

your eyes to the South, and in the months of May and June, you may see all the picturesque effects of an English winter scene.

We are adding to our natural wealth of beauty by surrounding ourselves with English trees with their delicate blossoms and their dainty pale greenery, as they bud forth in their exquisite beauty. Stand on the bridge that hangs over Cemetery Gully, for instance, and on the one hand you will see distinctive New Zealand colouring, the sombre green of the trees relieved by stately, graceful, spreading ferns, expanding their lighter tints to the sunlight. On the other hand, again, is a clump of tall aspen poplar trees, now bare with a multitude of inter-lacing twigs, now faintly tinged with fairy green, now glimmering white in the summer sun, now fluttering yellow like dancing fays in the autumn breeze. Near them are willow trees, behind a wild luxuriance of arums and other plants and shrubs, and beyond in the far distance is a peep of the glorious sea. No fairer scene ever inspired English poet to sing his odes and lyrical lays. Or again, stand in autumn on the hill which faces the northern slope of the Auckland Domain, planted thickly with imported trees, and if you are not entranced with the beauty of their varying tints, then you deserve to live in a desert.

Surely in such a combination of native loveliness there is everything that can stimulate us to patriotism; and out of that humane feeling must spring its natural expression. We take things now too much as a matter of course, "the veil of familiarity" obscures our view: we need to travel, and to return with eyes longing for our beautiful pictures, and dwelling on them with affection and pride.

Though we are insular, we are not insulated, every year the facilities of travelling, of receiving intelligence, of comfort, are increased. Out of these must arise a healthy spirit of emulation, a wider scope for our intelligence, and for the same reason, new inspirations. Even now some of our papers and other publications can compare

very favourably with those of an older and larger world. The breezes from our ocean boundary are pure, and fresh, and stimulating to the imagination. We have not hanging over our cities the dull fogs or gloomy smoke of English manufacturing towns; and yet we have enough city life to enable us to realise something of the bustle of civilisation, and something of the struggle for existence.

If we tire of it, we have acres of beautiful country at our backs, where there is rest for the weary hand, peace for the weary brain. And if we still need stimulant for our thought, what of the store to be gathered from Maori tradition, the wealth of romance that lies waiting exploration? This is a source of literature in which we are richer far than European writers. We need not dusty tomes to tell us of a by-gone race; we have the remnants of the race itself to study for ourselves.

Then in such a country as ours, where life is not necessarily agricultural or commercial, where men dig the ground in quest of riches, where men still make solitary homes amid fallen bush, where men can yet be free to choose their occupations, surely here is an untold mine of wealth for the romance seeker!

Again the very infusion of new blood among the British-born colonists brings us new life. Education is to be had for the asking, intellect will gain admission for the poorest. Our democratic upbringing is fast breaking down barriers of caste; we have loosened the bonds of tradition, and though that link is broken, self-respect still remains for our guidance. We have libraries, art galleries, gardens and recreation grounds. We have an environment such as no other country can boast; it is ours to love and preserve it; it is ours to assist those institutions in their growth, not to deery them for similar ones in the Old World. If we have slept, that is no reason why we should continue to do so. We must be up and doing, and the conquest will have begun.

Greg says: "Every sort of beauty has been lavished on our allotted home, beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy