



“A Bushman’s Reverie.”

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

THERE’S a mopoke grumbling early, and a
tui calling late,
And high Venus seems an offspring of
the moon ;
Down the creek strange cattle mingle, and
their lowing at the dusk
Makes me feel as lowing never does at noon.

On the clumsy where table lie the remnants
of a tea,
On the hearth are embers darkling like
the west ;
And my dog and I draw close to watch them
cloud and go—
I to muse on childhood’s “ Islands of the
Blest.”

Call to mind (ye once were children) how
ye poured out Heaven on Earth,
And the riot ye let imagination run !
Here I live my childhood o’er again—in all
its wealth and light—
By my smouldering fire, now day and
work are done.

I have seen the shining river, I have felt
the silver spray,
Surely traced the angel footprints in the
sand ;
I have watched the glancing firefly, I have
known the orange flower,
And have called the place of palms the
“ Better Land.”