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*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Ri-ot, run wild.
A-jar', slightly opened.

Re-treat,' quiet place to which any one retires.
Bairn, child.

1. By a beautiful road, our Christmas comes,
A road full twelve months long,
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
And every hour is a song.
Flower and fruit, and cloud and sun,
And the winds that riot and sigh
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true,
And Christmas glows in the sky.



"WITH JINGLE OF BELLS."

2. To the beautiful home, our Christmas comes,
The home that is safe and sweet,
With its door ajar for the beam of the Star,'
And its corner for love's retreat.

There, the mark on the wall for
the golden head
Is higher a bit, for lo!
Between Christmas coming and
Christmas sped,
There's time for the bairn to
grow.



The Rose Stereographs, Victoria.]

CHRISTMAS ON THE BEACH.

3. 'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings
For old and young to share,
With jingle of bells and silvery swells
Of music in the air,—
To make the sad world merry awhile,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whatever befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER (born 1838), an American poetess.

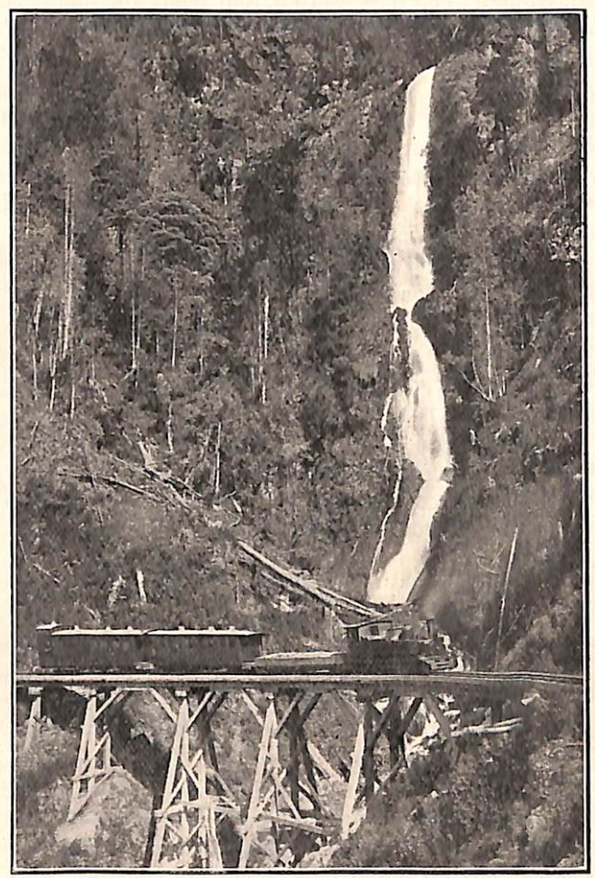
1. With its door a-jar' for the beam of the Star, where peace and good-will enter freely. The allusion is to the star that guided the Wise Men of the East to Bethlehem on the first Christmas morning.

THE BIRD FAIRIES.

1. "Hurrah for Christmas and the country," shouted Max and Harold, as they hastened out of school and threw up their caps on breaking-up Friday. "What a jolly time we are going to have! We mean to find out every hole and corner of that wonderful bush run that Uncle Joe tells us about when he comes to town," said Max.

2. Next morning, the two city lads started off in high spirits. It was the day before Christmas, and they were going to spend a whole month with an uncle who lived away up in the midlands of Tasmania, and had a big sheep farm and an orchard of the finest fruit. Their uncle and aunt had no children, and they were the sort of people who never seem to grow old. Aunt Sue was always ready to enter into any kind of fun, and no one loved a day's shooting better than Uncle Joe; so what a splendid holiday these little folks were going to have!

3. During the long train journey from Hobart,[1] they were kept busy watching the many wonders that passed the train window. Fields of green corn waved a greeting as they went by. Timid rabbits scurried away from the line as the big engine came panting along. The sheep, grazing by the roadside, looked up as if wondering why they should be disturbed. How queer it felt to go over the bridge at Bridgewater,[2] where they saw another train going up the other way, following the Derwent[3] by the side of hop-grounds and orchards! Then, they started off again, and, farther on, they saw a lonely house by the roadside. "O, look," cried Max, "the children are waving to us, so let us wave back." Then, they tired of counting the telegraph posts that seemed to march like soldiers past the window; and, at last, they slowed up at the tiny station where they hoped their uncle would meet them.



A TASMANIAN WATERFALL.

(Tasmania is a land of waterfalls. The Montezuma Falls, shown in the picture, are 340 feet high. They are in the west of the island, near Zeehan. The train in the foreground runs along a line the gauge of which is only two feet.)

4. It was a gaudy station, all painted in bright yellow. "Here is Uncle Joe," said Harold, as a jolly, red-faced man came up to them, mopping the moisture from his face with a big, bright-colored handkerchief. "Hullo! lads," he said; "just a moment until I get the mail, and we'll be ready to start." The boys saw a fine, roomy buggy and a shaggy horse waiting to take them to

Gumlands. Soon, Uncle Joe was ready, and they started off for the farm, the boys plying him with questions. Would he take them rabbiting? Were they to sleep in a tent? Did he catch rabbits with a ferret? Could they go bird's-nesting?

5. Uncle Joe listened to all the questions, and answered them as soon as the boys gave him time. Yes, they could catch as many rabbits as they liked. The tent was up, and ready for them. But, when they spoke of bird's-nesting, his jolly face grew grave. "I don't want to start your holiday with a lecture, boys, but I won't have my birds touched on any account. You see, the birds around are nearly all honey-eaters, and do a great deal of good. There are some grub-hunters, too, and they are a boon to the farmer. You must give me a promise that you will not touch my birds. As to the other things, you can do pretty well as you like. Here we are at Gumlands." The buggy drew up in front of a big gate, and Aunt Sue was there to meet them.

6. "What have you for dinner?" said Uncle Joe. "I am sure that these lads are as hungry as hunters." Well, Max declared that he had never tasted such cherry pie as they had for dinner, and then they found that there was a creek near by where they could fish all the afternoon. After tea, Uncle Joe said, "Come and see my orchard, and I will show you some of my feathered friends, too."

7. Uncle Joe led the way to the orchard, and showed them the sweetest little gold-finch's nest in a cherry-tree. The tiny, yellow birdlings looked so cosy in the soft down. The mother bird had flown off at the approach of the children. Harold was charmed, and left off gazing only to go and look at a honey-eater's nest. "Come and see this yellow-tail's nest," said Uncle Joe. Behold! there it was, with the inside quite hidden from curious eyes, and the bird sitting on her eggs at the end of a long passage. The male bird, perched on top, kept watch. "Well, boys," said Uncle Joe, "I must go to the other end of the orchard and close those sliprails, or I will have someone's cows getting in."

8. Harold said he would go, but Max was so tired with his afternoon's fishing that he thought he would sit down on a log and wait until they came back. He was watching a honey-eater balancing himself on a heath cup, and dipping his long bill into the flower. Soon, to his surprise, the bird hopped up and spoke to him. "Come with me, and learn the secrets of Bird Land," said the honey-eater; and Max rose, in spite of himself, and followed the bird.

9. "We are the best friends of the heath fairies," said the bird; "they are very kind to us, and give us drinks of their honey when we are thirsty." "Heath fairies!" said Max, "why, I never heard of them." "Dear me! how strange!" answered the bird, and he hopped on a flower, and began to drink out of the cup. No sooner had he done so than a pretty, little, pink fairy jumped out of the cup. She was so tiny that she could have stood on the bird's bill.

10. "Come along, sisters," said the heath fairy; and, at once, a hundred little fairies jumped out of their cups and began to talk, all at one time, until the noise was deafening. Soon, some green and white fairies from the clover fields came along, with a troop of honey-eaters behind them. They all formed themselves into a big ring, and began to dance, while the birds sang for them. Soon, they had to make way for a band of red waratah fairies from the hills. Last of all came a wonderful white fairy, with a face like a clematis flower, and the other fairies all bowed down before her, for she was the queen.

11. The fairies seated themselves on toadstools, and the queen made them a speech.

"My fairies," said she, in a voice of wonderful sweetness, "we have come here to decide what punishment we shall give to the boys who wish



From a picture in Amy Mack's *Bush Days* (Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)]

A HONEY-EATER.

to destroy the nests of our beloved birds." Max began to feel very guilty as he thought of the plans he and Harold had been laying to outwit Uncle Joe.

12. The queen sat down on a large mushroom, and waited for the verdict of the fairies. "Bad thoughts are as bad as bad deeds," said the waratah fairies, all together. "The boys must be treated as if they had really robbed our nests."

At last, a bright idea struck a little clover fairy. "Let us take away their tent."

13. "A fine idea," said the queen. "Then they will know what it is to come back at night and find their home gone." Max began to cry. This was really too much, for the tent was to be quite the best feature

of the holiday. As soon as the tears began to fall, a dozen great owls flew to a tree near by and hooted at him.

14. "We shall summon the strong elves of the gum-trees to take away the tent," said the queen; and, in answer to her call, the leaves of the gum-trees rustled, and a hundred elves rushed forth at once to do her bidding. Max was wishing he could see where they were going to put it, when some one touched him on the shoulder, and gone were the fairies and the birds. Harold was shaking him, and telling him he had been to sleep. Be that as it may, the boys did not touch Uncle Joe's feathered friends during the whole of their holiday.

—RUBY LIPSCOMBE, Woodbridge, D'Entrecasteaux Channel, Tasmania.

Spir'its, here, state of mind.
Or'chard, fruit-garden.
Hol'i-day, time of amusement instead of work.
Scur'ried, ran off helter-skelter.
En'gine, machine for doing work, especially for drawing a train.
Dis-turbed', put into disorder; disquieted.
Tel'e-graph, that by which we send rapid messages to persons at a distance.
Gaud'y, too showy for good taste.
Hand'ker-chief, piece of cloth carried in the pocket and used for wiping the nose or the face.
Fer'ret, animal of the weasel kind used in hunting rabbits.
An'swered (the "w" silent), replied.
Prom'ise, person's word given that he will do or keep from doing something.
Bal'an-cing, making weights equal on each side of a turning-point; poising.
Fair'y, small spirit in the form of a human being or some well-known animal.
War'a-tah, large, beautiful, red wildflower.
Clem'a-tis, shrub with long stems and clusters of white flowers.
Guilt'y, having done wrong.
Re'al-ly, in very truth.
Elves, kind of fairies.

1. **Ho'bart,** capital city of Tasmania, situated on the estuary, or wide mouth of the Derwent River. Its population, including suburbs, is about 40,000. That of Sydney is 699,000; and of Melbourne, 628,000.
2. **Bridge'wat-er,** town on the Derwent, about 13 miles from Hobart.
3. **Der'went,** river of Tasmania, flowing south into Storm Bay

* THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Re-lease', act of setting free.
Di-vi'ded, separated.
Fam'i-lies, here, races; tribes.
Feuds, deadly quarrels.
Lust, strong desire for what one ought not to have.
Civ'il, having to do with subjects of the same government.
Tu'mult, riot; commotion.

1. Hush, all ye sounds of war,
Ye nations all be still;
A voice of heavenly joy
Steals over vale and hill.
O hear the angels sing
The captive world's release;
This day is born in Bethlehem[1]
The Prince of Peace.

2. No more divided be,
Ye families of men,
Old enmity forget,
Old friendship knit again,
In the New Year of God
Let brothers' love increase;
This day is born in Bethlehem
The Prince of Peace.

3. Thou heart of man, where all
His hate and feuds are born,
By lust and passions lashed,
By wrath and fury torn,
O let thine inward rage,
Thy civil tumult, cease;
This day is born in Bethlehem
The Prince of Peace.

—W. H. DRAPER, born 1855.

1. **Beth'le-hem,** now *Beit-Lahm*, town in Palestine, celebrated as the birthplace of Christ. It stands on a narrow ridge five miles south-west of Jerusalem.

THE BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS.

Vil'lage, small town; township.
King'fish-er, bird with bright feathers. Some species feed on fish; others, on insects, grubs, and the like.
At-tract', draw towards; entice.
A'zure (the "a" as in *cat* or as in *ale*), sky-blue.
Hearth, parts around the fire.
Doubt'ful-ly, as in a way that showed the speaker was not sure.
Prin'cess (usually accented on the first syllable when before a name, and on the second when used alone), daughter of a king or of a queen.
Wool'len, made of wool.
Muf'flers, wraps for the neck
Ex-ceed'ing-ly, in a high degree; very.
I'ci-cle, hanging stalk of ice.
Ex-act'ly, just; precisely.
En'gine (*en-jin*), here, machine for hauling a train of carriages.
Em-ploy'er, one who gives work to another.
Debt'or (the "b" silent), one who owes money.
Hum'ble, lowly.

[In the last Christmas number of *The School Paper—Grades VII. and VIII.*, under the heading, "A Christmas Pantomime," there appeared an account of the famous play that Maeterlinck (*may'-ter-link*), a Belgian writer, has woven out of the material of the fairy tale of the Blue Bird. A simpler variant of the old story is given hereunder.]

1. A little boy and a little girl lived in a cottage at the end of a village street in Lorraine.[1] One day, their mother and father were away from home. The mother had gone to buy food, for which she had, alas! very little money, as her husband had been out of work for some time.

2. The fire had gone out in the cottage, and the children began to feel very lonely and unhappy. Even their beautiful little pet, a king-fisher, which hung in a large cage close to the fire, could not attract them. It shook its pretty, azure wings and cried to them, but they did not notice it.

3. They sat brooding by the black hearth. But, all at once, the girl jumped up, clapped her hands, and ran to the door.

"I know what we can do," she said to her brother. "Let us go and search for the blue bird. If we find it, we shall all be happy."

"The blue bird?" said the little boy, doubtfully; "what blue bird?"

4. "Don't you remember," said his sister, "the beautiful tale that mother told us last night, when father was so late in coming home?"

"Yes! Yes! Now I remember," said her brother; and he, too, jumped up merrily and ran to the door, and, putting his arm round his sister, peered out. "It was a bird of happiness, wasn't it? It lives somewhere in the forest, mother said. We have only to find it and bring it home, and then everything will go well."

5. "And father," said the little girl, "will always have plenty of work to do, and mother will be dressed like the princess in the story, and we shall be able to eat cakes and sweets all day long!"

"That's it!" said her brother. "Let us go to find the blue bird at once. We will bring it home as a Christmas present for father and mother."

6. So they put on their little wooden shoes,[2] which their mother had taken off so that they should not go out in the cold, and they wrapped their warm woollen mufflers round their necks, and put on their caps and coats, and went out boldly and merrily into the moonlit forest.

7. "Do you know on which tree it lives?" said the little boy.

"No, I don't think mother told us," said his little sister. "We must look on every tree we pass. When we catch sight of anything blue in the branches, we can be sure that it is the blue bird."

8. It is very tiring to walk through a forest and look carefully at every tree in it. It was exceedingly tiring for a boy of four years of age and a girl of six. Their necks at last began to ache with staring up into the towering trees, where the moonlight played on the frosted branches. Again and again, the girl cried out, "Look! There is something blue shining there."

9. And her little brother stood gazing with her. But it was only the moonshine playing in faint, blue lights on some icicle hanging high up in a tree. At last, the strength of the little wanderers gave out; and, coming to a rough log-hut beside a saw-pit where the wood-men of another village sometimes used to work, they crept inside, curled up under some rough, warm sacking, and fell fast asleep. Very, very tired they were; and yet they were wonderfully happy. Their minds were full of pleasant thoughts of all the good things they would bring to their father and mother when they came home with the blue bird; and, as they were so happy, the blue bird came to them in their dreams.



From a picture in *The Children's Magazine*.]

THE CHILDREN'S RETURN

10. It was exactly as their mother had described it in the fairy tale. A pretty little bird, just about the size of a kingfisher, with bright eyes and blue, shining wings, came fluttering into the hut, and led them to a place of happiness. There they were able to choose everything they wished—a new pipe and the promise of plenty of work for their father, a new dress and a bright saucepan for their mother; they knew she wanted a larger saucepan, for she had been saving up to buy one.

11. They thought of themselves also. The little girl chose a doll that opened and shut its eyes, and her brother picked out a railway engine that went by itself when the spring was wound. And, of course, they carried away as many lollies and cakes as their pockets would hold. That was indeed happiness.

12. But, alas! at daybreak, the blue bird and the dream both flew away, and the children awoke feeling cold and hungry. "Where is my doll," said the little girl, "and where is the new dress for mother?" "Where is father's pipe," said the boy, "and where is my steam-engine?"

13. For some time, they sat looking at each other very gloomily. Suddenly the little girl sprang up. "Perhaps the blue bird took them home for us," she cried. Filled with joy at the thought, they ran through the forest; and, on their way, they met their mother and father, who had been searching for them all through the night. When they got back to the cottage, there were the doll and the engine on the table, and a new pipe for their father, and a saucepan and a dress for their mother.

14. "And have you found some more work to do?" said the little girl to her father. "Yes," he replied, with a smile; "my old employer met me last evening and engaged me as foreman, and I have also had some money paid me that had long been owing. I had given up hope of it, as my debtor had left the town; but he came back yesterday."

15. "So it wasn't a dream!" said the boy. "We have found the blue bird of happiness after all." "Then it must be somewhere in the house," said his sister. "Do you know where it is, mother?"

16. The mother smiled, and pointed to the kingfisher in its cage by the window. As the sunshine fell upon the pretty bird, the children saw, with surprise, that tints of the brightest blue flashed from its plumage. Although the little ones did not know it, the spirit of happiness had always been a dweller in their humble little cottage.

—Adapted from *The Children's Magazine*.

1. **Lor-raine'**, a former division of Eastern France, part of which now is ruled by Germany.
2. **Wood'en shoes.** These are worn chiefly by the poorer folk.

* THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Amongst the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast."

—LONGFELLOW.

1. Have you ever heard of a hospital for animals and birds? Not many of you, I daresay, yet such a place does exist—a proper hospital, with wards for horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and birds, with a doctor to visit the patients, and nurses to restore them to

health and strength. On hearing this, can you go a little farther and picture to yourself the wards of the hospital decorated with holly and mistletoe, and the patients enjoying a Christmas dinner, given as a special treat by a few kind friends?

2. The change that has taken place in public feeling towards animals cannot be better shown than by the festival which took place in a hospital provided for suffering animals by "Our Dumb Friends' League."

3. In each ward, a menu card was placed to guide the visitors in giving dainties to the patients. For the dogs, slices of cold beef, biscuits, and sugar were allowed; the donkeys revelled in carrots, biscuits, sugar, and apples; and, to tempt the birds, walnuts, grapes, bananas, and biscuits were provided.

4. In the birds' ward, the tit-bits had been arranged on a table within sight of the inmates, who kept casting longing looks upon the good things. A parrot, growing impatient, cried, "Be quick, be quick!" over and over again. To silence him, he was given a nut before the feast began, but, a moment later, he was crying out, "Have some, have some!" A glance at the nut showed that it was a bad one.

5. The dinner began at twelve o'clock, when the visitors passed from ward to ward to feed the animals. It was a touching sight to see how much the patients enjoyed the good things provided for them.

Re-vere', look on with love and honor.
Hos'pi-tal, house for the care and treatment of sick persons.
Guin'ea-pigs', small, tailless animals, natives of South America, kept as pets.
Pa'tients, those who are sick or under a doctor's care.
Dec'o-rat'ed (the "a" as in *ale*), adorned.
Mis'tle-toe (*mis* or *miz*), evergreen plant that grows on the branches of trees.
Spe'cial (*spesh-'l*), fitted for a particular purpose.
Fes'ti-val, feast with all its joyous surroundings.
Men'u, list of the things that make up a meal; bill of fare.
Bis'cuits, small, hard cakes.
Rev'elled, had great enjoyment.

TWILIGHT CALM IN SUMMER.

Twi'light, period of time between day and night.
Pleas'ant, agreeable.
E'ven-tide, evening.
Dew'y, damp with dew.
Pet'al, one of the colored leaves which form the corolla of a flower.
Low'ing, sound made by cattle.
Fit'ful-ly, by irregular gusts.
Con-tin'u-al, going on constantly; unceasing.
Gnat, small insect with a sting.
Bat, animal with wings, somewhat like a mouse.
Clam'my, soft and sticky.
Wa ry (the "a" as in *care*), being on the look-out; watchful.
Heed'less, careless; taking no thought.
Re-mote', in the far distance.
Calm, state of rest; here, twilight.

1. O, pleasant eventide!
Clouds on the western side
Grow grey and greyer, hiding the warm sun;
The bees and birds, their happy labors done,
Seek their close nests and bide.

2. One by one, the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon;
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

3. From far, the lowings come
Of cattle driven home;
From farther still, the wind brings fitfully
The vast, continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

4. The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats; and, there,
The owl opes broad his eyes and wings to sail
For prey; the bat wakes; and the shell-less snail
Comes forth clammy and bare.



By permission of the Trustees, from a painting by Louis Buvelot, in the National Gallery, Melbourne.]
WATERPOOL AT COLERAINE, WESTERN VICTORIA.

5. The hare sleeps[1] where it lies,
With wary, half-closed eyes;
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck;
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
Or chicken to surprise.

6. Remote, each single star
Comes out, till there they are
All shining brightly; how the dews fall damp!
While, close at hand, the fire-fly lights her lamp,
Or twinkles from afar.

7. But evening now is done
As much as if the sun,
Day-giving, had arisen in the east:
For night has come; and the great calm has ceased,
The quiet sands have run.

1. The hare sleeps. Does the hare sleep at twilight?

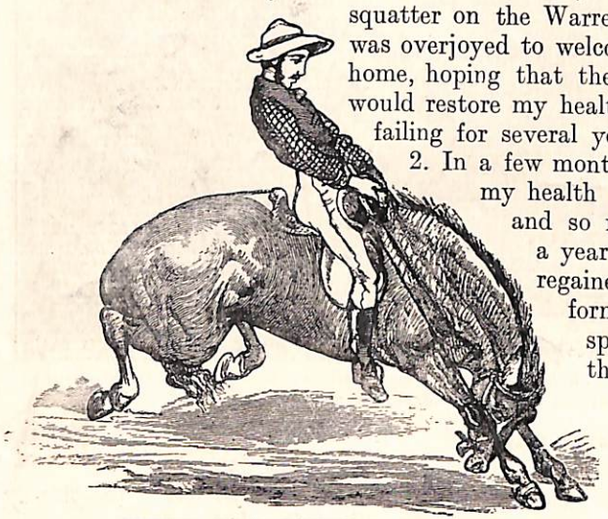
—Adapted from a poem by CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830–1894).

*

THE FAITHFUL BLACKFELLOW.

Bon nie or **bon-ny**, well-favored ; handsome.
Ac-com-pa-nied, attended.
Squat-ter, used, at first, of one who settled on land without a right or title ; now, the owner or occupant of a sheep run or station. (*Squatter* is giving way to the term *pastoralist* and *grazier*.)
De-cid ed (the "i" as in *ice*), made up his mind.
Val-u-a ble, of great value or worth
Ar-mor-y, place where weapons are made or kept.
Cru-el-ties, actions causing pain to others.
Ap-proach-ing, coming near to.
Un-for-tu-nate-ly, by ill luck.
A-ca-cia (*a-kay-sha*), genus of trees to which the wattle belongs.
Ter-ri-fied, thrown into a state of terror or great fear.
Per-il-ous, dangerous.
Grat-i-tude, wish to make a return for kindness.
Re-ceived', here, greeted as a guest.
Pur-su-er, one who chases or follows in order to catch
E-vad-ing (the "a" as in *ale*), getting out of the way of ; avoiding.
Ex-pe-di-tion (*ex-pe-dish-'n*), march out of a body of men
Un-ex-pect-ed, unlooked-for.
Pros-trate, lying flat on the ground.
Dis tin-guish-ing, marking something as different from others.
Pro-tec-tor, one who guards or protects.

1. It is now many years since I left my home in bonnie Scotland, accompanied by my son Herbert, to join my husband in Australia. He had been about three years in New South Wales, and had settled as a squatter on the Warrego.[1] My husband was overjoyed to welcome us to our bush home, hoping that the change of climate would restore my health, which had been failing for several years.



STATION HAND TAMING A BUCKJUMPER.

2. In a few months after my arrival, my health began to improve, and so rapidly that, before a year had passed, I had regained almost all my former health and spirits. My husband therefore decided that we should make this land our home. Herbie was always very fond of roaming about the station after his hours of study ; and his father was anxious that he should know something of bush life, and as early too as possible. For this purpose, he was put under the care of a middle-aged man named Tommy Bulgar, who had been employed on the station for fully three years. He was a good horseman, and, knowing the bush well, was a fit guide for Herbie in his early rambles. In addition to the duty of thus seeing to his young master, Tommy had charge of the kennel, in which, besides other valuable dogs which the Major had brought from home, was a very fierce bulldog. We had a small armory too, which was also attended to by Tommy.

3. At that time, the blacks were very troublesome to the squatters, spearing their cattle, and injuring them in other ways. How far the squatters themselves, by their frequent cruelties, deserved this treatment from the poor, ignorant savages, I know not.

4. One day, Tom and Herbie set out on a ramble to Duck Creek, situated about two miles from Midlothian Station, where Tom promised to give Herbie some practice in wild-duck shooting ; and, with them, they took Tiger, the bulldog, to give him a run. When about halfway to the creek, they saw three dusky figures approaching them through the stunted scrub that bordered the little track leading to the water. Tom



From a painting by Mr. J. H. Scheltema, through the courtesy of Osboldstone and Co. Pty. Ltd., Melb.]

"IT WAS MUSTERING TIME."

had a great dislike to the blacks, and never seemed to show the least friendly feeling towards them, so he set Tiger upon them, as he said afterwards, to frighten them. As the dog sprang forward fiercely to attack, the three savages scampered away, and were leaving him far behind when one of them, a boy, by some mishap, slipped and fell. The two men halted a moment, but, seeing the dog rushing after them, started off again at full speed.

5. Tiger had now almost reached the fallen boy, but he, with the quickness of a deer, was on his feet again. Then, seeing the dog so close to him, he stood for an instant, and then, with a yell, leaped forward, and, reaching the nearest tree, hastily climbed to its topmost branch. Unfortunately, however, the tree being a dwarf acacia, the branch threatened every moment to break under his weight. Tiger, now at the foot of the tree, growled fiercely in

disappointed rage. The whole affair had happened so quickly and unexpectedly that poor Herbie stood by in mute terror, while Tom seemed almost as displeased as Tiger was enraged. When Herbie had somewhat recovered from fright, he called upon the dog to come away from the tree in which the terrified black was seated, trembling with excitement while he gazed around with wild, imploring eyes. Tom then, under Herbie's directions, and much against his own will, took off his own leather waist-belt, and, fastening it around the dog's neck, led the animal away towards Midlothian.

6. Meanwhile, Herbie stood beneath the tree, making signs to the black to come down; but, as the boy seemed too much afraid to move, Herbie would not leave until Tom, leading the dog, was out of sight. Then the black hurried down from his perilous seat, and, speaking in a rapid manner, while his face expressed deep-felt gratitude, he came very near Herbie, and, taking from a girdle at his waist a very sharp piece of shell, the kind commonly used for sharpening spears, he raised his hand, and, in an instant, made a deep cut on my darling's face, from beneath the right eye to the chin. Herbie, full of dread, fled after Tom, while the black took an opposite direction. When Tom saw his young master all bleeding and pale, he could scarcely believe his senses. He led him home, where his dear father and I received our boy, more dead than alive after all that had happened on that eventful day

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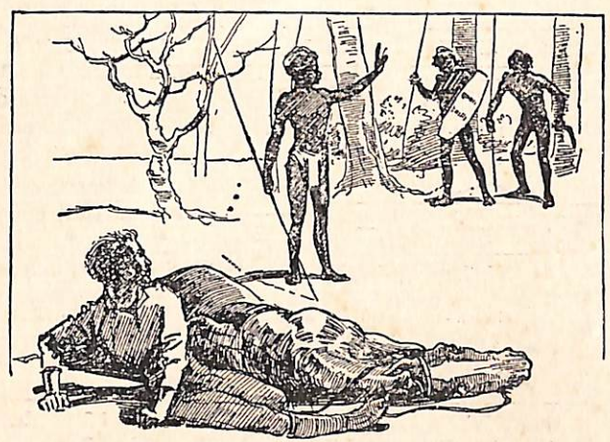
7. Several years passed. It was mustering time, and all the men on the station had been very busy gathering the cattle to be counted, branded, and drafted out again. When the chief part of the mustering was over, my husband reminded the overseer that there was, on a distant part of the run, a small mob of very wild cattle which had not been yarded. It was, therefore, arranged that the overseer and a few smart horsemen should start early the next morning for the purpose of bringing them in. Herbie was in his nineteenth year, and as fine a young man as could be seen in the colony, and as bonnie too, save for that white mark which shone so plainly on his handsome face. Though not the ablest horseman, he was considered to be extremely active, and had mastered more than one buckjumper. He now formed one of the party to bring home the wild cattle.

8. When the riders came in sight, the leaders of the mob, as was their usual habit, headed off towards the scrub in which they generally succeeded in evading their pursuers; but, as the latter were determined this time to prevent them, a desperate race began. Finally, the men forced them back from the scrub, and were soon in full chase towards the station. Just at this point, the girths in Herbie's saddle, by some mischance, broke, and he was obliged to lag behind. In their excitement, and being very much scattered round the herd, the men did not miss their young master, but continued their headlong career. Meanwhile, Herbie took

what he thought to be a short cut to the homestead, which was distant about ten miles.

9. He had not journeyed more than a mile when he came in sight of a small number of blacks, all men, who seemed to be on a hunting expedition, as each carried boomerang, spear, and tomahawk. Immediately they saw their foe, the white man, so close to them and alone, one of the foremost threw his spear, and aimed so well that the horse fell helpless under its rider. A second spear wounded Herbie in the thigh ere he could free himself from the fallen horse; but, just as the same savage approached to withdraw his spear for a second attack, he suddenly turned his face toward his followers, and called out in a loud, commanding voice, at the same time holding his spear point downward, a signal for peace.

10. At this unexpected signal, the blacks stood still. Then, lowering their weapons in imitation of their leader, they walked forward to where rider and horse lay prostrate. The one who appeared to be the leader stopped, and, speaking in low, sad tones to his companions, showed them the scar upon Herbie's face. Then, after a few more words spoken in haste, the men commenced to strip off sheets of bark from the surrounding trees. When this was done, they made a litter, and gently laid Herbie upon it, placing the saddle for a pillow under his head. All being ready, the leader gave some orders, and four of the men raised the litter on their shoulders, and walked slowly forward. From the position of the sun, Herbie soon found that they were on their way to Midlothian; for, till they started, he could not understand what their strange behavior meant.



From a drawing by Mr. D. H. Souter.]

"A SIGNAL FOR PEACE."

11. For nine weary miles was my poor wounded boy borne through the bush by these faithful creatures. They halted at intervals only to relieve one another, using as much gentleness and care as a mother would towards her child. When, at last, they reached the station, they set down their burden at our door, and quickly hastened away, without giving us time to thank them for their noble act. It was not till long after Herbie had recovered, and had taken his dear father's place as master

of Midlothian, that we learned how glad the young black man was that the scar which he had given him as a distinguishing mark had served so well to save the life of his protector.

—Adapted from *King Bungaree's Pyalla* (Edwards, Dunlop & Co., Sydney). *Pyalla* means talk, conversation. The contents of the book consist of aboriginal legends, and of stories illustrative of the manners and customs of the aborigines.

1. War-re-go, river in Queensland and New South Wales. It flows into the Darling.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

COL'N STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.
(Copyright, by permission of H. E. Nichol, Hull.)

Children only.—Simply ♩. = 63.



2. Love to lower creatures dumb,
Love to birds and flowers,
Is the duty of each link
In this chain of ours.
CHORUS — May my link, &c.

3. Love to parents, teachers, friends,
Every link should move:
Love to Christ the Holy One,
Love to God above.
CHORUS.—May my link, &c.

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