

this side there was a flock of travelling sheep numbering three thousand. The drover knew the danger—a rapidly rising river would soon overflow its banks and all the sheep would drown. For awhile the drover sat in deep thought. At last he came to a decision. Instructing his men to keep the sheep in the 'break,' he set off to walk as far as a selector's home, which was on the left bank.

On arrival he coo-ed. The owner came down to the bank and the drover shouted his request. He wanted the selector to lend him his boat. This the selector gladly did. The selector rowed the boat across the stream and returned with his passenger. The boat was fastened to a tree and together they went up to the house.

"With his bridle on his arm, the selector set off to catch his draught mare. This accomplished, she was then harnessed to the spring cart.

"Down the river they went. Together they managed to hoist the boat on to the cart, and then they set off down the road to a position opposite the camp.

"Then the boat was launched, and the drover rowed across the swollen stream. Sheep were caught, their legs tied, and they were deposited in the boat and the driver rowed off. On the opposite shore the selector waited to unload the sheep. This process was repeated until every beast was safely deposited on high ground."

The trembling voice ceased; the old man was hearing once again the swishing of the oars, the bleating of the sheep, and the roar of the river, for he had been the drover on that memorable "voyage."

—FLO. BELLAMY.

## FOR THE SAFETY OF THE TRAIN.

The big sun was slowly sinking to rest as Margaret rode out of her father's ranch. She was going for her usual evening ride on her pony, Prince. She remembered that her father had bought Prince for her seventh birthday. She rode over the brow of the hill and cantered towards the railway bridge.

The engineers had been wise in building the bridge up high so as to avoid the floods of summer, but she saw that the wooden piles were unsafe. No one had been near the bridge since the last cyclone, nearly a week ago. The people of the country side had been so eager to have the railway lines laid down that they had not delayed to replace the old piles.