

OUR CHILDREN'S CIRCLE

Conducted By COUSIN HELEN.

"A little child shall lead them."—Isaiah xi., 6.

Our Motto:

"Do not unto others, what you would not have others do unto you."

P.O. Box 2000, Cape Town.

My dear little Cousins,

Haven't we been lucky this year with all the holidays that have come our way? The ten days' vacation and Wiener's Day all fitted in nicely, just before *Succoth*, and so we have had a long, long rest. Now come an extra two days of festivities, and so on Wednesday evening, after *Simchas Torah*, we shall all be ready for work again.

For all the boys and girls of Cape Town and the Peninsula I have a lovely invitation to a grand *Succoth* Festival. On Sunday, 12th October, at 3 p.m., the children of the Hebrew Kindergarten (about whom I have already told you) are going to entertain us at the Zionist Hall. They will sing to us Hebrew melodies, and act their little songs. They will have a bright *Succoth* play, and two older children will appear in a sketch. Then there will be dances by the pupils of Miss Pearl Lazarus, and also musical items. But in addition to the lovely concert, we shall also be given refreshments. I am not sure that we shall all be able to crowd into the beautiful *Succah* that will stand on the stage; but we shall certainly all taste of the good things that come from it.

Now you know the real hosts and hostesses for the afternoon will be the little Kindergarten children, so the grown-ups have asked us to help them. We are asked to bring a silver coin to put into the plate, so as to share the expenses. I am sure your parents will be only too glad to let you come to the Grand Festival. Just you tell them about it, and tell them also that Mrs. Greta Bloomhill will speak about *Succoth*. I am looking forward to Sunday, aren't you?

A LEGEND FOR THE REJOICING OF THE LAW.

On the last day of *Succoth*, each year, we read the last portion of the *Torah*, and immediately we wind back the Scroll, and begin again to read the first portion. Have you ever wondered why? The Rabbis say that we do this in answer to Satan, for he seems sure, each year, that Israel is tired of the *Torah*, and will not wish to re-read it!

Satan has always been annoyed by the *Torah*. He doesn't like righteous laws—just laws, that fill people with the wish to be good, and make their souls grow strong,

and their hearts grow tender, and their minds grow peaceful and wise. He likes idleness, negligence, greed—the dust and decay of our minds. So the *Torah* doesn't suit him at all.

He tried day and night to dissuade God from giving it to us. Even when he knew that the Law had already left the heavens, he flew to the throne of the Lord, and made a last attempt.

"Is it possible, Eternal Father, that you have been weak enough to give the *Torah* to Israel, when You know that within forty days they will grow tired of waiting, and will worship a golden calf?"

"I have sent the *Torah* down to earth," said God's voice, calmly.

"I will never believe it!" Satan stormed. "Even You cannot be so patient!" God's smile rayed out upon the dark angel, for He always pitied Satan's bitterness. But the accuser wrapped his bat-wings about him and plunged downwards, to hover above the world.

"The Almighty is playing with me," he said. "The *Torah* cannot be here, in this wretched little ball of dust."

And he said to the Earth: "Tell me, where have you hidden the Law of God?" The Earth, shaking, answered:

"I have it not. I am not worthy!"

He flew above the Ocean. "Answer me, Deep Waters! Where is the *Torah*?" The Ocean swept its waves from side to side, so that he could look into its furthest corner.

"It is not in me," the Ocean mourned. "I am the servant of God's servants. I know nothing."

He said to the birds of the air: "Tell me, you winged creatures, perhaps the *Torah* is entrusted to you?"

"What could we do with the *Torah*?" the birds twittered. "We have all that we can do to build our nests and feed our children. The *Torah* is not here!"

"I thought as much!" said Satan. To make sure, he called out to the Moon. But she knew, and didn't want to answer him, so she drew the clouds in front of her. He asked the forest trees, but they made no sound, for the winds flew away and would not return.

Satan arose in the air, ready to give up his search. Then he saw the face of Mount Sinai glowing. With an angry beating of his wings, he swooped down to the foot of

the mountain. There, in a plain little tent near a multitude of other tents, he came to Moses.

"Is it true, then," Satan panted, "You have the *Torah*?"

"I have it not," said Moses, looking up calmly, as Satan's shadow fell on him. Then said the Voice of God:

"Moses, why have you lied?"

"Lord Eternal," Moses answered, "the *Torah* is Your creation and Your delight. How can I possess it? The Law shall be Israel's guide for ever, and a light to the people. How can one man say that it was given him?"

"Moses," said God, "you are modest and wise as no other living creature. Therefore, from now on, the *Torah* shall be called by your name. It shall be known to men as 'The Law of Moses.'"

And Satan looked from the face of Moses to the widespread light that spoke of the presence of God. He was amazed to see such friendliness between the Creator and man. He fell silent, and stole away.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Welcome to Our Circle!

Harold Cohen, Woodstock. We are glad to have you as a member, and are sending you a Certificate. Now let me introduce you to the family, who are all glad to meet you.

Harold reads our page every week, and says he enjoys it. He is eight years old and is in Standard II. He has a brother Bernard, who is seven, and a baby sister, Hoda Leah, who is just seven months old. Harold will write soon again.

Aubrey Brauer, Wynberg. No, of course you are not too old to join Our Circle at fourteen. We have members who are sixteen. We are glad to welcome you as a new member, and hope to hear from you often.

Aubrey goes to the Wynberg Boys' High and is in Standard VI. He reads the page regularly. He sends happy New Year wishes to the family.

I shall meet you all at the Zionist Hall on Sunday afternoon. Don't be late.

Your loving

COUSIN HELEN.

[To become a member of Our Circle write down your name, age, address and anything else you choose, and send it to Cousin Helen.]

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