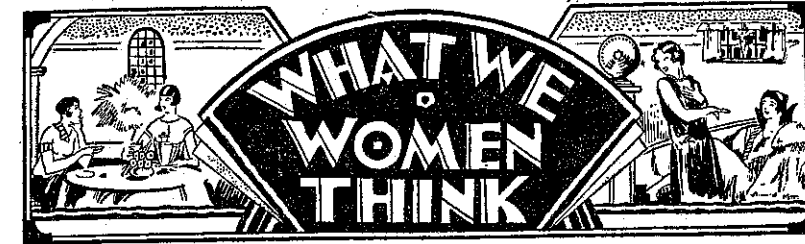


MENTION in an overseas magazine of the fact that a South African needlewoman expresses her love of the artistic in working delightful colour sketches and fantasies in silk reminds me that a Wellington girl friend also has the same taste. Some of her needlework colour sketches are quite charming and constitute most delightful gifts to those of her friends who are honoured thereby.

With her coloured silks this young lady has worked some glorious garden scenes, which, suitably framed, adorn the walls of certain bachelor flats. This art in her case is self-acquired, but the South African artist has had the advantage of training at the Royal School of Art Needlework, London.

This reminds me that some of our country friends are most skilled with the needle. I recently had the pleas-



ure of viewing a splendid exhibition of home craft and needlework which is under the charge of Miss Agnes M. Stops, voluntary organiser for the Women's Institutes. Miss Stops some months ago gave an address from 2YA on the work of these institutes, and since that time, by active and enterprising work in the South Island, has

formed some sixty or more institutions in various country districts. One objective of this organisation is to encourage the development of home skill in various hobbies and crafts. As an indication of what can be done in this direction, Miss Stops has with her a loan exhibition of material supplied by the National Federation of Women's Institutes, London. This material is later to be presented to the New Zealand Federation when formed. No fewer than forty crafts are embodied in the exhibition.

In needlework one of the most interesting examples of skill is a replica of portion of the quilt which was

JOHN MASEFIELD, poet laureate, has written a new book, the first since he received the honour from the King. Masefield has made a study of his fellow-beings and his books are astute studies in human psychology; the characters live as do few others. There is a sympathy and understanding with men of all nations and classes, and round these men he weaves his stories. In his new book, "The Wanderer," he calls on his knowledge of the sea and ships and accomplishes a veritable marvel in verse. A chronicle of one of the last of the great sailing ships, the story opens with the setting forth of the barque Wanderer, how the captain, "warned that the worst is approaching," urges that the

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Winds

WINDS, the untrammelled
children of the sky,
Coursing with wanton speed o'er
dell and dale;
Ranging in power of breath from
gentle sigh
To raging hurricane and tempest
gale!
All we on earth appreciate your
powers,
As when you lash the sea up with
your whip,
Rolling the thunderous clouds
with driving showers,
Wild sheets of spray, and toss the
struggling ship.
But then again, upon a stormy
day,
You will leap up and force the
great clouds back,
Sweeping the heavens, bent on
your sportive play;
For you have joy and strength
which we all lack.
O light-souled winds, if we could
only be
As great, as powerful, yet as quiet
as ye!

—J.Y.

given to her Majesty the Queen by the Women's Institute. The original was made of 52 squares of Glamis linen representing the 52 counties of England and Wales, with a wild flower embroidered in each. Working in chain stitch, nine members of the Hampstead Institute each copied one of those squares for the benefit of New Zealand. Other interesting articles in the collection carried by Miss Stops are samples of the traditional smocks of English rural workers and a christening robe of 120 years old. This has been in use for three generations. I understand that a conference of Women's Institutes will be held in Wellington in a few weeks' time and if an opportunity could then be afforded keen needlewomen of seeing this amazing exhibition of skill and craft it would be greatly appreciated.—Hobby.

Sun-lit Wattle

GOLDEN drifts
Where the sunlight sifts,
Caught in a cloud of green . . .
Or liquid notes
From golden throats—
These may your blossoms have been.
—Alice Hirst.

appointed day of setting forth is his lucky day, and with the handsome ship faces a boisterous channel.

All of the knowledge and cunning of
hundreds of thinkers
Who made from the stubborn the swan-
like and sweeping and swift,
All of the art of the brain that had seen
her in vision,
Had gone into the making her perfect in
beauty and strength.

Her yellow masts raked as they rose with
their burden of yard,

It tells of the storm that rose from
the southern sky; of the snapping of
the cable that held her to the tow steamer,
of the hasty setting sail with a
drunken crew, who hid "anywhere
sheltered and dark to be out of danger,"
of the crashing yards and torn
sails, of the bravery of an apprentice
struck on the head with some heavy
gear when he attempted to clear the
wreckage up above, of the signals of
distress, and the ultimate answers.
But disaster has fallen on the deter-
mined captain.

The swinging mainsail swooped over and
struck him on the head, and later
The Wanderer's captain, George Currie,
died on the table below,
And then and the morning came quietly
in upon sandals of peace.
—Gwendolyn.

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