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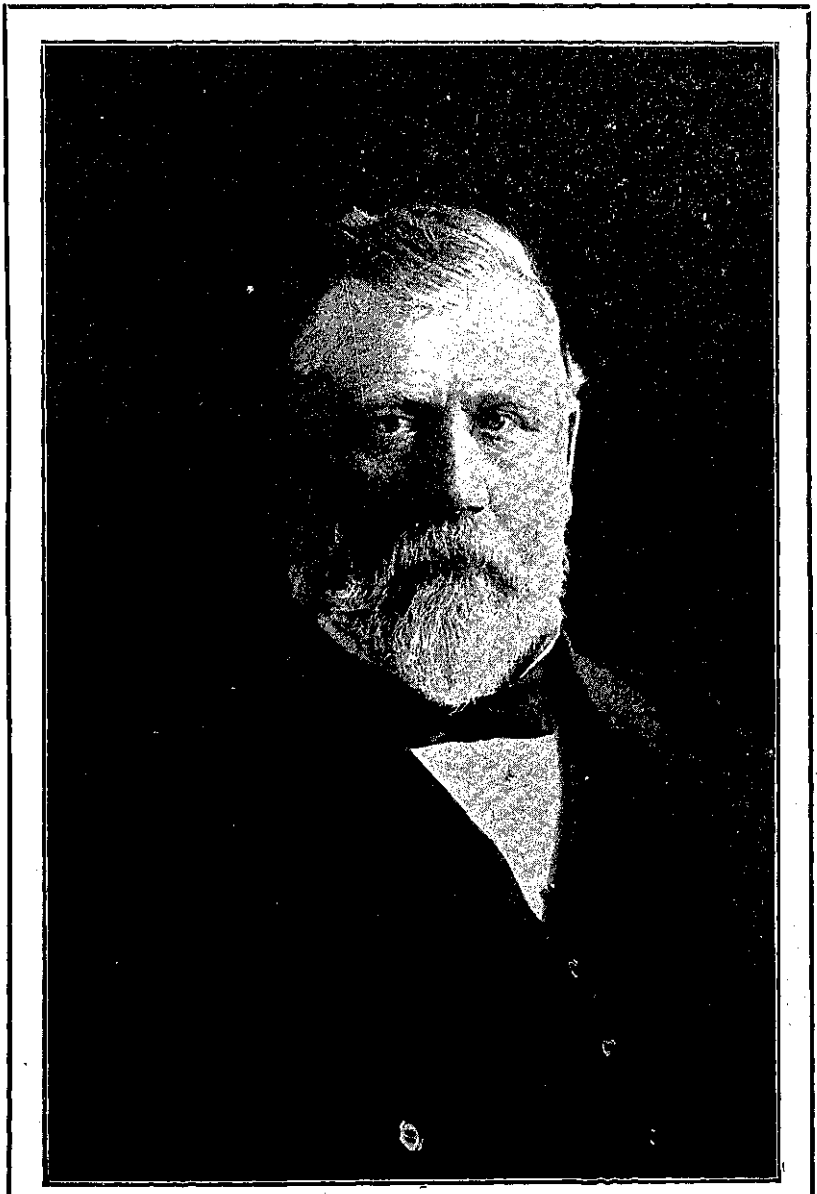
Rival Belles.

In the Public Eye.

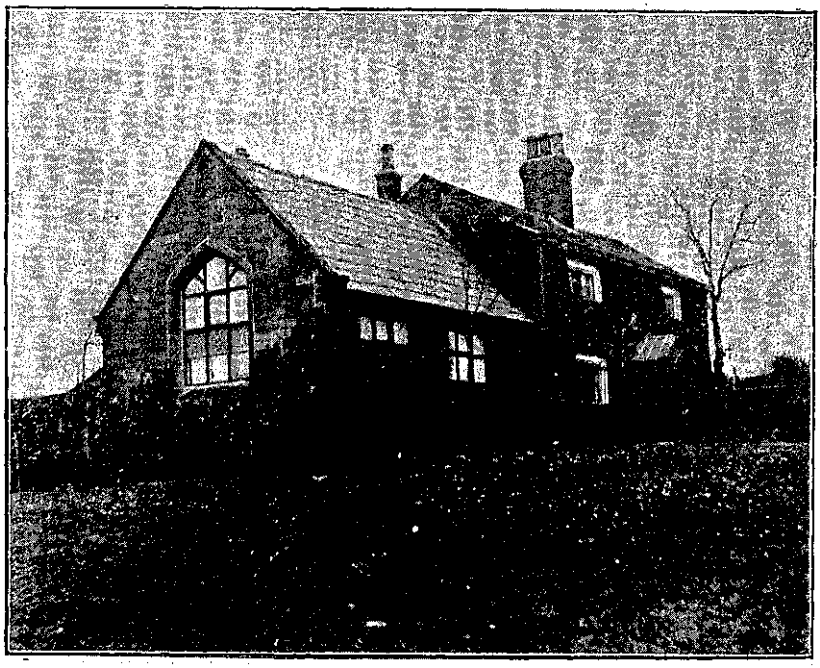
OUR PREMIER.

The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C., LL.D., has returned to New Zealand, and been fitly welcomed by his people after performing the all-important task of representing and upholding the dignity of this up-to-date little colony at the Coronation of our King. Nay, more, for few indeed will affirm—of whatever shade of political opinion they may be—that our worthy Premier has lost a single opportunity, from the time he left these shores to his

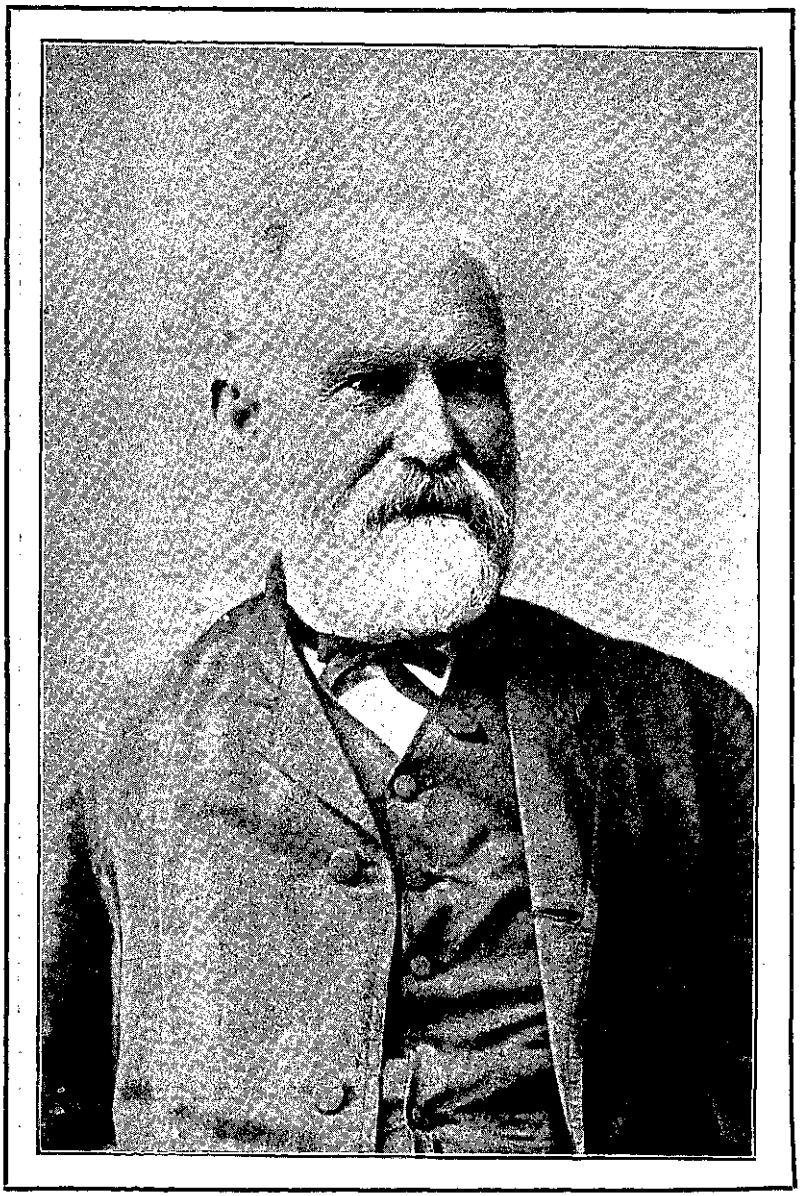


Sarony Studios, Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C., LL.D. Auckland.

return, of putting in a word for the mighty British Empire in general, and little New Zealand in particular. Wherever in the course of his travels, with his keen eye for the advancement of the nation which gave him birth, he saw aught that he judged defective in any particular of administration, he denounced it with no uncertain sound. And on the other hand, whenever he encountered anything worthy of praise he accorded it with as free a hand. It was this blunt outspokenness, this genuine and laudable desire to give all and sundry the benefit of his experience, this absence of all considerations of secretive diplomacy, which caused our Premier to receive, perhaps, more attention from that resounding echo of public opinion, the World's Press, than any other royal guest of them all, King or Kaiser though he might be. It is true that much that was written of him could by no stretch of imagination be termed complimentary, but this is merely one of the penalties of the position. What great statesman has not had some of his motives or actions misconstrued? It goes without saying that there have been some slight rifts in the lute on which our Premier accompanied his Song of Empire—some few flies in the pot of ointment with which he sought to assist to grease the wheels of State, but what after all were these compared with the results attained? Nought—very nought. For instance, the Colonial Conference disappointed him. Of it he had hoped much—too much, perhaps. His compeers were not prepared to ascend the heights to which he aspired, but after all, a great point has been gained. The Colonial Conference is an established fact; the rest will undoubtedly come in its own good time, as everything does to he who not only waits, but works for it with the pertinacity of our persistent Premier. Amid all the pomp and ceremony of the occasion, if we judge our Premier rightly, we believe the visit to the home of his childhood will be one of the pleasantest of his memories.



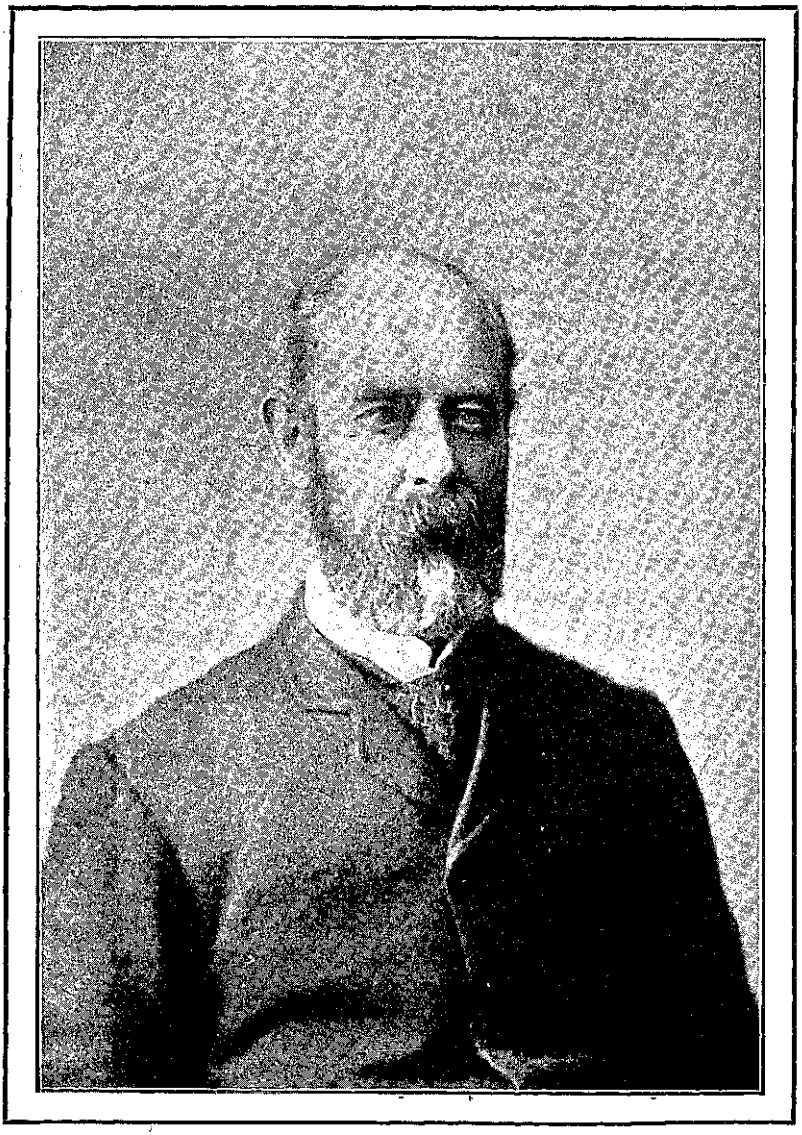
Lewis H. Chesterton, The House in which the Premier was born. Photo. [3348]



Edwards Studio, Hon. Colonel Haultain. Auckland.

COL. HAULTAIN.

The Hon. Colonel Theodore Minett Haultain, whose death at the advanced age of eighty-five, occurred recently at Parnell, has been intimately connected with the history of New Zealand from the time of his arrival here in 1849 in charge of the eighth division of New Zealand Fencibles. He had previously served ten years in India. He retired in 1856 and settled at Mangere. But there was more important work in store for him. In 1859 he entered Parliament; a little later he organized the Auckland Militia, and took rank as lieutenant-colonel. The Waikato War found him in command of the 2nd Waikato Regiment. His promotion to colonel-commandant of the Waikato Regiments for gallant services at the capture of Orakau and elsewhere quickly followed. Resign-



Edwards Studio, Mr. S. B. Biss. Auckland.

ing in 1865 he represented Franklin in the House, and under Mr Stafford's Ministry he entered the Executive Council. As Minister of Colonial Defence during the stirring times when the arch-rebels, Te Kooti and Titokowaru, were giving much trouble, Colonel Haultain did good work, and was again in command at the Whakamarama campaign. His able report on the Native Lands' Act in 1871 led to his appointment as Trust Commissioner under the Native Lands' Fraud Prevention Act, and still later he held the responsible position of Sheriff. During his long residence in Auckland Colonel Haultain has given much of his time to the interests of Church and educational institutons. Space will only allow the mention of a few of these—viz., member of the Anglican General and Diocesan Synods and Standing Committee, Secretary of Trustees of S. John's College, Vice-Chairman of Board of Governors of Auck land Grammar School, a position

he held to within two years of his death. The Sailor's Home also owes much of its success to his energetic Secretaryship. It will be seen that Colonel Haultain had ever a keen sense of his duties as a colonist and citizen, and that, furthermore, he has thoroughly acted up to it.

Mr. S B. BISS

The death of Mr. Samuel Birt Biss, Chief Postmaster at Auckland, closes a career of forty-two years spent in the service of this department, commencing as it did with a cadetship in 1860, in the Auckland office, some two years after his arrival in the colony. He was born at Calcutta in 1843. Speedier promotion never followed strict attention to duties than in Mr Biss' case, for December, 1861,saw him appointed chief clerk at Dunedin. The gold discoveries in Otago about this time caused the postal business to increase phenomenally, and Mr Biss, with the assistance of his brother, had the responsible task set him of re-organizing the Dunedin office in order to enable it to cope with the extra business. The next recognition which he received for his services was the Chief Postmastership of Auckland, which was given him in 1870, and which he held at the time of his death.

During the thirty-two years in which Mr Biss had charge of the Auckland office a great change has come over the volume of business, the letters annually put through increasing from 1,273,166 to 19,773,000. In order to keep up with this mass of correspondence the officers in the head office have risen from 18 to 100 during the same period.

LORD RANFURLY'S VETERAN HOME.

From a private source we received a notification that Lord Ranfurly intended to contribute an article to "The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" on the Veteran's Home, but a later telegram stated that the state of Lady Ranfurly's health and his visit to Australia had prevented him from carrying out his intention. We regret this the more from the fact that subscriptions are still required for this very laudable object, and we feel that an appeal from the Governor himself would have a much more powerful effect than anything we could write. We cannot conceive of a more deserving object. The need of a home for those who have spent their lives in the service of their country has been brought more forcibly before us by the difficulty many of the members of the returned contingents have had in getting work. If strong young mea such as they are find a difficulty, how much harder must it be for disabled old veterans who are not fit to do a day's work to make their old age as comfortable as they have a right to expect it should be.

In Search of a Fortune.

A Story of the Auckland Mining Boom.

By A. Pick.

Illustrated by Trevor Lloyd.

CHAPTER VI.

I RETURNED to Auckland in a curious frame of mind. Hitherto I had dreamt of golden leaders and rich reefs giving me sudden wealth, and now, instead of being thrilled by visions of gleaming metal, I saw a girl's face showing white in the gloom of a summer night.

I realized that I had searched for gold and precious gems through many years and in many wild places, and had won—well, at least experience and endurance, but little else. I realized also that I was deeply in love with Nina, and that rich reefs and mines of gems were nothing except as steps toward her; and in my heart I knew that gold or gems counted but little in her eyes. Yes; I knew this of a surety, and loved her the more because of her pride and the strength of her goodness. I was thinking of these things when I was brought up suddenly by the call, "Hey, Mr Pick!" It was the assayer. He drew me aside with an air of secrecy.

"Look here," he said, "I think you and I can do a stroke of business. You sent in some samples of pyrites, and said there was any amount of the same material. I'm in touch with an English syndicate, and if what you say about quantities is all right, we can make you an offer. Come along and I'll introduce you to the head of the syndicate."

I followed the assayer into a very gorgeous office, and made the acquaintance of one of those men who contributed very largely to the Auckland mining boom. He was very shrewd and business-like, and seemed to think any man who held mining property was an unmitigated rascal.

He questioned me about the claim at Taihararu, and I told him straight all about it. I had the grant of the claim in my pocket, and sketched him a rough plan of the locality and the position of the big slip.

"Well," he said, in conclusion, "If you like to put the claim under offer to us, we will send our mining expert out to look at it, and if his views accord with yours, we may come to terms." Thinking that English capital might find the golden reef which I had so vainly sought in the Maitaiterangi, I told him of the claim I had there, and, as the assayer backed up my statement regarding the richness of the samples, the syndicate manager asked me to put this claim under offer too.

"I suppose," said the manager just as I was leaving, "that you are not inclined to take a sporting offer for your two claims. Aucklanders are asking very large sums for untried properties, and they

want to hamper us with all sorts of restrictions regarding shares."

"Well," I said, "you make the offer, and I'll let you know."

"I'll think over it," he said, "and will write to you in a few days; if you leave me your address."

I left my address, of course, and went out of the office in company with my friend, the assayer.

"Mr Pick," he said, as soon as we were outside; "you don't know how to deal with these mining syndicates at all. If you'll allow me to say so, you're too straight, too—er—ah—too honest."

I believed he meant too stupid, but I was not offended.

"Now," he went on insinuatingly, "if you like to put your business into my hands, I'm sure I can get you better terms than you can get for yourself."

"I'll be very glad to do so," said I; "for I must confess that I am no hand at making a bargain, and I shall be very glad to give you a cut in, as they call it. There's only one condition," and I mentioned my promise to the young surveyor. It did not take long for me to come to a clear understanding with the assayer, and to give him the necessary power to act for me.

"Now," he said, when we had concluded our business, "I believe you have been on the Queensland opal fields."

"Yes," I answered simply enough; "I have."

"Some of my friends," went on the assayer, "have had samples of opals sent to them from a certain locality, and we want some one to go down and look at the place. If you are inclined to undertake the work, just say so, and I'll fix up terms that that will suit you."

I undertook right away, and the terms certainly suited me. I found that I could not start before the next evening, as no steamers were running, and early the next morning the indefatigable assayer hunted me up, and gave me a commission to inspect two claims—one at Puriri and the other at Whangamata.

"You can do them all on the one journey," he remarked, as we fixed up the terms—and again they suited me.

I took boat down to the Thames on Saturday afternoon, and shall not easily forget the marvel of that voyage. There had been months of hot, dry weather, and now great bush fires raged, apparently on all the hills of the Coromandel Peninsula, and in every other part of the Auckland Province. Dense clouds of smoke rolled slowly over the Gulf, and hung like filmy curtains over islands and reaches of oily-looking water. The sunset in the valley of the Waihou would have stimulated Turner's imagination of the gorgeous. The smell of the hot dust, the pungent odour of the smoke, the heat of the still air gave a sense of strangeness to everything.

I dropped off at Puriri, and went for a bathe in the river, but even the river seemed warm; and that night the people of the hotel broke the record in long beers and shandy-gaffs.

On Sunday morning I hired a hack—a clever little skew-bald mare, and was just mounting for my journey when there rode up to the hotel an old friend of mine, who told me that he was going much in the same direction as myself. We rode through to Omahu, and I visited the claim which I had been asked to inspect. It did not take me long to find out that the report sent in about it was altogether misleading; then we were joined by the owner of a kauri forest, who was going into the hills to see if his timber was safe. We had not ridden far along the track when we met a Maori.

"You no get through across the range," he said; "bush all on fire; plenty blaze!"

"We'll try," replied the owner of kauri, and we tried. We rode up a spur and reached a steep, narrow

ridge; all behind us was blackened bush and charred logs. In front of us was a dense wall of smoke. We rode into the smoke and inferno. In the deep gullies on either hand the forest fires raged furiously, sparks and dust and smoke enveloped us; the heat was stifling. Now and again a fearful crash told of falling limbs and trunks. Luckily there was no wind or we could never have gone through. In places close to the ridge the fern crackled in fierce flame, and trees overhanging us smouldered or blazed. If a breeze had sprung up whilst we were on that ridge we should have been suffocated or burnt. The horses were stupid with fear, but the owner of kauri spurred his hack on mercilessly—he had great interests at stake—and we followed.

We reached a timber camp just about dark, and all hands were out combating a fern fire. The head of the camp came to us, grimy and sweating. The owner of kauri put a few sharp questions.

"Yes; the logs in Mititai were all right. The fire hadn't touched the dry kauri. Peter's camp was burnt out. Johnson's bullocks were lost. The tents up by the big rock were burnt, and the men had lost all their belongings. Yes; they had a devil of a time last night, and expected it would be like Hades to-night. He'd buried the dynamite and some of the stores, and had plenty of water in case sparks set fire to the shingle."

Men fought the insidious flames all night, taking spell about. I went out now and again to lend a hand; I could not sleep for the heat and smoke. The fern fire was a determined foe; it might be beaten down a dozen times, but it sprang up again. There was so much dead timber on the ground that if ever the fern had got well into a blaze, the camp would have been destroyed.

Luckily for us the night was perfectly calm, and though next morning a breeze sprang up, it was from the north-east, and therefore in our favour. We pushed on soon after sunrise, riding through dense bush, guiltless of tracks. My friend knew a short cut, or thought he did, and after dragging our horses up the side of a big spur, and sliding with them half-way down another, we came to fairly open fern country. We had a consultation there; my friend wanted to push on to Whangamata right away, and suggested that I should go with him instead of going down to Tairua. He said that it would be impossible now to cross the ranges except by the Wires track where the bush had been burnt out some weeks, and that if I would ride with him to Whangamata, he'd take my horse back by the Wires, and I could finish my work at Whangamata, and take the steamer from thence to Tairua. I agreed, and thus made the acquaintance of the White Horse Track.

For some distance we rode through tall bracken, from which the yellow pollen rose in clouds, half stifling us sometimes, and giving us both a jaundiced appearance. Then we entered on a long narrow ridge, like the roof of a church; so narrow was the track that it seemed as if a puff of wind would blow us into the depths beneath. It was what the New Zealand people call a razor-back, and it led us to a long, high bluff up which the track went like a steep, narrow staircase. I protested that no horse could climb it, and I had seen what marvellous things a bush horse could do. The incline, so my companion said, was at an angle of about 75 degrees, and as he was an engineer he ought to know. There was no sign of any other track either round the bluff or down the ridge, so we put our horses at the precipice, and they climbed it—literally climbed it. It was worn into a gutter, and there were ledges and crannies like steps. A number of people know the White Horse Track, I suppose, and some of them will, no doubt, read this

I ceased to laugh when the water came crawling up under my armpits.

description of it, but I'm sure they will acknowledge that I havn't exaggerated one bit. There is no doubt that if our horses had made a slip they would have been killed, and I confess to a mean feeling of pleasure in being first, for there was no one above to fall on me.

When we reached the top both horses and men breathed a sigh of relief, and felt as if they had accomplished a dangerous and difficult task. The track still continued along a razor-back ridge, but after a mile or so it descended, and the ridge broadened. We wound down a gully, swam our horses across a narrow, deep tidal creek, and began to climb again. We saw ahead of us a small pack team going like the deuce, and hastened after it. We caught it just as it was ascending a pinch not unlike the White Horse Track, and hailed the man with: "How far is it to Whangamata?"

"Oh, a deuce of a way if you follow this track!" was the reply. "You can get to Whangamata if you can get on to the main ridge, and if your horses can get through the bush; but I'd advise you to try the ordinary way, as its about ten miles nearer."

He told us where we should pick up the ordinary way, and we made back to it. In time we descended to the shores of the Whangamata Harbour, and had to ride along the mud flats, but it brought us one of the finest sights in the way of flowering trees that I have ever seen. Late in the evening we came to a long, narrow peninsula jutting out into the harbour. The peninsula was fringed with a belt of noble pohutukawas, which were one mass of crimson blossom. The tide had risen, and we had to ride in the shallow water to escape the low spreading branches, and the reflection of the flowers made the water a vivid red, so that when the horses churned it up it looked like —well, I can't find a simile that isn't gory.

After rounding the peninsula we had to swim our horses across a tidal river, and when we came out on the other side there was a swamp with no signs of a track. We simply let the horses follow their own sense of direction, and they brought us out all right at our destination.

My friend rode on the next day, and took with him the little skewbald mare, as clever and good a little animal as ever I rode. Climb like a cat, swim like a dog, go anywhere and face anything, and be as chirpy at the end of a journey almost as at the beginning.

I inspected the claims and went down to the steamer. She was resting, with her nose on a beautiful, sandy beach and her stern in deep water. There being no wharf this was her usual position for discharging cargo. Soon after I got on board she steamed out of the harbour. Whilst we were at tea the captain asked me if I was going to Auckland.

"No," I said; "only as far as Tairua."

"But we're not going to call in there," he replied.

I was determined not to be put off my expedition, so I prevailed on the captain, for extra payment, to land me on the beach in a boat. He remarked that if the barometer was any guide there wouldn't be much show of launching a boat by the time we got to Tairua; but at four o'clock the next morning I was awakened—the boat was lowered, and I got into it and was rowed shoreward. I had bargained to be landed on the beach, but I saw there was a nasty surf on, so I bribed the men to pull me across the bar inside the Tairua estuary, and they did so cheerfully. When I stepped ashore it began to rain heavily, but after walking about a mile along the beach I came on a snug little whare, and found its owner at work lighting the fire. He told me that the hotel was on the other side of the estuary, and offered to pull me

across in his boat for a few shillings. We sailed across before half a gale of wind, and I was at the hotel before breakfast.

The man who had been appointed to meet me was anxious to make a start as soon as possible for the opal field; and as I was anxious to get through with the work, I agreed to go with him, although it was still raining, and the wind had chopped round to the north-east and was blowing almost up to hurricane pitch. The only horse I could get was an immense animal with legs like a camel and a neck like a giraffe. I protested at first but I was glad afterwards that I'd got such a horse. I need not give any details about the ride—the track, if track there was, went up the estuary across mud flats and over tidal creeks. I saw the opal country and saw opals, and thought well of the prospects, but I was anxious to get back, for it was raining in torrents, and a gale such as I had never before experienced in New Zealand was raging. My companion, who was well equipped with an oilskin coat, and evidently convinced that he could pick out enough opals to pay him for a wetting, refused to budge. I tried to drive into his head that with such a gale blowing up the river and the tide rising, the journey back might be dangerous if delayed, but I could not move him. I waited for him until my patience was exhausted, then rode on alone. As soon as I got into the low ground I knew there was trouble ahead. A small bridge we had crossed was already covered with water, and my big, chuckle-headed horse jibbed at it until I armed myself with a club and hammered him over. By the time I got across my companion rode up. He was mounted on a magnificent chestnut horse, and was evidently used to rough work, else we should never have got through. When we got down to the estuary the tide had covered all the flats, and it seemed impossible to return by the route we had followed that morning. I said something to this effect, and was met with the reply that there could only be a few inches of water on the flats. The chestnut horse faced the muddy, tossing waters bravely. It went down and down until only its white nose showed above the water, and I smiled when I saw its rider's oilskin coat flop up and down with the waves, and laughed when I saw a wave roll up against that rider's back, and pour down his neck. I ceased to laugh when the water came crawling under my armpits, but I could not help being pleased at the way the big, ugly horse under me swam. I do not know how far we went before our horses found bottom again, but it was a long way, and then the water was up to our saddle flaps. There were four miles of muddy water before us, and the tide was rising. We floundered through, our horses swimming every now and again. We had to trust to a straight course, and ran the danger of fouling snags and old logs. There was worse ahead, for where the estuary narrowed there was a high cliff, and a shelving bank covered with big, loose rocks, outside of which was deep water and a swift current. There's not much use in going into the details of that ride, or that swim over that stretch of storm-tossed water. More than once I thought my horse would exhaust himself and turn turtle, for he floundered so prodigiously, but we got through—got round the cliffs and into safety, and, of course, were thankful that it was over.

When I got back to Auckland I handed in my reports to the assayer, and he, without remark, handed me a written offer of £1000 for each of my two claims. I knew men were asking from five thousand pounds upwards and a large number of shares for properties no better, and said so.

"Well," replied the assayer; "they've got to wait until a company's formed to get a figure like

that, but my man won't stick for a few pounds. State the lowest sum you'll take."

I asked £2500 clear of all commissions, and I got it. When I received the cheque next day the assayer remarked that he supposed I'd go and peg out some more claims.

"No," said I; "I've pegged out a claim that isn't on the goldfields, and I'm going prospecting there right away."

I went up to Hugh Redhill's place that evening, and began to put my work into land that held neither reefs nor leaders, but the fortune I sought was visible.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"So-Long."

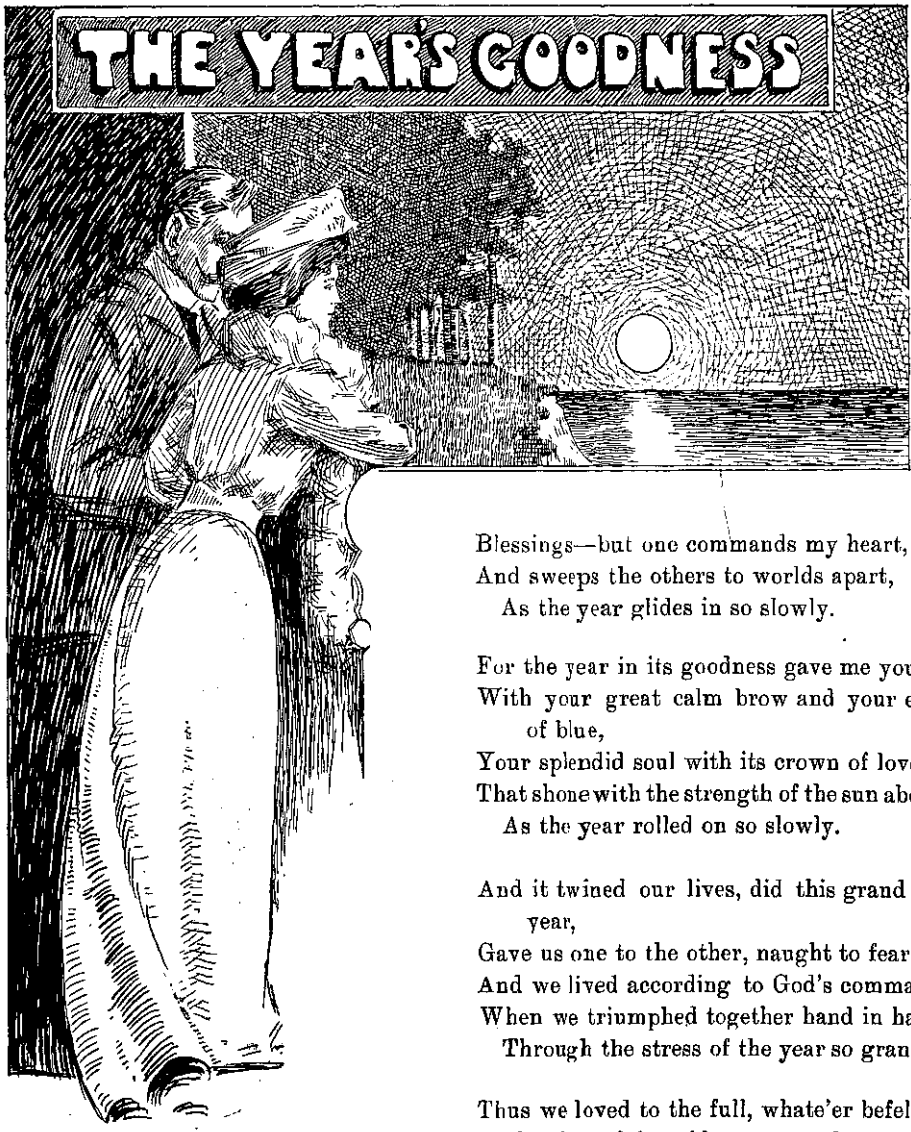
THEY have swung her out in the bay, old man,
And over the waters clear
I can hear her grumbling engines plan
Their speed, and a course to steer—
Her mast-head light is a low-swung star
In the star-world's jewelled throng . . .
And you'll be out o'er the rolling bar
To-morrow. Old chum, so-long!

We dreamed of going together, old mate
(I am dreaming those old dreams now)
But some must go and the others wait,
And there's madness in Why and How.
But when through slumbering seas you cruise—
When the moon-gemmed spray-drops fly—
Through the ramping roar of your tearing screws,
You'll think of your mate——Good-bye!

You will follow new roads to the north, old friend—
You will lift new stars to guide—
You will face Life's seas where the World-storms rend,
And—I'll drift on the slack half-tide.
You are going—going!—It seems so far—
To the lilt of a giant's song—
And I'm this side of a sheltering bar,
Because—well, because——So-long!

QUILP N.

THE YEAR'S GOODNESS



On the shoulders of earth is the mantle of night
With the moonbeams' silvery lining bright,
As, softly as passes one who creeps
In the hush of the dawn past one who sleeps,
Glides in the new year slowly.

And now, as the old year sinks to its grave,
Let me dwell on the blessings its reigning gave,
Blessings—but one commands my heart,
And sweeps the others to worlds apart,
As the year glides in so slowly.

For the year in its goodness gave me you
With your great calm brow and your eyes of blue,
Your splendid soul with its crown of love
That shone with the strength of the sun above,
As the year rolled on so slowly.

And it twined our lives, did this grand old year,
Gave us one to the other, naught to fear,
And we lived according to God's command,
When we triumphed together hand in hand,
Through the stress of the year so grandly.

Thus we loved to the full, whate'er befell,
In the glow of that old year's wondrous spell;
We loved with the strength of our soul's true might,
And now in the hush of the flawless night
Thank the old year dying slowly.

From the past to the present—as we stand
On the brink of the new year hand in hand,
Will the new year smile on this love of ours,
Will our passage be deck'd with wealth of flowers
Through the new year gliding slowly?

Yes, no doubt can exist in our trusting souls,
That the year will increase as it onward rolls
The wealth of love that the past year gave;
And we know as the earth falls into its grave,
We will love in the new year grandly.

Oh my heart, in the face of the dim unknown,
Just think how our love in a year has grown;
And with heart to heart and with soul to soul,
Let us strike through the mists for the cloudy goal,
Through the new year rolling slowly.

For the goal is there, and with widening love
We will place our feet on the peaks above,
You and I—so with soft embrace,
I bid you good-night in the quiet face
Of the new year reigning calmly.

ALAN E. MULGAN.

Study of Nikau Palm.

A Holiday Ramble round Brighton and up Fox's River.

By W. TOWNSON.

Illustrated by the Author.

MY friend Boswell and I having a few weeks to spare in January last, in which to botanize, sketch and do some mountaineering, decided to explore one of the least known beauty spots of the district some thirty miles down the coast from Westport. Rumours of its beautiful caverns and marvellous river gorge had often reached us, and on viewing it we came to the conclusion that from a scenic point of view it was a most valuable national asset, and one which the Tourist Department should most certainly develop and render more accessible.

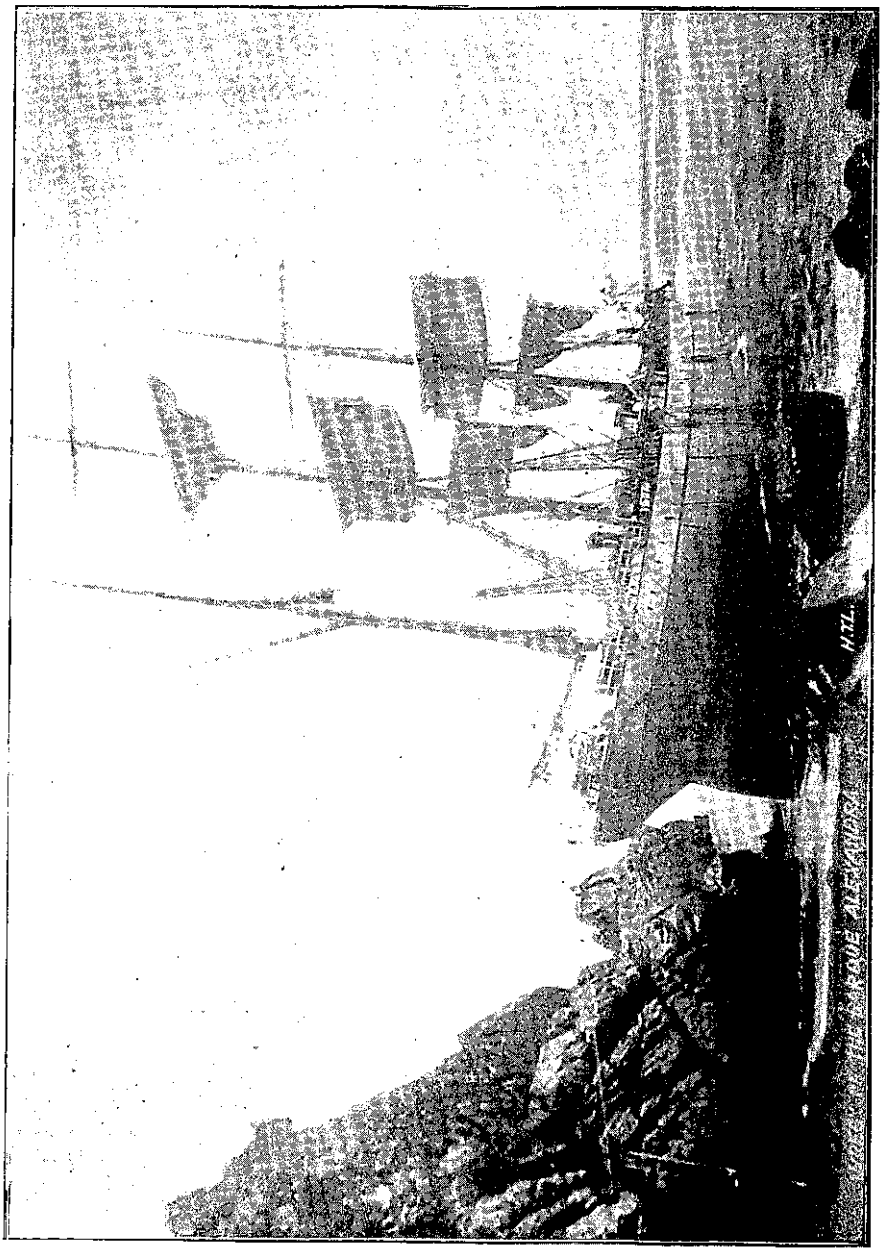
We drove the twenty miles to Charleston, the terminus of the coach road, and then transferred our baggage to O'Brien's packhorse, whilst we continued our journey on foot, the road being little more than a good pack track, where it crosses the saddles in places the grade resembles the pitch on the roof of a house. It is a picturesque journey, and as we were not tied for time we strolled leisurely along, admiring the changing scene and enjoying the walk amazingly.

We were joined on the road by two more friends who came down for a couple of days, and had then to return to town. We reached the St. Kilda Hotel at sundown, and were introduced to its smiling proprietor, an Alloa man named William Robertson, generally known through the Brighton district by the name of "Billy."

In the golden days of the district he had been harbour-master, and is now the local oracle on all matters nautical, and not only dispenses refreshments to the travelling public, but works a claim on the terrace at the back of the house. As he may be busy in his claim when a thirsty traveller chances along, the following notice is posted up :—"I am to be found on the terrace, at work, at the back of, and a little north of the house ; three minutes will find me."

It is quite usual for anyone journeying that way, who knows the run of the house and finds Billy absent, to save the three minutes by strolling into the bar, helping himself to whatever beverage is on tap at the time, placing his sixpence on the counter and continuing his journey ; but the landlord assured us that this primitive method of hotel-keeping has its drawbacks, and that he has at times suffered losses through the want of supervision in the charging of the glasses.

We were to put up at McCarthy's house, nearly a mile further on, but before leaving the St. Kilda Hotel we were pressed to have a taste with our new acquaintance, and sing a verse or two of "Auld-Lang-Syne," with its attendant hand-clasp, before resuming our march, and needless to say, the invitation was accepted in the spirit in which it was given. The house where we were entertained during our stay was all that we could have desired, and the kindness with which we were treated greatly enhanced the pleasure of our holiday. It was



Holloway, photo. Wreck of the Barque "Alexandra" at Woodpecker's Bay, West Coast.

within a stone's throw of the beach, and the boom of the surf was our nightly lullaby, not that we needed much soothing to sleep after inhaling the tonic ocean breezes, and exploring the rivers and mountains often from sunrise to sunset. Brighton is about a mile from McCarthy's, and at low water it is a most exhilarating walk along the beach, but when the tide is in the paddocks must be crossed, although there is a road of a sort, generally ankle deep in soft sand. A boarding-house and Post Office, with a small school-house and a few scattered settlers homes constitute the township, and it is hard to realise looking at it now, that soon after gold was discovered, about the year 1866, by a party of Welshmen, on a terrace now known as Welshman's, the Brighton and Charleston districts carried a population of about 10,000, and that between the year of discovery and 1887, gold to the value of a million sterling had been won.

This population supported no fewer than ninety public-houses, I am informed; no wonder that the old hands say that the West Coast used to be much wetter than it is now. In one of our strolls over the beach we came upon an extensive mound, grown over with grass, and as it had an artificial appearance we examined it closely, and discovered that it was a huge burial mound for "dead marines," as it consisted of emptied bottles piled gross upon gross, and one could not but think that the materials for public works of that nature must have been very costly at that time, and accounted for some part at least of the million.

From St. Kilda, where it is bounded by a series of bold cliffs called the White Horse Rocks, the sandy beach sweeps away to the south until reaching the mouth of Fox's River, where the way is barred, except at low water, by some peculiar isolated conglomerate rocks, with Seal Rock, a noted fishing ground, lying a little to the westward. We have often stood upon this beach at high-water, and watched the great combing waves of the Tasman Sea lashing the shingle-beach which skirts the sand, throwing the pebbles up the slope only to bring them rattling and grinding down again as they receded, and we could observe the wear and tear which goes on eternally as the stones are rubbed down and gradually milled into beach sand, whilst fresh supplies of shingle are brought down the river with every flood.

Pieces of greenstone and agates are sometimes picked up on this beach.

Fox's River is spanned by a wire suspension bridge, the great resort for the herring-fishing part of the community, and good sport is often obtained when the tide is in.

Passing over the bridge and skirting the rocky bluffs for a mile or two Woodpecker Bay is reached, where the ill-fated barque "Alexandra," of which a photo is given here, went ashore a few days after we had left.

Upon the wooded slopes nikau palms and towering tree ferns dominate the lower growth, and lend grace and charm to the scene. In this bay a settler long known as an authority on the weather has received a rude shock on learning that a centigrade thermometer had all these years done duty for him as a weather glass.

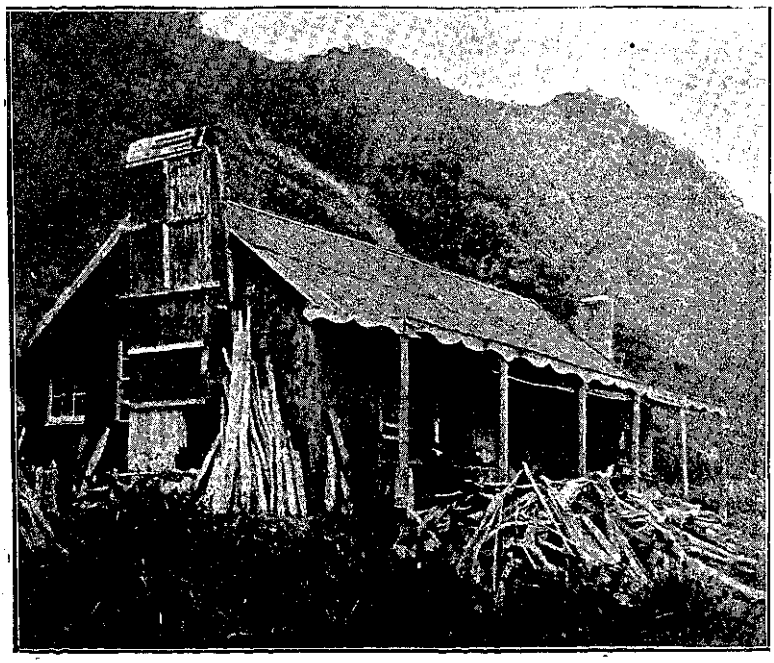
St. Kilda and Brighton are flanked by a line of limestone hills, and it is between this low range and the sea beach that the auriferous wash occurs, both as gravel deposits and leads of black sand, and in some parts of the district this sand is found at an elevation of nearly 600 feet. Behind these limestone hills lies a valley closed in to the eastward by the mountains forming the Paparoa Range. The Nile, Four-mile and Fox's Rivers, with Bullock Creek, take their rise in these mountains, course across the valley, and have success-

fully cut through this limestone barrier on their way to the sea.

We explored these rivers, and they are all beautiful, but Fox's is by far the most picturesque, and we spent several happy days wandering up and down its winding bed, admiring some new beauty at every bend. A track has been made for a mile or two up from the mouth of the river, and in places where it is over-arched by the low-spreading bush, the sunlight filters through the leaves, and beautifully dapples the mossy stones with flecks of light and shade.

Where the track terminates there is nothing for it but to wade in, which at midsummer is no great hardship, as it is rather pleasant than otherwise negotiating the numerous fords with the crystalline water gurgling and bubbling about your knees. Most travellers ride through the gorge, but as we had plants to examine and collect, and butterflies to net, we preferred being on foot.

Mile after mile one walks along, quite overcome with the grandeur of the scene, for on either hand the great towering limestone walls rise sheer for hundreds of feet, their rugged faces draped and festooned with ferns and shrubs, whilst the scarlet rata blossoms, amongst which the kakas screech all day long, lend warmth, colour and tone to the picture. The crests of the ravine are fringed with bush, and there the pigeons can be seen sailing about on lazy wing, and looking quite diminutive from the river-bed below. Convolvulus trails its snow-white flowers over the lower bushes, and later in the season the river's edge is adorned with daisy-like clusters of "Linotea Hectori," better known through the district as the "tobacco plant."



The St. Kilda Hotel. Landlord Billy sitting on the corner of the Bench.

In places the cliff's face is frescoed with delicately-tinted designs in stalactite, and from overhanging cornices crystallized lime produces some grand decorative effects. Here and there a limestone bluff stands out white and dazzling in the radiant sunlight, thrown into bold re-

lief by the shadowy gloom in the wooded cleft below.

The still pools in the river reflect the fleecy clouds as they are gently wafted by the summer breeze across the narrowed azure vault above, and in gazing upwards where the crest of the precipice is seen to overhang, one has a momentary fear of being suddenly overwhelmed.

The river in one place has scooped out the softer strata and left a great rocky canopy, with the roof beautifully lined and banded in delicate shades of various colours; this is known as the ballroom, and it well deserves its title. Across the river again on passing through a narrow cleft you find yourself under a great dome like the cupola of a cathedral where the grained roof is ornamented with hundreds of crystal pendants, and trailing creepers and filmy grasses wave gently from the glistening walls. Up the right-hand branch from where the river forks the water disappears into a cavern, and is no more seen until some quarter-of-a mile away, where it re-appears, and in Bullock Creek the water runs subterraneously for a mile or more, I am told.

Flocks of tuis fuss and flutter about the fuchsias, where the berries are in great profusion, and their notes mellow and otherwise—for Sir W. Buller describes one note as resembling the sound of breaking glass—relieve the stillness of the gorge. We always looked out some romantic spot when luncheon time arrived, generally the edge of some dark pool at the foot of a noisy rapid, where the water had a sparkle and looked more than usually refreshing, and there our satchels would be unstrapped, and an appetizing meal despatched.

Our quarters at M'Carthy's.

Exploring is hungry work, and we invariably disposed of a lot of provisions. Then the joy of a lazy half-hour, smoking the pipe of peace, and lolling at ease whilst surveying the fairy scene, where waters babbled, soft breezes whispered, pigeons softly coo'd, and Nature's works were one and all

masterpieces. Those were halcyon days, and it was good to live amidst such surroundings.

One could not help musing on the countless ages which must have lapsed whilst this little river cut its

A Cloudy Day at Fox's River.

narrow channel through the limestone barrier, and with what a puny looking instrument a stupendous result had been achieved. In many places the rocky wall of the gorge shows a multitude of narrowly-divided strata, and a peculiar ribbed appearance is produced, which I did my best to bring out in a photograph. But my only regret in connection with this holiday outing is that I took a packet of faulty plates for my camera work in Fox's River, and most of my photographs of it were ruined beyond redemption. Mr Boswell, however, made some good sketches, so that we have some material still left for the illustration of this article.

A few miles up the stream the view becomes wider, and Mt. Faraday, and its neighbour, Mt. Bovis, tower up to the eastward, rendering the scene one of impressive grandeur. I was pleased to find the native holly in full bloom, and a grass which drooped in long tassels over an overhanging shelf of rock, proved to be "poa anceps." This, Mr Petrie assures me in correspondence, is its first geauine occurrence in the South Island. Upon a bush-clad spur we discovered a kaka nesting, and the nest contained two eggs, hardset, and one which was aged and odorous. From observations made in many districts I have come to the conclusion that kakas have no stated time for nesting, but simply set up house-keeping when the fancy takes them.

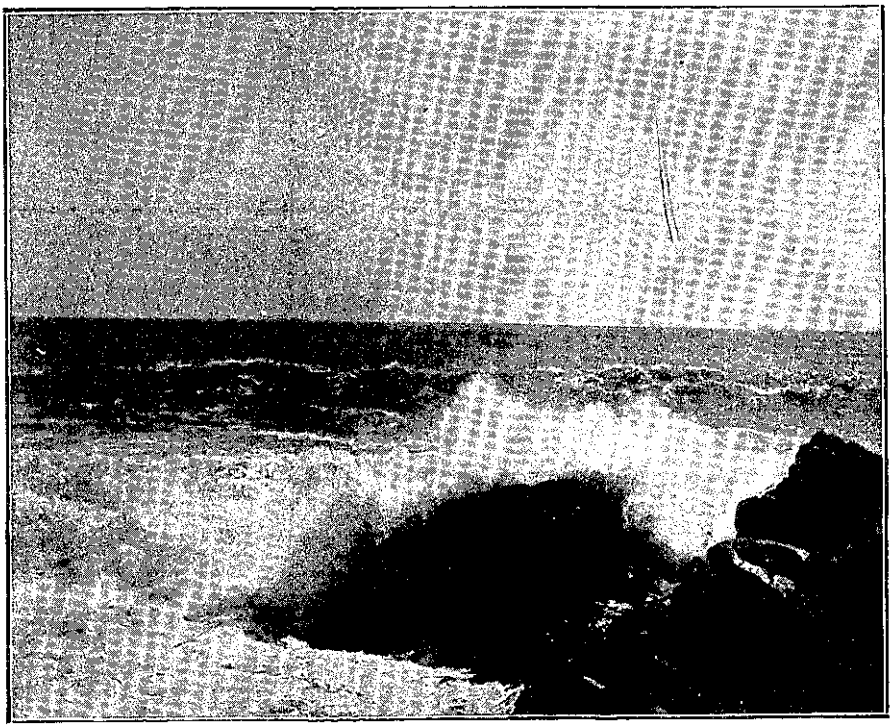
On the north side of the river near to the lower end of the gorge we reached the caves, after scrambling for some distance over boulders and slippery faces of rock. There are two, one of which has not been thoroughly explored, as it is considered unsafe to do so on account of water of uncertain depth being met with, but the other one is indeed a crystal grot, and as yet unsullied by the hand of the vandal. The cave is narrow, and winds its way into the heart of the hill side; its floor, dotted with pools of water of the utmost transparency reflected the light of our candles as we passed along. The walls are ornamented with every variety of lime crystals, some of which sparkle like jewels, others forming most beautiful incrustations and excrescences. Lustrous stalactites in countless numbers adorn the roof, some of them slender as reeds and semitransparent, others massive and assuming grotesque forms, and the grouping is often fantastic in the extreme. We explored some galleries where the wealth of ornament almost prevented our thoroughly examining them, and we received some ugly pokes and prods from the projecting points which surrounded us. In a constricted space stalactites can be very nasty at times, and we were deeply impressed with their business ends. By the light of four candles we were able to illuminate all the clefts and galleries, and it is astonishing

to observe the varied forms which carbonate of lime assumes. It will be a great misfortune if this beautiful cave is ever wantonly disfigured, for one cave in the district was despoiled of all its glories for the sake of the small quantity of quicklime which its stalactites furnished.

The great nettle "urtica ferox" flourishes in places on the side of the track, and appears to be the food-plant of the "Red Admiral" butterfly. We generally gave it a wide berth, as its sting is abiding.

Our day's exertions were generally brought to a close with a swim in one of the pellucid river pools, and we usually reached our quarters with a razor-edge on our appetites. Fortunately for us the genial daughters of our host always catered for us on a most liberal and satisfactory scale. Then a smoke and a stroll over to play at chess with "Billy" who, on every occasion, was going to resort to some subtle tactics which were to prove completely disconcerting, but almost invariably failed.

The photograph of the St. Kilda Hotel shows the proprietor's method of stacking the drift-wood gathered on the beach, all along the house-front; it doubtless acted as a most efficient breakwind, but produced rather an unusual effect. He can be seen sitting at the end of the bench, resigned to his fate.



Rocks on the Beach.

We were determined to secure his picture, and as I was in front of him with my camera and Boswell beside him with his sketch-book, he was between two fires, and surrendered at discretion. Since about the year 1887 he has kept a diary, in which he has written two lines every day, and it is the book of reference in all matters of dispute relating to past occurrences throughout the district. Day and date are always at the disposal of

the settlers around. It is also a record of his sporting successes and his love affairs, whilst his self-denials and self-indulgences are also faithfully recorded, thus forming a most entertaining volume.

It is no breach of confidence on my part to publish a few extracts from the annals of by-gone years when the coast was not as dry as now, for "Billy" gave me full permission to do so, and also to draw upon my imagination to the fullest extent. Our friend candidly admits that in past years it was just possible he sampled his stock-in-trade a trifle too freely, and in his diary certain years are recorded as sober ones, whilst some again he describes as quite otherwise. On certain days, news being scarce, quite trivial matters had to do duty, and on the day following an admission of jollification, the inevitable reaction was invariably in evidence. The entries selected were made in the early eighties.

May 1st.—Had two shots at McCarthy's bull. Billy, you are no good!

May 8th.—Received a pound of butter from Mr Powell; found a pot of jam upset in cupboard.

May 14th.—Went to Charleston; jolly, as usual.

May 15th.—Sea calm; bad headache; no work. Oh, may I be forgiven for my sins!

May 16th.—Red cow had bull calf on Paddy's terrace; lot of trouble getting her in.

Archway in Conglomerate.

July 1st.—Sowed carrots; sea rough; putting palings on fence; came home, got jolly; Mac, ditto; Paddy, ditto, ditto.

July 2nd.—Not feeling too well; put up one panel of fence to the rocks; two crawfish; going to the devil as fast as I can.

August 1st.—Showery from S.W.; saw stranger travelling north; stranger drank one bottle of gin, and sneaked another.

August 2nd.—Set speckled hen on

nine duck eggs ; hens laying a hurricane.

August 4th.—Found poor Tibby dead on terrace ; good goat, gave a pint night and morning.

August 14th.—Wet day ; went to poor ——'s funeral ; coming home got jolly ; bed at 12 p.m.

August 15th.—Drizzly kind of day ; feel bad. Billy, you are a bad lad !

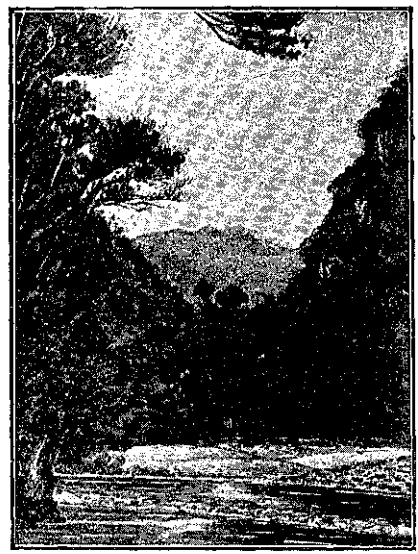
Our next expedition was the ascent of Mt. Faraday from the Four Mile, where we camped for the night in a convenient sleeper-cutter's tent near the foot of the mountain, and the following day climbed the mountain, with every condition favourable. As I hope at some future time, when I have some photographs available, to devote an article to the peaks of the Paparoas, four of which I have scaled, I will not enlarge on the subject here.

The following day we went crawfishing to the Seal Rocks with Billy as guide. We had great expectations for he assured us that the rocks were, at times, red with them, a statement which we received " cum grano salis."

We were well provided with lines, bait, provisions and a goodly supply of ginger-beer, which, by-the-way, is the fashionable beverage in the district.

No sooner do you set foot in a settler's house than you are made heartily welcome ; the wife places tempting delicacies before you and invites you to fall to, whilst the husband busies himself in uncorking ginger-beer bottles, and on several occasions I felt quite ashamed of my companion's lack of restraint. One settler whom we visited had invented a very satisfactory blend of ginger-beer and mead, and on some of those sultry January days, after a hot tramp, our route could almost have been traced by the rows of empties in our wake. We were always expected to be both hungry and thirsty, and, strange to say, we always were.

But to return to our fishing. The Seal Rocks can only be reached at low water on spring tides, as then the connecting reef is laid bare, and the local sportsmen go on at low water, fish on the tide, and leave again when the water on the reef can be waded.



Fox's River.

From a sketch by Mr. Boswell.

Good hauls of butter-fish, rock-cod and hapuku are often made, and according to Billy " whips of crawfish," as the saying is. On this occasion we secured one " horned cod," I think they called it, a spiky-looking object which our guide told us was excellent eating, but " I ha'e ma doots." When we found sport so poor we left the enthusiast to it, and set out to explore the blow-hole. Seal Rock, or island, as it is generally called, is cleft by a long tunnel-like fissure in which the restless waters continually chafe and growl, but in heavy northerly weather the waves hurl themselves into this narrow cavern, and dashing against the obstructing rock, throw up a column of spray a hundred feet or more, with a sound like the dull boom of a cannon. It is only seen to advantage in rough weather ; its

efforts were very feeble during our stay.

Billy's claim was inspected next day; he had prepared us for a novel sight, by telling us that it was only a man with the heart of

On either side great towering limestone cliffs rise sheer.

Photo of a sketch by Mr. Boswell.

five hundred thousand lions that would ever attempt to work such a claim. It is approached by steps cut in the solid rock, which zig-zag up the face of the cliff, and on reaching the top a wilderness of stones greeted our gaze; stones piled up in innumerable heaps; walls of stones built with infinite labour; stones in pyramids—ornaments of the labours of Billy and his mate during the last thirty years.

On enquiring as to the amount of the precious metal which he had obtained from this colossal stone-heap, he quoted the Cornishman who remarked under somewhat similar circumstances: "Where the gold be, there it lies; where the gold bain't, there be I!"

Our last excursion was a two-days' trip to Bullock Creek, where we were the guests of Mr O'Brien, and from here we made the ascent of Mt. Bovis. O'Brien described the country around his farm as being of a "flat, hilly" nature, and so we found it; but we also observed that it was good grazing land, as all the stock were rolling fat. In his paddocks it is no unusual occurrence for a huge rata tree to disappear bodily—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and nothing to mark the spot where the ground caved in but a pool of water with some gravel scattered around, and perhaps a few of the tree's topmost twigs showing above the water.

We had intended returning by the beach and visiting some very fine caves which have been found there, and we have since regretted that we chose the Fox's River route, as I believe that we thus missed seeing one of the finest sights in the district. We counted between twenty and thirty fords on the walk homewards, but as the river was low they were not formidable.

What an ideal tour it would be from Greymouth through this country which I have described, returning by way of the Buller Gorge and Reefton, if the road, which is now in a disjointed condition, were only completed, I feel confident that a very popular tourist route would be at once established. There would be infinite variety, for the river gorge scenery is magnificent, and not to be surpassed; the glistening ocean beaches are firm and excellent to travel over, and there is the ever present thunder of the surf as it breaks upon the shelving sands; the mountain peaks of the Paparoas possess countless beauties; and for the artist and photographer the bold sea cliffs and wave-worn rocks, around whose bases the kelp waves to and fro on the restless surge, provide splendid material for sketch and photograph.

The time of departure comes all too soon; our baggage was ready for the pack-horse, our adieux made and reckoning paid—a too modest reckoning to our minds, as it was not equivalent for value re-

ceived. We said farewell to Billy with reluctance, for he had proved to us a most entertaining companion, and his original sayings had provoked many a laugh. He sang "The Bonnie Hills of Loch Lomond" to us with great gusto, as he leaned over the bar counter, and gave us his blessing ere we departed. We had thoroughly enjoyed our summer holiday, and were bronzed, lean, and as hard as nails. As we wended our way homewards we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had been amongst a most hospitable people, and scenes which were wondrous fair, also that the weather had been as favourable as if made to order—three conditions which never yet failed to make a perfect holiday.

Cecil Rhodes—Dead.

Grim lip, sardonic eye, blank forehead, he has gone:
The domineering life has bent to one behest!
Dead the stupendous energy that drove him on;
That throbbing dynamo, his brain, has droned to rest!

Huge, callous, elemental, massive, crude,
Through dallying life hurried this stark, inhuman thing!
Nor once he turned his head, nor once his keen eyes viewed
The pleasant gardens by the wayside blossoming!

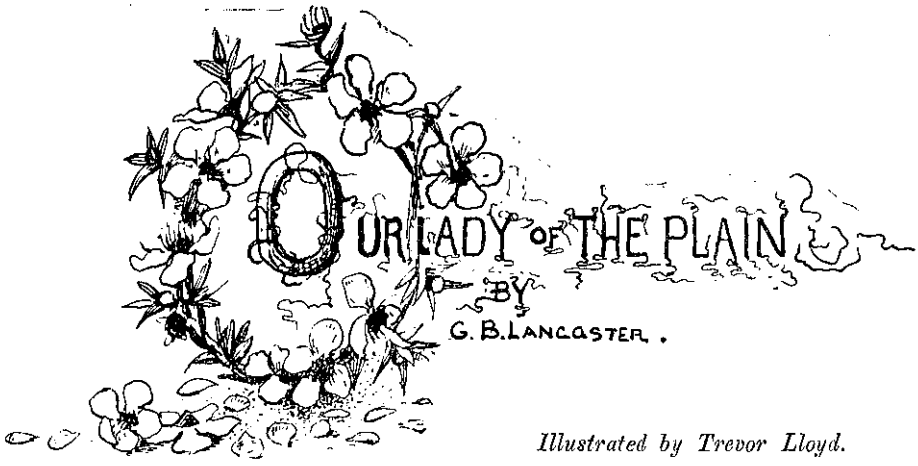
He lacked the human part. Ah, wonder! if he yearned
Sometimes to leap the barriers of that prison brain,
Just once to kiss some mouth and know that kiss returned,
In one deep reckless gulp the all of life to drain!

There was no hope for him but in eternal strife;
All would have still been barren had he all achieved!
His acrid strenuous madness held him fast; all life
Was his for happy guerdon—and he never lived!

Some calm ironic fate held him ever apart.
Life laughed by in the sunlight—he in vast eclipse!
Nor mined the gold deep hidden in a human heart,
Nor guessed the opulence of a mere woman's lips!

What cosmic warfare, unimaginable strife,
Waits in the vague beyond for that unvanquished mind?
Too mean for him the little margins of this life—
Into the quiet dark gone untamed, breathless, blind!

Arthur H. Adams.



Illustrated by Trevor Lloyd.

A LITTLE dust-demon lifted itself lazily from the white cross-track, beaten out yesterday by the passing of a thousand sheep, and fled across the tussock with intent to reach the purple hill-shapes that hung on the horizon. But the dead heat caught it to smother it with the coming night; and resistlessly the slow silence over-crept the plain and lay there.

Crandeck's saddle-grip tightened ever so little with the sharp tightening of his heart-cords, and he whistled through parched lips.

For the power-charged stillness that fell away to the four wide corners where strange winds lived was unlovely to him, and unholy, and full of secretiveness. It was the sea without life, or movement, or regard. It was the empty beginning of the world before man moved over the face of it. And more truly than all, it was the far rimless, mysterious country that had clogged his feet through the dreams of many years, and he knew very certainly that it promised evil.

There was evil in the wild, sensuous smell of flax-swamp that rose to windward; and in the clump of stiff, wide-headed cabbage-trees that whispered together behind with a feverish tapping of dead fronds on bare grey trunks; and in the tussock that rolled out eternally before the stumbling hoofs, turning livid where the heavy sky stooped to meet it on the edge of the earth.

There had been yellow tussock below Harton through the slow day's grilling, and molten sky above; but he shook the stoop from his shoulders, and looked over the waste with the pride of the naturalized colonial. Then he began to say things such as were to Crandeck an utter weariness of the flesh and blatantly idiotic.

"She's a young country, I grant you, but she's got the biggest future of all Australasia. Canterterbury mutton and beef—and—I tell you, Crandeck, I've my own idea about cropping these plains. Surface-ploughing first season, with——"

"Oh, darn!" muttered Crandeck, clacking his stirrup-irons wearily. He had no desire whatever to lay hands on the great unturned wealth of this dumb world. It was for Harton and the men of his breed to make New Zealand for

the golden days to come, and for Crandeck himself—"I am a sojourner, even as all my fathers were—not," he said; "an' I don't like it, Harton. I'll serve my year to Jamison because the pater has paid my premium—then I'll go away very swiftly, and never come back. I don't want to farm this ocean-farm. By Jove! I'd sooner dig up the New Forest with a toothpick! So there's my mind for you on that point. An' how much darker is it goin' to get before it's done, eh?"

Harton blundered into a smudge that was low manuka-scrub, and out into another that was sword-edged Spaniard. Then he soothed his mare into jaded submission to the unkindly will of things, sniffed the air that was suddenly tainted with the harshness of brine, and remarked that a sea-fog was coming up. "When it will most certainly be darker than the hithermost pit, so we'll push along while there's any perspective left. Then I reckon we will have to wait."

"Wait—here! What for? Day?"

"Our lady; she'll be lighting up directly. Look out, Crandeck; there's a dry creek!"

Crandeck followed through the stony unpleasantness with mixed ideas regarding the Virgin Mary, and stars and moons—or an occasional comet.

"Our who?"

"Jamison's daughter," Harton's thick voice softened. "Our Lady of the Plain, and the only woman for thirty-odd miles round, bar Jamison's housekeeper. You knew this, Crandeck?"

"The only woman!" said the man from England." "Great heavens above! The only woman!"

Harton's saddle creaked. He was gathering himself for direct speech.

"She's only a baby yet, bless her! There are ten or a dozen fellows always knocking about Jamison's station, but—"

"I understand. All of 'em hate each other with an abiding hatred, and follow her round on their knees. I shall indubitably do live-wise."

"Hope you will." Harton's tone was grim, "and you'll get lammed on the head with a shovel, or whatever's handiest. Our Lady is muscular. But — er — Crandeck, I wanted to say—that is—she doesn't know anything about—er—that sort of thing yet, you know, and we don't want her to. But if you're the man that's going to wake her out of her childhood, and—er—make her unhappy, by the Lord Harry, you'll have the lot of us on to you! It's just as well to warn you—er—"

"You always had a nice way of putting things," said Crandeck, slowly. "I should call you a tactful man, Harton, and I mean to talk to your Lady of the Plain as much as I jolly well please. When is that deuced light coming, anyway, and what is it? Hold up, you brute!"

"Lantern from a flagstaff on Jamison's hill. For the benefit of straying Israelites who used to peg out in Jamison's waterholes. There she goes! Keep it a bit more to starboard, and come along."

The red eye drew them through the night by its steady, unwinking glare; Harton, biting his beard-corners in newly-awakened trouble, and Crandeck, saddle-worn and sulky to the verge of curses. A low-browed house reared itself blackly, and yellow streaming lights ate up the dark round many men speaking an uncouth language that was entirely genial and full of welcome.

In the following hours Crandeck learned that this talk was the shibboleth of the sheep-farmer and the run-holder. He watched some half-score lean, eager faces through the blue reek of tobacco smoke, the while he ached in all his softly nurtured young body, and doubted that the wisdom gained in a year's cadetting on Jamison's station would over-pay for the raw newness of a life lived on the level of strenuous fact.

For the speech of these men ran up and down the land as they hammered out the power of this strong country to be, and told of lawless deeds and the summary justice that came after, in straight words and very forcible.

A clean-faced boy, who owned some forty thousand acres of freehold, commanded the attention of the thickening smoke-reek.

"A dashed cattle-puncher, I tell you. He nailed forty of my calves, and banged 'em along with his own mob 'fore I could get on his trail. What? Certainly I'd know them, bang or no bang, though he swore they were his by all his gods, the brute! So I swore—"

"I'll be bound you did, Tony," murmured Verenin, opening an eye.

"Tony, Tony! come out—quick. I've chased that weka into the koromiko bush by the tin fence, and you've got to catch him. Tony—is he asleep in there, boys?"

Jamison pulled out his pipe.

"Lassie, come here. Harton and Crandeck have—"

Our Lady came to the window with darkness behind her, and smiled on Crandeck.

"Did they give you any tea? Whisky and pipes? Oh, how silly! You'll have a head in the morning, you know. Vic always has a head when he comes back from Christchurch. You do, Vic, and it makes you shockingly cross, too. Wasn't he cross coming up, Crandeck?"

"There's never any sense in telling too much truth," said Payne; "has no one taught you that, my Lady?"

"You learnt instead," said Our Lady, underbreath. "I heard of it—no, it wasn't Tony or Dad. But I'm going to speak to you in the morning. Letters? Oh, who for? Wish some one would write me a letter!"

"I will, if you like," said Verenin. "You shouldn't laugh; I can. I won an essay prize at school once."

"I 'spect they judged by weight 'stead of reading that year," said Our Lady, with demure eyes on the bulky one. "Hurry up, Tony. No, you shan't have a gun. You shot three chickens last time. Wait till I call for him. We-ka-a!"

The night where the young moon walked took them both, and later, Crandeck went to his bed and was mystified. For the wide frank plains that had cradled Our Lady in freedom belonged to no world in which he had part, and the shadow of its silence lay on him with a horrible familiarity.

But in the grey-domed eternity of his dreams, swathed cabbage-trees stood in ranks behind a girl's figure that ran through the night, and called on a name that was his own. And he followed her unswervingly until Harton came and threw brushes at him and three boots, because it was breakfast-time.

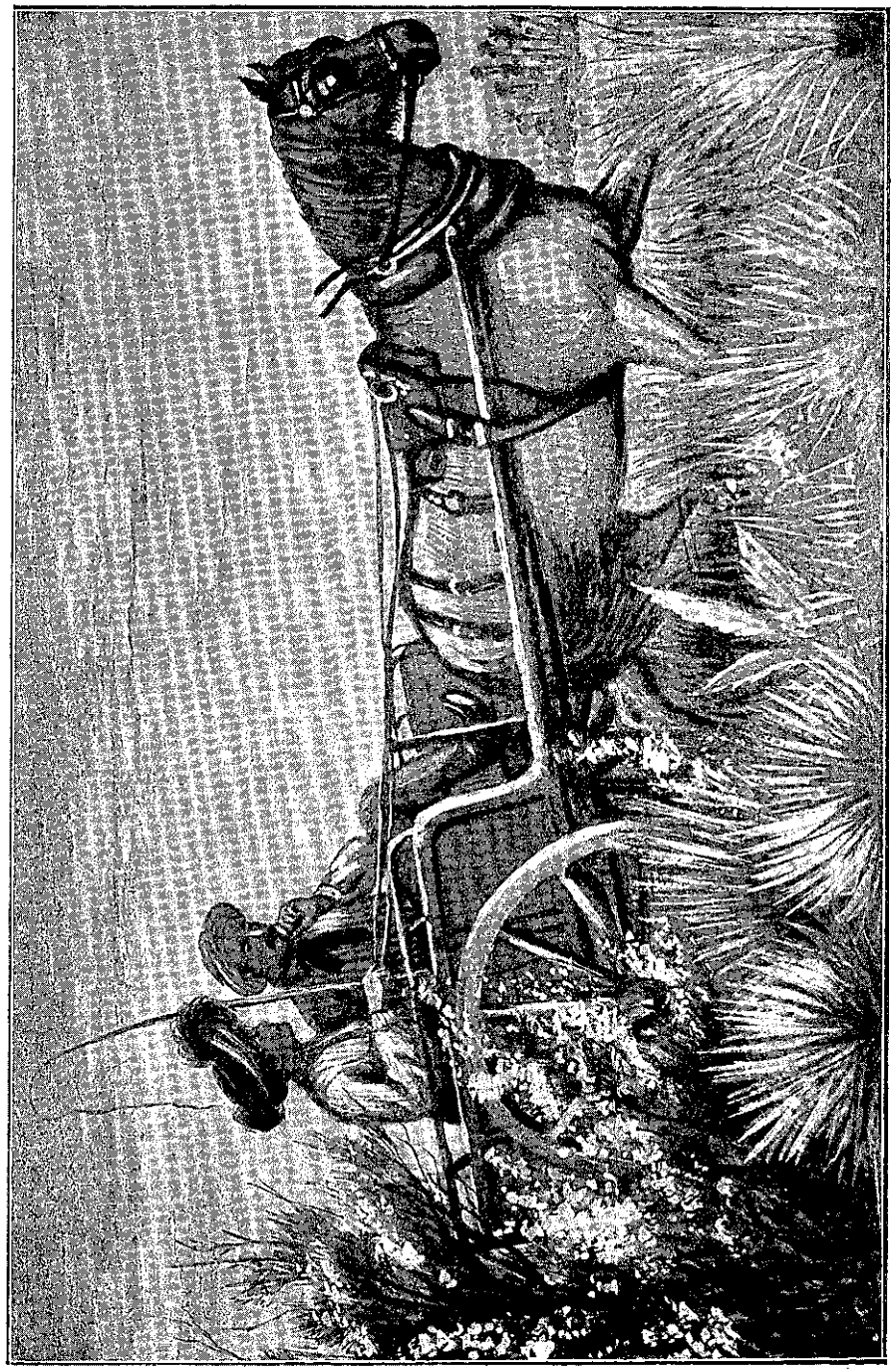
Jamison's acres lay bare to the welter of sunlight and to all the winds that blew. For fences were not, neither crops nor trees; and kennelled boundary-dogs strung off the invisible line that severed the runs throughout the plains.

Our Lady made this matter clear to Crandeck when she came out to watch him sinking a post-hole, and to explain the uses of a "bar" in clayey soil. Crandeck grew speedily blistered about the hands and the nape of the neck, and Our Lady sat under a sparse manuka bush, and laughed at him with clear, unabashed eyes.

"You'll learn; and everything worth learning hurts a bit—or it's not worth it.—Q.E.D. Tony taught me that."

"The logic or the fact?" Then Crandeck struck a stone that knocked a corner off the spade, and swore under breath.

"I think I found out the fact myself. Had to, you know. Dad won't let me ride with a saddle, and I had awful croppers before I could sit a young 'un. And Vic taught me to shoot with swan-



I promise you if ever I come into your dreamland, I'll pull away the clouds and let you see what's behind.

shot 'cause he said a girl ought to be as plucky as a man. And then there's the plain—" she flung out her arms to the golden tussock that ran in resistless following waves to the distance of her world —" it hurts when it's lonely and grey in the evenings, and crying out things that I can't quite understand, though I listen and listen. But it tells me lots. How to bear pain, you know; and what to say to the boys when they ask me for advice; and how to manage Pint-o'-Beer Dick when Dad gets angry and wants to thrash him."

"Good Lord," said Crandeck, standing upright with wrath on his forehead. "What sort of a life—why doesn't your father send you to a school or a—a—anywhere out of this confounded desolation. It's no place for a girl."

"If you say another word," said Our Lady, with her eyes straight and hard on Crandeck, "I'll thump you very much, Crandeck. It's no business of yours. I love the plain better than anything—except Dad, and I'll never go away from it. It's beautifuller than Revelations, because its more than only words. And the tussock is like the sea of glass in Heaven, and when the mountains are all purple and scarlet and green they are like God's throne, and—and you're a beast, Crandeck."

Crandeck stared.

"If Heaven isn't livelier than this place there's not much inducement for a man to become a Christian," he said. "I'd advise you not to try and make a convert by illustrating the Bible with your little corner of the world."

"I don't want to forgive you for that," said Our Lady, standing her ground with quivering lips; "but I'll have to, because I called you a beast. I'll even tell you that you'd better put a bucket of water into that hole to soften it a bit. You're making a horrid mess of it."

"Thank you," said Crandeck, humbly, and went to the pump.

But he curbed his tongue through the days that came after, and played rounders and cricket with Our Lady, and hid his eyes carefully from her angrily-smothered tears when Tony brought his violin out into the full moonlight, and the very far ends of earth listened where the stars shone.

And the mantle of the rouseabout, and one who must obey fell on Crandeck's shoulders and chafed him. He learnt the inner mechanism of the thing that Jamison called work, and covered himself with shame by patiently sifting merinos and Lincolns into one and the same yard when Jamison had set him to drafting.

"An' that red-headed shepherdman o' yours grinned at me," he told Our Lady. "Said I'd got a lot to learn about sheep. Wish I'd asked him the origin of Jason's "'Golden Fleece," anyway."

"You don't know yourself," said Our Lady, serenely. She was of necessity driving the lumbering tip-dray through the stone-choked creeks and the unhandy litter of low scrub; for Crandeck wrought unrestfully with the clumsy, wide-mouthed tin of water, and the couple of stark sheep that slanted stiffly down with desire to upset it, and so guarded the three-days' meal for the boundary dogs.

"Don't I?" he retorted. "Jason got his "Golden Fleece" from the Jews, like many an unlucky beggar since. I, too, was fleeced of all my gold in my college days."

"You must have been an excessively mild sheep," said Our Lady, and laughed. "Cut off a forequarter of your relative for Rage. He's a most awfully hungry dog. And throw it on the far side of his kennel, or he'll go for you while you're filling his water-tin."

Crandeck hacked scientifically at the red-blue rawness, and poured water without undue haste. Our Lady watched approvingly under her lashes.

"You're not a funk," she said; and I don't think you're stupid

either. I believe I'll like you, Crandeck."

Crandeck looked at the browned, thin face and grave dark eyes, and the small, firm mouth; but the spell of the wide, dun plain was, as always, entirely hateful to him, and with the taste of it in his mouth, he answered her.

"It's confoundedly good of you, but I think you'll have to be quick about it. I mean to get away from here as soon as I decently can. It—it haunts me, this place. It's been alive before—and I was alive with it. You'll say I am talking abject rot, but—but—"

"Yes?" she said; "tell me. You mean that it's dead now, and that's why you don't like it?"

"Something of that sort, I suppose;" Crandeck cast wildly for words of sense. "In this real thing it is beastly flat—and lonely—and silent, and—and unheeding, y'know. I've seen it before in dreams, or—er—mind's eye, or something, and I always hated it infer—very much. It hasn't got an edge to it," he said, wrinkling his eyes in attempt to see it clearly; "just clouds. But I know there's something beastly waiting behind them for me, and I know I'll see it some day. In the reality, probably."

"I'm part of the plains," said Our Lady, seriously; "and I promise you that if I ever come into your dreamland, I'll pull away the clouds and let you see what's behind. It's easier to face anything if you know what it is, isn't it?"

Crandeck did not find it necessary to tell her that she was already an indissoluble part of the whole.

"Infinitely. But you may not always be here."

"I shall," said Our Lady, dragging away a handful of star-white manuka blooms as the dray crashed through the bushes. "When I die I mean to be buried up under the flagstaff, where I light the lantern at nights. Then the plain can talk to me all the time, and p'raps I'll be better able to understand what it says. I'll come to you, though, if you can make me hear. But you'll have to shout loud, for there'll be such lots of interesting things to think of. Don't forget."

"No," said Crandeck; "I won't forget."

But when the day came for him to remember, the evilly-sweet scent of the wild manuka came too, and helped the memory. And in the added knowledge of the time it hurt him, as Our Lady had promised that all knowledge hurts the learner.

"And if you see the horrid thing in the flesh—oh, there's Tony. Shout, Crandeck! Shout loud. I want him."

Our Lady bore on the green-hide reins, and under the flare of unshaded sun, the black smudge on horizon took substance, and grew the shape of a ridden horse.

Crandeck shouted without result until Our Lady stood on the seat beside him, and put her hands to her mouth so that her cry went out into the yellow ripple of distance.

The rider wrenched his horse about slowly.

"Doesn't seem in much of a hurry to see you," remarked Crandeck.

"He isn't," said Our Lady, composedly. "He knows he's in for a jolly good scolding."

Crandeck's eyebrows went up.

"By Jove! Does he let you wig him—what's he been doing?"

"I don't think," said Our Lady, with dignity, "that you've any right to ask those sort of questions, and I'm very sure you're not going to get an answer. This is between Tony and me. And when I lecture you I won't tell the universe either. Well, Tony; I'm going to walk back with you."

Tony's half-broken colt sheered away from the cart in wrath, and Tony sat still, and frowned at the distant sparkle of roofs beyond the heat-quivered trail.

"Too far, I'm afraid; and—er—I

want to see your father—I'm—er—in a hurry."

"Dad's over at Kaiti Creek. It's no good, Tony. Drive on, Crandeck. You'll have to finish feeding the dogs by yourself."

Tony's clear boy-face reddened as she dropped to the tussock. "Well—if you will, I suppose you will. But you won't like it, My Lady. I'm not sorry, and you're not going to make me sorry."

"You can clear, Crandeck," said Our Lady; and Crandeck cleared with an inward amazement and an exceeding indignation that led him to ask straight questions of Harton on the very next day, when the answers super-added puzzlement and disgust.

Harton explained very simply that the inwardness of the wild young lives on the plains was known to Our Lady, both through the large, sweet wisdom that comes not with prayers nor fasting, and through the mouths of the men who came to her in their trouble of soul. "Pint-o'-Beer" Dick was an Honorable, and a homeless drunkard in his own right, and Payne's desire for this world's dross had stripped the title of honest man from him before he came over seas. But they stood to the pride of their manhood before Our Lady, and in her innocence she judged her "boys" lives by her own straight standard of right and wrong, and incidentally held them from much unconsidered evil.

"Why not?" demanded Harton—he was re-boarding the side of a cowhouse, and his words came in sections—"It can't smirch her—anything we'd tell her. What? Some bad lots, of course—but we shut 'em off pretty quick. An' there are times when a fellow needs the sort of help—'nother man's no good—and, by George, she knows how to touch us up when we deserve it!"

It was becoming clear to Crandeck that—man being certainly made for hearth-love and the tending of a wife—it was natural that he should desire to take Our Lady away from this place, and to hedge her about with woman's gear, and the all-abiding serenity of an English life. He did not know this until he learnt that these other men considered that they held a claim to her.

"It's—it's iniquitous," he said; it's—er—Jamison's a fool. She ought to be shielded from all this sort of thing. In England—"

"Don't talk piffle," said Harton, driving a nail home with a steady ponderous stroke; "and don't come to me for comfort if you let out those sort of ideas on Our Lady. We can't get along without her, and she can't get along without us. So you'd best take those sheep of yours and be off home, young man. It'll be a snorter of a night."

Crandeck was filled with dividing thoughts as he tailed his half-dozen strayed sheep over the grey, crawling sea of wind-beat tussock, where the nor'-wester boomed and shrieked through the raw red autumn sunset.

He hated the plain and the life of it beyond words; and he hated the hidden horror that waited him—somewhere—somehow—in conjunction with it. Then he called himself a fool, and swore at his stiffened fingers and dust-brimmed eyes when they refused to help him give life and light to his pipe.

"It's an unholy place," he said; "and she loves it. But she will have to love me more."

And he set himself to the teaching of Our Lady while the winter smote the whole present universe into a tingling vigour of frosty life, and made of the hills a gleaming crystal dazzle that took strange unearthly shapes under the white moon.

Crandeck learnt much regarding the grubbing of turnips, and the straining of wire-fencing, and all the unspeakable weariness of life on a sheep-station. He did some fair shooting in the ice-crisped flax-swamps when the westing was red

Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

sunk to pale green and opal, and the grey duck and heron came in to squabble about house-rents with blue-breasted, angular pukaki. He also wrote Home letters very often, and managed to deduct his voyage past and to be from the year of his bond to Jamison.

But he did not discover the one all-powerful thing which would have given him a lover's command over Our Lady, and neither did he know that he lacked it.

She shot with him on occasional evenings, and helped him stalk wekas and a stray wild pig through the manuka and tawhina scrub. And without doubt she was an excellent shot.

"You wiped my eye twice today," he said, in the disgust that is lawful for a man at such times; and he swung the string of duck discontentedly. There were two brace of teal among them, and they had fallen to Our Lady's gun.

She climbed the little hill whereby the track led past the flagstaff to the house, and the bite of the clear air brought the red to her cheeks, and a laugh to her mouth.

"Doesn't it make you feel like a god or a demon?" she said; "to have the power over life and death, you know—even if it's only exampled by something you kill to eat."

"There's one god who shoots to wound—with a bow and arrow," said Crandeck, with suddenly parched lips. "Did you ever hear of him?"

"Of course; Vic taught me mythology. And he binds up the wounds with true lover's knots—which come undone quicker than any other. They are worst of all—except Granny's knots—oh, and Dad's 'must nots,' when he doesn't want me to do a thing. Take the ducks down to the kitchen, Crandeck; I'm going to light the lantern."

No man dare lay hand on that flagstaff if it was not Our Lady's will, and Crandeck slid over the frost-stiff tussock until he bumped into Harton with a force that unbalanced his temper.

It was growing to dusk among the cabbage-trees and rows of seeded gums that circled the house. Harton gripped Crandeck's shoulder, and spoke low with a gasp.

"Where is she?"

"Go and look for her," said Crandeck, freeing himself sulkily. "Shut up and listen then." Harton's keen ear had caught the rattle of the rope through the sheave as Our Lady lowered the lantern. "Jamison's dead. Shot himself over on our boundary-line. He's—he—didn't you know how things were going with him. Good God, man! Didn't you know? If you'd given me a hint I could—I might have saved—" He was sobbing in his throat as a man sobs under the sudden grip of a numbing wound. But Crandeck knew that his sorrow was not for Jamison, and the knowledge irritated him.

"I can't tell her," he said, "I can't—can't! She'd hate me if I brought her such—oh, my poor little darling, my poor little girl."

"No; I suppose I'll have to tell her," said Harton, tonelessly.

"You won't tell her that he—?"

"D'you think I'm a brute? By all—" Harton's sudden fury dropped from him. "Go on in, Crandeck. Tony's there, and Payne, but you might be able to help—"

They did not ask him questions when he brought Our Lady back to the house. Neither did they ask when they sat round the unlighted little room with its jovial comfort dumbly broken to the root of it by dim light of the dead man's chair.

By virtue of a half-sheet of paper run over in Jamison's unaccustomed scrawl the disentanglement of this thing had fallen on Harton. He smoked many pipes there with Our Lady's face before him in the darkness, and his brows furrowed over his sunken eyes.

A quick, free step came down the

passage, and a door banged. Tony sprang up.

"Great Scott! Where's she off to? It's freezing hard!" He dragged the heavy table-cloth away with him, and ran out with it into the night. From the uncurtained window Crandeck saw him overtake a dark shape that blotted the starshine on the tussock hill, and increase its bulk by the winding of it in many folds of cloth.

"You didn't give her time to light the lantern," he said; "and she's gone to do it now. Wonder she can think of such things to-night. But, of course, Jamison wasn't such a tremendously good father to her."

Payne had lit a candle that he might read the "Field;" Harton looked at Crandeck in the light of it.

"If you want to break her heart you'll say that to her. The lantern was Jamison's idea. Isn't that enough for you?"

But it was given to Tony to possess clearer insight, and Our Lady, understanding, spoke to him out of her full heart.

"I mustn't forget the plain, Tony; not even for Dad. It would know, you see; and it's always been so good to me—and I love it so. Go away, Tony dear, and leave me just by myself. I can—understand better up here, and—and—oh, Tony, Tony, please go away."

There was a solemn purity in the cold, still night, where the dried scrub cracked under the smiting frost, and in the soft, direct blaze of the Southern stars that drew the eye up from the world's rim to the mighty hithermost dome of the seventh heaven. It oppressed Tony and gave him fear, but he had the wisdom to know that it was best for Our Lady.

"Harton will come for you directly—he's going to stay a few days to see about—er—things, you know, and Crandeck is to do his work at Balclutha. He thought you'd rather not see him first, dear; but if—"

Our Lady lay face down among the frozen spines of the tussock, and she gave him to understand that she did not desire the presence of Crandeck, nor of any other man in all the world.

So the slow days dragged themselves into the past, and closed down the week with a cold, ink-black night and a mad lashing of rain on the roof.

Harton and Crandeck had sifted patiently through the seeds of Jamison's sowing, and had found many things that were ill therein. Therefore, Harton had called a meeting at Balclutha, and he told Our Lady's "boys" all that was necessary for them to know.

"There's not a dashed penny left, and the station and stock will have to go to pay part of the debts. I thought—I suppose we can make up the rest between us, eh, you fellows?"

"You bet," said Verenin, stolidly; "but what about Our Lady?"

"Don't believe she's a relative in the world. I don't know, unless—unless we send her to a boarding-school. She's only eighteen."

There was a groan of mixed derision and pain.

"Our Lady! Harton, you cruel beast! Fancy ruling her into a dame-school. Besides, we can't manage without her."

"I think you'll have to—now; can't you see that things must be different?"

"Suppose you'll marry her to some one—or to yourself," said Payne with a sneer, and Harton got to his feet.

"Suppose you'd better shut up," he said sharply. Then he looked at the others. "We'll keep the home-block and Mrs Rooney, and Our Lady shall live there till we see how things turn out. And no man shall say a word of marriage to her or bother her in any way unless he gets the consent of the rest. We're all in this, and we're all answerable for her, eh?"

"Right—o," said "Pint-o'Beer" Dick, "Our Lady is ours in trust, and we'll take care of her—bless her! And you'll have the sale soon, Harton? There'll be a slump in sheep when they begin to send 'em down from the back country."

Tony and Harton bought the land that the boundary-dogs had guarded, and gave them new places whereon to beat white, flint-hard circles from the level yellow. But all the plain was Our Lady's birthright, and she ran through the familiar ways of fern and scrub and cabbage-tree, and lighted the lantern for those strayed on the tracks that had passed to others, and so won through the bitter, solemn winter in the frost-bound silences to the sweet mutter of the spring wind, and the leagues of loosened yellow tossing to blue horizon.

Jamison's death had cast the bonds from Crandeck, but he waited still with Harton, until the sparseness of Our Lady's life lashed him beyond control, and he braved the assembly to tell them what he would do.

"I mean to marry her if she will," he said; "and I'll take her away from this place. It's an evil life for a girl, and—and I'll take her away from it. I don't care a hang what you fellows think about it, but it is only right that you should know first. You have done so much for her."

Verenin swore in stolid fashion.

"I'm d——d if you're going to patronize us for it," he said. "She is Our Lady. But she ought to go—though, God knows, we will miss her."

Harton stood at the window staring on the blue far hills where the flushed sunset moved.

"Yes," he said slowly; "it's not a life for a girl. She stays out half the night talking to the wind and the cabbage-trees and things. I've heard her; and the girlhood has gone out of her. She must go—and it must be you, Crandeck. We are all anchored here, and also—but does she love you, man?"

Crandeck was grasping the chair-back, and his face was set. It is not an easy thing for a man—more especially an Englishman—to bare his soul before other men. But he recognized their right.

"I don't know; I think she will. She is so lonely, and—and I have waited—"

"It's best for her;" Harton spoke thickly; "but, by Heaven, if you're not good to her, Crandeck—"

"It will take all you can give to make up for the old life," said Tony, wisely.

Verenin opened and shut his fist reflectively.

"She's Our Lady," he said again; "and we'll be worse than mothers-in-law on to you, Crandeck—"

"Pint-o'-Beer" Dick saw the humorous side of this and laughed, whereat Crandeck swung round in wrath, and flayed him with hard words, thereby relieving his feelings immensely.

But it was Harton who rode over to Jamison's the following day, and spoke with Our Lady, for he knew her child-heart too well to think that Crandeck could win it by storm. He found her in the patch of manuka-scrub beyond the creek, and she raised grave eyes from her half-plaited stock-whip at his coming.

"You haven't been over for nearly a week, Vic. Why don't you? None of you come as often as you used to—and I'm so lonely."

Harton was ever clumsy at words, but his love for Our Lady had taught him much.

"Better not, dear. We'd give all we've got to make you happy, and—and to take care of you. But there's only one way—one way, one of us can do it, dear."

"Yes?" she asked, wearily.

Words were hard to come at.

"If—we all love you, My Lady,

and you know it—if one of us married you, dear."

Our Lady's hands gripped on the rough flax, and her eyes frightened Harton.

"I—oh, no, no! Not that! Never that! Oh, Vic—please don't make me marry you, Vic!"

Harton smiled a queer, twisted little smile.

"It is Crandeck, dear. He has loved you for a long while, and he wants to give you a happier life. We all think that it is best for Our Lady."

She looked through the knotted, scant manukas into her world that she loved, and the sorrow on her still face hurt Harton's soul.

"Do you? Tony, and "Pint-o'-Beer" Dick and Mrs Rooney—and all of you?"

"Yes; and your father. I know he would have wished it, dear. Crandeck is a real good fellow—"

Our Lady stood up.

"I will try," she said; "but I can never love Crandeck like I do the plain, and I am not sure that you are right in thinking it best, Vic. Oh, it will hurt; but tell him I'll try, Vic."

"He'd sooner hear that from yourself," said Harton, and departed.

So Our Lady gave her free word to Crandeck, and would have taken it back when she knew the whole of its meaning, but that Crandeck would not.

"I told you that I hated the place and the beastly hidden thing in the dream-part of it," he said; "and I'm not going to wait here till its time is ripe. It might mean danger to you, dear heart; I seem to believe it does in my dream sometimes, and I'm blessed if I'll chance it any longer. So we'll go back to England, my own little love, and we'll be awfully happy, and not hear the wind calling out of those unspeakably dreary mountains any more."

Our Lady drew back from his kiss.

"Do you think you quite understand?" she asked. "I am part of the plain, and it is part of me. It is alive, and it talks to me, and I love it—better than I shall ever love you, Crandeck. I'll go with you because they all tell me there is—there is no other way. But it will be calling to me in the night, Crandeck; and I shall listen—and want to come back—always—always. Do you quite understand?"

"No, I don't, and I don't want to. You are a fanciful little lady, my sweetheart, and you will learn to love quick flesh better than dead earth. I'm going to teach you—and it'll be one of the things that don't hurt in the learning."

But Tony knew better. He told Harton so as they rode home through the night, past the south-eastern corner of what had been Jamison's boundary, with the warm breath of the light nor'-west in their faces.

"Crandeck's a good enough sort of chap—but wood and iron can't assimilate, Harton, and we ought to have known it before. The plain is not even good arable land to him, and to her—neither of us know a tithe of what it is to her!"

"What in thunder are you driving at?"

"Have inanimate things soul-power over humans?" ...

"Bah!" said Harton; "you're talking drivel." But he smoked in painful thought until Tony jerked his colt back on its haunches with a quick hand dropped to the other man's bridle-rein.

"Listen! That's her singing. Good Heavens! An' she's a full four miles from the house!"

Harton, peering with screwed eyes past the bare grey trunks of cabbage-trees, saw Our Lady's young, earnest face clear to the moon, and heard her words in the broad silence of the plain that listened to her.

"Good-bye, good-bye, dear wind of the red dawn and the evening! Good-bye, mountains—and smell of the flax—and the trampling nor'-

westers. It is all done with and dead—Dear ; did you know—did you know ? No more yellow tussock for me ; no more of the nights that we love—Dear ; did you know—did you know ? Oh ! why did you teach me to love you ? Good-bye ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !"

" She's mad. I'm going to put a stopper on this," stammered Harton, preparing to descend.

"No, I'm dashed if you do ;" Tony wheeled and led the horses away with a strong hand. " Let her alone. She'll belong to Crandeck to-morrow, and—and—and a jolly good thing, too ! Did you see her face ? She never looked like that for Crandeck. Tony—what is it ? What does it mean ?"

" It means," said Tony, huskily, " that we are fools, and don't understand. And we can't understand. She's just learnt what the love of a man for a woman is, and it can't touch her, because—because she learnt something bigger first."

" Something—bigger ? You don't —know ?"

" No," he said, unsteadily, " I don't know. But it is. How much do we know about anything, after all ? She knows more—and this d——d plain knows more. Look at it, Harton."

Harton looked where the mighty bulk of it lay spread to the moon, with the great, regular movement of wind-stirred, whitened tussock, like breath that quickened the chest of a giant, and the stillness that is not placid, but tingling with curbed waiting about him.

And, for the first time, the threatening, unexplainable strength of the land that was old and wise beyond the knowledge of men, came down on him, and startled him.

" It's—it is the very devil," he said. " Thank the Lord she's going away to-morrow. Come on, Tony."

He shook out the reins and went home at the gallop. But every sod that the hoofs cut from the turf seemed to sob at him in dumb live pain, until he loathed Tony for his words, and went to pace his room the night through ; threshing out the limitations beyond which no human thought may stray with certainty, and finding no comfort therein.

Tony brought Our Lady a crown of white manuka-flowers for her marriage-day ; and the sun was blazing and jubilant over a golden earth, and a blue sky, and a little group of men on the wide verandah surrounding a white frock that was Our Lady being married to Crandeck.

But when the Presbyterian parson, from forty miles away, had said all the " Amens," and Crandeck stooped to kiss his wife before all her " boys," the strong, assertive scent of the manuka irritated him to inexplicable jealousy.

" Take it off, sweetheart. You've nothing more to do with the plain and its belongings. You're mine now—mine, and nobody else's. Do you hear ?"

" Confound you," said Verenin ; " you needn't rub it in like that ! He's so cocky, you fellows—"

" An' you'll write to us sometimes, My Lady ? And I'll let you know how that turnip crop on the swamp turns out."

" You've got my folks' address all right ? Nottingham—shut up, Tony ! Do you want to do all the gassing yourself ?"

Payne brought up his four-in-hand with a whirl and a scatter of shingle and turf beyond the verandah, and Tony held Our Lady's hands very tight after he had helped her in.

" I'll look after the light. Be a brave girl, dear, and Crandeck will bring you back some day."

" Yes," she answered. But Tony turned away from her eyes, and choked over the shout that went with a burst shoe of Mrs Rooney's after the four-in-hand as Payne let out the whip.

By reason of a long day's work

it was nine of the following evening before Tony rode over the two miles of tussock and swamp-flax to light Jamison's lantern. The dead manuka-wreath lay on the wooden verandah where Crandeck had flung it, and Tony's eyes were troubled as he climbed the little hill through the restless, windy dark.

At foot of the flagstaff he stumbled, and fell over something soft that gave to his weight without sound. He felt it with his hands. Then he knelt upright, and spoke to the march of triumphant wind that was the voice of the plain.

"Well—you've got her at last! You needn't make such a row about it, need you?"

The spurred boots that brushed the tussock over the hill-crest were Crandeck's, and it was Crandeck who said:

"Where is she? I know she's here. She left me—give her to me, Tony."

Tony lit the lantern, and strung it half-mast. But he did not speak, and Crandeck asked no questions.

For, according to her promise, Our Lady had pulled away the clouds that rimmed the land of his dream, and behind them he saw her lie dead in the night under the flicker of Jamison's lantern.

FAITH.

A LITTLE boat, outlaunched on troublous seas,
To reach a port it wots not of; to reach
Or sink; or still, though seeming sinking, reach:
And thus our life. Yet there be some
That reck not wave nor tempest, rock nor calm—
Upheld through all by what we men call "Faith."
So high, so true, those voyageurs of heart,
'Twould seem that Faith, and only Faith, on earth
Can comfort bring; an all-abiding trust
That, spite of buffetings and sternesses
And storms, that haven we desire
In due time we shall see,—that He
Who set us forth will draw us safe at last.—G. L. TACON.

The Naval Review.

BY LAURA STUBBS.

Photos by Lieutenant Sydney Rotch, R.N.

AT ten o'clock precisely on Saturday morning, the 16th day of August, 1902, we, the privileged holders of tickets for the Royal Sovereign, were conveyed from the gun-wharf at Portsmouth in a man-of-war's trim launch to the flagship.

It took us the best part of half-an-hour to reach our destination—half-an-hour of the keenest enjoyment as we cut our way through the sparkling waters of the blue-green Solent, steering a perilous course amongst crafts of all shapes and sizes, gay with bunting, and crowded with humanity. The sun shone, a fair breeze blew, the weather was ideal, neither too hot nor too cold; everybody looked happy and expectant, and all wore holiday attire.

On all sides of us were ships' launches; the seats covered with flags, and many with long boats in tow, and everyone carried her full complement of guests to their several destinations on board the men-of-war.

In every direction, east, west, north and south, were white-winged yachts and pleasure steamers and fishing boats. In short, the Solent was crowded as any city thoroughfare.

It was the gladness, the life, and light, and colour that impressed me at this stage; later on I realized the sterner side of the spectacle.

Nine British admirals flew their special flags at Spithead that summer's morning:—Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, Commander-in-Chief at the Review, on board the Royal Sovereign; Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., Senior Officer, in command of the Channel Squadron, in the Majestic; Rear-Admiral the Honorable Assheton Curzon-Howe, second in command of the Channel Squadron, in the Magnificent; Vice-Admiral Sir Gerald Noel, commanding the Home Squadron, in the Revenge; Rear-Admiral Willis, second in command of the Home Squadron, in the Resolution; Rear-Admiral E. E. Jeffries, in command of the Irish Station, in tne Empress of India, and Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, in the Crescent.

Lord Scott, the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, had his flag flying from the Vivid, and Vice-Admiral Markham flew his from the Wildfire.

In addition to these, Commodore Wilson, as Commander of the Squadron which escorted the Prince and Princess of Wales round the Empire, flew his broad pennant on the St. George at the head of the Cruiser Squadron; Rear-Admiral C. Mirabello flew his flag on the Italian-armoured cruiser Carlo Alberto, and last, but not least, Rear-Admiral Ijuin flew his flag on the Japanese-armoured cruiser Asamo. A special interest attaches to this because the two Japanese gunboats represented the warships of our only allies, and are the latest additions to the Japanese Navy.

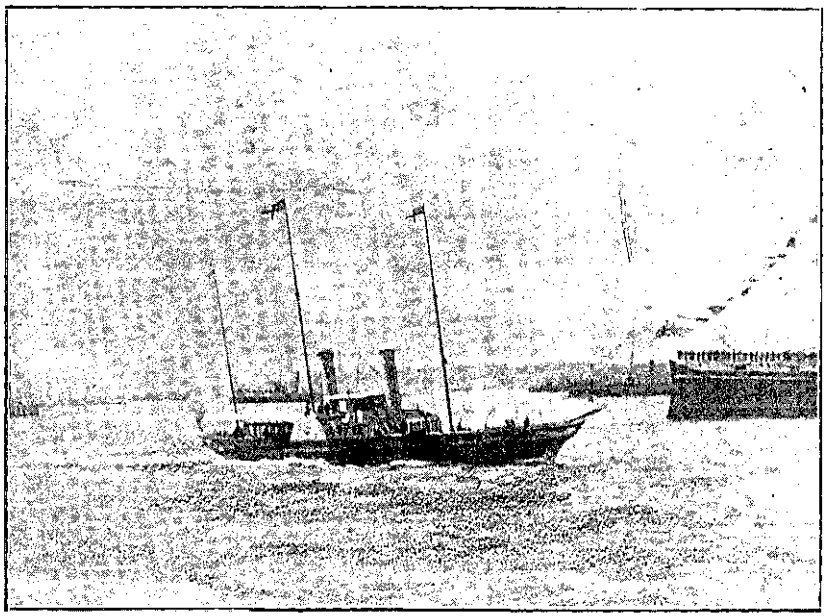
From the deck of the Royal Sovereign I let my eye range at will up and down those four rows of battleships, each row four miles long, sixteen miles in all; a dread but magnificent spectacle. One and all they rode at anchor, and each was dressed, rainbow fashion, in honour of the event—flags stretching from the extreme end of the vessel across the tops of the masts, and then down to the water's edge.

We lay mid-way in the anchorage, on one side of us the Edinburgh, on the other the Nile. Not far from us, in line (D) my attention was attracted to the Endymion. She was flying a long serpentine with a golden bladder attached from the mast-head. The effect was more curious than beautiful, but it drew all eyes to her.

Far away on line (C), almost indiscernible in the dim and misty distance, was that old-fashioned corvette, the Calliope. An officer at my side indicated her position, saying as he did so, "She was the only survivor in the hurricane in Samoa some years ago."

His words conjured up a picture of the Adler as I saw her not six months since, impaled on the merciless coral, the harbour lights of Apia gleaming through her bare ribs. It was thanks to British skill, pluck, and seamanship that the Calliope was spared a like fate.

"And there is the Endymion,"

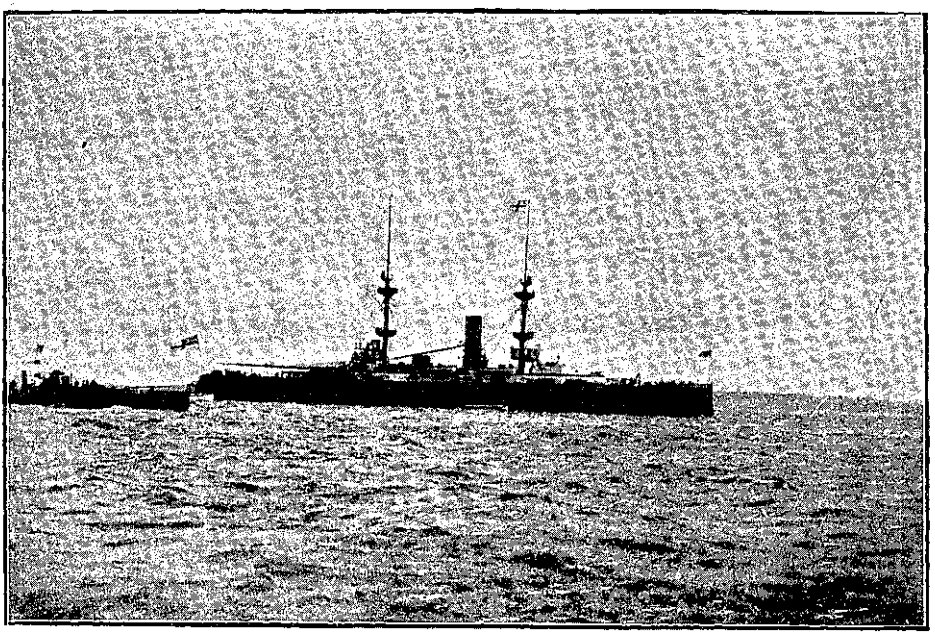


H.M. Yacht "Alberta." Staff-Captain G. A. Broad, M.V.O.

went on my companion, "that one with the golden bladder; looks foolish, doesn't it; called after a foolish sort of chap, too, when you come to think of it. Well, she's one of the smartest warships on the line. And if you will turn round and look astern you will see the Camperdown; remember all about her, of course you do; it was she who rammed the Victoria. I was on a ship near, and, by Jove, it was an awful sight! And that's her sister, the Sans Pareil. Those defences," such was my unspoken comment as I gazed upon that mighty imperial fleet, and knew it only represented the fleet of the Home seas, one-third of the naval resources of Great Britain.

Forty-eight miles of available battleships instead of sixteen. Think of it, oh! ye gods and little fishes! Forty-eight miles of shipping, and all the property of King Edward VII.

Far away over the foam-flecked face of the blue waters his yacht



H.M.S. "Majestic." Battleship, 14,900 tons, 16 guns, flying flag of Vice-Admiral A. K. Wilson, K.CB., V.C., second in command at the Review.

white-banded funnels belong to the Japanese men-of-war, and those four others in line E are Italian and Portuguese vessels."

At this juncture my friendly exponent was called away, and I was left to my own reflections.

A sense of expectation brooded over those huge, motionless battleships. All of them concentrated here for the same purpose, and yet each one in itself an individual centre of life and competition.

"So small an island; so vast her loomed more like a liner than a pleasure craft. She was preceded by the Irene, the Trinity yacht, flying the Trinity flag at the masthead and the blue ensign astern, and His Majesty's yacht the trig Alberta. This vessel, it will be remembered, brought the remains of the late Queen Victoria from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. The Royal yacht was followed by the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, the graceful butterfly-like Osborne, and the elegant Fire Queen. The King

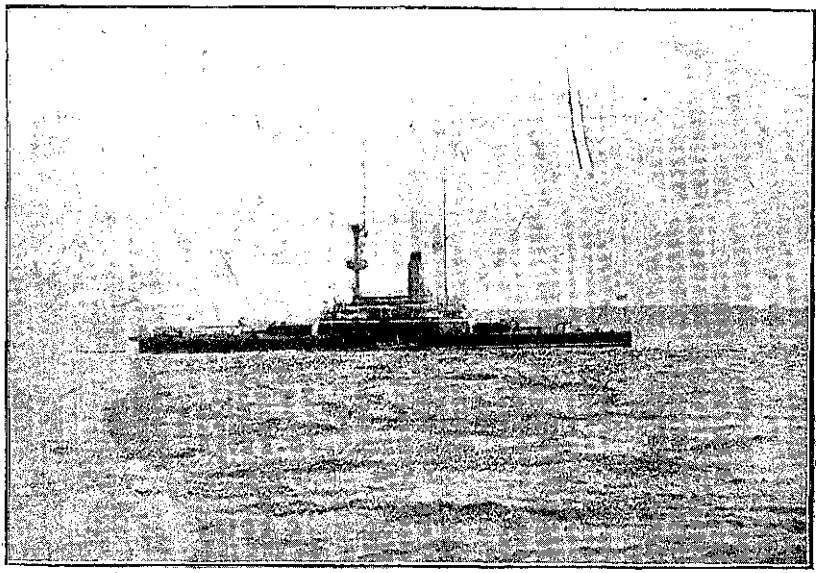
had been timed to leave the anchorage at Cowes at two o'clock, and he must have started punctually, for at twenty-five minutes past two the signal was given to man ship. In the twinkling of an eye the sides of the one hundred men-of-war at Spithead were lined with bluejackets. There they stood, rigid as statues, each with his hand overlapping the hand of his fellow on either side, each with arms outstretched, a living, motionless, interlinked line of humanity, and all with eyes turned seawards. On the quarter-deck the officers, dressed in full uniform, a miracle of cocked hats and gold trappings, stood, drawn up in one long line, and behind them was the band.

We visitors were allowed the unusual privilege of being on the after shelter deck ; this was also outlined with bluejackets, and just on the upper bridge above us were the marines—a brilliant cluster of red adding a delightful touch of colour to the scene.

Exactly at half-past two the Royal yacht came into view, and then it was that the Royal Sovereign fired the first gun of the royal salute.

At the second round the whole fleet took up the cue, and proceeded to belch forth smoke and flame over the sunlit Solent.

The vibrations were absolutely thrilling. They set every nerve in my body tingling, not with fear (although that was the first sensation), but with a strange sense of exultation. Shall I ever forget that tense moment between the order "Fire" and the report ? Shall I ever forget those massive, ear-splitting detonations, not from our ship only, but from one after the other of those around us.



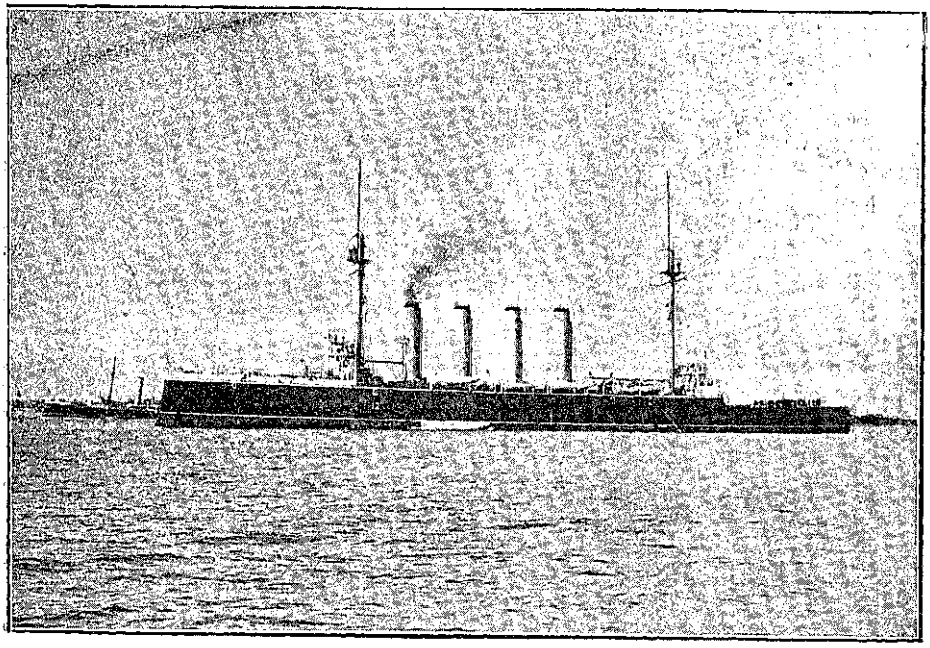
H.M.S. "Nile." Battleship, 11,940 tons, 10 guns. Captain R. S. Rolleston, Post Guardship, Devonport.

The National Anthem followed hard on the heels of the royal salute, and three ringing cheers, given with true naval precision, made a suitable chorus.

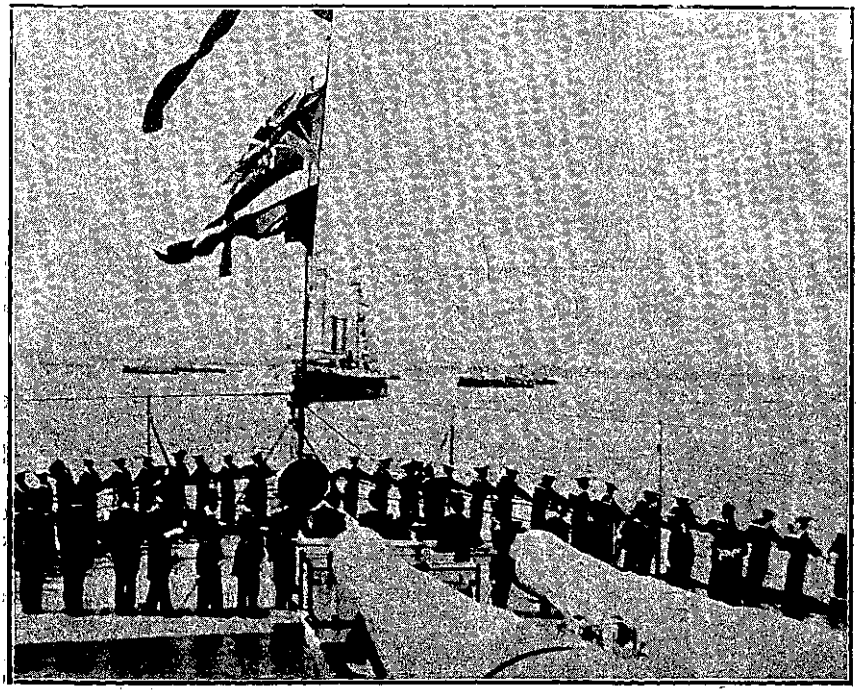
And all this while the sun shone, and sea and sky were a vivid ultramarine blue.

"Queen's weather ; King's weather ; may it always be the same," said one bluejacket to another.

We ladies were hidden well out of sight behind the sailors, but be-

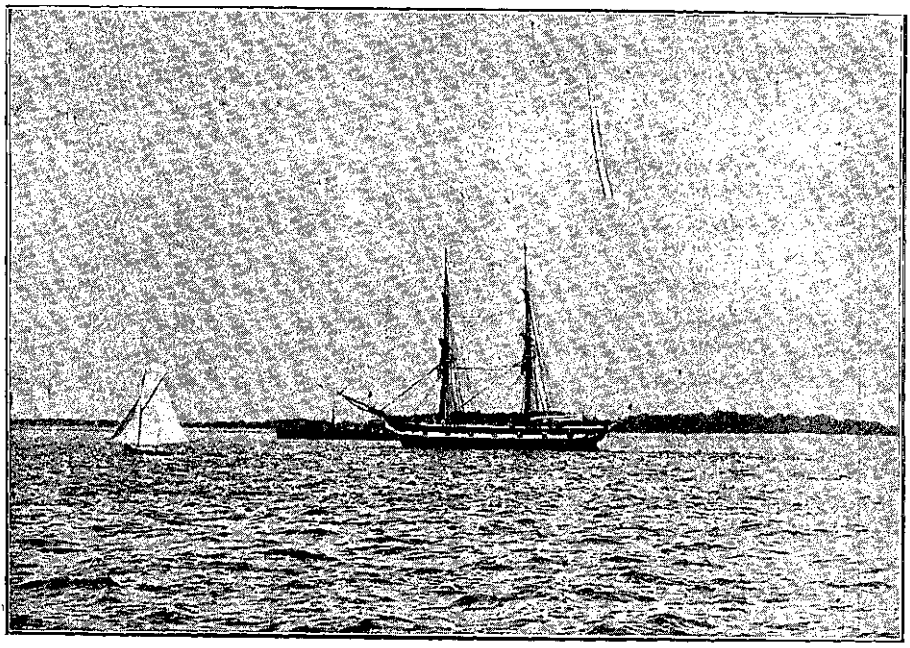


H.M. Cruiser "Niobe," 11,000 tons, 16 guns. Captain John Dennison.



This photo shows manner of "manning ship," the men outlining sides of ship, and officers forming across quarter-deck. Taken just before the king passed.

tween those sturdy, outstretched arms there was abundant loophole for seeing, and we made the most of our opportunities. I am told that in some of the ships, notably the Majestic, the ladies were too much in evidence, "hanging over the stern galleries like creepers over a window-box," said an officer to me. The King, observing this, signalled a rebuke which cleared the stern galleries, and let us hope taught the sex that there are occasions when their presence, however charming, is not required.



H.M. Training Brig "Pilot." A type of the olden days, now used for training blue jacket boys.

We of the Royal Sovereign had no such opportunity accorded us; on the contrary, we were often reminded that this was in no sense a lady's day, and that we were to keep well in the background.

Heading east the Victoria and Albert advanced majestically between lines C and D, then turning she steamed between E and F, turning again she passed between D and E, and then for the last time westward between F and C.

Up and down those great lines of ships steamed the royal yacht, passing every ship in succession and ours three times, each event being the signal for manning the decks and playing the National Anthem. When the royal inspection was at last ended, the Victoria and Albert anchored in her allotted berth alongside the flagship. Alongside, I say, but in reality she was anchored exactly two cable lengths from the Royal Sovereign, a distance, roughly speaking, of a-quarter of a mile, and only through opera-glasses could one do more than make out the outlines of the royalties on board.

With the help of a powerful telescope I got a splendid view of the King. He looked remarkably well, although much thinner. He wore the dark blue uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and the picturesque cocked and gold-laced hat. The broad blue sash of the garter showed up well, and gave a pretty and effective touch of colour.

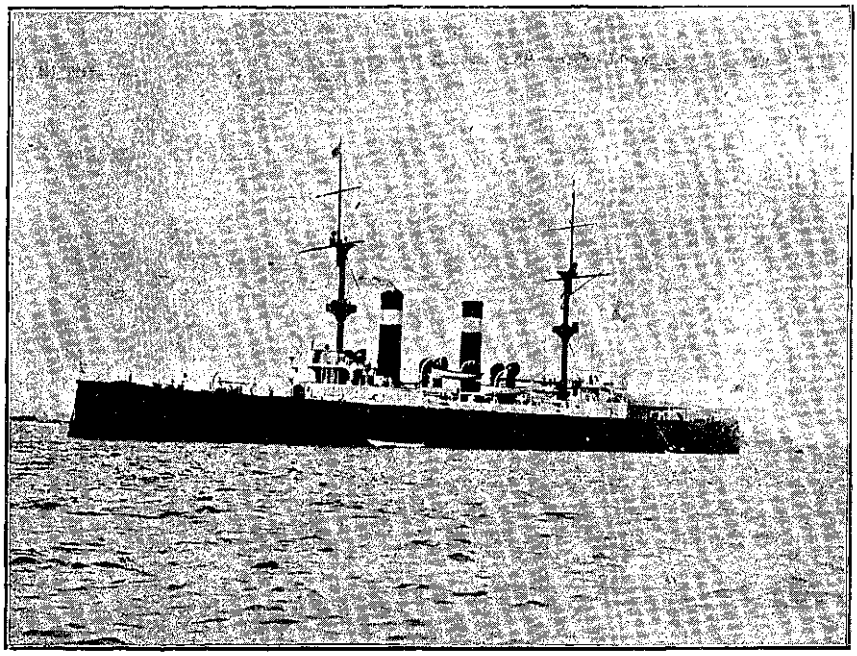
The Queen was all in white, and looked pensively, sweetly beautiful as ever. She was too far off for

me to identify that sad, sweet, somewhat stereotyped, smile so familiar to all who know her. I am told that the Sea King's daughter loves the sea, that the spirit of the Vikings is quick within her, making her worthy of the best traditions of her race.

Ever thoughtful for others, the King had long ere this sent a prompt signal to the nimble sailor lads, who had manned all the perilous yards and masts of the picturesque sailing ships to relieve here; we do not have guests on board when we are in action."

I stood rebuked, but I sighed the sigh of disillusion.

Certain contrasts struck me. I have spoken of the smallness of our island and the vastness of her defence—that was the first and, perhaps, the most remarkable one; secondly, the contrast between the up-to-date man-of-war and the man-of-war of a few years ago, between the Defence, for instance, and the strange old Devastation, lying so



Japanese Armoured Cruiser "Asamo," 9,750 tons, 18 guns.

them from their trying position. Small wonder that they cheered him to the echo as he passed.

I am desperately, deplorably ignorant on all matters pertaining to the Navy, and I had deluded myself with the belief that all the warships would manoeuvre round the yacht, instead of her manoeuvring around us. I ventured to express my disappointment.

"Had we done so," said the first lieutenant, to whom I addressed my complaint, "you would not be low in the water and carrying her foot-thick ancient armour.

Then there was the contrast of size—the huge, diabolical-looking destroyer, Havock, so expressive of her name, only asking the opportunity to prove herself worthy of it, and the little training brig Sea Flower, with her yards squared and her miniature guns trying to assume a brave show at her broad side.

Again, the contrast between the dressing and the warships, the gay

bunting and the stern, grim outlines of the vessels adorned. As if a great strong man should hang himself round with trinkets and coloured ribbons.

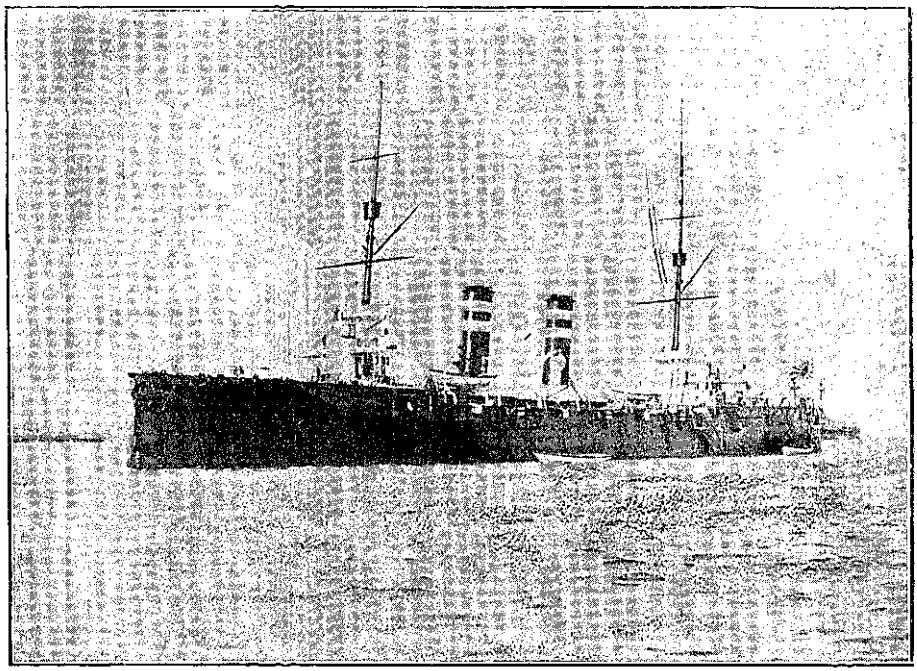
For there is something essentially utilitarian and uncompromising about the outlines of a man-of-war. She is designed for use, but not for ornament. Rigid are her outlines, order and cleanliness and the perfection of finish are her essential characteristics, but for beauty and for grace commend me to the old-fashioned sailing vessel.

faces. Either they were turned from me or too far away for recognition.

With the anchoring of the Victoria and Albert the proceedings terminated.

The Royal Sovereign fired a single gun, and that solitary report struck the death-knell of the Naval Review.

The inspection was practically over, and it only remained for the guests on board the several ships to have their tea and to depart.



Japanese Cruiser "Takasago," 4,160 tons, 12 guns.

I was not even impressed by the beauty of the royal yacht Albert. I was assured her lines were perfect. She carried three flags, the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal Standard at the main, and the White Ensign on the staff.

Round the King stood a group of three or four admirals, and there were officers in military uniform as well. Possibly Lords Roberts and Kitchener, I said to myself, and tried vainly to distinguish their

Once more the ships' launches and the long boats were set in motion and once more the face of the Solent was alive with returning sight-seers.

That evening about nine o'clock a few friends and I sallied forth from our hotel to see the illuminations. The night was pitch dark, and a moaning wind that came and went in fitful gusts, driving clouds of dust in our faces, warned us of the approach of rain. As we

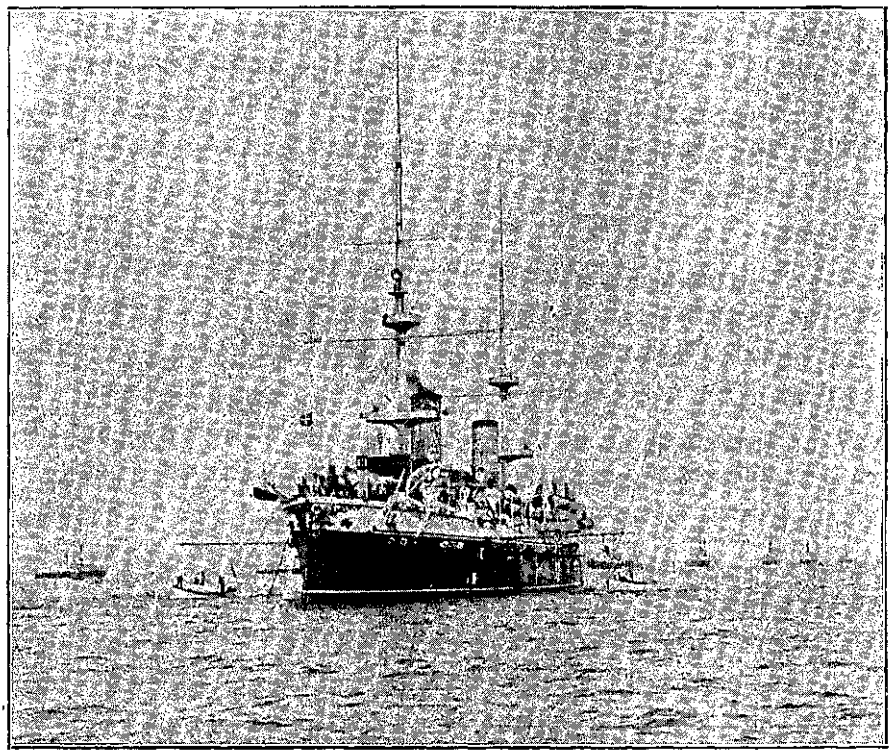
neared the common the force of the wind became terrific, then for one brief moment the inky blackness was scribbled across by one vivid flash of forked lightning. It was followed up by an appalling crash of thunder, which literally seemed to burst over our heads. With the thunder came the rain, such a downpour as I have never witnessed, save in the Tropics.

For over two hours we sheltered in a porch and saw those huge battleships outlined in pure white light, so vivid, so intense that, spite of the obscuring rain, we could distinguish every flag on every mast-head. Now I was reminded of so many aerial Tower Bridges and anon of a dream city of fairy palaces.

The illumination of the ships was followed by a display of coloured search-lights, and here the untimely rain, instead of spoiling, only enhanced the beauty, by adding the magic touch of prismatic effect. The sea was spanned in every direction by rainbows of a gorgeousness indescribable, and the whole culminated in a mysterious canopy of rays of search-light, red, blue and green, which converging immediately above the royal yacht, formed a vast Gothic roof of colour, absolutely transparent, weirdly, strangely beautiful.

Suddenly the mast-head of the Royal Sovereign flashed a signal, and the other three flagships—the Revenge, the Majestic and the Invincible flashed a reply.

A minute later and a gun was fired from the Royal Sovereign, then another, and then the whole of that vast fleet took up the challenge and gave utterance to one magnificent, thunderous salute. The roar and the crash of the detonations reverberated down the long



Italian Armoured Cruiser "Carlo Alberto," 6,500 tons, 12 guns.

rain-swept lines of ships until it died away in the blackness and all was still. The curtain was finally rung down upon the pageant, nothing remained but to return to one's hotel and go to bed.

The fleet of the Home seas had deserved the royal message, passed along from ship to ship, which ran as follows :

"The King has waited until the return of the admirals and captains to their respective ships to express to the whole Fleet what he has already expressed to the admirals and captains on board the royal yacht, namely, his entire satisfaction with the appearance of the ships and ships' companies in the Review to-day."

Lake Kanieri.

BLUE veined and dimpling, dappled in the sun
Lies Lake Kanieri, like a timid child
Wide eyed, close clinging to the spacious skirts
Of old Tuhua, the big, brawny nurse,
On whose broad lap I lie. No need to serve,
Or suffer, or regret: it seems life holds
No future and no past for me but this
Sun-lighted mountain and the brooding bush;
Nor art, nor history, nor written page
Could touch me now. It is enough to be,
And feel the slow and rhythmic pulse of Earth
Beat under me; and see the low, red sun
Lean on the massive shoulders of the range.
O lone, heroic, melancholy Hills!
Your dim, gaunt peaks stand in the after-glow
Stern as Duty, implacable and cold;
Remote from the harsh clamour of the plains,
Whose pulse of life stirs dully at your feet.
O still, and calm, and pure, and wise, and strong!
My restless heart from your locked hearts shut out,
Leans on your strength, and craves the peace you hold—
Peace born of conflict. Ye old Stoic Hills,
Yield up your secrets! On your furrowed fronts
Are scars of fierce upheavals; in your grave,
Deep breasts what dreams are shut? Methinks you stand
Like pale, impassive monks whose chill looks hide
Forbidden memories of clinging lips,
Of passions conquered and of pains repressed
Within their breasts of snow. With outlines dim
The hooded slopes, like meek nuns grouped in prayer,
Kneel in the screenéd cloister of the bush
Dark robed and secret; and the laughing lake,
Smoothed by the slow, cool fingers of the dusk,
Has coiled herself to sleep. All light has gone,
Save on those heights where Day grown weak and old,
Close by the dying embers of the sun,
Sits, like an old man musing on his past.

"LOLA."

SIR FREDERICK TREVES.

The Greatest Surgeon of his day.

By F. NEVE.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES is one of the best living examples of that truth which he himself is never tired of reiterating, and which is being more and more brought home to us every day—that mere mentality, brains, natural ability, call it what you will, is not everything—something more is needed. No matter how gifted a man may be, if he has not the physical powers necessary to stand the stress and strain of modern life, his gifts will be but an aggravation to himself and his fellow men. There will be vain regrets of what might have been, or an early grave for him whose body cannot endure the pace set by the mind. Sir Frederick Treves has the physique of a prize-fighter, and, indeed, uses the gloves like a professional. As a swimmer he has few equals, certainly not of his age, and in almost every other branch of athletics he is one of the first amateurs in the United Kingdom. The fact that he sat up seven days and seven nights with the King speaks for itself. His capacity for work is extraordinary. This is strikingly brought home to us when we consider that during the busiest parts of an exceedingly active life he found time to turn out a small library of books on surgery, including the Jacksonian Prize Essay on "Intestinal Obstruction—a Manual of Operative Surgery," one of the handiest books of reference for an operator who has to undertake a difficult case at a moment's notice, and an essay on the "Surgical Treatment of Typhlitis," while he has edited a "System of Surgery" that has met with much success. In 1887 he interested himself in the Healtheries' Exhibition, and that in spite of the fact that at this time his private practice had assumed enormous proportions. In those days he often retired to rest at ten, was up at four to do his writing, and after that did his day's work. In spite of this vast expenditure of energy he has always found time and inclination for enjoying life's lighter side, and his charm of manner in society is simply marvellous. He possesses that keen sense of humour that is rarely lacking in men who are truly great, and this has, no doubt, tided him over many a difficulty, and been of immense service in the practice of his profession. He is a splendid speaker, and a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist; but can, when occasion warrants, use the most biting sarcasm.

This eminent surgeon was born in '53 in Dorchester, his family being of ancient Italian extraction, though resident for many generations in England. To show their appreciation of him the citizens of his native town presented him not long since with the freedom of the city; and after his elevation to a baronetcy it was announced at a special meeting of the Town Council, convened for the purpose, that he had chosen to be known by the style of Sir Frederick Treves, of Dorchester. The letter conveying the intelligence evoked loud applause. Sir Frederick was educated at Merchant Taylor's, where he had the reputation of be-

Sir Frederick Treves.

ing a pretty "hard case," though, even then, he exhibited that indomitable energy and keen perception which, combined with a marvellous capacity for taking pains and attention to detail, have carried him right to the head of his profession. His escapades were many, and perhaps not altogether confined to his school days; for the London students, of the early eighties tell, with many a sly chuckle, how, on the afternoon of a certain day, two eminent surgeons might have been seen engaged in the undignified proceeding of racing the costermongers' donkey-carts down the Whitechapel Road. This, however, only goes to show that he possessed, in common with all other healthy-minded youths, a capacity for enjoying a bit of fun.

His medical education was received at the London Hospital, and he was trained under such men as Jonathan Hutchinson, Sir Andrew Clark and Heulings Jackson, the great brain specialist. Even in those days the London was the best practical medical school in th

world, being then, as it is now, the only general hospital for the East End with its teeming millions. It has unrivalled opportunities for giving the student experience in every variety of disease from anthrax to hydrophobia; and from its close proximity to the docks every tropical complaint of a malarial type is exemplified. Moreover, the immense number of accidents from the factories, as well as the docks, afford extraordinary facilities for gaining knowledge in all sorts of outside directions. In those days, however, the favourite hospitals were Bart's, Guy's and St. Thomas', and though they did not, even then, contain so many beds as the London, they had far more students. At this particular time probably not more than twenty joined the London in a year, whereas there are now, in ordinary years over a hundred, and that in spite of the fact that the length of the course has been increased to five years. The number of patients which was enormous even then, has now reached 200,000 per annum.

After qualifying Sir Frederick had some considerable experience in country practice, particularly at Derby, and it was due to his old friend and teacher, Sir J. Hutchinson, who told him he was throwing himself away, that he applied for and was selected to fill a vacancy as assistant visiting-surgeon in the London Hospital. Not long afterwards he was appointed demonstrator of anatomy, and soon became most popular as a teacher. His style of exposition was clear and lucid, and when, in '84, he was made full surgeon, and shortly after lecturer in surgery, he would be attended by a following of between a hundred and a hundred and twenty students as he went the rounds of the beds; and, though it was always possible to hear his clear, ringing voice, to catch a glimpse of the patient, or even of the bed, was virtually out of the question. He always went about his work with the style of a master, and no matter what he was doing, he did it well. Those who have observed him in the wards of the hospital, in the theatre at an operation of great difficulty and danger, at operations in private practice, or at a sing-sing of the medical students, have never seen him embarrassed or ill at ease. The students, while looking up to him with a respect that amounted almost to reverence, yet showed their affection by alluding to him among themselves as "Freddy." It was their pet name for him, and in no way derogatory to his dignity; for, if "Freddy" wanted anything done, you may be sure it was done, and done quickly. To show the immense interest he took in his profession, though he had his two days a week, he devoted Sunday morning to a quiet walk round the wards, carefully examining and taking notes on all his cases. This gave him more time and quiet than he could obtain on ordinary days, when surrounded by a crowd of students; but even on these occasions he allowed several enthusiasts who were personal friends of his own to accompany him, and gave them the full advantage of his ripe knowledge and experience. The position of lecturer was held by the great surgeon for about fifteen years, by which time his private practice had increased to such an extent that he found he could no longer do justice to hospital work.

When he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the London Hospital intestinal surgery was in its infancy, and the problems which it presented could only be solved by a combination of boldness and sagacity, resting on a fresh investigation of the anatomy of the abdominal region regarded from the new point of view.

By his writings on these subjects and by his example as a practical surgeon, he has had a large share in placing this department of surgery on a sound basis. In the London Hospital days he might

Nurse Tarr.

have been seen cutting up and measuring bullocks' intestines, and taking the most careful measurements and observations of the abdominal organs of his subjects till he became what he is to-day, the greatest master of his time in this class of operation. Yet he does not believe in an undue use of instruments in diagnosis, as his magnificent address delivered at the yearly prize-giving of the Bristol Medical School bears witness. While alluding to the wonderful skill of Sir James Paget, he spoke in touching terms of the cold, white hand that he had seen lying still on the coverlet—that hand, whose marvellous sense of touch had only been acquired by long years of study and experience — he warned students against diagnosing by machinery, telling them to rely, as did this great master of surgery, on the

sense of touch that in time becomes an instinct, more unerring than all the instruments in the world.

No sketch of Sir Frederick's connection with the London would be complete without an allusion to Old Rampley, who was always in attendance with the instruments at all his great operations. He never by any chance had to be asked for the requisite instrument, but from among perhaps several hundred would unerringly select and hand to the surgeon the very one he needed. It was the usual custom for Rampley to take the students a few days before the examination and coach them up in their instruments, about which he knew as much as Sir Frederick himself. He took the greatest possible pride in the appearance and arrangement of the various instruments, and tells with great glee how Sir Frederick, while being driven to attend a most difficult and dangerous case, asked him for an instrument known as a "catheter," and after drawing out the wire and cleaning his pipe with it, handed it back to him to clean.

The nurse who was in attendance on Sir Frederick Treves during his operation on the King, was the special nurse who is always with the great surgeon on such occasions. This lady is Miss Alice Tarr, who received her training at the London Hospital. She left that institution some six or seven years ago in order to be always at Sir Frederick Treves' command, and in that time has established in surgical circles a unique reputation for her skill as an assistant in abdominal operations. With Miss McCaul she went to South Africa to help Sir Frederick, but unhappily contracted enteric there. Last year, at Marlborough House, she received the war medal at the hands of the King, who, with his unfailing memory for faces, recognized her before the operation. Nurse Tarr's duties ceased shortly after this had been performed, but His Majesty asked to see her again, and one day she was conducted by the Prince of Wales to the bedside of the King, who spoke very kindly to her, while the Queen was pleased to ask many questions concerning her work in South Africa. It is a curious coincidence that, shortly before it was known that it would be necessary to operate on the King, Sir Frederick published in the "British Medical Journal" a long article on appendicitis, and the fact that his eldest daughter's death was due to the disease that had been her father's particular study, is sad enough.

During his visit to South Africa he did much to re-organize field-hospitals at the front. It was he who refuted many of Mr Burdett-Coutts' allegations against the Medical Corps; and by his eloquent praise of their arrangements he has earned the gratitude of the whole of the R.A.M.C. While acting as consulting surgeon to the Field Force he served with Buller's army in Natal, was present at the Battle of Colenso, and throughout the prolonged operations which resulted in the relief of Ladysmith. He gave most striking accounts of his experiences in a series of letters in the columns of the "British Medical Journal," and subsequently in a volume "The Story of a Field Hospital," which has delighted thousands of readers by the simple pathos of its recital, and by the charm of its direct and graphic style. By his strictures on the "feminine butterflies," who fluttered in and out of South African hospitals, hindering instead of helping, he brought upon himself the black looks of the fairer sex; but for this he cared not one jot, and attacked them yet more openly at the same time in the following words: "South Africa was at this time afflicted by two plagues—'a plague of flies' and a 'plague of women.' I was justified in entering a strong protest against the 'plague of women.' Capetown was, at the time of which I spoke, packed with women idlers, the

majority of them society or smart people, who, yearning for more excitement, had come out to South Africa to make holiday. I say, and I say it very earnestly, that the condition of affairs brought about by the presence of these ladies was an absolute disgrace to our country." He tells one story of a lady who went round with a bag of buns offering them to enteric patients, and of another who asked a wounded "Tommy" if she should wash his face and hands for him, to which the soldier replied, with a look that was the embodiment of resignation: "You may if you like, marm; especially if you think it will ho you any good; but you're the seventh this morning."

Treves has always made a hobby of yachting, and in fact holds a yacht-master's certificate; but with his usual utilitarianism turned his hobby to good account in the matter of the North Sea fishing-fleet—that fleet which supplies the fish to England's millions. His was the hand that got them a hospital-smack containing a few cots with a qualified surgeon always in attendance. Roughly speaking about a thousand men are engaged in this hazardous work of fishing in small smacks in the North Sea, and naturally there was often need of medical attendance; but before Sir Frederick took the matter in hand there was none whatever. He always took great personal interest in the hospital-boat, but was not, as London papers recently to hand state, in charge of it in his younger days. As a matter of fact he, on more than one occasion, took charge of the hospital-boat as a holiday during his busy life as one of the best known consultant surgeons in London, making, perhaps, at the time, an income second to no other surgeon of his day and age.

In conclusion, there can be no hesitation in saying that at the present time he has no equal in the world as a surgeon, and certainly no man has had his opportunities for practical experience; and it is not surprising that he was chosen to operate on the King in his dire necessity, for, combined with special knowledge of the very disease in question, he possesses nerves of steel, and would operate on His Majesty with the same coolness as on the poorest of his subjects brought into the London Hospital.

Mount Cook.

'Twas morning, calm and bright, and all the air,
Burdened with odours of the swelling sea,
And high above a cloudless canopy,
Was so pellucid that the mountains, fair
And far, and strangers to the feet of care,
Seemed but a league away; and one might be
Allured to cross the intervening lea
For purest commune of the spirit there!

And all at once we saw with ravished eyes,
Glorious with sheen as of an angel's wing,
The soul-exalting, cloud-aspiring king
Men call Aorangi! proudly did he rise
O'er subject peaks that stood in massive ring—
A grand old mystic, yearning for the skies!

HENRY ALLISON.

My Lady's Bower.

By Alma.

Lady readers are invited to discuss current topics in these pages, suggest subjects for discussion, and also to contribute photographic studies on any subject of interest. Contributions should be addressed: "Editor My Lady's Bower, New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," and should arrive early in the month. In all cases where stamps are enclosed for the purpose photos will be returned.

A PLEA FOR LADIES' CLUBS.

CLUB life belongs to the childhood of the English-speaking nation. It belongs to those far-away days when the all-conquering Saxons drove out the ancient Britons and colonized new England, bringing along with them their wives, children, slaves and cattle, and establishing their own manners and customs in the land of their adoption.

Now, these fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxons, with their high ideal of womanhood, were essentially a gregarious race, otherwise they had never brought their wives and their children, their flocks and their herds along with them. The men loved to meet and give their rede upon all topics, and consequently the Guild with its Guild Hall was one of the first institutions of the township.

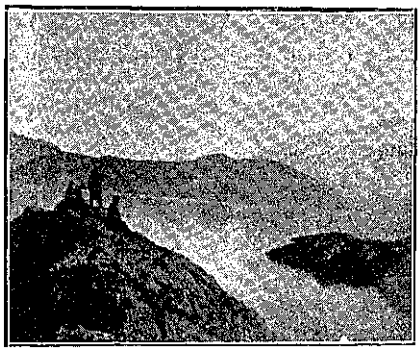
These Guilds in their primitive beginnings were clubs pure and simple. In the Guild Hall the men met of an evening, and over the ale-horn discussed the burning question of the hour. Often in the Guild Hall the lot of decision was drawn and then the woman was called in to hold the bag, and sometimes to draw the lot. On all other occasions women were rigidly excluded from the Guild Hall.

The British woman was a fighting animal, the Roman women were fashionable ladies, lovers of luxury and fine raiment; the Norman women were famed for their coquetry as well as for their learning, but the Saxon woman was before all else domestic, the very word for lady (hlaford)—loaf-giver suggests as much. Their sphere of action was the home sphere, and these deep-bosomed, large-limbed women made themselves respected as well as beloved. It is a noticeable fact that while the Britons and Romans intermarried freely, intermarriage between a Saxon man and a British or Roman woman, or a British and Roman man with a Saxon woman was a capital offence, and the penalty death.

Not so was it with the old Northmen—the Vikings—when they conquered that part of France, since known as Normandy and Brittany. They so intermarried as to merge many of their national traits and and characteristics. They adopted the already existing feudal system of land tenure, in short they approximated to the conquered race, among whom they dwelt, not only as to custom and habit, but also as to speech and language. Nevertheless, the strain of the Viking blood made it possible, later on, for Saxons and Normans to intermarry, and after the Norman Conquest they became as one nation, although I venture to hope that the Saxon element prevails. It is from the Normans we get our romantic and chivalrous impulses; from the Saxons our love of home and home

ties, and the value of the latter impulse upon the community is not to be despised.

We have quite recently been commemorating the virtues of the greatest of our Saxon kings, Alfred the Great, and if you have read the lectures and essays and articles this celebration has evoked, you



Helen MacLeod, Photo.
Lake Manapouri.

will realize how much that great king was indebted to the influence of a good mother. But, inasmuch as it is not given to every women to be a mother, and only one woman in ten can hope to have a husband and home of her own, the value of clubs for women, or, indeed, of anything that gives them the right to be regarded as separate factors in the social community cannot be ignored.

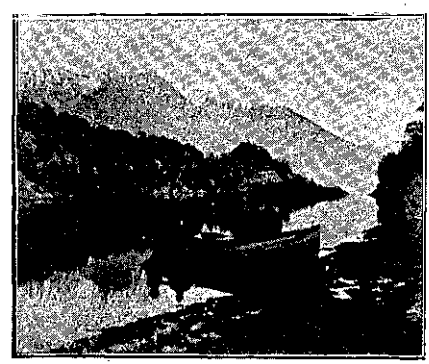
The term "Old Maid" is absolutely out of date, so is the genus which belongs to the era of bandoline, night-caps, short-waisted dresses and side curls. We live in an age of bachelor women and of ladies' clubs. To be unmarried has ceased to be a term of reproach. The sex has, so to speak, asserted itself; it has justified its existence independently of man. That certain individuals have gone too far and made the whole sex look ridiculous by so doing, is the inevitable result of re-action. These women are not the products of the 19th or even of the 20th Centuries. They can trace their descent back to the days of Boadicea and the Amazons.

In the sumptuary laws of Richard II. it is enacted that inasmuch as ladies of high degree, clad in the guise of knights, and thereby not to be distinguished therefrom, do ride to tourney, by which many and grave scandals have arisen in the land, it is henceforth forbidden to the ladies of England that they assume the habits of men, wear any sort of armour, or ride as men do, astride on horseback.

From this it is very apparent that the young ladies of the 14th Century were as inclined to ape the man as the fast young lady of to-day. And if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, then ought the menkind to feel vastly flattered.

There are certain social factors that have gone far to emancipate the women of to-day from the unwritten, yet all compelling, laws which have hitherto held her in thrall.

Foremost among these I put bicycles in their relation to her outdoor life and occupations, and ladies' clubs in their relation to her social economy.



Helen MacLeod. Photo.
The Channel Islands, Lake Manapouri.

The pursuit of athletics has had a big hand in the development of the modern woman. Look at the girls growing up around us, so tall and broad and finely proportioned, look at their free and fearless gait, and contrast them with the timid and conventional young ladies of Jane Austen's novels.

From croquet to tennis, and from tennis to golf, cricket, or even hockey, is a far cry, but the bicycle has done more than either of these, for it has placed the country within easy reach of the city girl, has given her a motive for, and an interest in, outdoor exercise, and thereby saved her from

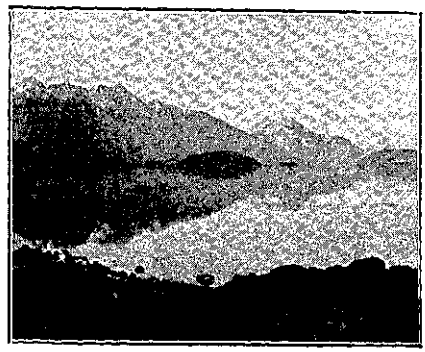
Helen MacLeod, Photo.
A Miners' Hut near Lake Manapouri.

that morbid introspection which is the bane of all women. Oh ! those hours of weary thought while we darn the socks and make the clothes, the brain idle, only the hands busy, inside the monotonous ticking of the clock and outside nothing to distract. The dull routine of a woman's life needs some sort of violent re-action, and the bicycle supplies that need, and in supplying it has developed many a woman's best qualities. It has made her aware of her personal independence ; it has given her a definite source of recreation, and in this relation has placed her on an equality with her working brother.

Once mounted on her machine (purchased often enough with her own earnings) the woman becomes an independent factor, and can act as she pleases, irrespective of the will of anyone else. Before the days of cycles if a girl did not care for outdoor games, was not good at them in point of fact, if she did not live within reach of a river, or the sea, to boat on, she spent her hours of recreation in the house poring over a silly, sentimental novel, or else went for a long and dreary walk with some dull woman friend as stranded in ideas as herself.

All that is at an end now, by hook or by crook every English girl (who cares to have one) has achieved her bicycle, not to speak of the woman who has long since left girlhood behind. She can scour the country at will, can share long rides with her brothers and friends, or can enjoy herself alone. So much for the outdoor life, and the new field opened up to women by which they can participate in the same. My business is not to discuss athletics, but ladies' clubs, and all this is only by way of preliminary.

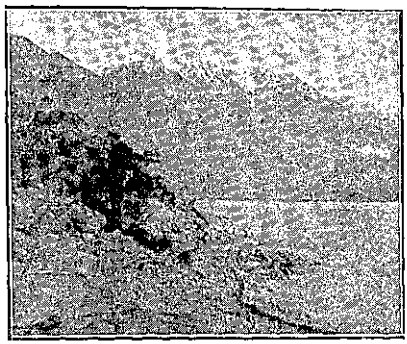
The problem of the unmarried woman was in the childhood of the world solved by polygamy, in the Middle Ages by the convent system, the unmarried woman became a nun and her future was provided for. Seldom was it that she had any choice in the matter, being bred to the convent from the cradle. Out of six girls in a family three would be dedicated to matrimony, and the remaining three to the life religious.



Helen MacLeod, Photo.
Kelper Mountains, Lake Manapouri.

Our modern Anglican Sisterhood in no way answers to the convent, for the girls and women who enter the sisterhood enter it on their own initiation, and as often as not against the wishes of their parents and guardians. Yet, inasmuch, and in as far as the Anglican Sisterhood

lessens the supply of unmarried women, the system is to be commended on purely mundane and secular grounds. For it has come to pass that since there are more women than men in every civilized community, and since some men elect to remain untrammelled by the ties of wife and family, a large



Helen MacLeod, Photo.
The Hunter Mountains, Lake Manapouri.

section of the women of England and of the colonies must be content to live out their lives alone.

Another equally large section of the community have decided that they, like the men, are not keen on the laws of family and domestic life, and prefer to remain free and unmated. These also are to be commended on the same ground as the Anglican Sisterhood, because they lessen a supply already so largely in excess of the demand.

Among these bachelor women has arisen the desire for a club where, like the bachelors of the other sex, they can meet and enjoy themselves socially and intellectually.

In this instance it was the demand that created the supply, and the supply varied in accordance with the demand. Hence the diversity in ladies' clubs—their aims and objects. In London there are at least fifty ladies' clubs, all well patronized, and each with its own several individuality.

[The above is the first instalment of an interesting article forwarded by Miss Laura Stubbs, a member of the Grosvenor Crescent Club, who recently visited New Zealand. It will be continued in our next issue.]

FLORAL FESTIVALS.

The mention of the Battle of Flowers, which took place some months ago at Cannes, reminds us how much can be done in our own islands. Indeed, in one of the New Zealand towns a festival was held for two successive years and proved an unqualified success. I shall never forget the sight of a dog-cart which was a glowing mass of rose-pink ivy geranium, even the spokes of the wheels being robed in this festive decoration. Another, again, was a dainty gig of marguerite daisies. A donkey "shay" of pansies of all colours, lying embedded in green moss, was a beautiful work of art. Or, again, the canoes, the wheel-barrows, the go-carts, the sleighs, which were draped with flowers of every kind, were like fairy vehicles. Daintily-dressed children and ladies all wore flowers. The trappings of the horses were festooned. In New Zealand, it is really so easy to do things like this, and the effect on the tastes of the people must be great.

Imagine the air filled with gay colours and the sweet perfume from the Battle of Flowers! Of course it is somewhat of a sin to thus de-

Helen MacLeod. Photo.
Another View of the Hunter Mountains.

stroy the flowers, as it is a sin to wantonly waste anything. But, if we can annul this regret of destruction, the sight is a fine one, and a fitting end, perhaps, to the day's reign of the beauties of the garden. Their end has been served, if but

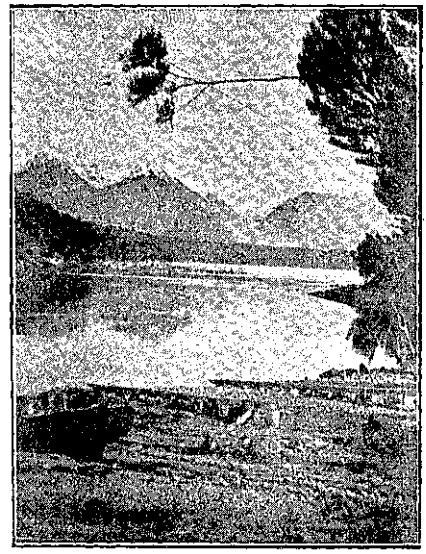
for a day. I am, indeed, glad that one of the Northern cities is about to re-introduce its floral fete.

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

One of the arguments advanced in extenuation of the habit of smoking among ladies is that nowadays women are taking so much to men's work that they require the solace such as is found by men in tobacco. A writer also tells us that the habit of drinking wines is on the increase, and attributes this also to the same cause. However—the pity of it ! If women cannot remain feminine, they should find other employments.

MUSIC.

Messrs Eady and Co. send for review some charming songs. I must not forget to mention one by a New Zealand girl, Miss Ethel Wright, viz., "Mine ! Only Mine !" It is somewhat ambitious ; but the composer fails, I think, by dropping into the waltz refrain, which is so suggestive of songs that "have been." The wording is somewhat against her. But a great amount of merit is discernible ; and I should like to see more work by her in a simpler style. Among the selection sent me I have tried another by Ellen Wright, the English composer of "Violets." One of her latest is "A Dream," which is more florid, and not nearly as acceptable as "Two Lyrics," with words by Tesemacher. These are really delightful, and easy to sing. For gentlemen let me advise my readers to procure "Davy Jones' Locker," by W. H. Petrie, a capital, spirited song for baritone. Further notices are held over till next issue.



Helen MacLeod, Photo.
The Hunter Mountains and Monument.

Peace with Honour.

Pursuing armies cease their mighty chase,
Each bugle blowing to a nobler call;
Air, Earth, and Sea bear witness that the pall
Carnage hath wove, is lifted from the race;
Evil and passion-wrought her fearful face
Will soon be hid, while Afric's wreck-strewn field
Its old time wealth will far more richly yield
For those who reap in Britain's warm embrace.
Ho! brothers grasping close the offered hand,
Hold closely, firmly all it bids thee take
Of love, and love's sweet fruit, for sweet love's sake.
Nought shall thy glory touch 'neoth Empire's band,
Or rob thee of the glory due to those
Resolving loyalty, who once were foes.

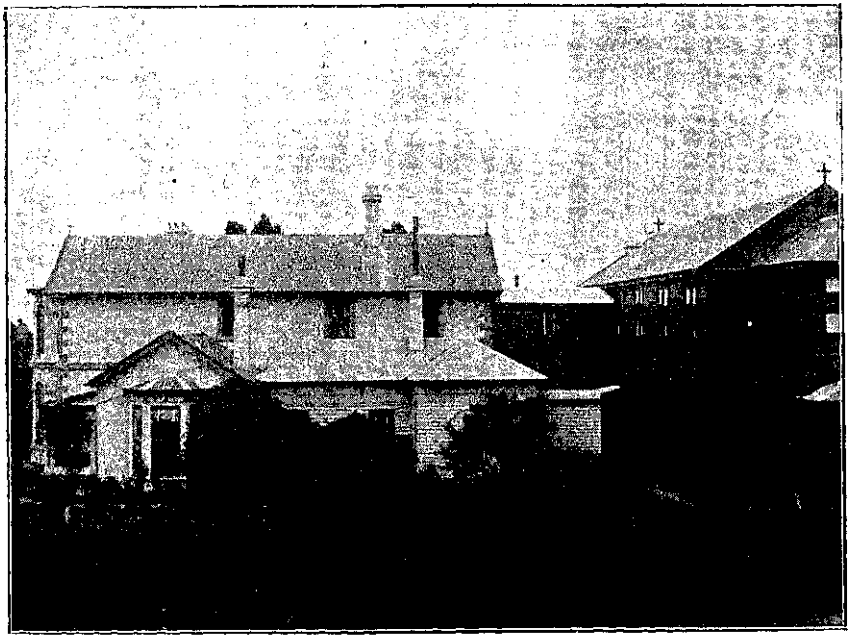
JOYCE JOCELYN.

S. Hilda's Collegiate School.

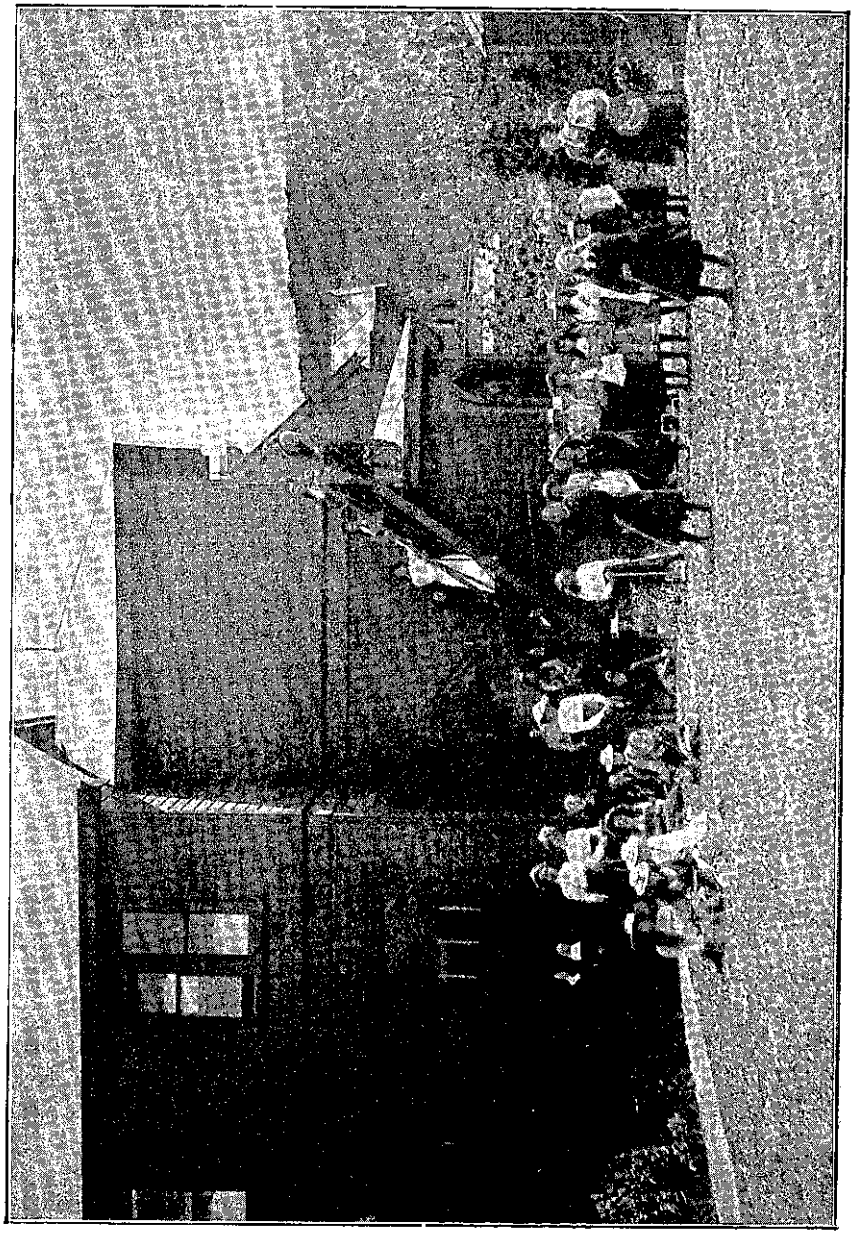
By HILDA KEANE.

IT is strange to find that in most parts of New Zealand the fact of the Kilburn Sisterhoods' having an institution here is unknown. I have been asked many questions about this interesting establishment, and gladly give my impressions of the work done by these self-sacrificing women in our own colony. I have not space for a description of the origin of the sisterhood. Let it suffice that it is a community well-known to England in general, to London in particular. This community of the Church of England has done much to elevate and educate orphans and waifs. Recognizing, too, that schools where girls of a better class might receive a sound education with which the principles of religion were combined, were practically non-existent, the sisters conceived the idea of establishing select colleges for the purpose.

In New Zealand a great field lay before them, and after much anxious thought and at the invitation of Bishop Neville, of Dunedin, two Kilburn sisters were despatched to our shores. They opened a school in Leith-street, which on account of growing numbers of pupils they had soon to leave. They then moved to Heriot Row where commanding a beautiful view of Dunedin and the harbour the S. Hilda's Collegiate School is now situated. The building is a very large one, containing cosily-furnished sitting-rooms with an abundance of comfortable easy chairs. Well-fitted class-rooms are in numbers, and a large drill-hall,



S. Hilda's College



Recreation.

in which, beside the numerous displays, the scholars give very good dramatic and musical entertainments.

The chapel which is attached is a veritable picture, when on festival days the altar is hung with curtains of cream and pale blue, and adorned with masses of flowers, purest white, or golden yellow, according to the season. Its congregation of reverent school girls is a sight which parents who value religious training would delight to see.

white diagonal ribbon, clasped with the silver buckle which is their badge, bearing the words: "Pro Ecclesia Dei." Nothing could be neater than this costume, and the healthy, happy faces of the boarders complete the picture.

The routine of life at S. Hilda's is as interesting as it is varied. The governesses, of whom five are resident, take the greatest pleasure in co-operating with the girls in their games, their reading, their dances, their amusements and work of all kinds. At 6 a.m. on week days the

The Library.

The large dormitory contains between twenty and thirty cubicles. Each girl has her own tiny room, with bed, washstand and chest. She is allowed to adorn it with pictures, etc., and as there is a large staff of servants, the boarder's duties consist merely of making her bed and keeping her clothes in order and neatly mended.

It is an interesting sight to see the lines of neatly-costumed girls set out for their walk. They dress in navy serge, coat and skirt, wearing sailor hat with pale blue and

boarders rise, and after forty-five minutes for dressing, are summoned to preparation or practice. At 7.30 the gong sounds for breakfast, and the laughter and chat in which sisters, teachers and pupils indulge is as good to hear as the evidence of healthy appetites is to see. Then come prayers, reverential and conducted on the model of the service of Common Prayer. The morning walk, in winter term, follows. Then at 9.30, when the great crowd of day-girls adds its numbers, the lines assemble, from kindergarten

mites to girls in their teens, to the sound of music in the large drill-hall. Here a sister conducts short school prayers, and on Mondays distributes the honour badges and "orderly" medals of the week. It is very pleasing to observe the smile of the happy girl who is thus honoured for the week's work in her form.

School is conducted on the most modern principles, except that there is an absence of the pernicious cramming so prevalent nowadays. Work goes on smoothly and pleasantly. The relations of teachers and taught are of the happiest kind. The discipline is, in a word, perfect. There is no fuss, no idleness among pupils, no forcing or strain by the teacher. From a teacher's point of view the work is delightful, and one hears no murmur of reproach from the pupils. The upper classes are prepared, in capable hands, for matriculation and scholarship examinations. Music is taught thoroughly under Mrs Blandford. It is the pride of S. Hilda's that all the girls ever presented have passed their matriculation creditably, with no failures, and if I remember rightly, similar success has attended the music examinations.

The great feature of this school is the careful, thorough and reverent modelling of character. One of the sisters conducts daily, in each class, a lesson in divinity. At this time the greatest care is taken to teach the history of the English Church, the meaning and import of its rites and prayers, and the application of the great truths of Scripture to the daily life. No detail of the ordinary life of women is left to chance teaching. The pupils are taught to be Christian Churchwomen and ladies. Those who wish are trained, with utmost reverence, for their confirmation, and the clergy have none amongst their classes who realize more fully than the S. Hilda's girls the import of this ceremony. With the greatest confidence I assert that no one, day-girl, boarder, or teacher can come into contact with the unassuming, instructive and Christian life of the Sisters of S. Hilda's, without experiencing a wonderful deepening of

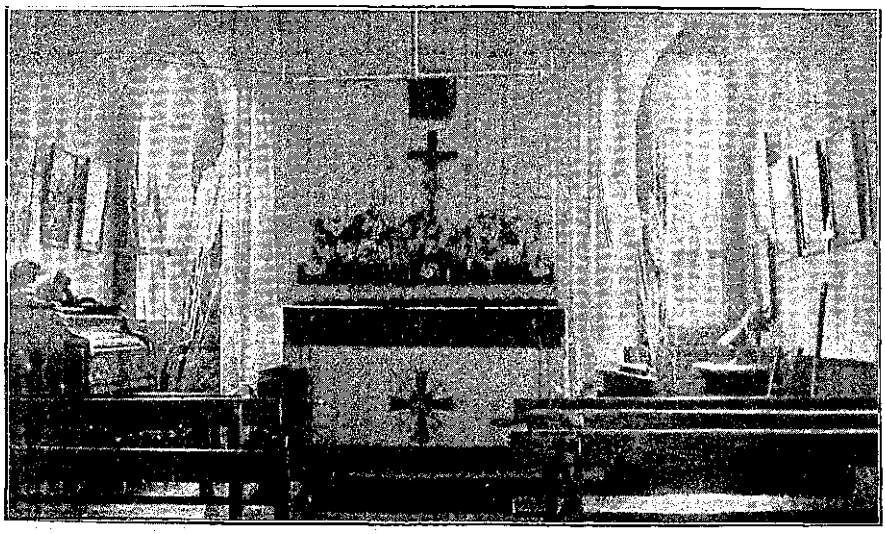
Another View of S. Hilda's

the moral life. There is no ostentation of the same; it is simply that the influence, the atmosphere is there; and every minute of the life of these women, charming, gentle and devoted, is a consecration and an endeavour to elevate the lives of those who are associated with them. The great love and respect of those who are connected with them is a grand if silent testimony to the good they are doing to New Zealand girls.

At 11 a.m. the interval comes, with tea for the resident girls. They work again till 12.30. Dinner is served at 1; school resumes at 2, and at 4 the day-girls disperse; though so happy is their school life that if looks say anything, many would gladly linger. Then the boarders have afternoon tea before their walk. Following preparation, comes supper, and then recreation —such a happy time, and all too short! Prayers at 9 finish the day's life, and by 10 lights are out and the girls asleep in their comfortable beds.

Saturday brings afternoon picnics in summer to Dunedin's lovely little spots of bush or creek or sea, and evening reading, games, music, or impromptu plays. On Sundays letters are written before and after Church, and books are read, the girls quietly passing the time.

The whole life is so happy and helpful that the girls are always bright, always kind and loving. Their devotion to the sisters and to the governesses is very marked. And the entertainments they organize show quite exceptional talent! Their annual mission bazaar is an evidence of the work they get through to help others. Lady Ranfurly takes a deep interest in S. Hilda's, and the girls delight to see her and to receive their prizes at her hands. Altogether the institution is one of which New Zealand ought to be proud, and the motto of S. Hilda's is one which I should like to see more widely known among our girls: "Beati mundo corde."—(Blessed are the pure in heart.) There are girls from Hawke's Bay, from Wellington, from Canterbury, from Otago, at S. Hilda's, and if people knew more about the school, branches would have to be established in other cities than Dunedin. I shall always be pleased to give personally any details omitted in my rough sketch, of such an interesting and excellent school as this, which is dedicated to the Saint Hilda of English history.



The Chapel.

The Stage.

The Musgrove Opera Company.

By HILDA ROLLETT.

I WAS charmed straightway by the beautiful blue eyes of the prima donna, Miss Josephine Stanton. They are prettily fringed with dark lashes, showing clearly against a very fair complexion.

"I have any amount of time; have just been out, and am delighted to have a chat with you. Do have some tea." So we settled down to a very interesting talk, during which we discussed many things, even—which will appeal to the fair sex—to point lace. Of the latter Miss Stanton showed me great quantities which she has herself made at the theatre. Although she is very modest on the subject, my judgment told me that the work was exceedingly good.

"Yes; I am American. I have never been in England, though I intend to see London at any rate, on my way back."

"Yes; I was through New Zealand with my own company over a year ago. I enjoy New Zealand immensely, and, as much as anything, because it has good stores. Your shops are just as up-to-date as those of Sydney or Melbourne, and the arrangements are very artistic. I like them very much."

"I have been playing in opera for ever so long. Just before I left America I was very much tempted to take the part offered me of Dolores in 'Florodora.' It was going to have a great season in New York. However, I thought I should like to come out here with Mr Musgrove's Company. Yes; it is easier work with these musical comedies; but one does not, in the role of prima donna, score nearly as much with an audience as do those who have the funny parts. Again, in the make-up costumes we are not recognized quite so soon when we appear. But I like colonial audiences. Indeed, in all my years of acting I have always had success in that way, that is to say, I feel that the audience is in touch with me."

"I know sixty operas, that means that I have been cast in sixty. But at the same time, if you asked me at this moment to sing something from 'Faust,' or 'Martha,' or anyone of them, I should be quite unable. I think that most of us are like that. But we know the whole thing once we have looked over it again, and have made a start."

"How long does my engagement last? Oh! a year. Then I shall return to America. And while I think of Australia, I must tell you what a charming sweet woman Miss Nellie Stewart is! She is one of the few women who have not forgotten, in their high positions, how to be nice, kindly—oh! everything that is charming."

"How do you like the setting of these things we are doing?"

I expressed my appreciation; Miss Stanton went on.

"The dresses are really beautiful, and the general staging, especially in 'A Chinese Honeymoon,' and that exceedingly pretty 'Porcelain March' are excellent. We can do nothing better than that in America. I have never seen any work, either in scenery or costuming, which is better that that Mr Musgrove puts on."

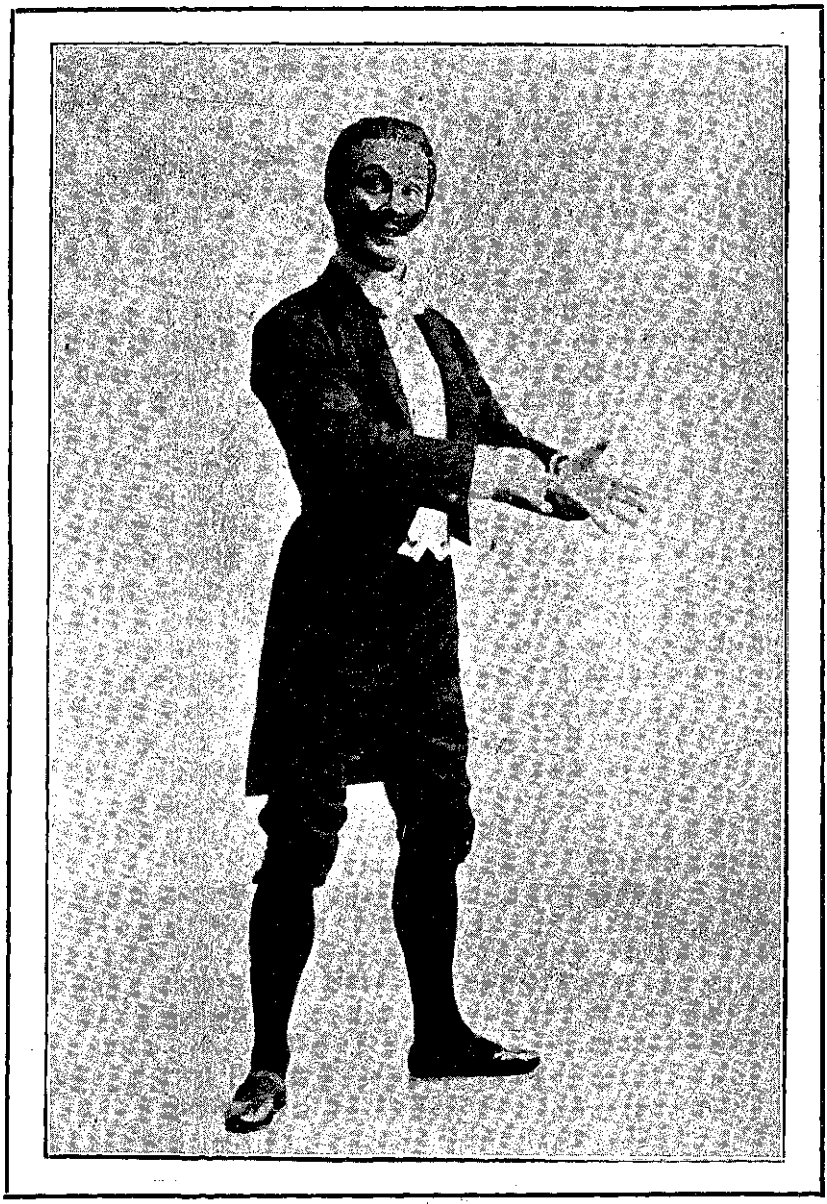
"How do I like being in other

Sarony Studios, Miss Josephine Stanton. Auckland.

companies ? Well "—with a laugh—" not quite as well as I do having my own company ; but the members of this are very pleasant and agreeable. There are, too, very many clever girls amongst the choruses ; very clever indeed."

" No ; I cannot say that there is much colour in the part of Su Su. The lines are very, very tame, and all the surroundings of the Princess are so farcical that she cannot be expected to show much dignity. Just imagine the familiar relations that exist between the common servant maid and the Princess on the throne. Oh ! of course it is a wildly impossible kind of plot. But these musical comedies are the fashion at present."

" Yes ; I intend to settle down



Hanna, photo, Mr. Edward Lauri. London.

some day. I think I shall choose Honolulu for my home then. It is a charming place, and the people are just as nice. It is very up-to-date; lovely theatres and things of that kind. Let me show you some gifts I received there."

Among the latter were some of the finest opals I had seen, an oval one an inch long and broad in proportion. Then there was a belt made of silver coins about the size of a shilling, clasped with a blue enamelled buckle.

"Do have some more tea? No; then you don't like it!"

I protested against so wrong an inference, and rose to go. Miss Stanton accompanied me to the street door, her last words being: "Remember, when you come to America I shall expect to see you."

EDWARD LAURI.

A small man, looking livid after a first-night performance. He gave me half-an-hour of his time before rehearsal. His manner was very kindly; but in our interview there was nothing to suggest the merry-making comedian, who keeps the audience of the "Thirty Thieves" in a simmer of amusement. But it would be too much to expect him to be at work the whole time. It was an easy matter to interview him. He knew what was wanted, and gave me the required information in a nutshell, besides throwing in a good story of his part in helping to capture a man-eating crocodile of the Ganges.

Mr Lauri knows India well, and speaks with enthusiasm of his reception there, and with the delight of a sportsman of the big game hunts. He is a Britisher, and has been associated with the stage from his youth. His father was an actor, and his uncle (the father of George Lauri) was the greatest dancer of his day. They worked together, and young Edward, even while at school—Leeds Grammar School, by-the-way—had his share of acting. He went in for pantomime, and was hugely successful in animal impersonations. He reduced himself to eight stone odd when taking the part of Dick Whittington's Cat. "Then it seemed to me," said Mr Lauri, "that other fellows were doing so well at musical comedy that I determined to go in for it. I went, and have never regretted the step. I have had engagements at the Variety, at the Syndicate, and ever so many halls. I was at the Gaiety for three years. Then—let me see—yes; I was with Kate Santley at the Royalty, and with Brickwell at the Garrick. Then I thought that a turn in America would do me good. So I crossed the ocean, stayed three months in New York, and came back to the Palace and Alhambra Theatres. But I had a splendid time in India. I went there with the Gaiety Company. We did the 'Runaway and Circus Girls,' 'San Toy,' 'Toreador.' I did not like leaving India. They were very good to me. Then the chance came to cross to Australia. Well, it is best to go everywhere, if one can, and I had a good offer from Mr Musgrove, which I accepted for twelve months, and—here I am. I have under consideration an offer from the Musgrove Company for five years running."

"Which do I like best? Oh, pantomime, I think. One has lots of opportunities there; comic opera next. Not so much work to be put in that as in these musical comedies. The latter are feeble as plays, and have to be made interesting."

"Yes; I am in good training. I get any amount of stage exercise, as you can guess. I'm really very fond of athletics of any kind, especially rowing and boxing."

"Gags! Yes; I suppose I do get in a good many. All kinds of things suggest them, and when one knows one has the audience they come more easily still."

"I do scribble a little—playwriting, of course. 'The Marriage,' 'The Houseboat,' and 'His Lordship's Birthday' have all been staged."

"My first success? Well, I suppose it was at the Royalty. I am said to have created the comic part in 'The Gay Parisienne.' Now again, in the 'Thirty Thieves,' the laughs have practically had to be made."

How well Mr Lauri has succeeded in making the laugh in the latter is most evident. Indeed, I hear that he often convulses the other actors on the stage by the funny, unexpected gags which he introduces. It is interesting to know that he thinks that Dan Leno is the funniest man on earth. If he is funnier on the stage than the subject of our interview, we should certainly like to see him, for Mr Lauri certainly "runs" the piece.

Sarony Studios, Miss May Beatty. Auckland.

MISS MAY BEATTY.

New Zealand is always proud to extend a welcome to any of its children who have done well in other lands. Thus it was that when it was known that Miss May Beatty, formerly of the Pollard Opera Company, was to visit us among the Musgroves, we were prepared to greet the young actress. Although personally I can scarcely admire the character of Fi-Fi, which is more vulgar than anything else, and in which I see little humour, still it must be confessed that Miss Beatty, by much strain to her voice and many clever tricks, made it the life of the piece. Miss Beatty is a bright young lady, with merry eyes, and a pleasant manner. She was willing to chat about her successes, and spoke gratefully of Herr Slapoffski, who is training her voice, and of Mr Edward Lauri, who has taught her what she disliked so much before—to dance. She has had good times on the other shore, but is very glad to see her old home again. Much to her delight the Pollards had arrived in Auckland when the Musgroves were on the boards. Thus she had the chance of seeing many old friends. Miss Beatty is a clever actress, and will come in for some good parts on the other side. We wish her all success.

By "THE SAGE."

"The Conqueror" is the title of a new book by Gertrude Atherton, published by Macmillan and Co., and forwarded by Messrs Upton and Co. for review. The subtitle explains that the book is "the true and romantic history of Alexander Hamilton." A visit to the British and Danish West Indies in search of the truth regarding his birth and ancestry, and an extensive knowledge of the character of one who Talleyrand declared to be the greatest man of his age, has enabled the author to produce a most readable and interesting book. She has in her own words "thrown the graces of fiction over the sharp, hard facts that the historians have laboriously gathered." But she adds: "I am conscientious in asserting that almost every important incident here related of his American career is founded on documentary or published facts and family tradition; the few that are not have their roots among the probabilities, and suggest themselves." The history of this remarkable man, his birth of parents to whom stress of circumstances had prevented the possibility of marriage; his wonderful force of character from boyhood, the masterful, determined manner in which, equally with speech, sword and pen, he carried everything before him during the troublous times of the American Revolution, are vividly depicted. His friendship with Washington, his wooing and winning sweet Elizabeth Schuyler, his affair with the beautiful Mrs Croix, which came to his wife's ears, and the manner in which the imperious beauty with whom "every man in America was in love," treated him when she considered herself flouted for a wife—all this, interspersed with bloody battle scenes and stormy Cabinet meetings, makes capital reading. "The Conqueror" is a book which certainly should not be missed.

"The Rommany Stone," by J. H. Yoxall, M.P., published by Longmans, and also forwarded by Messrs Upton and Co., is a story dealing with gipsies and Derbyshire folk. It is told in the county dialect by Matt Scargil, a bluff yeoman. His dilatoriness in love had enabled Aldo, the Krallis, a handsome young gipsy, to cut him out and marry his cousin, Dahlia. Some kind of a "dukkerin" draws Matt out of bed across the moor to the Rommany Stone, which had been the gipsies' post-office for many a year, and to quote Matt, "atop of it I could see the Rommany lil I'd come for, plain enough. The pateran was fresh, the news wouldn't bear waiting—

sore trouble was agait with Dahlia, and I was to fare to her quick. Aldo, the scoundrel, was in double danger; a cross was laid atop of the stone, with a gallows aside it, all in little sparkling grits o' spar. The cross meant sickness, the gallows hanging; just what I might have expected for the fellow, dall his eyes!—The stem o' the cross pointed westerly, then westward I was to go." After asking himself many questions such as: "Why should I tew and moil myself after a lass what jilted me the go-by four years agone for a worser man? Make myself a ninny-hammer again, her poor humble servant to help her out of her ruebargain? etc., etc." Of course he went, and his adventures on the road and at the gipsy "tan" are duly set forth. He meets Jeruel C. Chilcutt, an American, who has taken a trip to England in search of his relatives whom he is convinced are county people, living in Chilcutt Castle. "Powerful tony folks mine wuz," he says.—"I'm constructing a fambly-tree of 'em backwards. . . Don't mind allowing to yew, Squire, as it's fambly prop'ty I'm arter. Gimme prop'ty or gimme death's my idee." The author is equally at home with the converted Bow-street runner, the American, Old Lottery, the parson, the grandmam of the tan, Flamenca, the beautiful gipsy girl, who had been five years in a convent, Dahlia, the heroine, her worthless husband and her former lover. The quaintness of the dialect and its being interspersed with the patter of the gipsies prevents it from being monotonous, and adds considerably to the charm of the book.

"In the Spirit World" is the title of a little pamphlet containing three sermons by Joseph Campbell, M.A., vicar of Papanui. As a rule books of sermons do not offer much inducement to the general reader, but this is distinctly an exception. The author deserves sincere congratulations for having the courage of his opinions, and giving from his pulpit and his pen things which he says "perhaps sounded strange to some of my hearers," but which are all "taught by the Bible, by science, by reason, and by com...on sense." A powerful combination of teachers truly. "These notions," he remarks, "are now being given expression to by the leading teachers of the age. Books and periodicals are now bringing them forward, etc." The marvel to the Sage is that so many preachers have so long ignored these manifest authorities, and persisted in trying to frighten educated people with what were practically children's blackman stories.

Briefly, the writer's "notions" are to the effect that the spirit world is co-extensive with matter extending throughout the whole solar system. That in the spirit world are many communities in which spirits are thinking, working, acting, and expanding into something better, something nobler. "In the Spirit World" is to be obtained from Messrs Simpson and Williams, of Christchurch, and will well repay perusal.

Professor Bickerton, of Christchurch, has forwarded me copies of his books, "The Romance of the Earth" and "The Romance of the Heavens," published some time since by Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. They are useful hand-books, nicely got up and illustrated, and contain a large amount of information in a small compass. In "The Romance of the Heavens" the author propounds a theory which, to quote his words, "finds astronomy a chaos of facts, and converts it into a classified system." He affirms his belief that Cosmos renews itself, that it is probably infinite and immortal, and a careful perusal of the book will convince the reader that, whatever conclusion he may arrive at, at all events

there is much to be said in favour of such a deduction. Professor Bickerton also sends me his "Perils of a Pioneer," an account of the risks encountered and losses sustained in the attempt to introduce a demonstrated Cosmic theory. This little book naturally goes over a good deal of ground. The Professor gives a detailed account of the manner in which English scientists received this theory, and the complimentary remarks made to him regarding it. He also gives the facts and correspondence relating to his dismissal from the position of Professor of Chemistry at Canterbury College, which he has so long filled.

In response to a request made by the Sage in our August number, the following examples of the art of word painting have been sent in. They will well repay study by writers both of prose and poetry, proving, as they do, the exquisite effect of a careful selection of words. Mr Edwin Hall writes :

It was a favourite practice with the poet Tennyson when taking his daily walk to embody in a few striking phrases any salient feature of the landscape that came under notice.

Some noteworthy examples of the power he acquired in this way of placing before us an entire landscape in a few telling words are to be found in the Palace of Art.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall,
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full fed river winding slow,
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil,
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one, an English home, gray twilight pour'd,
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace.

Mr Edward Kempe sends a few selections of the romantic type :

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when, chill, blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

Collins *Ode to Evening.*

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or few, or none do hang
Upon those boughs that shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Shakespeare—*Sonnet.*

THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt, he falls.

Tennyson.

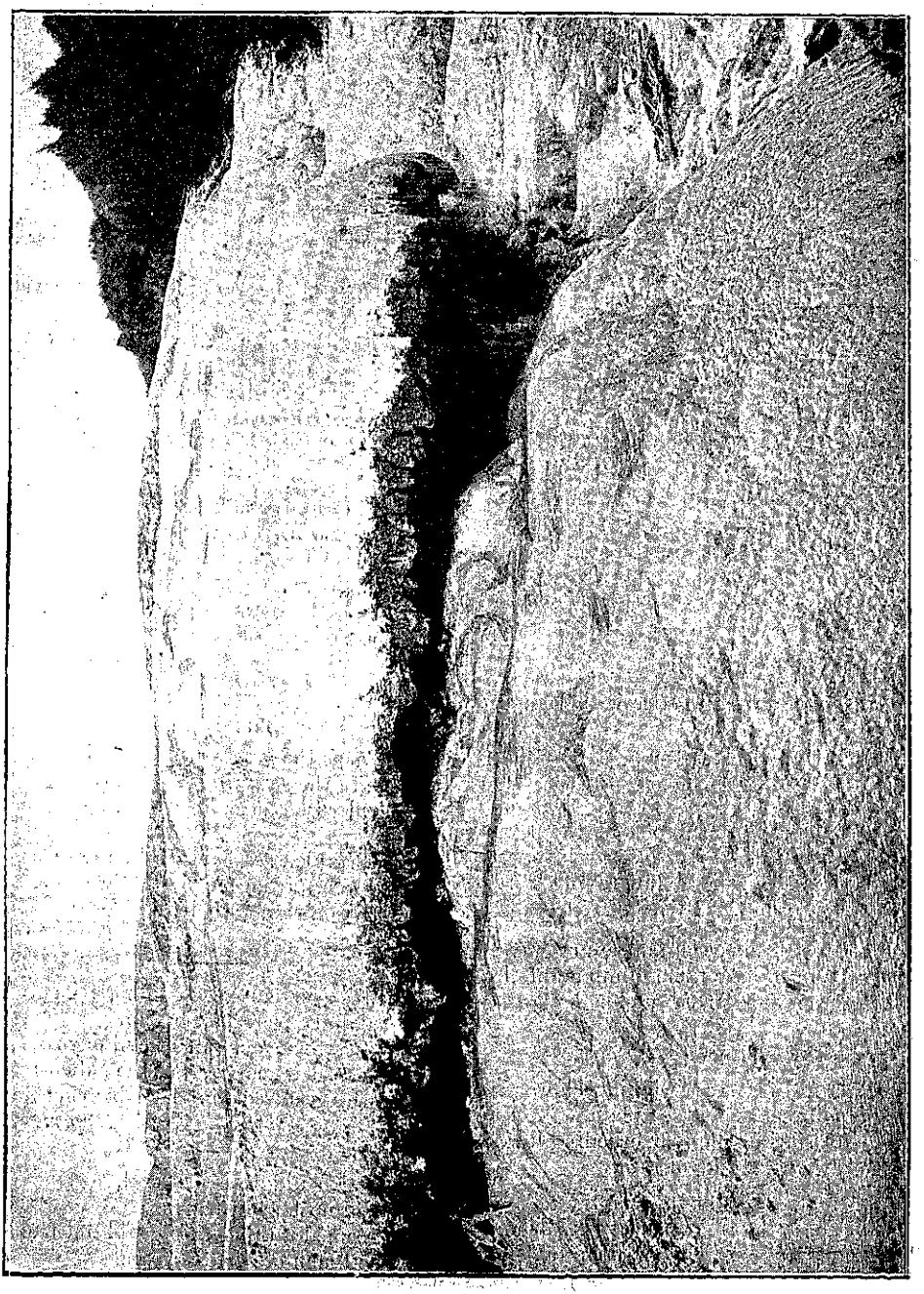
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity were just begun,
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

Keat's *Hyperion.*

A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

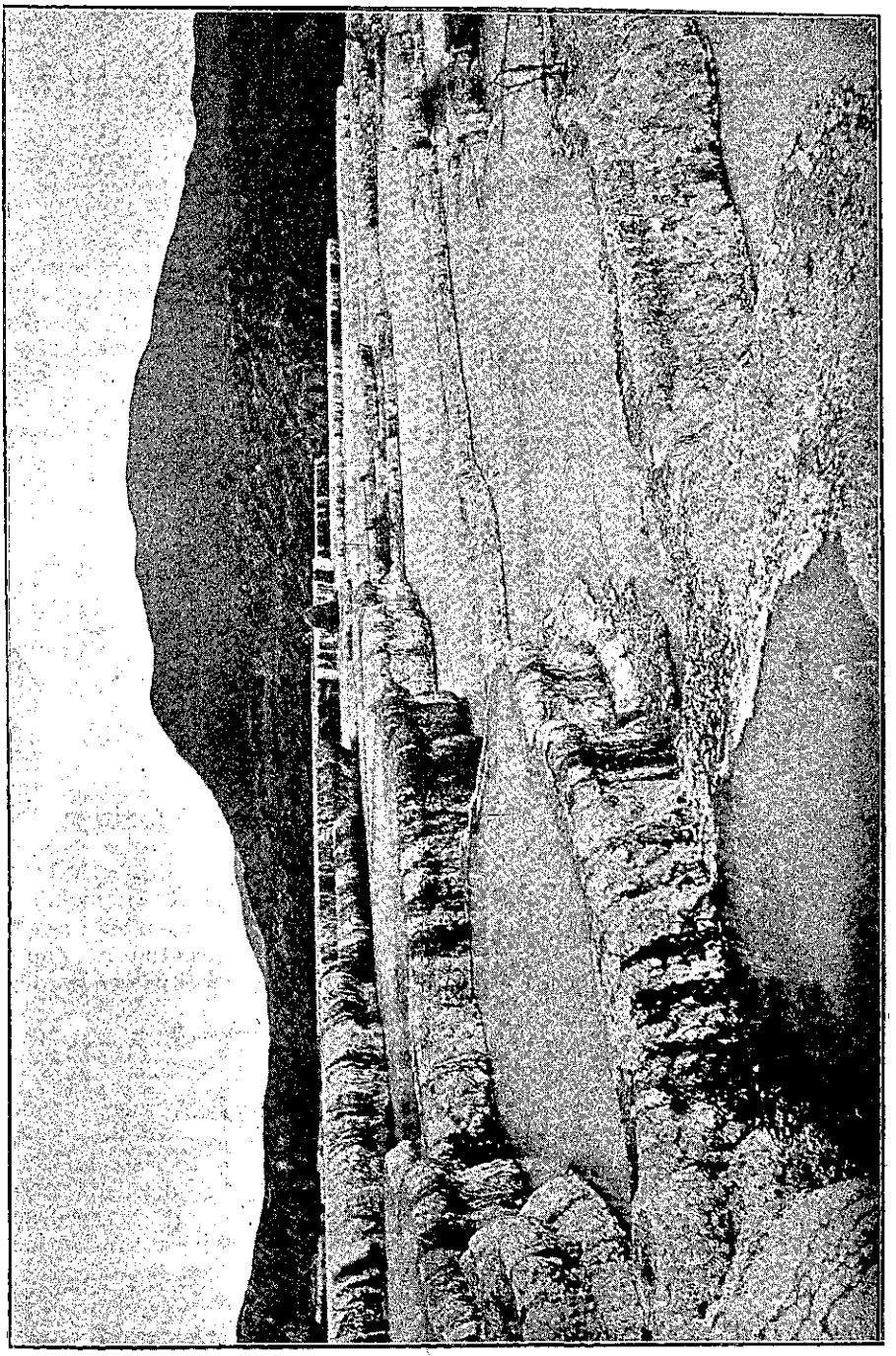
No motion hath she now, nor force,
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

Wordsworth.



Weeping Buttress, Pink Terrace.

Pulman, photo.



Tattooed Rock Basins, White Terrace

Pulman, photo.

THE AUSTRALIAN STATES.

New Zealand has only once had occasion to thank her stars that she did not join the Australian Federation when invited to do so by her sister colony. That once is ever since. When time and experience grease the wheels and reduce the friction, Federation will, doubtless, be a thing to be much desired in Australia, but it would not have suited New Zealand. Experience must be costly, and it is always better to learn at your neighbour's expense than at your own. So far there has been very considerable dissatisfaction in many of the States. The Federal tariff, as might be expected, proved one of the principal bones of contention. How it will work now it has become law remains to be proved, but if length and vigour of debate go for anything, the manner in which every detail was thrashed out should have insured a fairly workable result. After all, the wranglings of the different States over questions connected with Federal government practically go to prove the great need that existed for a system which would cause a community of interests and a united Australia.

FRANCE.

It is with a feeling of irritation one hears of lives being unnecessarily fooled away. The recent death of Emile Zola through sleeping in a room with a defective chimney comes under this heading, and is much to be deplored. Few, very few, writers have made such a handsome income by their pens as Zola, and fewer still, perhaps, have shown a greater disregard for the beautiful in character or scenery. It is highly probable that the bitter struggles of Zola's younger days influenced his literary work through life, and made him prefer to paint in vivid colours the darker sides of human nature, and to almost totally ignore everything tending to brightness and beauty. Or it might be again that he knew his readers sufficiently well to know that these were the class of books to sell. The fine income he has made out of his works proved this fact incontestably. Be his motive what it may, there is no doubt whatever that Zola was a master of the style he chose, a position which, however, few writers of the present day would envy him. Zola certainly deserves high commendation for the vigorous manner in which he championed Dreyfus at the expense of considerable personal persecution.

CHINA.

In deploring the state of affairs which war entails on a country one is often slow to realize the advantages which afterwards accrue. In China, for instance, the foreign occupation has been productive of much good, and many useful lessons of European civilization have been taught to a people who have proved attentive pupils. At Tientsin sanitary measures, which were never adopted before, are now being carried out, and Yuan Shi Kai. the

provincial Viceroy, the aptest of the pupils, is gaining a name for himself by following fairly closely European educational, municipal and law enforcing systems. From comparatively small beginnings such as these great results may accrue to this nation with such vast possibilities hitherto so hopelessly blocked by the keen conservatism of its people. It is true that we still hear of occasional massacres of missionaries and converts by small bodies of Boxers, but these would appear to entirely lack the organization and practical government support which were such conspicuous features of the former risings. They are merely flashes in the pan caused by the dying embers of hatred of the foreign devils, ever and anon stirred up in out of the way districts.

SOUTH AFRICA.

From all sources come warnings against a rush to South Africa. The constant cry is the excessive cost of living and the exceeding scarcity of work of any sort. When we hear of white men working in the mines at five shillings a day, we can very easily form an opinion of the state of the labour market. The good billets which were supposed to be showered on those who were lucky enough to be on the spot when the war ceased simply do not exist, and are not likely to do so for very many weary months. And as to going from New Zealand to South Africa to farm, the idea is preposterous, as any one who has tried farming in South Africa can testify. The number of pests which the farmer has to contend against there is legion. No animals except those who have had them all and survived are exempt. It must also be remembered that in the conquest of South Africa land has not been confiscated; the British Government has not large blocks to dispose of at easy rates, as has been the case in other conquered countries.

H. G. Mackenzie, Photo.

Gordon Highlanders leaving Klerksdorp after peace was proclaimed.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Our next issue will be the Christmas Number. As large numbers of this specially attractive issue will be bought to send to friends in the old country and elsewhere, send in your orders early to avoid disappointment. Although a much larger number will be printed than last year it will be difficult to supply the demand that is sure to arise. Therefore order early from your bookseller or this office. Special stories, articles, and poems to suit the season will appear. Amongst other features will be found a collection of photos and short notices of our contributors. Those contributors who have not received circulars, through change of address or any inadvertence, will oblige by sending in, at their earliest convenience, their photos, and a few notes of literary work they have done or have in preparation. This collection will be of special interest as a large number of photos have already come to hand.

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS.

We often receive letters from various parts of the world making enquiries about New Zealand from intending emigrants, and requesting us to send them the Magazine. "What schools are there?" is a constant question. For educational advertisements what better medium can you have? It goes into the best homes. New arrivals invariably ask for it.

OUR RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

It is our intention to place under this heading all advertisements referring to Tourists' Routes and Health Resorts. Owners of hotels, steam-boats, coach proprietors, and those who wish their advertisements to catch the tourist's eye, will find it greatly to their advantage to advertise in these pages. What better medium can there be than a Magazine which gets into every tourist and traveller's hands? We have already received letters of enquiry about the various Holiday Trips advertised under this heading.

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Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

THE EDITOR AND HIS CONTRIBUTORS.
TE WAO-NUI-A-TANE (The Great Forest of Tane).—By James Cowan.
THE MASON BEE.—By H. L. Machell.
"PELORUS JACK."—By T. Lindsay Buick.
SOME NOTABLE SHIP WRECKS ON THE NEW ZEALAND COAST.—By J. Blades.
CARLYLE AND DEMOCRACY.—By W. G. McDonald.
A WAGON TRIP TO THE WEST COAST.—By Emily A. Chaplin, B.A.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

THE ISLE OF MYSTERY.—By K. E. Leefe.
THE BRUMMAGEM BABY.—H. J. Priestley.
A SPLENDID REVENGE.—By F. B. Crouch.
THE BRACELET OF MERRYVALE.—By J. V. Solomon.