

FOR THE CHILDREN



Wrigglesworth & Binns,

WASHING DAY.

Photo., Wellington.

A Roast Shoulder of Mutton.

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Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

NOW that you have all told your little romances and tragedies, let me tell mine. It is not romantic, but to my childish mind it was very, very tragical.

My father owned a little farm in one of the wild spots of New Zealand. Day by day he sallied forth, as soon as it was light, to fell the heavy bush, so that in time to come our timber-laden farm would be a paradise of waving grass and fat sheep.

That is what he used to say to us when he came home, worn and tired, at night—yet

never too tired to talk to his beloved children when we gathered round his knee for our good-night chat.

For many days we had not tasted meat, for we were poor—dreadfully poor—and only those who have had to do without can realise what a royal feast a roast shoulder of mutton seemed to eight hungry little children on coming in from play one evening.

We did not go to school, our home was hidden too far in the bush for that, so our mother was our teacher.

I remember waking up next morning and