nicest, and most inviting, expression on the human face is Kindness; springing from a warm heart in forgetfulness of self, and overflowing with love for others. Who does not like a kind face? The body may be deformed, or prostrated by physical weakness, yet the eye does not lose its gleam of sympathy and interest, which we enjoy so much in receiving, and that makes us so kind and good ourselves, that for the time being our moral standard seems to be—almost as it ought to be!

I think no person, unless suffering from a very morose temper, could be long in the company of a kind face without it reflecting in their own, or receiving a portion of that peace which makes us so happy and content; for a kind face is a sure mirror of the heart.

Especially does this benign influence operate on children; and of what tremendous importance it is, that they should have it. Bringing them up to be, instead of selfish, grasping, mercenary men, living for themselves, good, loving Christians, sympathising with, and alleviating the sufferings and sorrows of their fellow-creatures; not only happy themselves, but spreading happiness around them wherever they go, making cheerful firesides and happy homes.

"LOOSE LEAVES" FROM AN AUSTRALIAN'S PORTFOLIO.

BY F. S. WILSON.

Author of "Broken Clouds," "Wjoneona," "Edged with Gold," &c.

Leaf the Second.

THE CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY COVE.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders; wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled."

Bryant.

"Standing on the rounding rim of Sydney Cove, on this bright January morning, one would scarcely imagine that eighty years ago the foot of a white man had never trod its shores, or left an imprint on its sandy margin!" Such were my reflections as I stood on the Circular Quay, the 26th of last January.

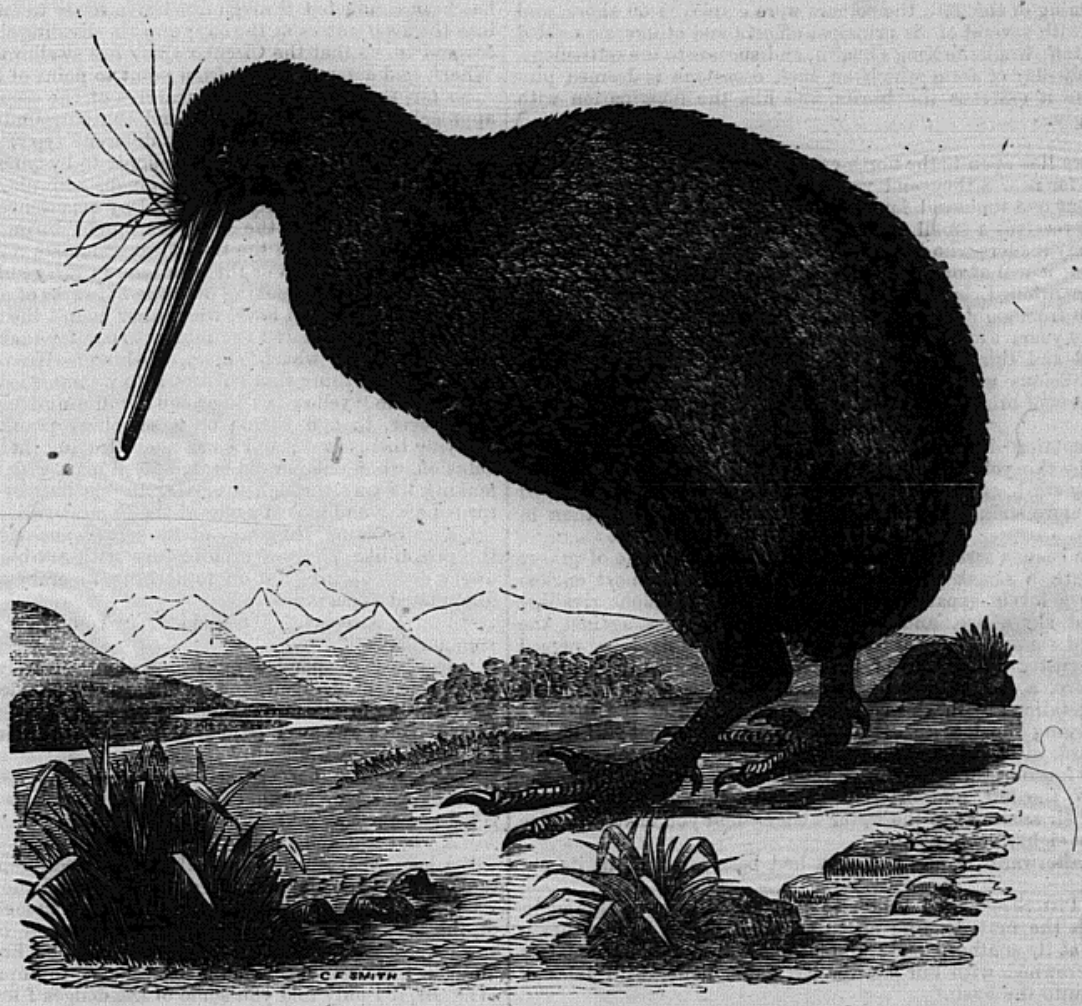
The sturdy wharf—albeit not formed of yielding stuff—trembled beneath the thousands who clustered on it, or who crowded up the sloping planks into the various pleasure-boats bound for places famous in holiday lore. Down the great arteries of the town—Pitt and George Streets—thousands more came in a disjointed stream, (like an Australian creek in dry weather) ready to replace those snapped up and carried off by the panting, puffing steam-boats.

Eighty years ago there was not, around the entire bay, a shop to close, or a white man to gaze into its windows, if there *had* been an establishment with a proprietor too niggardly to shut up.

As I stood there, I could see the lofty height of the Flagstaff Hill decorated with an immense display of "bunting"—but, eighty years ago, its rocky rise looked boldly out at the wide reaches of the harbour, and from among the trees at its base a few wondering savages watched the first boat of the white man, coming up the bay!

"Eighty years ago!—yes; changes have taken place since then," I said, half aloud—and, as the human tide of holiday-makers began to ebb from the land, and thought and memory became less distracted, I was fain to fall into that delicious slumber which lifts the misty curtains of the Past—and glance at the "starting-point" of Sydney, in two or three different phases.

Seventy-nine years ago the wooded points, in all their uncivilised



THE APTERYX.

This genus of Struthious Birds inhabits almost exclusively the islands of New Zealand. It was first described by Dr. Shaw, who regarded it as an extinct form of bird. It evidently belongs to a group of birds that were destined to live on the earth, only as long as they were free from the attacks of carnivorous enemies endowed with greater powers of motion than themselves. Numbers of wingless birds, not belonging to the Struthious division, as the Dodo and Solitaire, seem already to have become extinct; whilst the smaller congeners of the *Dinornis* are suffering in like manner. The Apteryx is not, however, extinct, as many specimens exist, or are to be found in our museums. Of all birds at present known, the Apteryx appears to have the wings the most reduced to their simplest rudiments. Its general form is that of the Penguin, and in size it is seldom quite so big as our common duck. The beak is very long and slender, marked on each side with a longitudinal groove, and covered with a membrane at its base. The native name of this bird is *Kiwi-Kiwi*, given it on account of its peculiar cry. It is a nocturnal bird, and preys on snails, insects, and worms. Whilst at rest it has the singular habit of resting on the tip of its bill, which is its most characteristic position. The natives hunt it for the sake of its skin, which is used for their chiefs' dresses, and on this account it is highly valued.

grandeur, pierced the pleasant waters of the harbour, as three boats—detached from the first convict-cargo forwarded to Australia—sailed in between Port Jackson Heads, and wound their way round bluff after bluff; while flocks of strange and beautiful birds fluttered up and betook themselves to the tribes of bewildered blackfellows on shore, who had followed along the coast, keeping the strangers in view.

Three days afterwards, on the 26th of January, 1788, the whole fleet anchored close along shore in deep water, and the process of disembarkation commenced. To quote an old historian and eye-witness, (Governor Phillip):—"The work of clearing the ground for the encampment, as well as for the storehouses and other buildings, was begun without loss of time. But the labour which attended this necessary operation, was greater than can easily be imagined by those who were not spectators of it. The coast, as well as the neighbouring country in general, is covered with wood; and though in this spot the trees stood wider, and were less encumbered with underwood than in many other places, yet their magnitude was such as to render not only the felling, but the removal of them afterwards, a task of no small difficulty. By the habitual indolence of the convicts, and the want of proper overseers to keep them to their duty, their labour was rendered less efficient than it might have been.

"In the evening of the 26th the colours were displayed on shore, and the Governor, with several of his principal officers and others, assembled round the flagstaff, drank the King's health, and success to the settlement, with all that display of form which on such occasions is deemed propitious, because it enlivens the spirits, and fills the imagination with pleasing presages.

. . . . . .

"Sydney Cove lies open to the north-east, and is continued in a south-west direction for near a thousand yards, gradually decreasing from the breadth of about one thousand four hundred feet, till it terminates in a point, where it receives a small stream of fresh water."

By those of my readers who have made Sydney their dwelling-place for some years past, it will at once be remembered that the creek of "fresh water" here mentioned, is none other than the Tank Stream—now, happily, hidden from sight and smell by its stone casing!

Nearly eighty years ago it was a merry dashing streamlet, supplying the "thousand and thirty" souls, who had pitched their tents on its banks, with delicious water, shaded by groves of trees among whose branches myriads of bright-plumaged birds darted or hung like globes of coloured fire.

Kangaroos, coming down through the scrub to drink at its edges, were startled by the yelpings of the dogs newly arrived in the colony; or by the heavy crash of the gum-trees, as the convicts in gangs felled the timber for more enduring habitations than the canvas tents then in use.

It must have been a strange scene:—Fancy an outer girdle of grassy slope, edged with a streak of yellow sand—the whole almost enclosing in a circle a lovely expanse of water, in depth of colour rivalling the pure bright sky above, and breaking in tiny ripples against the stained sides of some half-dozen vessels, whose loose cordage, ragged sails, and red-rusted sides, told of their long twelve months' voyage. Further in shore, a cluster of tents, backed by a dense wall of dusk Australian vegetation; with the convict-gangs hewing at the massive trunks, or dragging the logs to some more convenient spot; while the soldiers on guard, with all the stiffness of the times, kept watch over the mass of villany forming three-fourths of the infant settlement. Looking to the right, to the left, and in front,—nothing but hills upon hills, wooded from their summits to the water's edge—and you have a picture of Sydney Cove eighty years ago.

Fifty years afterwards, a great change had been wrought in its appearance.

George and Pitt Streets had begun to gain credit as town thoroughfares—although the first (leading off to the Brickfields) bore rather a primitive look at its southern end; and people who wandered as far as the hill now crowned with our University, came home with tales of having been "into the bush."

But the region of the Circular Quay—the nucleus of Australian civilization—bore tokens of its fifty years existence. The Cove on the eastern side had been walled round, so that ships of any tonnage could land their cargoes at a substantial wharf: while sheds and stores—and the spidery machines denominated wool-presses, with four men shoving its long arms round a frail plank pathway, as if they were winding up some giant clock, or weighing the anchor of a huge vessel that never drifted from the spot—all gave evidence that the little seed planted on the Australian Continent had germinated, and was then spreading its branches so that the flocks of many nations might come and take shelter under the shadow of it.

On the other side of the Cove stood the Government buildings—the lofty prison-like Commissariat Stores, the dwarfish Water Police Offices, and the verdant point (known as Dawe's) running its green head into the bay: while, at the rear, the Flagstaff and the Hospital held their commanding positions on the hill.

The Queen's (or rather, King's) Wharf at that time stretched round to join itself to the Circular Quay; but a sea of mud—a perfect Slough of Despond—formed at the mouth of the once highly-prized Tank Stream, lay festering between; and not until many years had passed were the two wharves united by the wooden bridge known by the name of Bon Accord.

The Tank Stream derived its title from several large tanks or reservoirs cut in its rocky channel, from which the people of the neighbourhood could procure water for cleansing purposes, long after the stream had been built upon, bridged over by streets, and altogether become of too doubtful a nature for human consumption.

As to the Queen's Wharf, just mentioned, it was held in evil repute by the convict portion of the population, as a place of punishment—where men and women were flogged for the most trivial offences; or, with a rope tied round their waists, were thrown into the water and dragged forth half-drowned.

Who would imagine that the very spot where, on sun-bright holidays, thousands of men and women, boys and girls, in all the full-hearted exuberance attendant on freedom from labour, congregate—who would imagine that such a place once re-echoed with the shrieks of women, and the curses and blasphemy of men under the lash? (defiled and degraded to the lowest stage of misery and shame, it is true; but still men and women!)—yet such is the fact.

Now, within a few yards of the spot, a large and comfortable "Sailor's Home" invites the seamen of every country to lodge within its walls; and a Mariner's Church, close at hand, floats its Bethel flag.

Other changes have also taken place. The "stream of fresh water" has been conducted through a massive sewer to empty its sluggish flood into the deep waters of the bay; and the dividing slough of mud has been covered in, so that the Circular Quay has swallowed up the old Queen's Wharf, and extends almost from point to point of Sydney Cove.

So far, the once prevailing features of the scene have vanished—the approaches have been altered, and the surrounding buildings and accompaniments are of an entirely different type: but still a few of the existing objects carry back our thoughts to by-gone times; and mark, in their neglected loneliness, places fraught with old associations.

But to return to my Anniversary Day experiences.

As I meditated on the changes wrought during eighty years, the day drew on; and a lull in the tide of excursionists rendered the wharf comparatively quiet. Two or three sailors, in tarry shirts and blue dungaree trousers, were lazily looking over the bulwarks of a clipper merchantman—and a few men and boys, who either hadn't the wish to enjoy a steam excursion, or else hadn't the money to pay for such a treat, were deep in the mysteries of wharf-fishing. Fishing?—Heaven save the mark!—when the only thing that entitles it to its name is the occasional capture of a juvenile "yellow-tail"—or equally diminutive "red-bream."

However, though sitting on a scorching plank, they seemed to be enjoying themselves; and I was about leaving them under that pleasing delusion, when one (an old seared-faced man, with a glimpse of grey hair making its way through a crevice in his hat) eyed me narrowly as I turned away and looked again at the Commissariat Stores.

"Nice building, that, sir—of its sort?"—he volunteered—as I noted the prison-like piece of architecture with its bleared walls, its many upper doors opening out on to nothing, its crazy cranes, and altogether dilapidated appearance.

"Yes, I dare-say," I coincided. "You knew it, I suppose, in its younger days?"

"Jest so!" responded my companion, leisurely trimming his hook with a piece of fish-bait, and jerking his line under the 'quarter' of the merchant-ship. "Many a queer yarn them stones in it could tell—if their tongues was anything *but* stone. It was a hinfant of a place when I come out from England."

"As a sailor?" I interposed.

"Not exactly—though I've bin that, as well as everything else sinst. No, I come out as a 'Lag.'

"A what?" I demanded,

"A lag—what gentle folks calls transported," replied my new acquaintance, coolly—as he pulled up a small fish and shoved it into a bag—"I wasn't twelve years old I wasn't, when I left home—and it was all along of the age, as-I wasn't 'tucked up' instead of being 'sent out'—but the judge said he didn't want to be hard—so he 'lagged' me for life, and fixed me amongst some nice 'sociates' to improve myself—*he* said! Why, sir, if I only told you some of the dodges I learnt, and some of the sights I've seen—I'd make you as faint as a school-girl."

There was something in the manner of the old man that fascinated me—for, like the Ancient Mariner, he seemed to hold me with his cold grey eye, so that I "could not choose but hear."

"Many a round 'dozen' have I got, just down here-away"—he continued—"for if a man looked at his master in them days he would get twenty-five lashes for it."

"Indeed!" was my only comment.

"Ay, indeed—as to robbing a meal—you might jest as well have committed murder—they couldn't do more nor hang you. I remember one poor cove as the treatment was killin' by inches—he'd bin a schoolmaster at home, but got into some forging scrape as sent him out here for life. Well, he wasn't nat'rally a bad-favoured cove, and the society he was throwed into went so agenst his grain that he was almost drove mad: he was always plannin' escapin'—and one day when we was chained together, we made up our minds to try the bush for it. We had planted a boat, and sculled across to North Shore that same night (I can almost see the rock where we landed!)—and struck up Lane Cove way. Poor fellow!"

"Then you didn't succeed in getting away?"

"Not exactly in the style we meant—although, after all, he did escape from it all in a sort of way:—you see, we hadn't bin able to take no grub with us—and the consekence was we was obligated to call and beg a meal

at a settler's hut. The man was away, fellin' wood—but the wife (poor creet-r!) was j st givin' us some damper and tea—when the soldiers knocked at the door. Of course it wasn't long before we was scudding across the paddock at the back: but the soldiers got scent of us, and as we could see we'd soon be caught, I crawled in among some dry grass, while my mate crept head first into a hollow log. They soon rooted me out—but the other cove had so jammed himself into the middle of the log, that what with fright and what with weakness, he couldn't get out—nor could they get at him—unless they sawed the tree in halves: so what do you think they did?—spiled dry grass and sticks on it, and burnt him up, log and all!—so you see he escaped 'em in one way, after all! As for me—I got a hundred lashes and six months in constant irons—but I wouldn't a' cared if they'd only let off the woman as helped us. They tied a rope round her waist, and threw her into the water hereabouts close handy—and dragged her about till she was half dead—which she was *quite*, poor thing, in less nor three months after."

As the old man ended his "yarn," and I strolled up Macquarie Place, I confess that my conversation with him raked up many painful associations.

Even the sight of the "Obelisk"—that comic attempt at old-world masonry—failed to arouse my spirits. Standing in the centre of Macquarie Place it marks the spot from whence all the great roads to the Interior took their measurement; but "how have the mighty fallen!" although covered with an entire page of Governmental History, telling what it was intended for it is now embellished with dist rted figures, letting us know quite as much about John Smith and Tom Jones as it does of its pristine object. The ornamental row of oaks, too, that braved the wear and tear of so many years, have lived long enough to drag on an ignominious existence, between a dray-stand on the one side, and a quantity of "blue-metal" heaps (each surmounted by an aged stone-breaker) on the other.

Leaving th m, I walked round the south-eastern curve of the Cove, and looked down the harbour—where the yachts and pulling-boats engaged in the Anniversary Regatta were dotting the crisping waters in every direction.

A passenger-ship under full canvas was coming up before the favouring breeze, and as she rounded Fort Denison the sails were brailed up, and the harmonious jangle of the chain through the hawse-pipes told that her voyage was ended.

The passengers were crowding the poop-deck, looking eagerly at the land they had chosen for their home; while some who were returning from a European trip, were watching for the faces they left behind some eighteen months ago; and waiting for a grasp of the hands that pressed a hearty "Good-bye," when hearts were too full for lips to utter it.

"Ah!"—I half-audibly reflected—"changes have indeed taken place in this town and harbour during the last eighty years; but how many changes have taken place in our little social circles in the course of the past twelve months! You, who have traversed so many thousand miles of rolling water to return at last, will find that many of your loved ones have started on that voyage across a sea whose sullen waves bear no returning barks. You will find old associations lingering about well-remembered scenes, but with no 'resting-place for the sole of their foot'—you will find the chain of friends and lovers you left so strong and bright twelve months ago, broken and faded—some in the neighbouring col nies, some in the far Interior—some estranged—some dead; and well will it be for you if you find *one* waiting to welcome you, with whom you may talk of

> What has been, and might have been,
> And who are changed, and who are dead."

THE YOUNG WIFE.

BY R. E. E.

Authoress of "Speculation; or, The Housekeeper's Story,' &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXII. (CONTINUED).

MORGAN chuckled with pleasure; he could have tended on Ella hand and foot, but he knew he need not while Mister Donald was there to help her. So she had her way; and he showed her the store, where she could take what she wanted, or rather, what it contained; and while she proceeded in her work on the clean table, put for her by John, and put the turkey ready to bake, larded with bits of bacon, and a stuffing formed of damper, two or three boiled potatoes, chopped boiled eggs, and bacon, seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little sprinkle of dried herbs—of which there was a bottle in the store; she made of the neck (which she cut off for it) and the bone of some fresh beef, a little good broth; with the liver and gizzard chopped up in it, and seasoned with salt, which was put to stew; and the while she did this, Donald beat the eggs for her custard.

Her temporary kitchen had been made under shelter of a large tree, some little way from the hut, but even there the low moans of poor Saunders reached her ear, as they moved him, and made his bed more comfortable. The poor fellow suppressed all sound he could; but it is no joke to move about one with broken bones, which those who have suffered from it can well understand.

At last all was over, the hut was cleared up, Ella's bed taken to her new quarters; and Saunders, after his fatigue in being moved, fell asleep, for the night had been sleepless, or nearly so, to him.

The turkey was placed in the camp-oven, the custards done, the broth giving forth a nice odour by the fire; and as all her things and Tom's were taken to the "bower," as they christened it, while they went into the bush to cut the poles required, she proceeded to place matters in order. Finding a second empty case, and the fellow scarlet blanket, she made a wash-handstand of them, placing thereon a spare milk dish for a bason, and a new dipper, for a jug. The bed was neatly made; some nails put, to hang up her own and Tom's limited wardrobe; and between watching her cookery, getting the potatoes—of which there were but few—ready, and reading a book she had found in the store, of Tom's, the time wore on till they came back, each with his load, and more ready to fetch with the horses after dinner.

The turkey with "much breast" was excellent, and enough for all of them with the fried bacon round it. Ella got much praise for her part of the feast. Saunders ate a bit and enjoyed his broth; and after dinner off they went, first clearing away, to bring in the poles; while Ella sat by Saunders, and, at his request, read to him, from his old Bible, the beautiful Psalms of David.

In three days the hut was finished, and also one for Saunders, who, placed on his mattress, was gently moved there. He was better, but not yet able to bear sitting up, though he longed for it; and day by day Ella read to him or talked to him for an hour or two, made him all the little nice matters her limited stores allowed, and saw a daily improvement in his spirits, while he gained strength rapidly.

Sometimes she rode out with Tom, Donald, and Morgan, who guided them to the most pleasant tracks. Her fatigue was over; she was smiling, contented, and happy. Her letters home—ready for the first chance to send—were joyous, hopeful, full of thankfulness to God, of love for those to whom she was "a household angel," as Mrs. Adams always called her.

Tom and Donald shared her glad spirits; and it was decided that a week or two after the arrival of the waggon they should return. For time and rest was all that could now be done for Saunders. The bones were evidently well set, the bruises less painful, his general health better, and his constitution naturally excellent.

The waggon was now overdue in time, and day by day was anxiously expected to bring them both news from home and rations; also a new hand, in place of poor Saunders.

At last the longed for "Coo-ee" reached their ears. "Coo-ee," "Coo-e," shouted more than one voice in answer. It was just supper time, and a true bush welcome was ready for man—a wide tract of fresh feed for the weary bullocks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE next morning all hands were busy in unloading the dray. The packet of letters were read the night before, and how Ella's little heart throbbed and glowed with love and pleasure as she read hers, full as they were of heartfelt affection and solicitude. So she, busy as a bee, helped to stow away the fresh supply of comforts, the care for all, and particularly the fair wife herself, had suggested.

The new stockman was a dandy in his peculiar way—a fine athletic young man, active, merry, and civil. He whistled over his work in careless glee, gave a willing hand everywhere, and had some quaint saying to lighten every difficulty. He had on the usual moleskin trowsers, but his legs and feet were encased in Napoleon boots, with "spur on heel." His waistcoat, of shepherd's plaid, was bordered with blue, which, with a clean white shirt (of which he had two for grand occasions), and a blue and black necktie, made a whole of remarkable neatness. His drab felt hat shaded a face neither handsome nor ugly, but he looked clean and wholesome, though dark as a gipsy.

His good-humoured smile and active help won for him the entire goodwill of his new companions; and Morgan, who rejoiced in a shirt of violet and black from his new supply, which had been got out amongst the first things, early, and clean moleskins, looked all the better for the contrast. Clean he always was, but the violet shirt looked so bright. He gave no thought that it, like most of what is lovely to the eye, would fade. But no matter if it did, for it would be long ere any but his comrades' eyes would see it in its faded state after Mrs. Adams left; and it would be just as useful as the scarlet one he usually wore.

At last the dray was empty; but under it the new hand preferred to sleep to the closer shelter of the hut. Tom instructed him in his portion of duty, and after dinner they began to concert their plans for the time they should remain to rest the bullocks, ere they resumed their homeward way. The driver of the team was also an active man; and Morgan quite agreed with Saunders they had better muster the cattle, and get a draught ready, as the drovers would be there soon to receive them. Still the newcomers must have necessary repose, so it was like a genuine bush holiday to all.

During the period they had been expecting the dray, Donald had occupied himself in matters of carpentry. He had, with the help of Bobby and Brandy, felled, and split into wide slabs, a fine tree; and with the adze had trimmed them pretty well to a smooth surface. From these he made two strong tables, a small one for Ella, and the larger one for general purposes. He had also contrived the frames of two large chairs, after the fashion of Allan's, at Mount Stewart; but having only rough tools to use, could not give them the same finish. There they were, however, very comfortable, though very homely in manufacture. The backs and seats were covered with green hides, nailed tightly on; and to one Ella had added a cushion at the back and seat, ready for the use of Saunders, who could now sit up a little every day.

Glad was every soul on the station when this same clumsy chair was