



Mrs. Massey, as President of the Plunket Society. Mrs. Massey, whose deep interest in the welfare of the mothers and wives of the Dominion, has always been in such great evidence, has taken an active part in the splendid work of the Plunket Society. Next to Mrs. Massey is Lady Anna Stout (in white).  
S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland

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MASSEY has passed, and an Empire mourns the loss of one of its greatest sons.

The last few weeks have been tragically scattered with the all too-evident traces of the progress of the Grim Reaper amongst those of high position. His victims have numbered leaders in all spheres of human endeavour. Statesmanship, Art, Letters, Business and War have each contributed double toll to the inevitable, and the Empire is the poorer by many great and famous names, but amongst all those splendid figures that moved amongst us but a few short days ago and who now are but glorious memories, none will occupy a more worthy place than that of the late Premier of New Zealand.

His is a record of staunch, unblemished integrity; of unswerving devotion to a noble ideal; of a lifetime spent in application to duty even unto the time when frail flesh could hardly support the burden that the resolute spirit insisted on its bearing to the last; of sacrifice of self to the people of New Zealand and to the Empire.

He sought no honours save an unsmirched name and craved no reward except his own knowledge of duty gladly, sufficiently done.

Undoubtedly his labours on our behalf shortened his life, and, except in the pleasure he gained in work accomplished, deprived him of many of the joys that were his just and well-earned due.

He leaves behind an example that should inspire our youth, and a re-



LADY BELL.

On the shoulders of Sir Francis Bell now falls much of the responsibility for conducting the work of the Dominion

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MIRROR

cord that must be a source of comfort to Mrs. Massey in her mourning.

Let us be glad, as he probably was, that he departed with his honours full upon him: that he died in harness, yet with his work accomplished, leaving as his monument a country that has passed through the recent tumultuous, disastrous years as successfully and as prosperously as any country in the world, and which has emerged from the Valley, thanks to his genius (that genius that is built on a solid foundation of hard work) with a glorious future assured.

IN the old days, Mr. Massey and Mr. Seddon faced one another for many years across the floor of the House of Representatives and in the years to come their monuments will stand on the hilltops facing each other across the waters of Wellington Harbour. Between them their Premierhips have filled up twenty-six years in New Zealand's Parliamentary annals, which now extend back over the past seventy years, and their figures, with that of Sir George Grey, are the outstanding ones in our political history. Sir George Grey, whose name is associated with three different parts of the Empire, lies in St. Pauls in London, the tomb of so many of the nation's soldiers and sailors. New Zealand has no traditional Valhalla, and in its absence the hill-top tombs in the capital city make fitting resting places for her two big leaders.

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