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# Not Understood

— AND —  
OTHER POEMS

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BY  
THOMAS BRACKEN.

—  
FOURTH EDITION.  
—

PUBLISHED AT WELLINGTON, N.Z.:  
1908.

BY GORDON & GOTCH PROPRIETARY LIMITED,  
WELLINGTON, AUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY,  
BRISBANE, PERTH, HOBART, LAUNCESTON, AND AT LONDON.

JAMES DALLY  
OLD AND RARE BOOKS  
*Oatlands, Tasmania*  
*Telephone Oatlands 90*

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OTHER POEMS



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THOMAS BRACKEN

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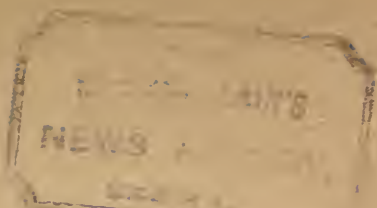
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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THE great popularity of "Not Understood." and the prominence given to it by the late Mel. B. Spurr in his very successful Recitals in the Colonies has created a demand for a pocket edition of Tom Bracken's Poems.

This little volume, which is now in its fourth edition, will be found to contain all of Mr Bracken's favourite poems, and the Publishers hope that this edition, like its predecessor, will find a ready sale.

Wellington, N.Z., 1908.

Two or three days before the late Mel. B. Spurr passed away, he was interviewed concerning his work and intentions. Enumerating some of his most successful recitations, he came "finally," to "Not Understood"—"that charming little bit of philosophy by the late Thomas Bracken, which I now give almost every evening. I am hoping to introduce it to an English public some time next year, and I predict for it an instantaneous and unprecedented success." "Man proposes"—and the gifted and genial entertainer little thought, as he spoke those appreciative lines, that he was never again to see his native land.

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# NOT UNDERSTOOD

AND

## OTHER POEMS.

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### NOT UNDERSTOOD.

NOT understood. We move along asunder,  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep  
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder  
Why life is life? and then we fall asleep,  
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,  
And hug them closer as the years go by,  
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;  
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,  
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision  
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;  
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision  
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,  
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,  
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,  
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction  
We judge our neighbours, and they often go,  
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!  
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight  
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,  
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;  
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching  
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,  
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!  
How many noble spirits pass away  
Not understood.

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,  
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;  
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer  
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,  
And understood.

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## GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

A recent arrival from New Zealand, walking along Collins Street, Melbourne, a short time since, encountered another Maorilander, who holds a good position in the Victorian capital. "Well, how do you like Australia?" enquired the recent arrival. "Oh! it is a wonderful place," replied the other, "and I am doing very well here, but I would much sooner live on a far smaller salary in 'God's Own Country.'"

**G**IVE me, give me God's own country! there to  
live and there to die,  
God's own country! fairest region resting 'neath  
the southern sky,  
God's own country! framed by nature in her grandest,  
noblest mould;  
Land of peace and land of plenty, land of wool and corn  
and gold!  
Where the forests are the greenest and the rugged  
mountains rear  
Noble turrets, towers, and spires, piercing through the  
ambient air;  
Rising to the gates supernal, pointing Godwards through  
the blue,  
When the summer's sunny splendours tip them with a  
nameless hue,  
And the gusts of winter gather snow and sleet and mist  
and cloud,  
Weaving many a curious mantle, many a quaint fantastic  
shroud.  
Oh! the mountains of New Zealand! wild and rugged  
though they be,  
They are types of highest manhood, landmarks of a  
nation free.

Pleasure-ground of the Pacific! brightest region on the  
main!

Land of many a rushing river, verdant valley, fertile  
plain!

I revisit thee, in fancy, all thy wonders rise once more,  
Once again, enthral'd, I listen to old Tongariro's roar;  
Tarawera roused to fury, belches forth his molten wrath,  
And a host of fiery demons dance along his flaming path,  
Boiling cauldrons, foaming geysers, lakes whose bosoms  
leap with fear;

Well and truly is it written—"Wonderland is really  
here!"

Shift the scene! Night grows to morning, morn soon  
ripens into day,

Lovely islands crowd and cluster in a bright and placid  
bay,

Silver ripples shimmer softly on the bosom of the deep,  
And the mountains see their faces, for the wind is fast  
asleep.

Bay of Islands! bay of beauty! who would dream that  
such a place

Should have been a scene of slaughter, man 'gainst man,  
and race 'gainst race;

Yonder, in the little churchyard, mouldering tombstones  
sadly tell

Tales of valour and of honour, records of how brave  
men fell

In the sacred cause of duty; thanks to God, those days  
are o'er,

And the old race and the new race now are enemies no  
more.

Sweep we round by Rangitoto, with his rough and rocky  
crest,

Grim old guardian of the gateway leading out to ocean's  
breast;

Takapuna slumbers, deeply Waitemata opes its arms,  
All its loveliness unfolding, circled by a hundred  
charms;

Fly we on to Taranaki, and 'neath Egmont's shade we  
stand—  
Egmont, monarch of the mountains! bold, majestic,  
solemn, grand;  
Rising from the pleasant pastures, climbing to the  
clouds alone,  
Peerless, and without a rival, proudly sits he on his  
throne.  
It is morning in the summer, and the monarch is  
arrayed  
In his pure white cap and mantle, which were never  
known to fade.  
All the blue above is speckless, only one small cloud is  
seen  
Sleeping on the mountain's bosom, nestling 'twixt the  
gold and green;  
Now it seems as if awakening, slowly it begins to creep  
Upwards in a spiral column, making for the summit  
steep,  
But it fails to reach the apex, so it curls itself away  
Round about the monarch's shoulders, like a silken scarf  
of grey;  
And the East flings out its glories on the monarch as he  
stands,  
Crowning him with sparkling jewels, richly set in golden  
bands.  
On we go by happy homesteads, on to Wanganui's  
flood—  
Oft were Wanganui's waters, in the old time, stained  
with blood;  
Now along the stately river flocks and herds o'er up-  
lands graze,  
Peace has swept away for ever traces of the warlike  
days.  
Leap we o'er the hills and valleys to Poneke's noble  
tide,  
On whose swelling breast the navies of the Universe  
might ride,

Safely ride beneath the shadows of the mighty hills  
that keep  
Watch and ward against the tempests, born upon the  
outer deep.  
Soar from island unto island, for were we to tarry here,  
Tracing all the North-land's beauties, we might linger  
for a year.  
Fancy's wings are swift and silent, o'er the sea and o'er  
the Strait—  
Canterbury smiles before us. Ah! we have no time to  
wait;  
Fly we o'er green pictures shining in their frames of  
spring's new gold,  
Fly we past the smiling farmsteads, fly we over field and  
fold—  
Onward o'er the pass of Arthur! Magicland is drawing  
near—  
Halt! The Gorge of wildest grandeurs opens up its  
wonders here;  
Look below! and gaze above us! was there ever grander  
sight?  
Here is every shade of darkness, here is every tint of  
light;  
Listen to the torrent roaring in the deep ravine below,  
See the cataracts descending from their home among  
the snow,  
See the pine and larch and rata climbing up the moun-  
tain walls,  
Hearken to the tumbling torrents answering the distant  
falls.  
Weird Otira! grand Otira! is there any other clime  
That can show us such a picture, so entrancing, so  
sublime?  
Down the Gorge and through the valley, over floods  
that fret and foam,  
As they rush among the boulders, hast'ning to their  
Ocean home;

Now the matchless forests open all their brightness on  
the scene,  
And the gladdened eye is feasting on a hundred tints of  
green.  
We must leave the lordly forest—"Stay, oh, stay," the  
wood-nymphs sing;  
"Stay, oh, stay," the fairies whisper; "Stay, oh, stay,"  
the bell-bird ring.  
Fancy will not fold her pinions; onward, onward we  
must go  
Where Mount Cook in icy armour guards his pyramids  
of snow.  
Fancy can outwing the lightning, fancy can outwing the  
wind—  
Hill and plain and glen and valley soon are left far, far  
behind.  
We are resting on the high land over New Edina's town,  
Wrapt in perfect admiration, looking up and looking  
down—  
Upwards at the wooded mountains, tinted now by open-  
ing day,  
Downwards at the noble city, stretching round the  
lovely bay.  
One short flight and we are sailing over Taieri's plains  
of corn,  
Now we cross the lonely ranges, painted by the brush of  
morn;  
Wanaka and Manapouri pass before our wondering  
sight;  
Hawea, in sylvan softness, fills us with a calm delight;  
Wakatipu's deep, dark waters, walled by mighty moun-  
tains, raise  
All our highest aspirations, till the soul is filled with  
praise.  
Here the poet soon might gather subject for a thousand  
lays,  
Here the artist might discover rich employment all his  
days.

God's own country! God's own country! we must  
hasten o'er the sea,  
Filled with sweetest recollections of thy beauty; bless-  
ing thee,  
Wishing thee all future greatness, bidding thee "Ad-  
vance! advance!"  
Fruitful land, and land of wonders, richest region of  
romance!  
Mitre Peak, erect, majestic, slowly vanishes from view,  
And the distant waves are moaning, as we cry "Adieu!  
adieu!"

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## "ROGERS OF EAGLEHAWK."

**T**HANK you! I'll drink no more with you;  
 I'm a stranger here; it's my turn to 'shout'  
 Then I'll be off—I've some work to do—  
 But who is this Rogers they rave about?  
 What has he done to create such fuss?  
 How has he caused such endless talk?  
 To use a slang phrase—'Why is this thus?'  
 Who is this Rogers, of Eaglehawk?"

"Tell him, Harry, for you were there  
 Close to the mine, and you ought to know—  
 Listen mate, if you've time to spare,—  
 You haven't been long upon Bendiga?"  
 "It's just a fortnight to-day, and yet,  
 Although but a Sydney 'Cornstalk,'  
 I'm very anxious to hear, you bet,  
 The story of Rogers, of Eaglehawk."

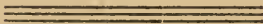
"Harken! stranger, to the story,  
 Short it is, and to the point,  
 Some folks say we know no glory,  
 For the times are out of joint;  
 I'm not larn'd in old romancing,  
 I'm not vars'd in times gone by,  
 Days when errant knights went prancing,  
 Fighting for a lady's sigh,  
 Or her glove may-be, but stranger,  
 Never 'neath the silver sun,  
 By the bravest knightly ranger,  
 Was a nobler action done  
 Than the deed I'm going to dwell on;  
 August, on the thirtieth day,—

That the very time it fell on,—  
Rogers rescued Sampson Bray.  
How it happen'd! Mate, you wonder?  
When I think on it, I know,  
We have heroes still, by thunder!  
They were working down below;  
They had charged four holes,—All ready  
Safe are all the fuses placed;  
Up they're haul'd so firm and steady,  
Yet there's little time to waste;  
Twenty-five feet up,—when slipping  
From his hold, poor Sampson Bray,  
Fell where deep the dark was dipping,  
Down the shaft, and there he lay.  
Quick as lightning, Rogers thundered—  
'Let me down! Oh, down again!'  
Though the engine-driver wonder'd,  
Still he turned the engine then;  
Down went Rogers, quickly leaping  
From the bucket, on he flew  
To the spot where death was creeping  
Through the fuses; then he drew  
Three of them away. Thank Heaven!  
Ah! but there's a fourth—too late—  
He cannot find it, and is driven  
Now to rest on God and fate:  
Down beside his mate he crouches  
Down beside his mate to die;  
Soft as down are stony couches,  
When upon them brave men lie:  
Loud reports—the hole exploded—  
Showers of stone and debris fell,  
And the drive with smoke was loaded,  
Loaded like a pit of hell.  
'Are they dead?' 'No! boys, they're living,  
Haul them quickly to the plat!  
Let us thanks to Heaven be giving—'  
That's my tale, mate; on this Flat

---

I have lived a working digger  
Well nigh three and thirty year,  
But I've never known a bigger  
Hero, than our hero here."

" Mates, I'm not much given to gushing,  
But when I listen'd to that there tale,  
At times I felt my cheeks a flushing,  
And then I fancied they turned quite pale;  
Tears in my eyes at times were starting—  
But hang it, lads, I've a way to walk,  
Fill up the glasses, as we're parting,  
We'll drink to Rogers of Eaglehawk."



## HURRAH FOR NEW ZEALAND.

**S**AID Freedom to Britain, that bold little nation,  
 "I've lately discovered a fine piece of land,  
 And as I intend there to 'stablish a station,  
 I want your best children to give me a hand.  
 Like thee, on the water,  
 Thy beautiful daughter,  
 A nymph of the ocean sits proud and elate;  
 Then give me a few men,  
 Thy brave and thy true men,  
 To live and to work on my Southern estate,  
 My Southern estate,  
 My Southern estate.  
 In majesty rises a bold and a free land,  
 The starry cross glows  
 O'er the unsullied snows  
 That crown her grand mountains—"Hurrah for New  
 Zealand!"

Then Britain to Freedom said, "Loving defender,  
 Thy wish is my law, I'm a debtor to thee;  
 Pick out loyal hearts who will honour and tend her,  
 And make my fair daughter a Queen of the Sea.  
 My Celt and my Saxon  
 Shall ne'er turn their backs on  
 The minions of tyranny, envy, or hate,  
 Should they dare assail her,  
 My sons shall not fail her,  
 Their strong arms shall fence in thy Southern estate,  
 Thy Southern estate,  
 Thy Southern estate.  
 In majesty rises a bold and a free land,  
 The starry cross glows  
 O'er the unsullied snows  
 That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New  
 Zealand!"

Oh, brothers! our race has a time-honoured story,  
With pride we look back on the days that are gone;  
Before us, Fame holds in a halo of glory  
The map of our future, and beckons us on.  
The East with its pleasures,  
The West with its treasures,  
The North with its lore, on our country shall wait;  
All freemen shall cheer her;  
And tyrants shall fear her,  
For freedom's at home on her Southern estate,  
Her Southern estate,  
Her Southern estate.  
In majesty rises a bold and a free land,  
The starry cross glows  
O'er the unsullied snows  
That crown her grand mountains—Hurrah for New  
Zealand!

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## OUR PET KANGAROO.

(AN AUSTRALIAN IDYLL FOUNDED ON FACT.)

WE caught the young marsupial  
 One Winter ere he learned to spring,  
 His Ma was shot, and from her pouch,  
 Hopp'd forth the frisky little thing;  
 His story's short—his mater's tail  
 Was long, and made a rich ragout,  
 A novel and romantic feed,  
 We all enjoyed that Kangaroo.

The little orphan soon became  
 Our pet; he quite familiar got.  
 He jumped among the saucepans, though  
 His loving Ma had gone to pot;  
 He throve so well and grew so fat,  
 Our chef de cuisine, Chong Ah Loo,  
 Petitioned us to let him try  
 His skill upon the Kangaroo.

But no—we scorn'd so mean a trick,  
 And made the Tartar-tempter fly;  
 He spoke of soup, and we could see  
 The gravy in his almond eye—  
 His bitter almond eye, for he  
 Was cruel to be kind—"For you  
 Me makey soupy welly lich,  
 All samey puppy Kungaloo."

But from that day Chong never dared  
 To make the same suggestion: we  
 Some kittens lost, but that was not  
 A serious catastrophe;

Our native bear "vamoosed" one day,  
We missed our pure-bred bull-pup too,  
We mourned them not, but set our hearts  
Upon the tame young Kangaroo.

We named him Budgeree—that's "good"  
In native lingo, as you know;  
He earned the appellation well,  
We watch'd our pet in goodness grow;  
We taught him many a harmless trick,  
He couldn't smoke, but he could chew;  
We always found him "up to snuff,"  
He grew so cute our Kangaroo.

He followed us about the house,  
And on our rambles round the run;  
And when his kin we hunted down,  
He'd look sedate and watch the fun.  
We took him once unto a ball  
In Tapley's pub. at Bangaboo,  
And didn't he enjoy the hop?  
You bet he did—that Kangaroo.

He skipped right through the gay Quadrille,  
And joined the Waltz's mazy whirl;  
He lick'd the fiddler's foaming pint,  
And kiss'd the hurdy-gurdy girl;  
"Du sollst ist nicht thun!" she exclaimed  
(Which means, "Now, don't; be quiet, do!")  
And no one there enjoyed the spree  
More fully than our Kangaroo.

But thunder often follows calm  
And clouds at times obscure the sun,  
Though old, those proverbs still are trite,  
The Lancers and a Waltz were done,

When Tapley jumped upon a chair,  
 And said, "I've to announce to you  
 That Dougal Gunn has just arrived:"  
 All cheered except the Kangaroo.

Big Dougal was a kilted Celt,  
 Who never swore an English oath,  
 He measured six foot three or four,  
 His tartans had not check'd his growth;  
 At all the games he prizes won,  
 For bagpipe tunes—so well he blew  
 I thought and said, "He'll charm our pet,  
 For sweet sounds please our Kangaroo.

Then Dougal march'd around the room  
 With ribbons streaming from his pipes,  
 His mien was royal though he wore  
 So many brilliant stars and stripes.  
 With cheeks distended, he prepared  
 To play the "March of Callum Dhu;"  
 Our Budgereee surveyed the pipes,  
 And wondered much that Kangaroo.

And now the instrument emits  
 Preliminary grunts and groans,  
 Notes, wild and fitful, rise and swell,  
 The chanter struggles with the drones;  
 And louder yet, and wilder still,  
 The pibroch swells—when madly flew—  
 Crash! smash! dash!—through the window panes  
 Our peaceful pet, our Kangaroo.

The narrative is very sad—  
 Full ten feet high, from off his tail  
 He'd sprung, he couldn't understand  
 The martial music of the Gael.



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We gallop'd home in hopes to find  
Him safe and sound, but not a clue  
From that time out we ever found  
Of Budgeree, our Kangaroo.

And often now, on New Year's Day,  
When sound the war notes of the Celt  
Through new Edina's streets, old times  
Rush back, and cause my eyes to melt.  
Fond mem'ry conjures up that night,  
In Tapley's pub. at Bangaboo,  
When Budgeree left home and friends,  
And fled afar, poor Kangaroo!

Yes! yes! whene'er I hear the pipes,  
Old scenes will rise before my gaze,  
I see the homestead lawn in spring,  
Where wealthy wattles all ablaze,  
Made scented sunshades for the lambs;  
But bah! I'm getting quite "too too,"  
I talk just like a bleating bard,  
While dreaming of that Kangaroo.

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## THE TIMARU WRECKS.

1882.

**W**HO are Earth's heroes? Who are they that claim  
A shrine immortal in their country's breast,  
A niche within the citadel of fame,  
Or higher still a home among the blest.  
One answers, they are those who in the fight  
Win heav'n's approval and the world's applause;  
The men who die for justice and for right,  
The men who bleed for freedom's holy cause.  
Another answers, heroes lead the van  
Of peace and progress in the march of mind,  
And spread God's treasures at the feet of man,  
And shed the rays of knowledge o'er their kind.  
Ay, these and those are heroes, true and brave,  
Whose deeds and words are treasured, fond and fast,  
Whose memories are untarnished by the grave;  
Heroes who build the future on the past,  
And raise a stately edifice above  
The Gulf of Ages, filled with blood and tears,  
A human temple round whose shrine of love,  
All men shall gather in the coming years.  
But there are other heroes on the earth,  
Heroes who often sow but never reap  
The Seed of Glory till the Second Birth;  
Heroes who often sink and fall asleep  
In duty's arms, unnoticed and unknown;  
Heroes who for their fellows nobly die,  
Heroes whose dirge is ocean's solemn moan,  
Mingled with orphan's sob and widow's sigh;  
Such are the heroes whom we honour here,  
Men who have passed on to the light beyond;  
And those they held in life most true and dear,  
Appeal to us for aid shall we respond?

What were their deeds? We open up the scene—  
Behold a spreading city by the sea,  
Belted by sunny slopes and plains of green,  
And skirted by the foam of breakers free,  
That leap and dance for joy along the shore,  
Racing like white-haired children on the sand,  
Babbling their mother ocean's mystic lore,  
Whisp'ring her secrets to the silent land.  
A sabbath calm is resting o'er the place,  
And souls are soaring upward from their clay.  
Celestial smiles gild nature's tranquil face,  
And thought flies far above life's little day.  
Out on the sleeping waves tall vessels ride  
At anchor, all is calm. Ah! will it last?  
Look yonder, look! here comes a storm-spent tide;  
The murmuring fury of the distant blast  
Sweeps in upon us. God! we're lost! we're lost!  
The boats! the boats! now pull for land and life!  
They're off! they're safe! they land! though billows  
tossed  
And breakers dashed around them in the strife.  
But lo! along the shore the cry is raised,  
"Man, man the life boat!" and a willing band  
Rush forward at the call. The crowd, amazed,  
Behold the gallant fellows leave the land,  
And plunge through seething surf and furious foam.  
"Hurrah! Hurrah! God speed ye gallant hearts!"  
Ah! well might they exclaim, "God speed ye home!"  
God took them home: the tear of pity starts,  
But not for those who went, but those who weep  
For husbands vanished, and for fathers gone.  
Be ours the task to honour them that sleep,  
By helping those they loved, now left alone;  
Be ours the task—nay, friends, 'tis not a task,  
It is a debt of duty we've to pay.  
God speaks to us when babes and widows ask;  
We hear His voice in theirs, and we obey.

## HOW VON TEMPSKY DIED.

**B**RAVE young land, thy roll of glory shines with  
    many a gallant name,  
    Thou hast many a thrilling story dear to honour,  
    true to fame,  
Thou canst boast a band of heroes whose undying deeds  
    shall blaze,  
When thy chronicles of valour shall be read in after  
    days.  
We are busy with the present, and we seldom glance  
    behind—  
Busy building up a nation, we seem thoughtless and  
    unkind,  
Sentiment is out of fashion, gratitude is fast asleep,  
We have little time for thinking, little time to sing or  
    weep—  
Little time to sing their praises, or to weep for those  
    who bought  
Peace for us and for our children, with their life-blood ;  
    men who fought  
With the hearts and souls of lions, 'gainst a fearless,  
    savage foe,  
Trusty rifle against rifle, hand to hand, and blow for  
    blow ;  
For the nonce they are forgotten, but the time is close  
    at hand,  
When the men who saved our country shall be honor'd  
    in the land.  
Then, among the line of heroes, one shall take a fore-  
    most place,  
One who was not of our people, one who was not of our  
    race ;  
One who followed Glory's beacon from his boyhood, till  
    he fell,

Dying like a valiant soldier, after fighting long and well,  
List the story of Von Tempisky—master of the sword  
and lance—

Brief the record, yet it seems like some wild legend or  
romance:

Born in the Germanic nation, in a martial cradle nursed,  
Gallant son of gallant soldier, glory claimed him from  
the first;

For the blood of ancient Poland filled his veins and  
made his heart

Leap with a desire to play in freedom's cause a leading  
part.

His a breast that knew not danger, his a stalwart arm  
and bold,

His a nature far too tameless to be cribbed in cages old.  
All the narrow ways of Europe, all the selfishness of  
caste,

All the tyranny of custom, all the serfdom of the past,  
Roused his eagle soul to anger, and the soldier fled afar;  
To the wild Mosquito region, where the hurricane of war,  
Blew away the Old World cobwebs from his eyes and  
from his brain,

As he led the untamed Indians 'gainst the troops of  
Sunny Spain;

Then again his love of 'venture took him to the Golden  
Gate,

Swept him back once more to Europe, and from thence  
his wayward fate

Tempted him across the ocean to the land of cloudless  
skies;

Where the hunters after fortune madly sought the  
precious prize.

Not for him the golden treasure, not for him the yellow  
corn:

He was doomed to die a soldier, for a soldier he was  
born.

On the plains of fair New Zealand, savage war was in  
the air:

Plucky yeomen wanted leaders, and Von Tempsky's place was there.

Are there any Forest Rangers—any of his comrades here?

If there are, then they can tell us of the hero's bright career;

How he with the flying column drove the rebels from their lair—

In the wild Henua Ranges; how his rifle's flash and flare

Mark'd the van in every movement; how his aim was firm and true;

How he always was the foremost where the bullets thickest flew;

How he with McDonnell ventured boldly into danger's teeth,

Moving up at Paparata to the very mouth of death.

They could tell of Mangapiko, and of famed Orakau's fight,

Where Von Tempsky won fresh laurels by his valor and his might.

Peace came in and spread her mantle all along Waikato's shore;

And the hero briefly rested, till war's demon shriek'd once more—

Through romantic Taranaki—then again he sought the front,

Ready to protect our banner and to bear the battle's brunt;

Ready at the call of duty, ready to fill honour's post;

Quick to grapple with the foeman, very slow to count the cost.

Self with him was next to nothing, bravery was all in all:

If we need the proof 'tis furnished in the picture of his fall.

Here it is:—Behold the forces, marching boldly through the bush;

Rururua must be taken—must be taken with a rush.

This is fierce Titiko Waru's stronghold, and it must  
come down.  
Hunt the rebels from their fastness; onward, lads for  
Queen and Crown!  
"Onward, lads!" a storm of bullets whistles through the  
Rata trees,  
And a yell of fierce defiance swells on the September  
breeze.  
"Back, lads, back! the swarthy devils are invincible,  
'tis vain;  
We can't storm the Pah, while bullets fall among us  
thick as rain;  
Back, lads!" See the troops retreating with their  
wounded and their dead,  
While the gallant Forest Rangers, with Von Tempsky  
at their head,  
Fill the gory gap of danger, covering their friends'  
retreat,  
While Death's leaden messengers continue flying sharp  
and fleet.  
Safely hidden in the Ratas are the rebels; vanished  
hope  
Leaves confusion close behind her; open courage cannot  
cope  
With the foes who lie in ambush; chances of success  
are past.  
"Under cover, comrades!" cries he, while exposed the  
leader stood,  
Whizz'd the bullet, and the green grass turn'd to  
crimson with his blood,  
As the gallant soldier's spirit vanished from the soldier's  
shell.  
This is how the hero left us, this is how Von Tempsky  
fell.

## PAX VOBISCUM.

**I**N a forest far away,  
One small creeklet, day by day,  
Murmurs only this sad lay:  
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

One old box-tree bends his head,  
One broad wattle shades her bed,  
One lone magpie mourns the dead:  
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Echoes come on every breeze,  
Sighing through the ancient trees,  
Whisp'ring in their melodies:  
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Mellow sunbeams, morn and eve,  
Quick to come and slow to leave,  
Kiss the quilt where daisies weave  
Rich designs o'er Lilian.

When the dying blossoms cling  
To the skirts of passing Spring,  
Wattle-boughs and branches fling  
Showers of gold o'er Lilian.

When the Summer moon mounts high,  
Queen of all the speckless sky,  
Shafts of silver softly lie  
O'er the grave of Lilian.



Mystic midnight voices melt  
Through each leafy bower and belt,  
Round the spot where friends have knelt—  
    "Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Far away from town and tower,  
Sleeping in a leafy bower,  
Withered lies the forest flower—  
    "Peace be with thee, Lilian."

There, where passions ne'er intrude;  
There, where nature has imbued  
With her sweets the solitude,  
    Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o'er the sea,  
Home of Nature's uphony,  
Pour thy requiem psalmody  
    O'er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod:  
Thou hast there no common clod;  
Keep her ashes safe; for God  
    Makes but few like Lilian.

Sceptics ask me: "Is that clay  
In the forest far away  
Part of her?"—I only say:  
    "Flow'rets breathe out Lilian;

"From her grave their sweets mount high—  
Love and beauty never die—  
Sun and stars, earth, sea, and sky  
    All partake of Lilian.

## LEAH.

**F**REE at last from the gloom that clouded  
Life and love in thy sinking day;  
Thy brow is veil'd, thy fair limbs shrouded,  
Clay is married again to clay.

Free at last from the curse of beauty,  
Free at last from the weeds that grow  
Round the buds on the path of duty,  
Where genius walks; 'tis better so—

Better so, when the world grows dreary;  
Better so, when young hopes have fled;  
Better so, when the heart grows weary—  
Better living among the dead.

Living among the dead—I've said it—  
Some may rot, and some shall rise  
Out of the grave; then who shall dread it?  
'Tis but the soulless clod that dies.

Strangers smoothed thy raven tresses  
Over thy marble brow, my girl;  
Closed thy lips with no fond caresses,  
Closed them over the rows of pearl.

Strangers seal'd up those orbs whose flashes  
Kindled often a quenchless spark;  
Seal'd them under their long dark lashes,  
Cover'd thy face—and then all was dark.

“Earth to earth!” and the clay was scatter’d,  
Scatter’d over thy peaceful breast;  
“Dust to dust!” and it little matter’d—  
Only a woman had gone to rest.

What knew they of the passions tameless?  
They but planted another clod;  
“Let her sleep, though she was not blameless.  
Give her soul to her Father—God.

“He is merciful, good and gracious;  
He can raise up the weak and low;  
In the halls of His mansion spacious  
Scarlet sins are made white as snow.”

Softly spoken the words, and kindly—  
Freezing natures that have not known  
Scorching rays can but measure blindly  
Any heat that is not their own.

Night steals on, and the leaflets tremble  
Up on the boughs of tall dark trees;  
Night steals on, and the ghosts assemble  
Out on the skirts of sighing seas.

Night steals on, and the shadows hover  
Round the couch of the dying day;  
Night steals on, and my song is over,  
All its music has died away—

Died away on the waves that sever  
Past from present, and shore from shore;  
Melting into the great “for ever”—  
Gone to her who has gone before.

## TO FIND THE KEY.

A N hour of joy, a day of tears,  
A lesson in life's changeful school,  
A dream of happy fleeting years,  
A mad plunge in the whirling pool,  
A sail upon the waves which flow  
Unto the hidden mystic sea  
Wherein we sink! And then we go  
To try the lock and find the key.

A day of toil, an hour of rest,  
A week of faith, a year of doubt,  
A little while on Friendship's breast,  
Then mingling with the selfish rout,  
A flutter on Ambition's wings,  
An earnest longing to be free  
From worldly cares and earthly things,  
And then we go to find the key.

An hour of peace, a day of sin,  
A week of joy, a year of strife,  
A knowledge of the "voice within,"  
That tells us of the after life.  
An effort through heaven's gates to pry,  
A pilgrimage of gloom and glee;  
We bud, we bloom, we fade, we die,  
And then we go to find the key.

## ANNIHILATION.

It is not true! Great Sire, it cannot be  
That this bright ray of life we call the soul—  
This quenchless flame of immortality,  
Emblazoned on Thy grand eternal scroll—  
Was kindled in its mortal lamp by Thee,  
To find within the grave its final goal.

Oh! bastard creed, conceived in vilest womb  
Of meanest earth, how poor thou makest man:  
A living atom, fattening for the tomb,  
And struggling to its jaws as best he can,  
Heir unto nothing but chaotic gloom,  
The puppet of a dark, designless plan.

Cold, dismal science, hatched within a clod,  
And nursed for blank futurity, in vain  
Thy teachers, with their substitute for God,  
Proclaim that wrong shall change to right again.  
Why then are we the tillers of the sod?  
Why do we sow if others reap the grain?

How shall the good to come repay the dead,  
If mind or soul embodied, really dies  
To live no more? The suff'ring millions fled,  
With all their sorrows and with all their cries  
For justice, find no solace in the bed  
Of dreamless death from which they may not rise.

Were death the climax, then 'twere better fate  
To browse the peaceful hills, a careless beast,  
Or nestle with some tuneful feathered mate  
In some green glade, nor look past Nature's feast  
For happiness, nor dream of future state,  
Than be their king—the greatest, yet the least.

Shall all our dreamings of a brighter day—  
Shall all our longings for a purer light,  
Shall all our aspirations end in clay?  
Shall all our hopes be plunged in endless night,  
And shall the soul be blind for ever? Nay!  
Death cannot veil its strong celestial sight.

Annihilation! Philosophic lie!  
Thou canst not rob us of our rightful claim  
To share our Father's mansion up on high;  
God is a Spirit, and from Him we came.  
His breath is in us, it can never die;  
Emancipation is death's better name.

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## YEARS ARE STEALING.

**Y**EARS are stealing, years are stealing,  
Youth's bright star is on the wane;  
Time, the mocker, is unveiling  
Hope, with all her trappings vain—  
Aerial towers, sylvan bowers,  
Coral cave and golden plain;  
Blighted, faded are the flowers,  
The scythe is mowing down the grain.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,  
We see not as we've seen before;  
Colder grows each finer feeling,  
Warm emotions start no more—  
Impulsive fire, proud desire,  
Impetuous as ocean's roar.  
The sable ship is drifting higher,  
Yonder lies the mystic shore.

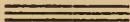
Years are stealing, years are stealing,  
You and I have gone astray,  
Since within the Old Home kneeling  
We were fondly taught to pray:  
Pure words spoken, heartfelt token  
Of our homage to His sway,  
Graves were made and ties were broken  
In the Old Land far away.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,  
Where is fortune, where is fame?  
Where is friendship, soothing, healing?  
Where is love, ecstatic flame?

Friendship's flying, love is dying,  
In the summer time they came;  
Winter through the trees is sighing,  
Love and friendship, scorn and shame.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,  
See life's tinsel chariot glide;  
Grasping avarice is wheeling  
Vanity and vulgar pride;  
False and shallow, time will swallow  
Rags and riches in his tide:  
Millions went and we must follow—  
Prince or pauper may not 'bide.

Years are stealing, years are stealing,  
Yonder mist is but a tear  
The brilliant eye of day concealing,  
Morn is there, and night is here.  
In the morning, streaks adorning  
Heaven's grand refulgent sphere;  
Clouds at mid-day—solemn warning—  
Darker shades at night appear.





## WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

**W**E'RE bound unto the dear old land with ties of  
strong affection ;  
We love our Island Mother still, and would not  
break the chain  
Which bridges all the present with the past in fond  
connection,  
Upon whose span the old and new embrace across the  
main :  
A highway o'er the mountain waves, that plunge in mad  
commotion  
Is opened up for commerce, and we welcome every  
sail  
Which brings us news of loving friends we left beyond  
the ocean ;  
Our hearts beat quick with hope and fear whilst wait-  
ing for the mail.

The daring soul who fled afar from poverty's oppression,  
To publish 'neath a free sky proud manhood's rightful  
claim ;  
The wild, unbridled stripling, banished from his sire's  
possession,  
For staining the escutcheon of an ancient honoured  
name,  
Are waiting at the post: the youth expecting a "re-  
mittance"—  
His landlord frowns upon him now, and stops his wine  
and ale.

The other sent a trifle Home to swell a mother's pittance,  
And anxiously awaits affection's answer by the mail.

Yon sentimental dreamer, who seems lost in meditation,  
Is thinking of the bright-eyed lass he left far o'er the  
sea—  
"For thee, my girl, I left my home to help to build a  
nation ;  
She'll surely send a letter kind, if still she's true to  
me."

The golden towers of hope spring up before him in his  
 dreaming,  
 Beside him stands a man whose soul ne'er rises o'er a  
 bale  
 Or package: still his busy brain for wealth is ever  
 scheming—  
 With restless eager eye he waits advices by the mail.  
 That matron with the cheerful smile, who leads the  
 pretty fairy  
 With flaxen curls, expects a loving message from  
 afar,—  
 "Oh, Mother! What will Granny send this mail to little  
 Mary?"  
 And here's a man who want to know if "Railways"  
 are at par;  
 Those mushroom politicians are discussing Europe's  
 troubles;  
 Miss Lackadaisy's eager for Miss Braddon's latest  
 tale;  
 And Swindleton is wond'ring if some antipodean  
 bubbles  
 Would float upon the London mart, while waiting for  
 the mail.  
 An hour hence, and some will leave the office quite  
 elated,  
 And some until another mail must linger in suspense,  
 Whilst others, more unfortunate, to disappointment  
 fated,  
 Will swear all friendship is a sham. and love a false  
 pretence;  
 Bright sparks of hope are oft conveyed in some slight  
 simple token,  
 To light the spirit onward, till "there's no such word  
 as fail;"  
 And after the "delivery" true hearts are sometimes  
 broken;  
 But still we nurse each cherished wish, whilst waiting  
 for the mail.

## UP-A-DAISY!

UP-A-DAISY! said his mother,  
When the babe was three months old;  
Up-a-daisy! and she'd lift him  
From the rug whereon he rolled.  
Soon the boy began to prattle,  
And his lips would strive to say:—  
"Up-a-daisy!" but he couldn't  
Master more than "Up-a-day!"

"Up-a-daisy!" quaint expression,  
Coined in some old nurse's brain,  
As she tossed some merry baby  
Up and down, and up again.  
But our boy, unversed in diction,  
Takes it in another way.  
Help, assistance, comfort, succour,  
Seeks he in his "Up-a-day!"

Months flew by—the boy grew stronger;  
Childhood's little griefs and cares,  
Marr'd some merry, merry moments—  
Stupid stools and naughty chairs,  
Would persist in falling o'er him;  
And, as on the ground he lay,  
He would kick, and scream, and scramble—  
"Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!"

Now he falls across the fender,  
Now he tumbles on the stairs,  
Screams, and sobs, and runs to mother  
With his troubles and his cares.

“Oh! you naughty boy, what ails you?  
 Sonny, do be quiet, pray!  
 Dere now, dere now, what’s the matter?”  
 “Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!”

“Papa tum and play me sojers,  
 Me will shoot oo’ with my dun.”  
 Fierce the onslaught, papa’s vanquished;  
 Baby has the victory won.  
 Ah! the fate of war is cruel;  
 Baby’s gun breaks in the fray—  
 “Oh! my dun, my dun is broken,  
 “Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!”

Babyhood is manhood’s mirror;  
 Toys and sorrows, smiles and tears,  
 Find their birth-place in the cradle,  
 Growing stronger with the years.  
 “Mother,” is our cry in spring-time;  
 But when Winter holds his sway,  
 From the depths we raise our voices—  
 “Father, Father, Up-a-day!”

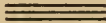
Onward in the march of progress,  
 Busy hands, and toddling feet;  
 Cosy cradle superseded  
 By the cot so snug and neat.  
 Mischief-making little meddler,  
 Wearied out at twilight gray,  
 Clinging to the skirts of Mamma—  
 “Me so tired,” then “Up-a-day!”

Oh, the golden dreams of childhood!  
 Oh, the visions babies see!  
 After they have lisped, “Our Father,”  
 Nodding upon Mother’s knee.

Cares and troubles all forgotten,  
Till the morn's first diamond ray  
Ope the rosebuds and the red lips,  
And the eyelids, "Up-a-day!"

Once again the little despot  
Rules the house with iron will;  
Jumps and crows, and screams, and scrambles—  
Not a single moment still.  
Merry, rippling, silver laughter,  
Sunshine followed soon by spray;  
Troubles crowd again upon him,  
"Mamma, Mamma, Up-a-day!"

Oh! the time will come, my darling,  
When the hearts that shield thee now  
Shall be silent, and time's furrows  
Will leave traces on thy brow;  
When the shadows fall upon thee,  
Turn thine eyes from Earth away,  
Lift thy voice and cry with fervour—  
"Father, Father, Up-a-day!"



## THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN.

ITS mellow song  
 The whole night long  
 Is borne around the tranquil vale,  
 And through the day  
 In cheerful lay  
 It chants a never ending tale:  
 The hist'ry of its life and birth,  
 The secrets of the valley, when  
 From the effusive pores of earth,  
 God called it down the glen.

The Tui's trill,  
 Upon the hill,  
 Is answered by a thousand notes,  
 Till one grand swell  
 From nook and dell  
 Upon the morning ether floats;  
 But in a voice subdued and low,  
 Which tells of things beyond our ken,  
 The brooklet's gentle accents flow,  
 Meandering down the glen.

Old ocean hoarse,  
 Ejects with force  
 His foaming tongue to lap the beach;  
 But all in vain  
 He tries to gain  
 The upland prize he cannot reach  
 True reflex of the passions wild  
 Which stir the restless souls of men—  
 The brooklet is a careless child  
 That prattles down the glen.

And as it flows  
It larger grows,  
Until it merges in the sea;  
And thus the boy  
From childish joy  
Runs into man's anxiety;  
The fairy towers we loved to raise,  
Are swallowed in life's whirlpool then—  
There's food for thought in all thy lays,  
Sweet brooklet in the glen.



## THE OTHER SIDE.

AS we watch the deep grey shadows  
Stealing upwards from the west,  
When the flow'rets in the meadows  
Lock their pearls and go to rest,  
Soaring far beyond the real,  
Oft we view on fancy's tide—  
Phantom crews, in boats ideal,  
Sailing from the other side.

When the midnight gusts are sighing—  
Sighing through the saplings tall,  
Tapers dim, and embers dying,  
Paint quaint shadows on the wall,  
Treasured forms start up before us,  
Softly through the room they glide,  
And we hear, in loving chorus,  
Voices from the other side.

Who shall say, in vile derision,  
"There is nought but clod to clod?"  
Slavelings of a stunted vision,  
Ye cannot discover God.  
Fenced within your narrow hedges,  
Truth ye have not yet descried—  
Ye have no immortal pledges  
Coming from the other side.



## TILL I COME BACK AGAIN.

[A widow of seventy years died in Portsmouth some time ago, the truth of whose life was stranger than any fiction. At the age of fifteen she married the choice of her heart, a young sea captain, and after a brief and happy honeymoon he left her for a foreign voyage. But his ship was never heard from, and doubtless foundered at sea, with all on board. The young husband, as he was dressing for sea on the morning he left home, playfully threw a pair of stockings over his head, to test some sailor's charm or other, and they chanced to land on the top of a canopy bedstead—ne remarking, "Sarah, let them stay here till I come back." The many and many a long year they have lain, but alas! he never returned. But neither love, nor hopes, nor expectations ever died out in her faithful heart during all the years of her lonely pilgrimage. To the last, whenever a door opened, or a step was heard approaching, she turned to see if it might not be he whom she mourned and sought. But he never came back to her—let us hope and trust that she has gone to him. But by her desire she was buried in her wedding dress, with white gloves and wedding ring.]—  
HOME PAPER.

**T**O test some sailor's charm, he threw the stockings  
o'er his head—

They rested on a canopy above the bridal bed,  
And whilst a sunny laugh played through af-  
fection's pearly rain,  
He said, "Oh, let them stay there, dear, till I come  
again."

His gallant craft in snowy dress, sailed proudly with  
the tide,  
And mournfully he waved adieu unto his weeping bride;  
Until the crimson glinting in the West began to wane,  
She watched the white speck on the sea, and wished it  
back again.

Long weary months of loneliness soon grew to dreary  
years,  
But hope was ever at her side to gild her falling tears,  
And every ocean breeze that brought the music of the  
main  
Unto her ear, sang "Let them stay till I come back  
again."

The echoes of his last farewell were sung by Spring's  
blithe birds,  
And Summer's zephyrs breathed soft her Sailor's parting  
words;  
And all the wintry midnight gusts sighed sadly 'gainst  
each pane,  
And through each nook, "Oh, let them stay till I come  
back again."

For nearly three score years in hope she listened for his  
voice,  
But yet no tidings came of him—the husband of her  
choice;  
Then putting on her bridal robes when earthly hopes  
were vain,  
She sought him where devoted souls are sure to meet  
again.

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## A WINTER LYRIC.

COME, harp of mine  
And let's entwine  
A love-wreath round thy chords so light ;  
The storm-sprites rave  
O'er vault and grave,  
The elements are drunk to-night ;  
Behold the Lord's  
Red flaming swords  
Flash scabbardless across the clouds,  
And from the deep  
The sea-ghosts leap  
Along the beach in snowy shrouds,  
Then sing with me  
A song of glee,  
My soul is filled with wildest mirth :  
'Tis just the time  
To chant and chime  
The praise of our old Mother Earth

Faithful harp, I feel thy strings  
Trembling as my fingers play,  
And the wailing wind that sings  
Through the crannies joins our lay ;  
And methinks weird sprites on wings  
Hover round the house and say :  
"Death alone affection brings—  
True love lives in clay to clay."

Loving harp! the truth is told,  
Mother Earth is true and tried.  
In her bosom's faithful fold  
Slumber soundly, side by side.

Peer and peasant, young and old,  
Slaves of poverty and pride.  
Ah! her heart is true as gold,  
And her love is deep and wide.

Harp of mine! again, again  
Warm pulsations fondly stray  
O'er thy cords—whilst wind and rain  
'Gainst the windows sing and say:  
"Woman's heart is false and vain,  
Lovers' vows are light as spray,  
Faithless maid and foolish swain,  
True love lives in clay to clay."

Then sing with me,  
Right merrily,  
The praises of our Mother kind;  
Her heart is pure,  
Her love is sure,  
To all our faults and follies blind.  
She gives us rest  
Upon her breast,  
And these poor mortal shells of ours  
She purifies,  
And we arise  
To live again in buds and flowers.  
Then sing with me  
A song of glee,  
My soul is filled with wildest mirth;  
'Tis just the time  
To chant and chime  
The praise of our old Mother Earth.

## THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

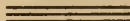
**T**HREE half-score years ago—no more—  
Since Godley stood upon the shore,  
A leader of the pilgrims bold,  
Who framed the New upon the Old,  
And stamp'd the Old upon the New,  
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Three half-score years—and can this be?  
'Tis but a ripple on the sea  
Of Time;—Oh! what a wondrous change,  
Since o'er the ridge of yonder range  
Hope led the pilgrims firm and true,  
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They saw, from yonder mountain's brow,  
Plains yearning for the spade and plough;  
And where the naked rivers ran,  
Vales waiting to be dressed by man;  
Their help all Nature seem'd to woo,  
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They gave the breeze that fann'd the foam  
Sweet farewell sighs to carry home;—  
But though old Albion was dear,  
They saw a fairer England here  
Awaiting them, the dauntless few,  
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Behold their work! revere their names!  
Green pictures set in golden frames,  
Around the City of the Stream,  
Fulfil the pilgrims' brightest dream;  
With them a fairer England grew  
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.



## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

**S**OME people think that women should  
Compete in life's swift race  
With men, and gain each privilege,  
Position, power, and place  
Which he enjoys. I can't agree  
With those progressive lights;  
I'll tell you what appears to me  
To be fair woman's rights.

When passion's young ecstatic fire  
First kindles in our veins,  
'Tis woman's right to bind our hearts  
In Cupid's rosy chains;  
She wields a queenly sceptre then,  
Which we must needs obey,  
We're building castles in the night  
And dreaming all the day.

'Tis woman's right to be caressed  
When love is in the spring,  
And when affection's harvest comes,  
Her right it is to bring  
The garnered fruits of happiness  
To cheer man's dreary way,  
To smooth his rougher nature,  
And refine his coarser clay.

'Tis woman's right to wean us from  
Our selfishness and greed,  
A counsellor in trouble and  
A faithful friend in need.

'Tis woman's right to lead us from  
The foot of Mammon's throne,  
And take us to a nobler shrine  
Where purer joys are known.

'Tis woman's sacred right—and this  
To her by God is given—  
To teach the lisping little ones  
The password into Heaven.  
No joy man knows on earth can with  
A mother's bliss compare  
When, listening with the angel choir,  
She hears her child's first prayer.

'Tis woman's right to lean on man  
In sorrow and distress,  
For he was made to comfort her,  
And she was made to bless;  
Her bulwark against danger, be  
She daughter, sister, wife,  
Or mother, he should guard her well—  
Aye, even with his life.

'Tis woman's right, ere we prepare  
To battle in life's van,  
To shape our future destinies  
And mould the mind of man;  
And here, where we're erecting on  
Pacific's breast a State  
The mothers of our rising race  
Can make it poor or great.



## AWAY WITH REGRET.

To W.E.

**A**WAY with regret; though some words lightly  
 spoken  
 Were echoes of hopes which we cannot recall;  
 The lily will bloom, though a petal be broken;  
 The rose does not droop, though a leaflet may fall;  
 The sun that illumined love's dreamings' ideal,  
 At eve, 'neath a shroud of despair may have set,  
 But morning will bring him in Majesty real,  
 To melt with his rays all the clouds of regret.

Away with regret, and away with dejection!  
 Though withered are some of the young buds of love,  
 Bright flow'rets of far more enduring affection  
 Will blossom when Spring brings new notes to the  
 dove;  
 The seedlings we cast on a cold soil may perish;  
 We lose them, but still it is foolish to fret.  
 The next time we sow, let fertility cherish  
 The heart's ease we prize—then away with regret!

Away with regret! when the heart lies in fallow,  
 'Tis but a coarse weed that spreads over the ground;  
 It only takes root where the surface is shallow,  
 And dies when the summer of love comes around.  
 'Tis vain to look back, for the past we can't alter;  
 The future remains in our own keeping yet;  
 Hope's goal is before us, and why should we falter?  
 We're marching to God—then away with regret!

## THE VILEST FIEND OF ALL.

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—Othello.

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**F**ALSE spirit! take thy fiendish shape,  
 Thy name is demon, and not wine;  
 Durst thou cling to the purple grape,  
 Durst thou seek shelter 'neath the vine?  
 Nay, cling unto thy patron, Death,  
 And hide thee 'neath his blackest pall:  
 Throughout Creation's length and breadth,  
 Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

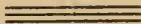
What are thy crimes? Go, ask the grave,  
 That, yawning, waits its lifeless clod  
 Thy murdered serf, thy poisoned slave,  
 A type, once, of the living God;  
 The shrieks within the maniac's cell,  
 The chain clinks 'yond the prison's wall,  
 The wails and groans of millions, tell  
 Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Yon soulless thing  
 Was once God's image pure and fair;  
 Yea, fiend, as witnesses I'll bring,  
 Lust, hatred, murder, and despair,  
 To prove thy guilt! The fiercest flame  
 That burns below when sinners fall,  
 Is fed by thee, remorse and shame  
 Proclaim thee, vilest fiend of all.

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What are thy crimes! Thy counsel's plea  
Is this: Thou'rt good, and we should prize  
Heaven's gifts; but I do view in thee  
A cruel devil in disguise;  
Before thee, peace and comfort fly,  
Replaced by senseless feud and brawl;  
Near thee, truth, love, and honour die—  
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

Oh, God of justice! God of right!  
Why is the world so full of woe,  
Why are souls withered by this blight?  
Is this the working of thy foe—  
The rebel sire of sin and crime,  
Who makes thy likeness, man, his thrall?  
Oh, Father! shield our new-born clime  
From this the vilest fiend of all.



## NEW ZEALAND HYMN.

**G**OD of nations! at Thy feet  
In the bonds of love we meet,  
Hear our voices, we entreat,  
God defend our Free Land.  
Guard Pacific's triple star  
From the shafts of strife and war,  
Make her praises heard afar,  
God defend New Zealand.

Men of every creed and race  
Gather here before Thy face,  
Asking Thee to bless this place,  
God defend our Free Land.  
From dissension, envy, hate,  
And corruption, guard our State,  
Make our country good and great,  
God defend New Zealand.

Peace, not war, shall be our boast,  
But should foes assail our coast,  
Make us then a mighty host,  
God defend our Free Land.  
Lord of battles, in Thy might,  
Put our enemies to flight,  
Let our cause be just and right,  
God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be  
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,  
Make us faithful unto Thee,  
God defend our Free Land.  
Guide her in the nation's van,  
Preaching love and truth to man,  
Working out Thy glorious plan,  
God defend New Zealand.

## THE TRAMP OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

**T**IS grand to hear the trumpet clear,  
When it calls the soldier on,  
To prove his might in the field of fight,  
Where valiant deeds are done;  
And the gallant tread of the troops when led  
By their leader's flashing blade,  
Sounds loud and true—but there's music too  
In the tramp of the Fire Brigade.  
No prouder tramp  
In field or camp,  
On march or on parade,  
Than the Firemen's tread  
As they rush ahead  
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!

The flames flash high, and the lurid sky  
Reflects the fiery glare;  
And the inmates shriek, and the timbers creak,  
And the crackling rafters flare;  
And the deep-toned bell, with brazen knell,  
Makes frantic cries for aid;  
Keep back, keep back, and clear the track—  
Make room for the Fire Brigade!  
No prouder tramp  
In field or camp,  
On march or on parade,  
Than the Firemen's tread  
As they rush ahead,  
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!

That noble band, at their chief's command,  
Mount up on the crumbling walls,  
With axe and hose, where the red flame glows,  
And the blazing rooftree falls;  
The crowd retreat from the scorching heat,  
But the Firemen, undismayed,  
With courage true, the flames subdue,  
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!  
    No prouder tramp  
    In field or camp,  
On march or on parade,  
    Than the Firemen's tread  
    As they rush ahead,  
Hurrah for the Fire Brigade!



## A PAPER FROM HOME.

**A**LONE with his dog, when the night-veil was falling,  
A digger sat dreaming of times that were fled ;  
For mem'ry was painting old scenes, and re-  
calling

Dear faces and forms from the realms of the dead.  
His fancy renewed the old pictures long faded,  
The sheet in his hand seemed a leaf from life's tome,  
Its paragraphs bright, and its articles shaded—  
He smiled and he sighed o'er that paper from home.

A light-hearted boy he embraced the old people—  
He rushed from the school with his mates to the green ;  
He climbed up the ivy that wrapp'd the church steeple  
Which stood on the hill to watch over the scene.  
He blew from his childish pipe fanciful bubbles ;  
He floated his reed on the rivulet's foam ;  
The mountain of hope hid the ocean of troubles,  
And fairies danced over that paper from home.

He sat in the dell where the lilac was swinging ;  
The thrush and the blackbird were warbling above ;  
A raven-haired girl to his bosom was clinging ;  
Their eyes exchanged draughts from the fountains of  
love—

Ah! where is the fond one that used to adore him ?  
A black cloud crept o'er the ethereal dome ;  
A crystal pearl dropped on the journal before him,  
And down on the ground fell the paper from home.

## THE WINDS.

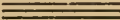
**W**HO has not heard the sighing,  
And the moaning, and the crying,  
As of-troubled spirits flying  
Through the winds, through the winds,  
On some dreary winter's night,  
When the cat-eyed owl, in fright,  
From its hiding place takes flight,  
Through the winds, through the winds?  
And the curlews scream aloud,  
And each quaintly fashioned cloud  
Is swept o'er Earth's gloomy shroud  
By the winds, by the winds;  
Oh, there's something sad yet sweet about those  
winds.

For they carry us back on Fancy's track  
O'er the deep dark ocean's foam;  
And we mingle again with the loving train,  
In our childhood's happy home;  
Each fond kind face, in the dear old place,  
Smiles on us as of yore,  
And we hear the wail of the blast and the hail  
About and against the door;  
And the wild gusts screech through the elm and beach,  
Till the leaves seem living things;  
Through each cranny and nook, and by streamlet and  
brook,  
Old Boreas whistles and sings;



But we heed not the storm, for our home is warm,  
And the friends we prize most are near,  
They're entwined round our heart: Ah! why must we  
part  
From the dear ones we value most dear?

But they're gone, ay, gone before us,  
Down life's river to death's shore. Thus  
We must go, and o'er us  
The sad winds! the sad winds!  
Will chant wild songs for ages,  
When savage winter rages,  
"Death is all mortals' wages,"  
Sing the winds, sing the winds.  
Ah! where's the great man's glory,  
The brave, the wise, the hoary,  
Go, listen to their story  
From the winds, from the winds.  
Oh, a lesson we can learn from those winds.



## OLD BENDIGO.

**L** ET Poley go with Redman; mind be careful of the  
 steer;  
 Bring Bob and Rambler from the creek, they'll find  
 good picking here.  
 Just fling this she-oak on the fire; there, catch that end,  
 now throw—  
 This 'minds me of our maiden trip to dear old Bendigo.

Old Bendigo; thy very name is treasured in my breast—  
 Just pass the billy this way, Jack. Not boiled yet! well  
 I'm blest  
 If that there wood will ever burn; this ironbark is slow—  
 You knew the gully of that name on dear old Bendigo.

Oh, when we camped upon the track—that damper  
 must be done—  
 Around the blazing log at night, what tough old yarns  
 were spun  
 By Sydney Ned, and Derwent Bill, and Murrumbidgee  
 Joe!  
 Where are they now? Ah, mate, they'll drive no more  
 to Bendigo.

I can't help laughing when I think—old mate, just pass  
 a chew  
 Of that ere time when Murphy's team got bogged at  
 Carlsruhe.  
 Big Barney Fagan shouted—whilst the wheels were  
 bedding low—  
 "Faix, boys, there's some deep sinkin' on the road to  
 Bendigo."

Mount Macedon is gazing down as proudly as of old,  
And Alexander's lofty brow looks over fields of gold;  
They never shift; but where are all the friends we used  
to know  
On Castlemaine and Forest Creek, and dear old Bendigo.

No other land has mustered such a kingly race of men  
As that brave golden legion on the march to fortune  
then;  
The digger's shirt was freedom's badge; beneath it  
honour's glow  
Lit up a gen'rous manly flame on dear old Bendigo.

Old mate of mine, together we have roughed it through  
the bush  
For twenty years, and Time begins to lay his frosting  
brush  
Upon their heads; but in our hearts the flowers of  
friendship grow  
As fresh as when we planted them on dear old Bendigo.

I sigh whene'er I think upon—Jack, pass along the  
grub—  
The music of the pudding mill, the cradle and the tub;  
The hurdy-gurdies, German bands, and minstrels too—  
why, blow  
It, you've upset the tea—on dear old Bendigo.

The track of life is sometimes smooth, at other times 'tis  
rough;  
But we must take it as it comes—this beef is rayther  
tough—  
I feel a spider on my cheek—I've caught the varmint—  
no;  
Why, bless me! if it ain't a tear for dear old Bendigo.

## REQUIEM.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

COME, ye winds, and chant sad dirges,  
Where the restless billows roam,  
And the sand-banks kiss the verges  
Of the ever-shifting foam.

Sweep along the Ocean slowly,  
For a BARD is resting near,  
And his harp is lying lowly  
In the shadow of his bier.

Sobbing through the ti-tree bushes,  
Low and tender, loud and wild,  
Melancholy music gushes—  
Pensive Nature mourns her child.

He her secrets could unravel,  
He had read her mystic page;  
Oft with her his soul would travel,  
Bursting from its earthly cage.

He rode on the tempest's pinions,  
When the sheets of molten gold  
Flashed across her broad dominions,  
And the drums of heaven rolled.

He smiled with her in her gladness,  
He wept with her in her gloom—  
Until Sorrow, linked with Madness,  
Tore the curtain off the tomb.

Censure not the frenzied action,  
He but plunged where all must halt;  
Goaded on by fierce distraction—  
His the secret, his the fault.

Rest him where the ocean splashes  
To the moaning of the wind;  
Death but robbed us of his ashes—  
He has left his thoughts behind.



## BUSH CHILDREN.

**E**YES of hazel and of blue,  
Raven locks, and golden tresses,  
Lips of rosy-tinted hue  
Pouting for the fond caresses,  
Laughter filling hearts with joy,  
As the merry moments whirl,  
Father loves his manly boy,  
Mother dotes upon her girl.

Gambolling across the glade,  
Sporting through the ti-tree mazes,  
Resting 'neath the wattle's shade,  
When the summer's red sun blazes,  
Fondling the dear pet lamb,  
Patting Bob, the sleek old collie,  
Teasing Bill, the aged ram,  
Driving Redman, Sam, and Poley.

Seeking for the 'possum's nest,  
In the wrinkled box-tree hollow;  
Breaking in upon his rest,  
"Let him run, and Pinch will follow."  
Hunting for the hidden sweets  
Where the wild bush-bees are humming;  
Listening for the cheerful bleats  
When the shepherd home is coming.

"Willie, give the lads a call,  
We must have a game of cricket;  
Jack and you can stop the ball,  
I will stand to guard the wicket."  
Play your game, ye merry crew,  
Now's the time for recreation,  
By-an-bye there's work to do,  
You have yet to build a nation.

## DUNEDIN FROM THE BAY.

**G**O, trav'ler, unto others boast  
Of Venice and of Rome;  
Of saintly Mark's majestic pile,  
And Peter's lofty dome;  
Of Naples and her trellished bowers;  
Of Rhineland far away;—  
These may be grand, but give to me  
Dunedin from the Bay.

A lovely maiden seated in  
A grotto by the shore;  
With richest crown of purest green  
That virgin ever wore;  
Her snowy breast bedecked with flowers  
And clustering ferns so gay,—  
Go, picture this, and then you have  
Dunedin from the Bay.

A fairy, round whose brilliant throne  
Great towering giants stand,  
As if impatient to obey  
The dictates of her wand;  
Their helmets hidden in the clouds,  
Their sandals in the spray—  
Go picture this, and then you have  
Dunedin from the Bay.

A priestess of the olden time  
    (Ere purer rights had birth)  
On Nature's altar offering up  
    The homage of the earth ;  
Surrounded by grim Druids, robed  
    In mantles green and grey—  
Go, picture this, and then you have  
Dunedin from the Bay.

O never till this breast grows cold  
    Can I forget that hour,  
As, standing on the vessel's deck  
    I watched the golden shower  
Of yellow beams, that darted  
    From the sinking king of day,  
And bathed in a mellow flood  
Dunedin from the Bay.





## THE BEGGAR'S PRAYER.

(A DIGGER'S TALE.)

I 'LL tell you how it happened, mate: we worked  
in wet and cold  
The winter through, until at last we struck upon  
the gold;  
Though Charley had a woman's frame, it held a lion's  
heart,  
And day by day, in shaft and drive, he nobly did his  
part..

I was his mate before the rush to Gabriel's began,  
I loved him, for I knew him to be every inch a man;  
Ah! times are changed, and people now are not what  
they were then,  
The boys who wore the yellow pants in those old days  
were MEN.

The Bible tells us, as you know, we all are made from  
dust,  
And to the same material return again we must;  
But still I can't believe that all are moulded the same  
way,  
For Charley was a BRICK, you see, and made of common  
clay.

Besides, he had a poet's soul, and often in his ear  
Old Nature whispered secrets sweet which I could never  
hear;  
And yellow clouds, that were to me but vapour in the  
sky,  
To him were golden pictures from the brush of God on  
high.

Well, as I just was telling you, we came upon the gold,  
'Twas Charley's shift below, you see; the day was wet  
and cold,

And I was at the windlass, when I heard my poor mate  
cry,

"For God's sake, Harry, haul me up, for I'm about to  
die!"

"Upon the muster-roll of Death I've heard them call  
my name;

I go to take possession of a richer, better claim—

Just listen, Harry, listen, don't you hear it over there?

I know it is, I'm sure it is, that long-remembered  
prayer."

"Some strange, odd fancy, mate," I cried, "is wander-  
ing through your mind,

The only sound I hear is the low wailing of the wind  
Amongst the wild flax in the gorge and o'er the  
mountains bare—"

"Nay, 'tis not that, come closer and I'll tell you 'bout  
that prayer.

" 'Twas winter in the dear old land, and I was but a  
child;

December, of the sullen brow, with voice so weird and  
wild,

Laughed round the mansions of the rich, where comfort  
reigned secure,

And howled with fiendish glee about the hovels of the  
poor.

"Night gathered all her curtains o'er the groves of leaf-  
less beech,

And on the ruined Abbey walls the owls began to  
screech;

The swift electric swords of heaven flashed from each  
sable sheath,  
And shiv'ring poplars humbly bent to kiss the shrubs  
beneath.

"The tempest marched triumphantly along its gloomy  
path,  
And e'en the oak obeisance made to Nature in her  
wrath;  
Yet all the dear ones laugh'd and joked within our  
home, and I  
Received that night a silver crown, for Christmas time  
was nigh.

"But hark! a low knock at the door disturbed our mirth  
and glee,  
And I ran forth to open it—'For Christ's dear sake, help  
me;  
My little ones are starving, we are hungry, weak, and  
cold,  
Oh, help us, boy, and may God keep you ever in His  
fold.'

"A wretched, ragged creature, with her little starv'lings  
four,  
Made this appeal, as, cold and wet, they shivered at our  
door;  
I thought not of the Nazarene's impressive Love com-  
mand,  
Young impulse urged me, and I placed my crown within  
her hand.

"She threw herself upon her knees, whilst tears sprang  
from her eyes,  
And raising up her hands in prayer, and looking to the  
skies,

She cried, 'May God protect you, child, through all  
this world of sin,  
And when you reach His palace doors, may angels let  
you in.'

"Oh, Harry, through my long, long years of wand'ring  
since that night,  
In weal and woe, across my path that prayer has shed  
a light;  
I heard it in the drive to-day, when sickness struck me  
down—  
A voice said, 'For your silver coin, you'll get a golden  
crown.'

"Oh, Harry, dear old mate, good-bye, I hear that voice  
again,  
And yonder ope's the palace gates beyond the azure  
plain;  
God bless you, mate! Remember that the path to bless  
is sure  
To all who practise Charity—then don't forget the  
poor."

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## SPIRIT OF SONG.

**W**HERE is thy dwelling-place? Echo of sweetness,  
Seraph of tenderness, where is thy home?  
Angel of happiness, herald of fleetness,  
Thou hast the key of the star-blazon'd dome,  
Where lays that never end  
Up to God's throne ascend,  
And our fond-heart wishes lovingly throng,  
Soaring with thee above,  
Bearer of truth and love,  
Teacher of heaven's tongue—Spirit of Song.

Euphony, born in the realms of the tearless,  
Mingling thy notes with the voices of Earth;  
Wanting thee, all would be dreary and cheerless,  
Weaver of harmony, giver of mirth.  
Comfort of child and sage,  
With us in youth and age,  
Soothing the weak and inspiring the strong,  
Illum'ning the blackest night  
Making the day more bright,  
Oh! thou art dear to us, Spirit of Song.

Oft in the springtime, sweet words of affection  
Are whispered by thee in thy tenderest tone,  
And in the winter dark clouds of dejection  
By thee are dispelled till all sorrow has flown.  
Thou'rt with the zephyrs low,  
And with the brooklet's flow,  
And with the feathered choir all the day long;  
Happy each child of thine,  
Blest with thy gifts divine,  
Charming our senses, sweet Spirit of Song.

## LITTLE VIOLET.

**S**HE met me on the garden walk,  
Her bright eyes filled with mirth and glee,  
And, listening to her prattling talk,  
My childhood's days returned to me.  
"And don't you know my name?" she said—  
"Why, no," I answered, "We've not met  
Before, my charming little maid;"  
Then she replied, "I'm Violet."

"Indeed; well, that's a pretty name;"  
I wandered back to sunnier hours,  
And little Violet became  
Far fairer than the other flowers  
That grew around her where she stood—  
Each pansy, pink, and mignonette  
Smiled sweetly at their sister bud,  
The tender little Violet.

I gazed into her pure bright eyes,  
Where nestled childish innocence;  
Then she, with look so very wise,  
Took me into her confidence,  
And told me all her griefs and joys,  
How babies often scream and fret,  
How Brother robbed her of her toys,  
And broke the dolls of Violet.

How cherries grow upon a tree,  
How grandpapa lived far away,  
Where big ships swim across the sea,  
And she was going there to stay.

Youth's blossoms made my heart its bower,  
But near it sprang the weed—regret;  
I plucked the weed and kept the flower,  
And called it—Mem'ry's Violet.

There's rapture in the blithsome time  
When love inhales young passion's breath—  
The Poet's is a joy sublime,  
The Christian's happiness is—death.  
But in pure childhood's thoughtless bliss,  
A taste of Heaven and earth we get  
More of the other life than this,  
Earth's angels are like Violet.



## \*OLD LETTERS.

**W**HAT stories of the vanished time those dear old letters bring;  
They strike the chords of memory that round the heart's core cling.

These whisper softly in our ears of forms and faces fled;  
They summon back the distant ones, and conjure up the dead;

They fan the smouldering flame of thought that slumbers in the brain;

They preach a plaintive sermon, and they chant a sad refrain.

With trembling hands and beating hearts we ope those letters old;

A little history is hid within each crumpled fold.

They tell of love, they tell of grief, perchance they tell of shame,

And oft they call a heart's pearl up to bathe some cherished name.

And sometimes too they bring us back deceit in friendship's guise:

The shallow thing that comes in spring, and in the winter dies.

\*This poem was first published in 1868, since which time several effusions have appeared under the same name, and expressing the same ideas.



Whilst pondering on the faded ink, ambition wakes  
once more;  
And Hope, exulting, cheers us on, and calls us to the  
fore;  
Proud thoughts and noble impulses flash through the  
noble mind;  
But soon they're blown by reason's breath, like thistle-  
down by wind.  
The bright ideal dreamings fade before the lamp of  
truth,  
Ah, still 'tis hard to part with those dear nurslings of  
our youth.

Old letters! oft ye tell us tales of pleasant evenings  
spent  
Where mirth, and wit, and beauty reigned, surrounded  
by content!  
And tender forms are stayed again, and little hands  
are pressed  
And vows are breathed softly too, and sweet lips are  
caressed;  
We spell the fond words o'er and o'er, until each  
sentence seems  
A passage in some magic book that tells of fairy dreams.

Sweet messengers! some of ye crossed the wild ex-  
pansive foam  
With throbbings of affection culled from many a breast  
at Home;  
The tear-stained paper yet recalls bright eyes that used  
to glow  
With pleasure in our joyousness, and in our grief o'er  
flow;  
The merry haunts of boyhood's days before our visions  
start—  
The queen of painters, Nature, finds her easel in the  
heart.

And sometimes in the heap we find a missive edged  
with gloom—

We open up the envelope, and peep into the tomb;  
What! have they placed these noble forms to rot be-  
neath the sod?

Has Heaven no higher mission for the images of God?  
The spirit gusts that sigh at night through cypress  
trees, reply—

“The jewel wears no casket in the treasury on high.”

Old letters! ye are records of events which leave a trace  
Upon the map of memory, and, marching on apace,  
We often turn and gaze across the continents and isles—  
Those tracts are robed in sombre hues—these spots are  
decked with smiles;

When evening shades the mountain tops, and twilight  
shadows swell,

Old letters! ye are wizards then, that weave a dreamy  
spell.



## PASSING THROUGH THE GATE.

TEN years of sorrow and of glee  
Have fled since first you met with me,  
When mother asked you home to tea:  
You stayed until 'twas late, Jack,  
And when you wished us all "Good night,"  
To show you out I brought the light;  
You caught my hand and pressed it tight  
While passing through the gate, Jack.

You came again, and when we met,  
You said I was your darling pet,  
You praised my hair and eyes of jet,  
And called me "Pretty Kate," Jack,  
At your approach, though Snap was dumbo,  
The cute old 'possum on the gum  
Laughed loudly when he saw me come  
To meet you at the gate, Jack.

A month had scarcely died away,  
When on a bright-faced summer's day,  
A coach and pair (the horses grey)—  
My heart retains the date, Jack—  
Drove up the lane, and stopped before  
The rose-bush hedge that faced our door.  
And two light bosoms, brimming o'er  
With joy, passed through the gate, Jack.  
And months of pleasure came and went,  
And each new season brought content,  
Three love-gifts unto us were sent;  
Our happiness was great, Jack.

A manly boy, reflecting you,  
And Lily with her orbs of blue,  
And Kate with eyes of hazel hue—  
    Oh, blessings on that gate, Jack!

But angels sometimes leave their homes,  
And o'er earth's lovely valleys roam  
In search of buds to deck the dome  
    Above God's throne of state, Jack;  
They came into our garden fair,  
And gathered up our flowerets rare;  
Then climbing up yon starry stair,  
    They brought them through the gate, Jack.

The withered stalks fall 'neath the sod,  
And sorrow hung o'er our abode;  
Some said it was the "will of God,"  
    And others said 'twas "fate," Jack;  
And summer came, and spring went by,  
The world seemed blank to you and I—  
No merry laugh, no childish cry  
Was heard about the gate, Jack.

But peace to us has come again;  
We're linked to them with deathless chain.  
Behind the sun, beyond the plain,  
    We know for us they wait, Jack;  
And when we've run this earthly race,  
In heaven for us they'll keep a place,  
Where, soul to soul, and face to face,  
    They'll meet us at the gate, Jack.

## THE AUCTIONEER.


**A**BOVE the chatty, curious crowd  
Is perched the Auctioneer:  
His front is bold, his voice is loud,  
His eye is sharp and clear;  
He swings his hammer—ere it falls  
The rostrum front upon—  
“Now, is there no advance?” he calls;  
“They’re going—going—gone.”

“Who bids for these? they’re up in pairs,  
And those in lots are sold:  
There’s sofas, lounges, tables, chairs,  
And pictures, good as gold;  
And here are rings—they’re really nice,  
For ladies fair to don—  
These must be sold at any price:  
They’re “going—going—gone.”

“Now, gentlemen, for those who read,  
We’ve many a well-bound tome.”  
Ah! those are household gods, indeed,  
Which make a “heaven of home.”  
Philosophers and Bards, who shed  
Their light on reason’s dawn,  
The stores from whence the mind is fed,  
They’re going—going—gone.”

A locket lined with golden hair,  
Is "going for a crown;"  
Some breast is tenanted by care,  
Some fond heart is "knock'd down."  
And here pledges unredeemed,  
Bright trinkets from the pawn,  
Alas! their owners little dreamed,  
Of "going—going—gone."

The world is but an Auction Mart,  
Where Time is Auctioneer;  
Vain pleasure gets an "easy start,"  
True happiness is dear;  
Hope "runs us up," but in Death's breach  
We're "knocked down" one by one,  
We're "going" till the grave we reach,  
And then, alas! we're "gone."

## ORAKAU.

**T**HREE hundred swarthy braves at Orakau—  
And from the hills and gorges of Taupo—  
Savage warriors from Uriwera,  
Gathered together to defend the land  
From the encroachments of the Pakeha.  
The Ngatimaniapoto were there,  
Led on by Rewi Manga, the fearless;  
Te Paerata, famed in many fights,  
Commanded the Ngatiraukawa tribe,  
He was the warrior who cried aloud—  
“Me mate au kikonei!” which means:—  
“Let us make the pah here, let us die here!”  
The dauntless chief Te Whenuanui,  
And Hapurona of Uriwera,  
Headed their wild and savage warriors.  
Te Waru was there with his East Coast braves,  
And other chiefs famed in song and story  
Met on the spot to resist the spoilers,  
Who had taken the land from the Maori,  
In the name of the Queen of the far land.  
Only three hundred warriors were there,  
Entrenched within the weak unfinished pah.  
Only three hundred brave men and women,  
To meet the Pakeha, who surrounded  
The sod-built fortress with his well-drilled troops,  
Nearly two thousand hardy Britons—  
The Royal Irish and the Forest Rangers,  
And Fortieth Fighters under Leslie.  
It was the second morning of April,  
When the colours in Nature’s dress were changing  
From the brown and russet hues of Autumn  
To the dark and sadder shades of Winter.

Three hundred lion-hearted warriors  
 Assembled with Riwi, to fan the flame  
 Of deadly hatred to the Pakeha  
 Into a vengeful blaze at Orakau.  
 Chanting the deeds of their ancestors,  
 They cried aloud—"Me mate te tangata,  
 Me mate mo te whenua!"—which means:—  
 "The warriors' death is to die for the land!"

Roaring for blood, our early gun  
 Rent the clouds like a thunder-clap;  
 Carey cried, "There's work to be done!"  
 Close to the walls we pushed the sap

"Ready, lads, with your hand grenades,  
 Ready, lads, with your rifles true;  
 Ready, lads, with your trusty blades.  
 Ready, lads, with your bayonets too."

"Now for the Armstrongs, let them roar;  
 Death unto those that laugh at peace—"  
 Into their nest our volleys pour—  
 "Steady there!—let the firing cease."

'Tis Cameron's voice—"Tell the foe  
 To leave the pah, their lives we'll spare,  
 Tell them Britons can mercy show,  
 Nothing but death awaits them there.

Then Major Mair with flag of truce before the Maoris  
 stood.

And said: "Oh, friends, be warned in time, we do not  
 seek your blood;

Surrender, and your lives are safe." Then through the  
 whole redoubt

The swarthy rebels answered, with a fierce defiant shout,  
 "Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake! Ake!"\*

\*We will fight for ever, and ever, and ever.



Again spake gallant Mair, "Oh, friends, you wish for  
blood and strife,  
With blind and stubborn bravery, preferring death to  
life:

But send your women and your children forth, they  
shall be free."

They answered back, "Our women brave will fight as  
well as we."

"Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake Ake!"\*

Up rose brave Ahumai then, a chieftainess, and said,  
"Oh! what have we to live for, if our dearest ones be  
dead?

If fathers, husbands, brothers too, as mangled corpses lie,  
Why should we stay behind them here? beside them let  
us die!"

"Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake! Ake!"\*

Again the fiery-throated cannon roared aloud for blood,  
Again the hungry eagle swooped and shrieked for  
human food;

Again wild spirits soaring, saw their shattered shells  
beneath

In pools of gore, and still was heard defiance to the death.

"Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake! Ake!"\*

Now, now the bold defenders, in a solid body break  
Right through the sod-built barricade, o'er palisade and  
stake,

And leaping o'er the trenches, 'mid a storm of shot and  
shell;

They rushed to liberty or death, still shouting as they  
fell:

"Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake! Ake!"\*

With wild, untutored chivalry the rebels scorn'd dis-  
grace,

Oh, never in the annals of the most heroic race  
Was bravery recorded more noble or more high,  
Than that displayed at Orakau, in Rewi's fierce reply:

"Ka Whawhai tonu! Ake! Ake! Ake!"\*

## THE BOY AND THE YEAR.

COME out, dear father, come and see this weary-  
looking man ;  
His hair is grey and very thin, his face is pale  
and wan ;  
With tottering steps he slowly wends his way down  
yonder hill ;  
The sun is shining warm and bright, and yet he seems  
quite chill ;  
His eye is dimmed by sorrow, yet he has a kingly mien ;  
I'm sure that he far happier and better days has seen.  
I think I know his features well—and yet it cannot be !  
Dear father, come and look on him, and tell me who is  
he ?”

“My darling boy, you speak aright, we've seen that face  
before,  
But then, instead of sorrow's streaks, a cheerful smile it  
wore.  
He came to us, 'twill be twelve months ago to-morrow  
morn ;  
His brow was crown'd with evergreens and sheaves of  
golden corn ;  
We welcomed him with open arms, and many a rural  
game  
Was played to honour him, for joy and gladness with  
him came ;  
His eye was filled with manly fire, his breath was fresh  
and pure ;  
Majestically he stood erect,—his step was firm and sure.”

“Dear father, I remember him; the morning he came  
here  
You kissed myself and Amy, and we christened him New  
Year;  
The church bells rang a merry peal, and filled our hearts  
with glee—  
And little Amy laughed;—but now she’s gone from you  
and me.  
You said that mother called her to the land beyond the  
stars,  
Where angels paint the silver clouds, and forge the  
golden bars  
That gird the sun at eventide:—but New Year must  
have known  
That Amy meant to leave us here in sorrow all alone.”

“My darling boy, the New Year has a mission to fulfil—  
Our Supreme Master sent him here to do His holy will;  
With smiles for some, and tears for more—’tis sinful to  
complain,  
For pleasure would engender pride unless subdued by  
pain.  
If yon bright orb shone constantly, and never hid his  
light,  
We’d soon get weary of his rays, and wish for sable  
night;  
If those sweet roses blooming in the garden ne’er de-  
cayed,  
Their fragrance would be wasted, and their loveliness  
would fade.”

“But, father, I am thinking still that New Year was to  
blame;  
Deceitful smiles were on his face the morning that he  
came.

He fondled our dear Amy, and she sang to him so gay :  
 He should have told us that he meant to take her far  
     away.  
 The night she left us, father dear, I thought my heart  
     would break ;  
 You said she only was asleep,—that soon she would  
     awake :  
 But months have passed, and still she slumbers in the  
     narrow cave,  
 Beneath the pretty pansies that we planted on her  
     grave.”

“The year is not to blame, my son, for wheresoe'er he  
     walks,  
 Behind his back, with mocking strides, a ghastly spectre  
     stalks,  
 Who crushes oft the fairest flowers until their leaves are  
     dead—  
 Their essence he cannot destroy, for, soaring o'er his  
     head,  
 A lovely Angel gathers up the fragrant balm, and pours  
 The sweet elixir in the stream beyond the azure doors,  
 Where Cherubs live, and Seraphs sing their never-ending  
     lays,—  
 Our Amy is above with them, and joins their song of  
     praise.”

“Oh, father dear, I wish that I were up with Amy, too ;  
 You say the bowers are beautiful beyond the aerial blue.  
 Each New Year seems to bring along a load of care and  
     strife,—  
 There seems to be less bliss than pain, dear father, in  
     this life ;  
 The hopes we cherish most to-day, to-morrow change to  
     fears ;  
 The smiles that gild our cheeks to-day, to-morrow turn  
     to tears ;

Our dearest friends are here to-day—but, ere the morn-  
ing, fly,  
Like Mother dear and Amy, to the realms beyond the  
sky."

"My son, you should not murmur thus; the tide that  
laves the beach  
Can rush along its measured pace, but further cannot  
reach;  
And like unto it is the grasping intellect of man,  
It searches to the gates of Heaven, but further cannot  
scan.  
Then face the world bravely, boy, and let repining  
cease,—  
Let honour be your compass, and your harbour will be  
peace;  
Year after year may come and go, but Death, the tyrant,  
gains  
No victory o'er the honest heart, where calm content-  
ment reigns."

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## KAITANGATA.

On the 21st of February, 1879, a colliery explosion took place at the Kaitangata Mines, by which thirty lives were sacrificed.

**T**HE touch of God is on the chord which runs  
 Through all humanity, from heart to heart;  
 The Hand Divine, that holds the stars and suns,  
 Strikes on love's string, and inner voices start,  
 Proclaiming we are each of each a part.

The Priest of Nature may expound this truth;  
 Afflictions are but solemn lessons read  
 To mortals; Science still is in her youth—  
 The living gain their knowledge through the dead:  
 All human suff'ring points the road ahead.

It may be so; anon we'll learn that text,  
 But now the widows' and the orphans' eyes  
 Are following from this life to the next  
 Loved spirits torn away from dearest ties,  
 And God to us is speaking through their cries.

He calls on us to succour those in need;  
 We're bound together in a common bond.  
 Faith's purest action is a nobler deed;  
 Hope's truest anchor is a helping hand;  
 Love is the key that opes the doors beyond.

A few short days ago, and those who rest  
Held this poor lease of earth which now we hold ;  
The pulse of life beat strongly in each breast—  
Ah! 'tis the same old story often told,  
We know not when the spark may leave the mould.

Oh! brothers, there are weary hearts to-day,  
And cheerless homes, where sorrow sits in gloom ;  
And lonely weeping ones, who can but pray,  
"Thy will be done," whilst bowing to their doom,  
And longing for the meeting 'yond the tomb.

Not ours to change the mystic second-birth,  
Not ours to bring the loved ones back again,  
But ours to do our duty upon earth,  
By succouring the mourners who remain ;  
To them we're linked in sympathetic chain.

To-day Humanity's resistless breath  
Sweeps through the credal barriers and brings  
Us all together to the Church of Death—  
The common fold of toilers and of kings :  
And Charity broods o'er with outstretched wings.

To-day the pure Christ-Spirit from above  
With warm vibration thrills through every soul ;  
To-day we owe a sacred debt of Love ;  
To-day our Father claims a special toll  
At gates which lead to Hope's eternal goal. ,



## AN EXILE'S REVERIE.

**W**HERE Taiera sweeps by Manitoto's plain  
 A Scottish exile sang this fond refrain,  
 Each lonely winding glen and snow-capped mount  
 Awoke the slumbering Spring of Memory's fount;  
 Before his gaze old faces came and went,  
 And thus the language of his heart found vent.

From these wild mountains crowned with crystal hoar,  
 My thoughts are wafted o'er the moaning sea;  
 Unchecked, untrammelled by the Ocean's roar,  
 They wing their flight, dear Caledon to thee:  
 The wheel of time has rolled o'er many a year,  
 And often have I heard Death's mournful knell,  
 Since on thy shore I shed the parting tear  
 And bade thy noble cliffs a long farewell.  
 Yet in my dreams I see each youthful scene,  
 Old forms and faces meet my eye; again  
 I mingle with my schoolmates on the green,  
 Or gather berries in the briery lane.  
 The heather smells as sweet as when I strayed  
 To worship Nature o'er the purple hill.  
 And still, unchanged, the waving brackens shade  
 The murmuring burn that turns the village mill.  
 The old kirk seems the same, as when of yore,  
 I offered up my Sabbath morning's prayer  
 To Him whom all creation should adore.  
 Ah! where now are the friends that worshipped  
 there!  
 My dream is past. It stands not morning's test,  
 Stern truth, with mocking finger points around,  
 And whispers, "All the loved ones are at rest—  
 They sleep beneath each daisy covered mound."

\*Prize Poem of the Caledonian Society of Otago, 1869.



This vain deceitful slumber often cheats,  
By making us appear what we have been,  
The future's left, the past at daylight fleets;  
The wide, dark gulf of Time rolls on between.  
Ah Time, what shall I call thee? how address  
The conqueror of kings, the sinner's dread—  
Death's courier—swift, sure, and merciless;  
Man's mocking guide into his narrow bed.  
Nations and Empires have come and gone!  
Imperial Rome has fallen to the dust.  
Regardless of events, thou movest on;  
Thy blade is still unstained by mould or rust.  
Age after age humanity has paid  
Mortality's inevitable tithe:  
And still the ghastly tyrant wields his spade :  
Still millions fall before thy ceaseless scythe.  
Oh, who unmoved can look upon thy page,  
And trace thee from Creation to the Flood—  
From thence unto the present? At each stage,  
Thy sandals have been wet with tears and blood.  
Forward to chaos! thou canst not turn back;  
Procrastination lingers in thy train,  
Fire, plague, and famine desolate thy track,  
And countless souls cry after thee in vain.  
Yet all's not dark upon thy changeful face:  
When thou wert in thy prime, a Saviour came  
To wash out, with His life drops, man's disgrace:  
Thy brightest scroll records His sacred name.  
And when Europa's shores refused to yield  
Employment to the hardy sons of toil,  
And poverty appealed, thy hand unveiled  
New climes where plenty rested on thy soil.  
The Golden South, washed by Pacific's spray,  
Calls thousands from the Old World's crowded marts  
To fertile plains, where fame and fortune stay  
Awaiting willing hands and gallant hearts.  
Yet fond remembrance clasps the Exile's heart,  
It haunts him still upon this distant strand;

Within his breast, pure warm emotions start  
When thoughts are kindled there of Fatherland.  
Here, in young Scotia, we have glens and hills,  
As wild and grand as those we left at home;  
Our pastures are as green, as clear our rills,  
Our coasts are guarded by as fierce a foam.  
O'er cliffs and crags, ravines and lowly dells  
Borne on the clouds, wild, weird romance looks down;  
And Poesy, Heaven's purest offspring, dwells  
Heedless of Cynic's sneer or Stoic's frown.  
What lack we then, in this new land of ours?  
Why come old memories on the midnight blast,  
To woo us back to childhood's happy hours,  
And let us taste delight that cannot last?  
Why does the eagle, ere he speeds away,  
Wheel round his eyrie with an anxious care?  
Why lingers he, for yonder is his prey?  
Ah! by a mother he was sheltered there.  
Why do the bright Spring morning's sparkling showers  
Ascend on Sol's warm rays again from earth:  
Why do they leave the lovely buds and flowers?  
Because they cling to Heaven, their place of birth.  
And thus it is with man. Where'er he strays  
On distant plains, he turns his longing eyes  
To that dear spot, veiled by the ocean's haze,  
Where fancy whispers him the old land lies.  
The ideal mirror shows to Albion's son  
His home surrounded by the leafy dells;  
From wood and copse he sees the streamlets run,  
Endeared to him by recollection's spells.  
The Emigrant from Erin's spray-girt isle  
Oft hears her wild harp singing on the breeze;  
Its mournful cadence steals a tearful smile  
And wafts it to the old home o'er the seas.  
Then Scotia, land of legendary lore,  
Can thy fond children cease to honour thee?  
Nursed on the bosom of thy rugged shore,  
Ingratitude shall never come from me;

Our new land is a reflex of thy face,  
Its features in the same rough mould were cast.  
Yet, unlike thee, Tradition finds no place,  
A cloud of Barbarism shades the past;  
No Wallace here to kindle Freedom's fire —  
No Bruce to light the patriotic flame—  
No Burns, to strike the grand melodious Lyre—  
No Scott, to trumpet forth his country's fame—  
No Bard of Hope, no Ettrick Shepherd, here;  
No Ferguson, no plaintive Tannahill—  
Hush, Scotia's spirit drops a burning tear;  
The precious pearl thaws Death's dark frozen chill.  
Hark to her voice: "Poor mortal, Time can not  
Efface the memory of the great and good;  
They live within the breast of each true Scot,  
Though far he roams across the giant flood.  
The gems that sparkle o'er the azure span  
That Heaven's Architect has built on high,  
Recede at dawn from the rude gaze of man,  
Yet still, unquenched, they sparkle in the sky.  
And thus it is that bards and heroes stay  
A time below here, to illumine mankind,  
Then take their flight to shine in Heaven's day.  
Those leave their thoughts, and these their deeds  
behind.  
Then say not, mortal, that my glorious band  
Have no existence on this golden shore.  
O'er all the world, where'er my children stand,  
My heroes' fame shall live for evermore."

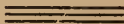
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## TO SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

**W**ITHIN a forest stood a grand old tree,  
Whose head above the other plants rose high;  
He was the forest's first-born. Sun and sky  
Had known him, and had smiled on him ere he  
Had kinsfolk near, or leafy brethren nigh;  
The wild birds brought to him their minstrelsy;  
The singers knew that when the scene was rude,  
He grew and gave a shelter to their race.  
By him the wandering melodists were wooed  
To thrill and warble in that lonely place;  
A sanctuary in the solitude  
He gave to them. In him the birds could trace  
The forest's king, and so from hills and plains  
They flew to him, and sang their sweetest strains.



## IN MEMORIAM.

W. H. LEVIN.

I N this New Age of this Old World of ours,  
When barefaced bluster often heads the van,  
And weeds, at times, outgrow the fairest flowers,  
It cheers one's heart to meet a gentleman.

What constitutes a gentleman? not gold  
But kindness, goodness, courtesy, and love;  
A spirit fashion'd in the Master's mould,  
Brave as a lion, gentle as a dove.

And such was he who lately passed the gate  
That Godward leads to everlasting rest;  
But though he's gone, his memory will wait  
Embalmed for ever in his country's breast.





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