

Though now He sits in triumph
 At God the Father's side,
 The Head of all creation,
 The Husband of the Bride,
 Through all the seraphs' music
 He hears her undertone,
 'O come, Lord Jesus, quickly,
 Claim, claim Thy purchased throne!'

He comes with saints and angels,
 In answer to her prayer,
 And calls His saints, transfigured,
 To meet Him in the air.
 All glory, laud, and honour,
 Ascended Lord, to Thee!
 In all Thy radiant beauty,
 Grant us Thy face to see.

The Riverina, Australia.

THERE is a little township in New South Wales, Australia, in the lonely bush, some 600 miles from Sydney, 400 from Melbourne, and 120 from a railway—therefore far removed from the benefits of easy transit and civilisation.

Since the roadway from the ocean is by means of the great Australian rivers, steamers ply constantly to and fro in the summer months, bringing up commodities, and bearing back in their place thousands of bales of wool, direct to Echuca, and thence by rail to Melbourne, to be shipped to London.

Coaches, too—lumbering, ill-shaped vehicles, with leather springs and waterproof flaps (instead of windows and doors), carry mails to and from the inland towns farther up the interior. And thus the town is supplied with food for mind and body in a fashion.

The inhabitants eat anything they can get, and fruit and vegetables there must often be omitted from the bill of fare. Apples are 9d. a lb., oranges 2s. 6d. a dozen, and vegetables are only to be had of the indefatigable Chinese, whose gardens run down to the river banks, and who water and toil and fight against drought and sun unceasingly.

The township is prettily situated on the banks of the broad, swift Murrumbidgee River. Trees line the low banks, all of one kind, a species of eucalyptus, called the box.

The foliage is of one unvarying tint, a dull green, the branches long, awkward, and forked, and the trunks scarred.

Some are of enormous girth, and hollow. Many burnt with fire are still standing—blackened skeletons, like things of a former age, when the aborigines reigned in the land, and cut broad strips off the bark in the wet seasons to build themselves boats, and dwellings called gunyahs.

The month in which I write is October, the Australian spring, and the bush is at its best. You see long vistas of green-sward, and trunks and branches of these unending 'gums,' in which the jackass's laugh is heard. The magpie whistles the musical stave, and the hideous crows caw in strangely human tones, 'I'm hungry, hungry, hungry.'

Flocks of white and brown goats browse in and out amongst the trees.

Farther in, where the bush breaks into an open plain, flights of white cockatoos settle and rise like fantail pigeons, and feed on the seeds of grasses. The pink and grey parrots are often in company with them.

Again the open plain is lost in the dense 'mallee' scrub. This is another species of gum, growing like small trees or high bushes, through which the coach or buggy threads its way over awkward stumps and fallen boughs, dry, brittle, and crackling under horses' feet and wheels. Tiny flowers are here and there, amongst them a pointed harebell, not hanging its head, but open like a star, and small white and yellow everlasting, like daisies.

The 'mallee' also has a white feathery bloom, and there is a bush like a broom covered with yellow flowers. By-and-by you come on sand ridges, and the monotony