Nikolai went everywhere with her to guard her from harm in the narrow alleys or lonely farm houses or to sit by her things while she went up to some horrid garret where only she dared go because of some dreadful sickness.

He was always so relieved and happy when she returned from these places, and she too was glad to find her faithful Nikolai keeping watch over her belongings.

One day she and Nikolai went for a long journey to a part of the plains more wild and lonely than others where there was a dreadful famine.

Nikolai was left to guard the big box of food and clothes while Olga went off in a little sledge to a lonely house five miles out on the plain. He waited and waited but Olga did not return. Next morning he was stiff and tired for he had watched for her all night. At about midday he sent up a long howl but Olga's cheery voice did not answer him.



Steppes shown in black.

Some starving ruffians came up and, seeing what was in the box began to help themselves. Nikolai flew at them, his white teeth, such sharp teeth, gleaming; one of the men lunged a terrific kick at him and then picked up a stick and hit him many times. Nikolai was forced to retire and he limped away along the track of Olga's sledge. One of his legs was hanging useless by his side and a great cut on his head was bleeding badly.

On and on he went until he came to a track that puzzled him. Many horses seemed to have surrounded the sledge, he circled round and found — Olga's sledge on its side in a hollow!

Then he knew what had happened — some bandits had swept down upon the defenceless traveller and had carried her off a captive. He followed the tracks of the horses as fast as his three legs and aching head would carry

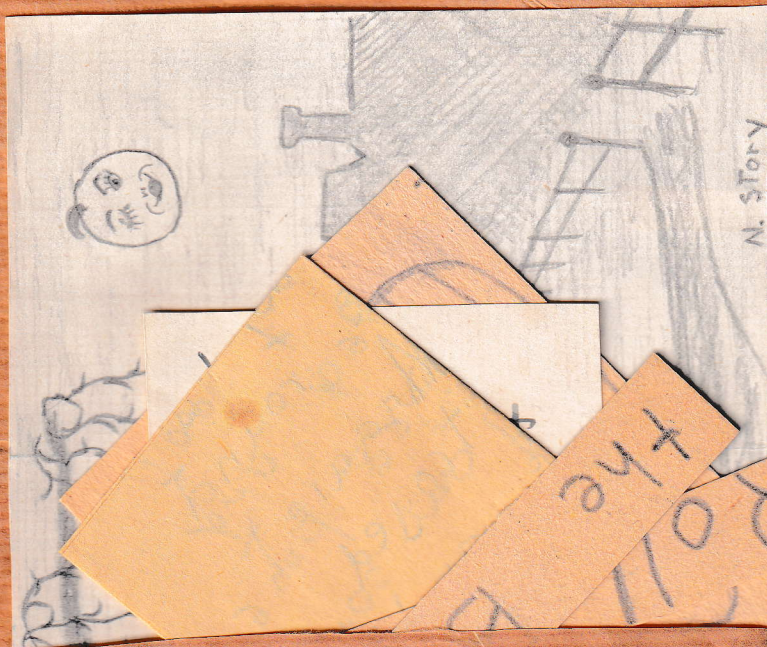
him. then it began to snow. Nikolai knew he could not go much further and the snow ~~sh~~ would soon cover the tracks and ~~re~~ rob them of smell so he started a sort of stumbling run.

Suddenly he fell against something warm and soft - it was Olga! She was tied hand and foot with a gag over her mouth. Nikolai tugged at the gag until it slipped over her chin & she could speak to him and caress him with loving words. then she held out her hands to Nikolai and he chewed and chewed at the rope but alas - it was made of wire! Nothing could his strong teeth do but make tiny scratches

then Olga saw how weak he was so she wriggled over until he could get his nose into her big pocket and get the biscuits she had in there.

Nikolai then ran off and - after going three miles through the snow found the house she had been to and managed to get someone to follow him by showing them her scarf which Olga had told him to take. He then led the men to his mistress who soon had her on a sledge and into the warm kitchen of their house. ^{THE} END

Song Illustration
Holder



N. Story

Roll the

Miss Nancy Story,
Mr. P. Story,
Go Leigh.

Auckland