

yards wide and two feet deep, with just the right fall to suit the most fastidious angler, and it literally teems with lusty, cheeky, happy trout, ranging from a quarter of a pound in weight to occasionally as high as four pounds. I took a four-pounder from it one evening, and the joy of landing that fish thrills me yet. Every inch of this race carries trout, and it is no unusual thing to take a fish on each fly, and a half-pounder there seems to give as much sport as a two-pounder elsewhere. In one place tall broom (golden with blossom in the fishing weather) overhangs the creek, and to drop a fly into the water there, and to swing it across and across the current, requires special training; but it always means a fish, no matter what the weather is like; that is, if you are patient enough to work that fish, much against its will, up stream and into the landing net. Below the race the creek enters its old channel and winds through rich

pastures, where the short grass grows down to the water's edge, and where the trout are eager to be caught. To follow this creek from the dam to Derrett's Farm is a pleasant walk before breakfast, and one can be sure of a basket heavy enough for the family in the big white house among the poplars, and if you send the basket by the ever-ready cow-boy there is time for a bath in fifteen feet of clear, cold water before those trout await you on the table, golden brown in their crumb dressing, as dainty a dish as man could wish to eat. If breakfast fishing has not satisfied you, you can follow the creek through the Haldon Swamp to the big pools on the Hororata River, and fish that river up stream to the source of the creek again, and if you are skilful enough, and the day is not too bright and clear, you will have a basket fit to cause envy among the anglers in town and gladness among the friends to whom you give the fish.

MORNING.

Over the hills steals the morning glory,
 Touching with beauty each spire and tree;
 Warming the peaks of the mountain hoary,
 Gilding a path o'er the silent sea.

So o'er my soul breaks the hope eternal,
 Chasing its sadness and gloom away;
 Earnest and seal of the joys supernal,
 Waiting the dawn of a brighter day.

Up from the meadows the lark is springing,
 Carolling clear in the early light,
 Waking the world with its glad thanksgiving,
 Hailing the day that has vanquished night.

So may my heart in its glad exultation
 Rise through the lingering mists of earth;
 Joining the world's song of adoration,
 Praising the God who gave all things birth.