

The cars behind us glisten
 With life that laughs and throngs,
 And often when we listen
 We hear men singing songs
 Of girls whose smiles are winning,
 Whose lips are all a-glow . . .
 Such songs may do for spinning
 Along the plains below.
 But when in inky fountains
 The smoke roars high and fades,
 And Night has seized the mountains
 And hidden all the grades,
 The songs of laughing maidens
 Are vain; the clanking rods,
 With rhythmic, solemn cadence,
 Make music for the gods.

*The coast towns do not know us ;
 The white towns nestled in
 The valleys far below us
 Have never heard our din ;
 When grades conspire to show us,
 How we must strive to win.*

With cheery boastful "tootles"
 The racer brings us loads,
 And leaves them at the foot-hills—
 We work the mountain roads.
 For though the graceful flyer
 Outstrips the mountain rig,
 This "tauk" can lift loads higher,
 And keep them all a-jig.
 Up where the white star-hosts line
 The clear-cut mountain crest,
 We join the plains and coast line,
 We link the East and West ;
 And where there are no levels
 Our funnel snorts and swears
 To set hell's wildest devils
 A-tremble in their lairs.

*The big hills hear and wonder
 What shakes their solid wall ;
 The little towns down under
 That hear our whistle call,
 Have never heard our thunder
 Nor seen our black smoke-pall.*

QUILP N.



C. E. Caley, photo.

In the Recreation Grounds, New Plymouth.