



Madame Melba.

Probably there are no faces more familiar to the English people than that of the great Queen of Song, who has just completed a hurried tour of the Colony in pursuance of a promise made some time ago. Her genius has made her kin to the whole race, and pictures of her are prized alike in the mansion and the cottage. Nevertheless, it has been considered fitting that the number of this magazine issued at a time made memorable by the diva's

visit should embrace some souvenir of the occasion. Our portrait is one of the latest. The season, short as it was, and confined to the principal centres of population, was unequalled in brilliancy, and such that no memories of the past can challenge. Melba simply demonstrated to stay-at-home New Zealanders, what the human voice can do under the fairest conditions granted by nature, genius, and consummate culture.