

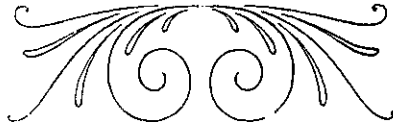
The sailing craft and the crazy tramps
 Loom up, and are lost astern,
 And the stars of their bridge and their
 masthead lamps
 Are the only stars that burn.
 To the swinging blows of the heavy throws,
 And the slide-valves' dreary wail,
 We swing and soar with our flues a-roar,
 For we are the Ocean Mail.

They watch for us at the river mouth,
 And wait for us in the stream,
 Looking forever to east and south,
 For our quivering lights a-gleam;
 And onward ever we're plunging fast
 Where the shy mermaid dwells,
 And the crested kings of the sea ride past—
 Oh! the pomp of the rolling swells.

And the lighthouse men, when they see our
 star
 Lift clear of the starry maze,
 Will watch us swagger across the bar,
 And swing to the channelled ways.
 Yet never a sign or a sound we give—
 No blast of horn nor a hail—
 For we must race that the world may
 live,
 And we are the Ocean Mail.

*The good screws labouring under,
 Laugh hoarsely and lift and fling
 The eddying foam behind them,
 And muttering thick they sing—
 "Make way for the Mails—
 His Majesty's Mails—
 We carry the Mails for the King."*

QUILL N.



Faulkner, photo.

Hamurana Spring, Rotorua. The boat is just over the cavern in the rock from which the water issues.