

But, to-night, I'll have to sleep (I'll haply
 dream as I have mused—
 Mixing these and those, and Heaven and
 Earth, in one),
 For to-morrow must have labour, and the
 axe's swing and stroke
 Mark a time to which such musings will
 not run.

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Britain needs not world-wide triumph told
 to bind us to herself—
 In our small unheard-of world, we go and
 come
 'Midst our bushlands, where we know not
 well what Empire's glory means,
 But remember still, and love our British
 home.

If the God of Britain quicken us—prosper
 His own last isle!—
 Rule us with the rule by which Great
 Britain rose—
 If he pardon us for what we spoilt of this
 well-dowered land—
 Feed us on the food by which a people
 grows.

Then, to-morrow—for to-morrow men may
 bless the lonely years
 That we spend—our floor the hills, our
 roof the sky—
 As we break the solemn wilderness, and
 raise the voice of man
 In the gullies, where the doomed kiwis
 cry.

I remember twittering swallows, and small
 fluttering bats at even,
 Round an old grey house; a garden with
 its flowers;
 Muffled sounds from stabled horses; kindly
 breathings from a byre;
 And a song that worker's sang in twilight
 hours.

I have followed old hand-reapers 'long the
 ranks of heavy corn,
 I have tended winter cattle in the stall;
 Bird and beast, and flowers and roof-tree,
 kindred hearts and dreaming days,
 All come back to me to-night at memory's
 call.

Here, my clock is ticking, ticking, while my
 hearth is growing cold—
 Yet I hear the crakes in fields of corn "at
 Home;"
 There, the fields are storing wealth and life
 beneath an August sun—
 Here, the kiwi's wailings pierce the forest
 gloom.

Here, the bush 'neath winter moonlight
 looks the picture of a song,
 There, the summer opens roses on a
 wall:
 When the rata bloom shall brighten, here,
 the bush-clad summer hills,
 There, the mistletoe shall deck the Christ-
 mas hall.

T. McFARLANE.

