

of the older members' bowls, from time to time, go quite as wide of the jack as his do, for like many other games there are times when the best bowlers are completely "off colour," and the neophyte is on the jack nearly every time. Should this not be the case, the acclamation which he receives from his skip, and the rest of his team, when he has successfully scored a difficult shot, displacing an adversary's bowl from the pride of place, and lying "shot" himself, compensates him for many failures. He is not asked whether it was a fluke, and if he is wise he will not volunteer the information.

The man who has never bowled imagines there can be nothing in the game, that it is simply rolling up a wooden ball as close to the jack as possible. Let him try it, he will find there is a great deal more than that in

it. You have all the pleasure of a marksman when he hits the bull-eye, with the additional charm of variety—as no two games are alike, and the respective positions of other bowls, those of your adversaries and your own, complicate and vary the game, and the particular shot required *ad infinitum*. There is also the undoubted gratification of ousting an adversary from the pride of place, and taking up the position of which you deprived him, which adds in no slight measure to the many charms of the game.

[ED. NOTE.—As the above article deals exclusively with North Island bowling, we trust some enthusiast on the subject will take up his pen and give a record of the progress of the game in the South.]



The Love of Nature.

CHILDREN we dream a happy dream,
Lapt in fond nature's bounteous breast;
And we are happier than we seem,
For we have peace, and are at rest.

Among the buttercups we tread,
Us with their secret they endue;
And wind the daisies round our head,
For we have learned their secret too.

Too soon comes youth with restless course,
And draws us to the world of men;
And we obey the call perforce
Till that hard fever wanes again.

For in its clutch we toss about,
And seek hot phantoms 'mid distress
To find the heart's deep secret out,
And see contentment less and less.

Then nature's face we scan anew,
If any refuge there appears,
And that deep charm that once we knew,
We find new-washed in manhood's tears.