

During this time, the old neglected garden would have been left entirely to itself, had not its orchard fruits attracted the young people of both races, to feast under the ontangled branches, and to bring away stores for the journey or the home.

SCENE IV.

Another twenty years roll by, and a traveller, making his way through a dense forest of manuka, discovers the moss-grown remains of an old garden gate, and near by, the ruins of an ancient fence, bearded with a hoary growth of grey lichen.

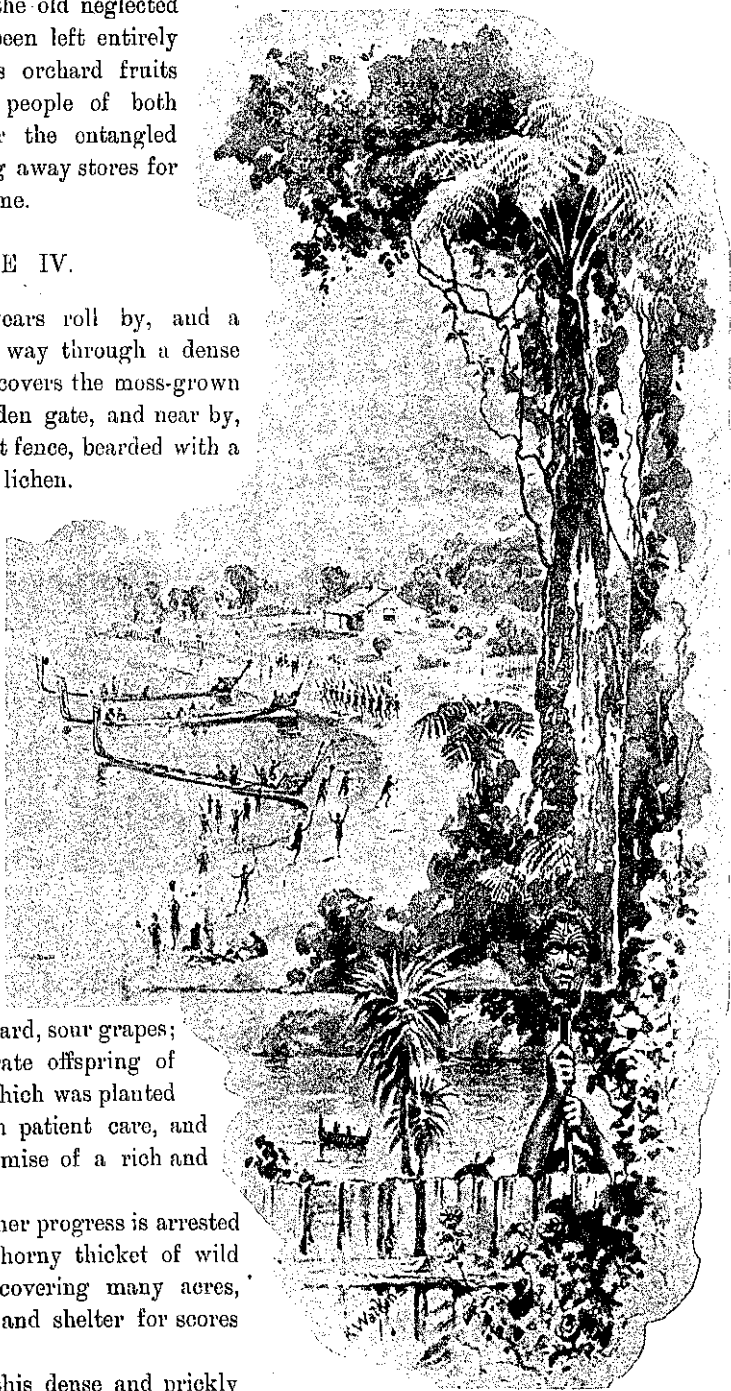
Here and there, crumbling into dust, are the gnarled and lichen-covered remains of some of those orchard trees, which, half a century ago, were loaded with an abundance of tempting fruit.

Climbing up the tree trunks and spreading overhead, is a dense leafy canopy of wild and tangled vines, bearing a few tiny bunches of hard, sour grapes; these are the degenerate offspring of that treasured vine which was planted and tended with such patient care, and gave such hopeful promise of a rich and luscious vintage.

The traveller's further progress is arrested by an impenetrable thorny thicket of wild sweet-briar, which, covering many acres, affords a safe retreat and shelter for scores of wild pigs.

Is it possible that this dense and prickly mass has grown from the little rose bush, whose blossoming fragrance brought back to the exiled the sweet remembrances of their dear old English home?

Yes, this choice and delicate beauty, the admiration and delight of all beholders, left



to itself and deprived of the attentive culture which, for many years, had been devoted to perfecting its lovely form, has reverted to its original type; and the hardy briar on which it was grafted, has re-asserted itself with all its pristine vigour, unheeded and unhindered,