

track. In front of us the country appeared considerably level; to the right it was rough and hilly, with the stately Princesses, queenly still, though bereft of their ermine, gracing all.

"From here it is six miles to the clear," chart again.

We murmur not, the luxury of that time has departed. The prospect of landscape and seascape is swallowed up in the prospect of Kisbee and the steamer. Failing the latter, the alternative of lost billets or the track. We cross various small creeks along the route, and when evening was beginning to pencil the gullies and the base of the mountains with her soft dark fingers, we cross one on a suspension bridge, which Ted informs us is the Kiwiburn. Just here the last drop oozes from our artistic view, henceforward adjectives took their stand. The moon crept upwards; we crossed another bridge, long afterwards recognised on that dastardly chart as the Wilson's River Suspension Bridge.

Ted gives a tuneless whistle. "We're right, boys; we won't be long now. We're not far off the tramline, and that's only four miles from Kisbee."

The other fellow thought for himself at

last. Joy crept in with the idea that he could yet lie down. It took the last fraction of will to form it, and softened the groan as he felt with his head for a tussock.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, don't," I fancy I hear Sam whisper. Then a little further on I feel instinctively that he too is groping for a tussock, but failing, enjoys a rut. Somewhere mixed up with the moonlight, suspension bridges and boats, I hear Ted say, "I'll try and push on to the Golden Site, and send someone back with some brandy and tucker for you chaps. For heaven's sake, boys, don't peg out."

Then the time passes very much as before. Down one gully and up another face, over the creek and up the hill again till I reach down in growing horror to where my feet ought to be. But all was pretty well forgotton before we were yanked into sitting position and commenced our brandy and tucker. We reach Kisbee in a phantasmagoria of stumps. Pass the celebrated Golden Site quartz reef with an indifference incredible; but we reached Kisbee. I need only add, that sometime in the afternoon of that day the s.s. *Kimu* bore us from the woodlined shores, the fairy isles and frowning peaks of the gold stored inlet of the west, to buy new boots, and pay for board and a half, for six weeks to come.

* * * NIGHTFALL. * * *

Sweep up, O wind of night, from out the eastward,
Sweep down, O mist of night, as dies the day;
Sweep low between us and the mountain ranges,
And hide the stars away.

Hide all the hope of day, O night of shadows;
The morn's bright promise, and the noontide's light.
Take all the outside world for your possession—
O phantoms of the night.

Within are lights you cannot hide or darken,
Spirits of nightfall, wheresoe'er you roam;
The light of fires upon the homehearth burning,
Heart-love within the home.

MARY H. POYNTER.