

ing it was mentioned that several of those present in the hall owed their lives to the timely first aid which she had rendered.

The function took the form of a social evening, and the proceedings were interspersed with bright musical items and dances. Miss Greenwood officiated at the piano, while songs were given by Misses Cade and King, and Mr. C. Cooper.

During an interval in the proceedings, Mr. J. Talbot, on behalf of the residents of the district, asked Mrs. Pritchard to accept a cabinet gramophone and records, and two easy chairs, as an indication of the esteem in which she was held. In a brief but well-chosen speech he said that Mrs. Pritchard had done a wonderful amount of good in the district, and the residents had thought they would like to show her that they appreciated her self-sacrificing work. At any time of the day or night she had been only too willing to go out to distant parts of the district and minister in cases of sickness and accident. She had refused to accept a penny towards her ex-

penses on these visits, and, knowing her as they did, no one had ever dared to suggest that they should pay her. The fact that the hall was so well-filled, despite the fact that all the rivers were high, would show Mrs. Pritchard in some small measure the full extent of the appreciation of her work. They hoped that she would be with them for many years to come and wished her health and prosperity.

Mrs. Pritchard, who was received with great applause, and who was obviously overcome by the warmth of the reception, said that she had merely done what anyone with her training would have done, and her work in the district had been a very real pleasure to her. It would have been impossible for her to render assistance on many occasions if it had not been for the fact that Mr. J. King was always ready at any time of the day or night to take a car out to the scene of the accident. She thanked them all for the very handsome gifts they had given her, and hoped that she would always be able to be of some use to the district.

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## Dog Creek, Hanmer Springs

It winds round the hill like a troupe of gay  
fairies,  
And as it leaps nearer it frolics and varies:  
A silver-lit stairway all rhythm and prances,  
Like diamond-girt fairies enjoying their  
dances.  
Enjoying their dances with song; O the  
glitter  
That darts to and fro from each jewelled,  
wee slipper.  
'Gainst boulders, thro' arches, it tumbles and  
passes,  
And sends a cool ripple to freshen the grasses:  
And over the stones, brown and red, gray and  
yellow,  
Each wrinkle-topped wave sings a song to its  
fellow.  
'Tis laughter in song, where a silver  
light gleaming  
Crowns the sombre old stones where the  
waters are teeming.  
O happy, wee brooklet! in bed of soft shingle,  
Where shimmering bubbles, like pearls round  
you mingle  
With fragrant broom blossoms in golden  
bright dresses  
That golden broom bushes shake down from  
their tresses,  
Your rainbows, your circles, with sun-  
light all quiver,  
Come, teach me your song as you dance  
to the river.

## The Creek's Reply

My song is so sweet that I cannot be grieving  
For gray, red and yellow-brown stones that  
I'm leaving,  
Or golden broom bushes, or tender young  
grasses,  
Or numberless treasures that lurk in my  
passes,  
Or fairy-lit stairway, or silver light gleaming.  
Or rainbows or circles where sunbeams lie  
dreaming.  
I would leave all the sparkling air bubbles  
you see  
For lasting, more beautiful pearls in the sea,  
Where through billow of spray as I soar into  
space,  
Or a rift in the storm, I shall look on God's  
face.  
For He knoweth each drop of the deep where  
I'll lie  
'Neath the glowing, rich colours flung down  
from the sky.  
I'm a child of the ocean—I'm going to be  
A son of the wonderful, rolling, wide sea.  
I am dancing for joy, for the sea is my goal,  
And I sing, for I'm part of the wonderful  
whole.

E. M. Goldsmith.