

time three representatives in one studio. This was in the early nineties, when Messrs. T. Ryan, C. F. Goldie and the writer, all from Auckland, were at Julian's, while on the walls, among the compositions, may be seen the signature of S. Begg, now well known as an illustrator, who hails from Napier. This and Mr. Goldie's pronounced success as a medalist at the Academie, speak well for our future in the World of Art.



Strong stand the trees of the Lord Almighty
Far on the trackless hills,
Drawing life from the golden sunbeams,
Drinking the mountain rills,
Where no sound of the woodman's warfare
Ever the sad air fills.

All through the long fair days when summer
Holdeth her ancient sway,
Soft sweeps the breeze through the tangled
branches,
Winging from far away.
Secrets strange of untravelled countries
Whispering night and day.

Loud howls the wind of relentless winter,
Smiting the boughs amain,
Wailing far through the lonely bush-land
Tidings of loss and pain,
Like the tears of the sad wind's weeping
Falleth the wintry rain.

Fair smiles the Spring, and the storm-ried
forest
Smiles in the face of Spring ;
Mating birds through the leafy branches
Flutter on happy wings :
Death, the foe spreads his dusky pinions,
Fleeing from love the king.

Spring-time, Summer and mournful Winter,
Whether the storm-blasts blow,
Whether the wind through the young leaves sweeping,
Murmureth soft and low,
Strong stand the trees of the Lord Almighty,
Sturdy and straight they grow.

CHARLES FORREST.