

treads, for the great spirit will carry me far away, and whisper beautiful songs to me, for I am the Corroboree-maker.

When the moon grew dim Mooloolie stole over the saltbush plain—away over the scrubland until he came to a vast plain where small sepia-tinted stones spread for many miles. Beside a solitary sand-hill stood a hollow tree. Here Mooloolie paused, and slowly out of the crevice drew a pair of curious mocassins, the soles cunningly woven of emu down.

These he slipped on his dusky feet, and with uplifted head listened intently for some minutes.

Suddenly a black figure rose up in the dim light. Her long hair hung over her shoulders in wild disorder, but her dark eyes were bright with liquid light.

Upon her feet she too wore the silent shoes that left no imprint, and the old, old story was repeated. Wye Wye, with her little brown hand clasped in the strong one of

her lover, fled with him through the darkness to the land of the great Sun Ball.

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In the camping-ground, the Alberga tribe waited expectantly for their young chief and Wye Wye, who had so mysteriously disappeared from their midst, but neither returned.

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Far, far away from the rippling Alberga, beyond the wonderful great salt lake, which in summer glitters like crystal beneath the tropical sun, and in winter spreads its waters over the desert land past the long, dreary Macumba creek, with its dark-stemmed gidyea trees and grotesque eucalypti, stands a solitary wurley on the fertile land of the Diamantina. There, on the Queensland border, happily together, dwell Mooloolie, the young Corroboree-maker, and his beautiful brown-eyed bride.

Quot ocelli, tot mundi.

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THE world is as the sense that makes it known;
 To eyeless creatures, dark eternally;
 To others dim, in mazy depths of sea,
 Beyond the sound of all its surface moan;
 Narrow to some, as insects 'neath a stone,
 Or in a tiny crevice, or a bee
 That murmurs in a flower; but the free,
 Heav'n soaring birds a wider vision own.

And though our eyes can boast no eagle sweep,
 To us is given the larger range of thought,
 Wherewith we pierce the starry depths, o'erleap
 The bounds of sense, and see in all things wrought
 Signs of deep mysteries, which angel eyes
 May see, or ours, perchance, in paradise.

H. ALLISON.