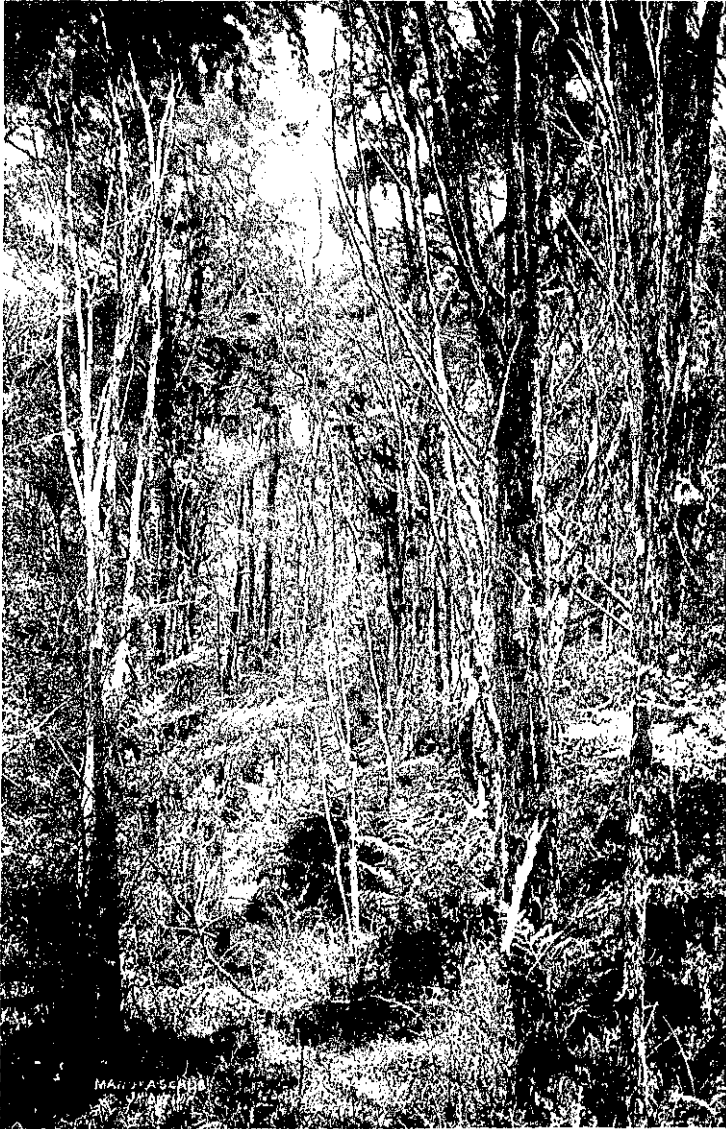


vigneron from the Rhine-land, has with patient industry established a little vinery.

With unremitting culture, he has succeeded in acclimatising some very choice specimens from his own Moselle, and in their regular rows, the dwarfed vines look, from a distance,

with intelligence and care the best fruit-bearing shoots, and in guiding their progress toward maturity. His efforts will never be relaxed until his vines are laden with a crop of luscious grapes, and their heavy clusters become a rich and fitting reward for his



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like a regiment of soldiers displayed in military order.

Here all the vine-dresser's skill and attention is constantly exercised in repressing all profuse growth, in stopping back and nipping off all extraneous buds, in selecting

earnest labour, and his unwearied patience.

As the winds whisper among the vines, their murmurs become articulate, and to the vivid fancy of the traveller, every scene is vocal with their message to humanity—

"Ye are God's husbandry."