



The Children of Mrs. F. T. M. Kissel, Kelburn, Wellington

S. P. Andrew Studio, Wellington

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*Breathes there a man with soul so
dead,*

*Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land. . .*

Every exile from Home remembers and treasures his Homeland above all things. The tie of childhood and birth are indissoluble; he is prepared to shed his blood, to lay down his life in defence of his country, be he Britisher, Aussie, or New Zealander. "What greater love hath any man!" Home: the miracle-worker, the imperial: greater than are kingdoms and principalities. Never to be dethroned!

In India, the ruling Britisher, whatever his rank, considers himself an exile. He feels he has a duty to perform, to put through; but he longs for "Home." When he gets furlough, he puts it as "going Home." He alludes to the British mail, private or otherwise, as "Letters from Home." Everything centres and radiates around "Home"; the word is enshrined in his heart of hearts.

THE ancient and crumbling palace of the Sikandar Bagh (lit: Garden of Alexander the Great, B.C. 326), hoary and gray with the weight of dead centuries: pregnant with visions of legionaries, pomp and conquest. Where the plaint of Alexander, "that there were no worlds left to conquer," lingers still among the dilapidated arches and



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façades. All this is forgotten at sight of the Memorial Well at Cawnpore; that belongs to us, is of us!

The magnificent Taj Mahal at Agra, one of the world's seven wonders, with its stately and graceful minarets, its tessalated corridors, its burial vault, enshrouded in a lace work of snowy marble, wrought through the agony and anguish of tears, is dwarfed in the dark and gloomy Tower of London.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon: the perfumed sandal-wood groves of Ispahour; the rose valleys of Arabia; the spice-breathing Celebes; the unconquered majesty of Everest and Kinchinjunga! Do any of these count to the exile with "Home" in view? No! That little garden that mother tended is nearer, dearer, sweeter to his heart; for—it is Home!

This New Zealand of ours is only a small portion, a tiny corner of the Empire; the entire population less than that of Sydney alone. Yet should the Dominion take great pride in herself and her achievements. Her capital cities may not compare with Sydney or Melbourne; but her country towns leave those of Australia completely in the shade. Her climate, her scenery, her hospitality beyond question.

Let us, therefore, look with a keener, a more appreciative eye on our own country, and its beauty and advantages.

"RAJPUT"