

to the roof-tree with geraniums. The dairy farm-house, with its vines and trained flowers; the sunlight streaming through the leaves of English forest-trees, planted with a careful hand all around the house, to remind the settler in the land of his adoption, of his old home sixteen thousand miles away; and the handsome and solid stone-built mansions, overshadowed by the oaks of Old England, with their wide domains of cultivated paddocks and green pastures, their hedgerows of hawthorn and sweet-brier, or in some cases of fuchsias six feet high; their orchards of tall pear-trees and apples; their haystacks, corn-ricks, barns, wool-sheds, and outhouses larger than the mansions themselves.

Every house has its garden, in which the flowers most carefully tended are those of home—the simple flowers of our childhood, primroses and cowslips, pansies and daisies; while the sweet little violet blooms under hedges of ever-flowering geraniums ten feet high. We quote a short and lively account of a Christmas here from the pen of a forty years' resident:—'The English reader must picture to himself a Christmas Day passed amid the scenes of summer; a population turning out on New Year's Day to play at cricket, or to make pleasure excursions on the water; and an exhibition of fruits and flowers in December. We are the antipodes of home: the 21st of December is the longest day; the thermometer frequently stands, at Christmas, at 70° in the parlour. Now the citizen chooses the shady side of the street, or indoors throws up the window and lets down blind. Beyond the precincts of town, the country is one vast expanse of verdure: the tall corn waving in the gentle summer breeze, while haymaking is going on, or some early crop courts, by its yellow tints, the sickle of the reaper. In the garden one is pleased with flowers of every hue, and tempted by luscious fruit. The farmer flings himself on his back on the lawn, and with merry child-faces around him, eats strawberries and cream to a delicious extent. In our ever-green forests, the cattle begin to seek the shelter of the trees, under whose grateful shade, in some cool brook, the boys are wont to bathe. Paroquets, in green and gold, flash past in their brilliant colours; the birds are merrily singing, and the locust makes his summer life one ceaseless song. No fire can be borne save in the kitchen; doors and windows are thrown open; flowers and evergreens grace the dining room for lack of the traditional holly; but the roast beef and plum-pudding of Old England retain their place of honour on the festive board. At that board the colonists, mindful of the custom of fatherland, unites his family, and after service in the neighbouring church, entertains his friends with grace and no stinted hospitality. And if Christmas does not come to him with the old associates of his youth—with its wind in gusts howling through leafless trees or fast falling snow; if scene and clime and season invest the festival with a different aspect to that familiar to the Englishman at home, he is not the less happy; nor is he saddened by the reflection that his neighbour is too poor to enjoy with him the good things of the season, with its holiday and feasting; for it is Christmas to every man, woman, and child in Tasmania, and there are none so poor that they cannot have in abundance the immemorial fare; and on all sides is heard the old English greeting, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." As the daughters of the Pharaohs, who in the marble palaces and gilded halls of their foreign