

Lieutenant R. J. Seddon, to the front. The remoteness of brilliant opportunities for distinction, and the probabilities of the Fifth Contingent undergoing a term of mere police work in Rhodesia, with all the risks of climate, and experience alone to be gained, rebut many of the insinuations that have been made, and after a year of such service Lieutenant Seddon will probably be as well fitted as many another for the Imperial Commissions. If that is his ultimate aim, New Zealand will be proud to see the son as great a success as the father, each in his own sphere.

WELLINGTON has had another loss in Mr. E. H. Mozar, the **MR. E. H. MOZAR**, famous tenor, whose reputation is far from parochial. Mr. Mozar's numbers were always welcome to a Wellington audience, and few local singers have succeeded in establishing a popularity with the public equal to his. Mr. Mozar gave a number of farewell concerts in and about Wellington, but unfortunately the

weather was most unfavourable, and their success was not commensurate with their merits.



Kinsey,

MR. E. H. MOZAR,

Photo.

• A Song of a White Rose. •

Out of her grave I dreamed she called :

“ Bring me a rose,” she said ;

“ How can I sleep so pent and walled,
With never a flower at head ? ”

“ Dear heart, the cords of the world are tight :
Dear heart, I cannot come.

But I bring white roses every night
In thought, though I am dumb.

There's never a night, dear heart, ” I said,
“ But I seek the dream-world through ;—
Never the yellow and never the red,
But always the white for you. ”

Black was the winter low in the south,
Black in the windy west.
Ah ! for the clay on the comely month,
And the flowerless long unrest !

I whispered into the midmost blue—
(How near, how deadly far !)

“ Dear heart, the Lord has mind of you,
Though I nor make nor mar.

The great white rose that wants the roots,
The great white rose of death,
Is sweet and cold at head and foot,
And still as angel-breath

And dream you not that God is hard,
Or I forget in mirth :—
O, sweet and cold the watch and ward
Of the Snow Rose on earth ! ”

And was it all an empty song
Of holy gage and hoar ?
The Snow Rose it lieth long ;
And she—she calls no more !

JESSIE MACKAY.