



For CONSTIPATION

Mothers can help keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years this gentle, safe aperient has been used by mothers for children up to 14 years of age.

Write now for Free Booklet
"Hints to Mothers"
Van Stammers Bros. Ltd.,
11, Taranaki St., Wellington.

Give
**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION

Don't Be
Crippled with
**RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
or LUMBAGO**



Beltona will help in easing the agonies of Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism and Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness, Bruises, etc. Brings welcome relief to stiff muscles or aching joints. All Chemists and Stores.

Beltona
(BRAND LOTION)

FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY

N.Z. Agents: Bell Pty. Ltd., Cooke's Buildings,
Queen Street, Auckland.



**BIG Comfort from
a Little Tin!**

INSTANT RELIEF
PAINLESSLY REMOVES CORN
CURES WARTS TOO!

**CARNATION
CORN CAPS**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

HOW SHALL WE SING THE LORD'S SONG

IDLY he traced squares and rectangles on the scribbling pad before him.

If I had my way, he thought, I'd release all caged things. Let them out. Let them go free. Now take that mangy lion in the zoo—what if he went walking down the main street, what if he went strolling majestically down the footpath among all the pedestrians and the women in their high-heeled shoes and their fur coats? And the elephant—I'd like to see the elephant lift a man nonchalantly in his trunk and hold him with his legs waving like a helpless, captured insect's, right up above all the people and the cars. But, no, that wouldn't be right, he corrected himself. To release a beast properly you must turn him loose in his own environment, among his own kind, to be himself.

He rose and walked across the room to the grimed windows, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking down at the street below.

Must see Miss Jones about getting these windows washed. Now take a man—it's the same for a man as for a beast. If you free him it must be into his own sort, into his own tribe or clan, or what's his freedom worth? He might as well go on learning the foreign language of the place he's in. Take these refugees here learning our language, living according to our customs, looked on by us with curiosity as a sort of queer species infiltrating our own. Now to free them, they would need to be returned to their own lands, their own people. They would go back to find those places and people changed but, above all, to find themselves changed. Ah—that's it—they'd find themselves changed. You can't live in an alien land without absorbing something of the foreign atmosphere. You can't exist independent of your environment—you react inevitably—and you change.

That's it—you change. And you don't know you've changed till you go back to your own land and measure yourself against those things you were once part of.

He turned and nervously paced the floor once or twice.

That's it—you don't know you've changed till you measure yourself against your own people, your own kind again.

Then he knew he was afraid. He wished he had a pocket mirror in which to examine himself to see if he had changed. What if she should see him with the impersonal eyes of the past? What if changes he hadn't realised had refashioned him? She might even not know him.

It did not occur to him that she might have changed. Somehow he had always felt she would return. He had



A SHORT STORY

Written for "The Listener" by
BARBARA DENT

known that they would meet again somewhere, even if it were not till death's dream kingdom. It had simply been indisputable in his mind that their coming together would occur.

But it was ten years. And he had lived a different way in those ten years, among aliens. He had lived in an alien land. He had tried to keep himself untouched, with the integrity of his spirit unmarred. But who was to tell? Certainly, he couldn't measure himself now against that self of ten years ago. He couldn't do it himself. But she would. She would.

He took out his watch. Quarter to three. She would be there at three. She had never been late for appointments—she would be on time now.

He opened the door into the outer office.

Miss Jones, when the lady comes, show her in immediately. And Miss Jones, I don't want to be disturbed. Take any telephone calls, and if anyone comes, say to call again.

Yes, Mr. Herrick, she replied, apparently the well-trained, impersonal office machine—I'll see to it.

Thank you, he said. And she would see to it, he thought gratefully, as he closed the door. She was flawlessly efficient, thank God. No personalities ever intruded between his secretary and himself. It was pleasant, it was relaxation to be with someone so constantly, and so completely without emotion.

She's a good girl, he thought. I hope she gets herself a decent husband some day. She deserves it.

Then he forgot her and continued his pacing, his thinking, his gazing out the smeared window.

At last he heard voices in the outer office. He stiffened and stood still at the desk, his hand unconsciously reaching out and toying with the paper knife. He stood, silent and tense, and waited. Then the door opened and she entered.

She came forward, one hand outstretched, the other throwing the veil back over her ridiculous little hat. She was perfectly at ease, perfectly poised.

Richard, she said, holding out her hand.

He caught it between both his and looked at her without speaking. Then he sighed gently and smiled with that inward sweetness that had always been his with her.

I knew you'd be on time, he said. I knew you would. Well—

He pressed her hand and then released it, touching her shoulders, and turning her to the light. Let me look at you. Ah—the same eyes, so green and so quiet. And your hair hasn't greyed. Yes—you are the same.

She smiled quietly. And you, Richard—are you the same?

Only you can tell that, he said. Only you can find that out. I don't know myself. Am I different? Do I look different? Tell me now—let it be the truth.

She gazed at him, searching him. He could feel her mind searching him as her fingers would search gently through a pile of drifted leaves, for the certainty of the earth below. And he laid himself bare before her, for he wanted her to find him, he wanted her above all to help him find himself again.

At last, smiling gently, she said, Your eyes are the same, Richard, brown and soft as ever. But your hair is greying. She reached up and touched him at the side of his cheek. Here. It's greying here. But I would have known you anywhere, Richard. I would have known you.

Then—I have not changed?

Come, let's sit down, she said. Let's sit and talk.

And he knew she was undecided. He knew she had searched, and had not yet found him. He turned away numbly. He was afraid.

SHE sat down and took off her hat. There, now I feel more at home, more able to relax. I tried to come quite calmly, quite at peace, but—

Well, ten years is a long space, Richard. And yet as I came up the stairs, it seemed only like yesterday. Yesterday, and now to-day, and no in between. And I know—

Yes. It was like that for me, too. No in between. I knew, too, there had been no in between. I knew it. I've always known that time or space could make no difference to us. It was meant to be. It was, and it has been all this time—and it still is. Isn't it? Lisette, isn't it?

His very vehemence betrayed his inner uncertainty, his need to be reassured.

She spoke gently. Yes, it is the same. For me it is the same. It has not changed. We may be ten years older, we may have changed, but it is still

(continued on next page)