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on to say the present committee should be re-elected and allowed to get out of its mess as best it can. It cannot be expected the Board will come to the rescue, and it strongly recommends the present committee to put their hands in their pockets, pay off the debt, and leave a clean sheet for their successors. It is quite evident, I should imagine, that if our legislators do not amend the education system in some respect this ever-increasing demand for money all over the Colony will break it down. What a sorry plight the Education Department would be placed in were the Catholics of New Zealand to send their children to the State schools for only one month.

## THE ANXIOUS LOVER.

(J. K. E.)

I SAW a damsel in a sombre room,  
Laid low in beds of purple violet,  
And pale, sweet roses scenting all the gloom;  
And then I thought, This is a gray sunset  
Of days of loving life. Shall he who stands  
Beside her bier, in sorrow for his love,  
Be first in Heaven to clasp her gentle hands  
To bow with her before the Lord above?

If love can die, let my heart be as cold  
As Galatea's was before the words  
Of the warm sculptor drew it from the mould  
And made her hear the sound of the singing birds;  
Love's sunshine and love's shadows are they all  
Like April sun and shadow on the earth!  
If love can die at sight of funeral-pall,  
Would I had strangled it in its sad birth!

I know that the sweet spring will surely go  
And leave no trace, except a blossom dry;  
I know that life will pass as passes snow  
When March winds blow and river floods are high;  
I know that all the maples on the hill  
That fire the air with flame to ashes burn;  
I know that all the singing birds that fill  
To air with song to silent dust will turn.

Oh! love, my love, can it, then, ever be  
That thou or I may gaze upon love's death?  
That thou shalt come day sad and silently  
Look on me dumb and cold and without breath?  
Or shall I see thee lying white and wan,  
Like yonder damsel in the flower bed,  
And only say, "My lady sweet has gone;  
She's lost to me; she's dead—*what meaneth 'dead'?*"

If love can die, then I will no more look  
Into thy eyes, and see thy pure thoughts there,  
Nor will I read in any poet's book  
Of all the things that poet's make so fair.  
If love can die, the poet's art is vain,  
And thy blue eyes might well be blossoms blue,  
And thy soft tears be only senseless rain,  
If love can die, like flowers and soulless dew.

I care not for thy smile, if love can die;  
If I must leave thee, let me leave thee now.  
Shall I not know thee, if in Heaven high  
I enter and before the Holy bow?  
Shalt thou not know me when before the throne  
Thou, white-robed one, shalt enter into light?  
I cannot think the Lord of love has sown  
His precious seed to make but one day bright.

Would I were dead, if death could be the end  
Of all the loving that makes life so fair!  
If love can die, I pray the sun may send  
An arrow through my head, that death may tear  
Away my soul, and make me soon forget  
The fair, sweet hope of love's eternal day,  
Which yet might die like purple violet  
Strewn on the robes of her that passed away!

Ah! love, my love, when I look in thy eyes,  
And hear thy voice, like softened homely bells,

Coming to one who long has sent up sighs  
From foreign lands to be where his love dwells,  
"The earth may crumble, but our love and we  
Shall live forever. This is true?" I cry.  
My heart lifts up itself in ecstasy.

"Life were not life if our great love could die."

—MAURICE F. EGAN'S volume, "Songs and Sonnets."

## REMINDED OF HIS DEAD MOTHER.

[EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.]

It was the latter part of August 1891. A friend and I had come down from Ramsgate to Minster, to see the venerable church there, which is a thousand years old. I entered the churchyard and seated myself upon a nameless grave while he went in search of somebody to unlock the doors of the edifice and show its wonders. In a few minutes he returned in company with an elderly lady, to whom he introduced me, saying she was the custodian and guide of the place. I gazed at her face for some moments without a word. If my own mother, dead and gone 15 years, had come back to speak to her only son, I should scarcely have been more astonished. For this woman was almost my mother's double; the same size, the same face, and the same way of parting the hair and combing it in smooth bands from the forehead. I told her so, and we were friends before either fairly knew the other's name. What a queer world it is.

She then conducted us through the ancient fane, and spoke of the long vanished past, of the monks and nuns who once sang and prayed within its walls, of the quaint carvings on the hard oak seats in the chancel, of that precious relic, the Cranmer Bible, which reposes in a glass box against a pillar, and of many matters besides, drawn from the apparently inexhaustible well of her detailed and accurate information.

Finally the talk veered round to the who'someness of the vicinity, the bracing nature of its sea breezes and so on. Then our guide, Mrs Sarah Herd said:—"I have lived here in Minster 50 years, and seen many ups and downs. One of my sons is now in America, where he is doing well. He wants me to leave England and make my home with him, but I doubt if I ever shall. I am somewhat like that old yew tree out in the yard, deeply rooted to this soil, and might be the worse for pulling up. Then I am getting on in life, and fills grow apace with age. In the spring of 1878 I had a serious attack. At first I scarcely knew what to make of it. There was no disease that I recognised in particular. I felt tired in body and weary in mind. There was much pain at my chest and back, and a kind of tightness at the sides, as though physical force were applied there to restrain me from moving. My appetite, which was usually good, fell away, and whatever I ate or drank gave me pain, and I lived almost entirely on bread and water. I was always in pain and couldn't sleep so as to feel refreshed by it. After a time I grew so weak as to be unable to go about my work. A bitter and sickening fluid arose into my mouth, and I perspired to such an extent that the sweat sometimes rilled off my face to the floor."

I (the writer) break in upon Mrs Herd's story at this point in reply to say that this tendency to sweat without the provocation of labour or of exercise is always a sign of a debilitated condition of the system.

It means that the blood is impure and impoverished, the kidneys working badly, and that the body lacks nourishment and is living on what was previously stored in it. In other words, the stomach has refused its duty and the other organs are in sympathy with it. Now we will let the lady proceed, begging pardon for the interruption.

She went on to say:—"For a time I tried to cure myself with various domestic remedies which sometimes answer. But they fail, and I consulted a physician. With all respect to the doctors, they occasionally failed too. This one did. You know there comes a time in all long illnesses when we get in some way used to pain and misery, and make no further efforts to get rid of it. In fact, we don't know how, and so don't try. For about three years I remained wretched and ailing, and dull, unhappy years they were. My sufferings were beyond all I had ever known before, yet there seemed nothing to do but to bear them as patiently as I could. At this date, 1881, certain friends of mine spoke to me of the great benefit they had received from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup, for indigestion and dyspepsia. This threw light on my mind, although I cannot say it made me at once a believer in Seigel's Syrup. At length, however, in July 1881, I began to take it. In all I used six bottles, and found my health fully restored. Ten years have elapsed, and I have had no attack since. But if I do in future I shall know where to put my hand on the remedy."

Our visit being virtually over, we called for a few moments at Mrs Herd's home, 2, High street, Minster, Kent, and then wended our way back to Ramsgate.

New York, October, 1891.

C. M. B.