

cases leading to nests of little rooms, fine panels of what was said to be Singapore cedar, bits of coloured glass in the windows, and an elaborate scheme of decoration in the upper hall, whose ceiling was painted blue sky with white clouds, and whose wall had a curious sort of fresco with an Italian landscape upon it. It must have been, in the old times, before the paint got dim and the wood worm-eaten, a perfect mansion. Underneath the house were cellars, with quaint loop-holes for muskets, and a large recess with a door. These were said to be built in case of a Maori rising.

In Mr Bree's wonderful book, "Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand," published in 1849, there is a picture of Hawkestone-street with one house, and glimpses of two or three others peering over the hill. The

Bank, shown in another engraving, is a shingled cottage, with a sentinel soldier in front of the door, and an officer on a curvetting steed giving orders to a file of white-trousered, short-jacketed Tommy Atkins of that period.

The "good old times" are gone, and with them most of the figures who worked and played, rejoiced and sorrowed, in those far-off days. The hardships and toil they endured made perhaps their joys the keener, as darker shadows make brighter lights in a painting. To the pioneers we owe much of our comfort and our well-being. All honour to their courage in times of danger, their hope in the days to come. We who live in those good days should never forget the men and women who laid the foundations of our prosperous city.



THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Mine be the fate to cultivate
The garden of the mind;
Mine be the power to pluck the flower
Of sweet thoughts intertwined.

But the weeds will grow in spite of the hoe,
And nettles will uprise.
A tall green tree looked down on me,
With power to criticise.

For he that has power by reason will tower
As towering palm or trees;
And he that has sought and captured thought
Knows what to see, and sees.

We cannot help, if dogs will yelp,
We cannot stay the sea;
The Spring will spring, the birds will wing
Because it is to be.

If thought has taught the mind, and wrought
From fiery furnace bright,
The gleaming gold will be unrolled,
As stars shine in the night.