

Next we imagine that we are natives and 'shin' (the farm expression) up pawpaw trees. Sometimes the slender trunks bend but they do manage to support our weight! Pawpaws have to be picked fairly green and packed very carefully, as they squash so easily.

By this time we abhor the sight of fruit, and the farmer suggests that, as there is another day to-morrow, we may 'ease off.' Tired, but with a feeling of duty done, we retire to the house for tea.

With the evening mail come several orders for passion fruit. By the light of a lantern we pick and pack hundreds of purple-black passions. Fearful lest more orders should arrive, we hurry to bed to 'sleep th sleep of the tired.'

—"A FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

## THE SEA.

One of the most beautiful sights to be seen is a long line of white-tipped, curling breakers close to the shore, with the vast blue sea behind.

The sea has a magic about it that makes one love it and wonder at it. The ceaseless boom of the surf along the coast—the tang of the salt spray from the breakers—the sting of white sand wind-blown against bare legs—all these things give the sea magic power to capture us and hold us under its spell.

First among the waves are those which break on the beach itself. They tumble over playfully and come laughing up the sand, and then, mockingly, they flow swiftly back. Farther out are the huge, slow-rising breakers, which foam and roar as they fall.

There are big waves and little waves, and tiny rippling wavelets that seem to rove, lost, among the gigantic breakers. But there is one wave more beautiful than all the others. It rises proudly from the blue ocean, slowly swells and curls, showing first a tiny line of white which gradually broadens into a pure white crest. Then, it curves over and downwards and rushes forward, until it finally merges into the surrounding waters, and disappears.

The sea has as many moods as a wilful child. It can be calm and tranquil or laughing and playful. It can be sullen, brooding over some wrong, and it can be wildly angry, with mountainous waves, wind-whipped and foam-crested. In each mood the sea is beautiful.

On a fair mild day, with a sweet breeze dimpling its