

where the Australasian Squadron took charge and convoyed her to Sydney, and thence to Auckland. Truly a Royal progress!

So they come, our Royal Prince and Princess. The kindly Prince, whose name prompts the old rallying cry of the English "St. George for Merrie England!" and the Princess, whose sweet lines evoked, probably, by this very thought, surely give sunny promise of her who will some day be England's Queen:

had adventured so far, *Ao-Tea-Roa*, "The Long White Cloud," as they called it, when first sighted like a mist on the horizon; of Captain Cook, the bold British seaman, who first discovered it for the British race; of Gibbon Wakefield's valiant colonizers in their good ship *Tory*, and all those who followed them.

No welcome awaited any of these, but it is their descendants who, united, to-day prepare a welcome for the Prince and Princess.



A MAORI WELCOME.

"If each man in his measure would do a brother's part,  
To throw a ray of sunshine into a brother's heart,  
How blessed would be our country!  
How blessed would be our poor!  
And then might 'Merrie England'  
Deserve her name once more."—PRINCESS MAY.

And so some bright morning or evening—in "the sea born flush of morning" or "the sea born hush of night"—they will draw to our coasts and will look with eager eyes to catch the first glimpse of this furthest isle of all the isles which are to be one day their heritage. And, perchance, as they look they will think of other voyagers whose eyes have sought and strained as eagerly, and far more anxiously, for a sight of these same shores, of the almost incredibly courageous Maoris, upon whose vision first dawned the land in search of which they

And as we dream of their approach in their fairy, floating palace—for such those who have seen the *Ophir* say it is—their approach in security and peace, may not we all who are the descendants of those pioneers feel proudly that we have a share in the smoothing of that silver path across the waves? Yes; we may and we do joy in it. And we rejoice too that we *are* all a united people to-day, that Maori and white man will stand side by side on their island's shores to wave a welcome to their Royal guests. That Maori words and English words of greeting will be their equal offering, good wishes of equal sincerity and equal affection. My last words must be good wishes, too. I cannot frame them more earnestly and simply than in the words of the old English sea rhyme:

"May their happiness be as deep as the sea,  
Their hearts as light as the foam."