

these means, but their lives cannot be so warped as not to come in contact with the human element which alone has been the sole support of many a genius. Inspiration is not confined to any particular line of life, it will come to all who have the capacity for opening out and letting themselves go. Unfortunately inspiration has its cupboard skeleton, as many writers and others know to their cost. A time of mental elevation is only too often followed by a period of absolute reaction,

when the brain refuses to be coerced or cajoled into a workable state. A certain bent of mind may preserve a mean between these two extremes, but others who are subject to flashes of brilliancy have to suffer a consequent diminution of animation. It is a sad fact that many of the most gifted minds have suffered the most keenly from these absences of inspiration, when, without any apparent cause, the hand of the would-be worker has been out.

## The Magic of the Main.

It's pleasant here in summer, in this valley 'mid the hills,  
 When we tread the soft green carpet of the grass;  
 The hum of bees around us, and the tinkle of the rills,  
 The warble of the songbirds as they pass.  
 But the old times, half forgotten, are ever haunting me,  
 As the daybreak comes in sunshine or in rain,  
 It brings with it the longing to be back once more at sea—  
 To hear them raise a chanty once again.

As I wander home by twilight, my thoughts will often stray  
 To some dingy, dirty, smoky seaport town;  
 And then I fall a-dreaming that we're towing down the Bay,  
 And the hands are all a-singing "Sally Brown."  
 The slim spars seem to beckon, and the salt winds call to me  
 With the glamour and the magic of the main;  
 I know one day they'll claim me for the service of the sea,  
 And I'll help to raise a chanty once again.

She is running down the Easting, from Sydney homeward bound,  
 Oh can't you hear the thundering of the gale?  
 And can't you see the greybacks that are chivvying her around,  
 And the spindrift coming flying o'er the rail?  
 They are reefing down the tops'ls. They wish that they were me,  
 With my cottage, and my garden, and my grain;  
 But would that I were with them, back once more upon the sea,  
 And singing "Way down Rio" once again.

D. R.