

**O Happy Eyes.**

O happy eyes, for you will see  
My love, my lady pass to-day;  
What I may not, that may you say,  
And ask for answer, daringly.

O happy flowers, that touch her dress,  
That touch her dress and take her  
smile,

O whisper to her all the while  
Some words of love in idleness.

O happy airs, that touch her cheek,  
And lightly kiss and float away,  
So carelessly as if in play,  
Why take ye all the joy I seek?

O happy eyes, my love to see.  
Alas, alas, I may not greet  
With word or touch my lady sweet;  
O happy eyes, say all for me!

—C. Alice Elgar.

**The Silver Swan.**

The silver swan, who living had no  
note,  
When death approached unlocked her  
silent throat;  
Leaning her breast against the reedy  
shore,  
Thus sang her first and last, and sang  
no more:  
"Farewell, all joys; O death, come,  
close mine eyes,  
"More geese than swans now live, more  
fools than wise!"

—Anon. (17th century).

**My Bonnie Lass She Smileth.**

My bonnie lass she smileth  
When she may heart beguileth,  
Smile less, dear lass, therefore,  
And you shall love me more,  
With a fa la la la la.

When she her sweet eye turneth,  
Oh! how my heart it burneth!  
Dear love, call in their light,  
Or else you burn me quite,  
With a fa la la la la.

—Old English.

**All in the April Evening.**

All in the April ev'ning,  
April airs were abroad;  
The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd me by on the road.  
All in the April ev'ning  
I thought on the Lamb of God.  
The lambs were weary and crying  
With a weak human cry.  
I thought on the Lamb of God  
Going meekly to die.  
Up in the blue, blue mountains.  
Dewy pastures are sweet,  
Rest for the little bodies,  
Rest for the tired feet.

But for the Lamb of God.  
Up on the hill-top green,  
Only a cross, a cross of shame,  
Two stark crosses between.  
All in the April evening,  
April airs were abroad.  
I saw the sheep with their lambs,  
And thought on the Lamb of God.

—Katharine Tynan.

**Snowflakes Falling.**

Snowflakes falling, angels calling.  
Natus Christus hodie.  
Mortals singing, church-bells ringing,  
Salve Jesu, Domine.  
Never sleeping, vigil keeping,  
Semper laus Deo:  
All repeating, endless greeting,  
Et Beato Filio.

Mother holy, dwelling lowly,  
Bubus assistentibus:  
Love beholding, God enfolding,  
Cara nobis omnibus.  
Babe so tender, our Defender,  
Inter tenebrosa lux.  
Man-rejected, God-elected,  
Salus nostra, noster Dux.

Cease from mourning, sorrow scorning,  
Pax in terris et caelo!  
No more sighing, banish crying,  
Ego Resurrectio!  
Angels quiring, men conspiring,  
Natus Christus hodie;  
Aeons lauding, worlds applauding,  
Salve Jesu, Domine.

—E. G. A. Beckwith.

**O Can Ye Sew Cushions?**

O can ye sew cushions, and can ye sew  
sheets,  
And can ye sing ba-lu-loo when the  
bairn greets?  
And hee and ba, birdie, and he and ba  
lamb!  
And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee  
lamb!

Hee, O wee, O what will I do wi'  
you?

Black's the life that I lead wi'  
you!

Mony o' you, little for to gi'e you,  
Hee, O wee, O what will I do  
wi' you?

I've placed my cradle on yon holly top,  
And aye as the wind blew, my cradle  
did rock,  
O hush-a-ba baby, O ba lilly loo!  
And hee and ba birdie, my bonny wee  
doo!

—Old Scottish Cradle Song.

**After Many a Dusty Mile.**

After many a dusty mile,  
Wanderer, linger here awhile,  
Stretch your limbs in this long grass,  
Through these pines a wind shall pass  
That shall cool you with its wing.  
Grasshoppers shall shout and sing,  
While the shepherd on the hill,  
Near a fountain warbling still,  
Modulates, when noon is mute,  
Summer songs along his flute;  
Underneath a spreading tree  
None so easy-limbed as he,  
Sheltered from the dog-star's heat.  
Rest, and then on freshened feet  
You shall pass the forest through—  
It is Pan that counsels you.

—From the Greek, translated by  
Edmund Gosse.**Come, Sisters, Come.**

Come, sisters, come, the silvery moon is  
beaming,  
And in the realm where angels dwell  
The stars in splendour shine.  
Come, sisters, come, 'tis not the hour  
for dreaming,  
For 'neath the shadows of the night

Are dance and song divine!  
Come, sisters, come away,  
To merry dance and roundelay!  
Come, sisters, come, where light and  
shadows mingle,  
And elves and fairies dance and sing  
Upon the meadowland.  
Come, sisters, come, we'll thread the  
dell and dingle,  
And frolic 'neath the bright moonbeams  
With hand enclasped in hand.  
Come, sisters, come away  
To merry dance and roundelay!

—Edward Oxenford.

**The Challenge of Thor.**

I am the God Thor,  
I am the War God.  
I am the Thunderer!  
Here in my Northland.  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I for ever!  
Here amid icebergs  
Rule I the nations;  
This is my hammer,  
Mjolner the mighty:  
Giants and sorcerers  
Cannot withstand it!  
These are my gauntlets  
Wherewith I wield it;  
And hurl it afar off.  
This is my girdle:  
Whenever I brace it,  
Strength is redoubled.  
The light thou beholdest  
Stream through the heavens  
In flashes of crimson,  
Is but my red beard  
Blown by the night-wind,  
Affrighting the nations!  
Jove is my brother,  
Mine eyes are the lightning  
The wheels of my chariot  
Roll in the thunder.  
The blows of my hammer  
Ring in the earthquake!  
Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it,  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant;  
Over the whole earth  
Still is it Thor's day!

Thou art a God too.  
O Galilean,  
And thus single-handed.  
Unto the combat,  
Gauntlet or Gospel,  
Here I defy Thee!

—Longfellow.

**Wavelengths of American Stations Change**

IN order to meet the intense congestion in the United States, it was planned to change the wavelengths of nine-tenths of the broadcasting stations from Armistice Day. It was claimed that the temporary inconvenience caused would be more than recompensed by the clearer reception.

To understand the plan upon which the new allocations are based, it is necessary to know that there are ninety-six channels or highways in the broadcast spectrum between 550 and 1500 kilocycles, that is, between the wavelengths of 545 metres and 200 metres. Each of these channels is 10 kilocycles wide, the modulating or sound frequency extending for five kilocycles on either side on the carrier wave.

When two stations are radiating energy on the same channel, or on approximately the same wavelength, a collision occurs, and a high pitched squeal results. Listeners will remember such an occurrence in New Zealand when 3YA was being heterodyned by a Sydney variation.

Of the ninety-six channels, six are assigned exclusively to Canada, leaving 90 to the use of the six hundred and twenty-four stations in the United States and Alaska, an average of nearly seven stations per channel. The inevitable result was that there was hardly an American station that could be heard without a heterodyning whistle. Here was the problem which faced the Commission which has just completed its investigations.

There were two solutions to the problem. One was to reduce the time that some of the stations were to operate, and the other was to reduce the number of stations on the air. The

Radio Commission chose the former that they do not operate simultaneously.

Most of them are high-powered stations. Consequently, during the night hours, there should be little or no interference on nearly half the dial. The remaining channels are allocated so as to provide for a minimum of interference.

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