

1835—1935.

A STRANGE EPIGRAPH.

(Lines written for the Centenary
St. Luke's Day, 1935.)

A hundred years ago to-day,
On Rotorua's shore,
A messenger from God appeared,
His mercy to implore.
Upon the tribes to nature born
Who knew not His grace;
Who never heard of Jesus' name,
Nor knew His lovely face.

The dusky children of the wild
Listened with wondering awe,
As on their ears the message fell
Of Christ's most wondrous love.
Of how to meet the Law's demand
God gave His only Son
That men of every clime and land
The heavenward race might run.

The many heard—the few believed
And turned in faith to God,
But see to-day a goodly crowd
The heavenward path have trod.
The dusky fathers of the tribe
The pakeha's God have owned,
Have cast their idols all away
And Christ the Saviour crowned.

See, see; the crowd of mingled race
That throng His court to-day;
"Glory to God," the white man cries,
"Glory to God," they say;
"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"
The Maoris make reply.
Let praise resound on every hand
From earth and air and sky;
To God Who saved us by His grace
Be every honour due;
His name be praised in every place
By men of every hue.

—S. Mactier.

[The above lines were written for
the occasion of the Centenary of the
arrival of Christianity in Rotorua,
observances in connection with which
are being held on or about St. Luke's
Day.—Ed.]

The committee of the G.F.S. Lodge
has appointed Miss C. Maris Clark
Matron. Miss Clark has had consid-
erable experience of the management
of an institution such as the Girls'
Friendly Society Lodge, and girls will
be well looked after under her care.

Here is an epitaph on a watchmaker
which can be seen at Lydford Church-
yard, on the west edge of Dartmoor:

Here lies in a horizontal position
the outside case of George Routledge,
Watchmaker, whose abilities in that
line were an honour to his profession.
Integrity was the mainspring and
prudence the regulator of all the
actions of his life. Humane, generous
and liberal, his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress. So
nicely regulated were all his motions
that he never went wrong, except
when set against by people who did
not know his key. Even then he was
easily set right again. He had the
art of disposing of his time so well
that his hours glided away in one con-
tinual round of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky minute put a period to
his existence.

He departed this life Nov. 14, 1802,
aged 57. Wound up in hopes of being
taken in hand by his Maker, and of
being thoroughly cleaned, repaired
and set going in the world to come.
—"Australian Church Times."

English Choirmaster: "The sopranos
will keep silent until we come to 'the
gates of hell' and then they will all
come in."

"Touch Wood."—"William ordered
his archers to shoot at the thickest
part of the English. They therefore
shot upwards so that the arrows
would fall on the heads of the enemy."
—C.E.N.

"Here lies the body of Mary Gurney;
She fell from a train
And broke her journey."

In School.—"Average" means some-
thing hens lay eggs on. "Trades
Union," a place a workman goes to
when he gets the sack. "Leges Sunt
Utiles hominibus"—Legs are useful to
men. "Fulminantis magna manus
Jovis"—The thundering big hand of
Jove. "j'ai hate de l' embrasser"—I
hate to embrace her.

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Mr. R. E. H. Pilson.

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