

Rainbows
round the
Lake



The entire proceeds of the sale of this
booklet are to be devoted to the Tutira
Memorial fund.



T here's a lakelet called Tutira,

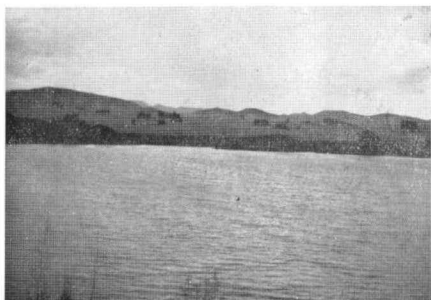
U nder the brows of hills so green;

T he fairies surely found it ere mor-
tal eye did see.

I nto its limpid waters they poured
measures of cobalt blue;

R ound the edges grow the greenest
of weeping willow trees.

A peaceful spot, where time stands
still; the wild birds call, the
sunshine bids you one and all
"Come with me -- rest beside
my waters cool."



TUTIRA.



TUTIRA! Its musical name might almost be a bird-call stealing across the placid waters of this bird sanctuary. It is here beside this little scenic gem, set high upon a green headland, with an uninterrupted view of the entire length of the lake, that it is hoped to erect a Memorial Chapel in honour and remembrance of the lads of the surrounding districts who made the supreme sacrifice.

Could a more fitting spot be found than here where from earliest boyhood those same lads had gathered to spend many happy hours. Tutira Lake in all its varied moods and seasons will always make a fitting picture to hang in the "Hall of Memory." Whether it be in the springtime with the willows decked in palest green sweeping to the water's edge and the tall, delicately etched poplars unfurling their bronzy green leaves, or later, when Autumn has spread her magic spell over all, turning the poplars to gold, spilling it for good measure in a carpet underfoot. What sheer delight to stand in the early morning with the lake's surface like a sheet of glass, reflecting the clouds, hills and trees, making it difficult to define just where land and water meet. Again, on clear blue days, when in happy mood, the golden sunshine glints and sparkles making every little ripple dance for joy. Seen too, in the witching evening hour, with the rosy flush of departing day tinting the waters rose and gold, softening the outlines of the hills, instilling a sense of peace and restfulness. Away from the bustle and noise of the city, where could one find a more fitting spot to build a House of God than beside the still waters, where travellers and residents alike might tarry, finding peace and renewed strength.



THE FREE GIFTS OF LIFE.



WHAT JOY is ours if we are able to appreciate and enjoy the free gifts of life. Clear blue skies, radiant sunshine, golden sunsets like a glimmer escaping from that other world. Glorious sunrises, holding a promise of a new untouched day. The delicate beauty of the butterflies as they hover above the flowers. The glint of blue on the kingfisher's wing as it flashes in the sunshine. The peacefulness of evening amongst the soft perfumes of the garden, rising like incense on the still eventide air. Night's velvety mantle softening the hard outlines and breathing only of peace. The rich autumnal shades that somehow seem to shed their warm gayness into our very hearts. The clear purity of the snowy heights standing clear-cut and serene against the sky line. Bird songs that are sung for sheer happiness. The delicate tracery of leaf and tree bejewelled with dew on a morn with the world washed new. The sparkle of myriads of diamonds; take them into our hands and lo! they each become a drop of water. Restored to His setting and once again a precious gem, flashing its colours of the rainbow, vivid green, orange, blue and red. Is it not so with all these precious gifts, the choice lies with each one of us — to appear commonplace or to see them as Divine gifts of beauty. Rich indeed, is he or she who loves and shares the joy of the free gifts of life.

PAINTS.



FROM her giant paint box of colours, Dame Nature selected three to use in her main colour scheme. She chose them carefully for they must all blend, be restful and kindle happiness in the hearts of men. Her choice was blue, green and gold. Blue for skies, that clear, sparkling blue that has the power to lift us above the everyday things of life. For the sea, shimmering in the sum-

mer sunshine, lapping the golden sands. Deepest blue for the distant ranges at the close of day. Beneath the trees for those wee harbingers of spring, scillas, chionodoxas and forget-me-nots that peep forth, vying with the sky for blueness.

Then Dame Nature's hand stole out for the very largest tube, green, for she had so very much to use it for. Over the barren wastes spread the green grass, a carpet of softness. The hills and wooded slopes all called for green and more green, light green, sap green, new spring green, for unfurling leaf buds, darker green for the sombre pines, green mixed with sunlight, bronzy green for young poplar, cherry and maple leaves, with here and there a splash of blue green. With what deft fingers she blended those many greens. With a smile on her face, Dame Nature reached out for the third and last of her colours, for was it not of more importance than the other two together. Glowing gold for sunshine, the happiest of all Nature's gifts, without which this world could not live. What joy it must have been to scatter gold on poplar, larch and willow, to spill it amongst the sombre brown bracken, to mint it in untold quantities, covering acres of golden lupins and broom hiding the sandy wastes and filling the air with perfume, the painting of the Kowhai trees in full bloom against a perfect setting — a clear blue sky. Golden daffodils nodding in the breeze, wee yellow crocus that had so recently pushed their cheerful faces up through the brown earth. No wonder that when a child enquired of the blackbird where he got his yellow beak that he replied, "I dipped it in a crocus on the first day of spring."

KOWHAI GOLD:



TALL and stately grew the trees of the forest, Matai, Rimu, Totara, Kahikatea, standing as they had stood for centuries, with their heads in the sunshine, their giant branches flung out protectingly above the smaller trees, like guardian patriarchs. All was very still save for the rustle of falling leaves and the notes of the songsters. The tallest of the Matais bent his lofty head. Was someone

weeping? Yes! there it was again. From his lofty height he looked down over the lesser trees. The Kowhai's bare branches shook. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked. "Oh I'm so lonely now that my leaves have fallen, you are all allowed to keep yours," sobbed the Kowhai. Now Tane, the great god of the forest, was walking through the bush and as he brushed against the smaller undergrowth a great cloud of moths arose and flew through the air, settling on the bare branches of the Kowhai. Tane listened to the little trees' tale of woe and then he commanded the moths to return each spring just when the Kowhais' leaves were falling. A shaft of sunlight came dancing through the woods transforming the moths to glistening gold. Each spring you can see them clustering all over the Kowhais' otherwise bare branches like great golden moths.

SUNSET.

DAY is fading, the happy moments mingling with the sad are slowly drifting to where all spent days go — back into God's safe keeping. Sit alone on a hilltop, and watch a sunset scene. The colours flung on that western canvas are without stint, flame to brightest vermilion streaked and splashed in glorious abandonment, now paling to orange and pink, casting a rose glow over the surrounding hills changing them from deep blue to amethyst. The hour-glass of departing day slowly ebbs away, leaving only the glow from the embers of the dying day shedding a soft radiance, a tranquil calmness like a healing balm, obscuring all the petty worries of the day, lifting us above the commonplace. Those sunset clouds, are they not symbolical of our battles triumphantly overcome? decked with the glow of glory. Do they not reflect our lives? — calm untroubled — a clear sunset sky devoid of character-giving clouds. Let us then, while the glow of sunset lingers in that spell of twixt and between, determine to look life squarely in the face, to be content to accumulate sufficient clouds to make a glorious sunset ending to our lives.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.



TWO, four, six, eight. To those who cannot sleep, cease your counting of sheep and come with me down the silvery moonlit paths of the garden of dreams. Close those tired weary eyes, for this garden calls only for that inward eye of the mind. Its peaceful haunts are cool and restful 'neath shady spreading trees, beside rippling streams where the banks are lined with lazy ferns, waving and

dipping as if beating rythmically to the tune of the brook. Beneath the trees a carpet of blue forget-me-nots lie, like a piece of sky that has come to rest awhile, and listen to the music of the rippling stream as it gurgles its way over mossy stones. Down a little winding pathway, dappled with fallen leaves, a pageant of colour greets us from the dell of azaleas and rhododendrons, all shades from cream to deepest yellow, pale pastel pinks to glowing scarlet, all blending to make a veritable feast of colour, to linger amongst and inhale their fragrance, a balm for tired souls. There are no restrictions in this garden of dreams; gather as you go, armfuls of golden daffodils, fragrant hyacinths in all their waxen beauty, nosegays of delicate white violets growing 'neath the trees, spires of sky blue delphiniums, baskets of perfumed freesias, gay stately tulips just waiting to be gathered. Stoop and drink your fill from the fragrant mignonette, that old-fashioned flower that has kept step with time. The cool banks where the primroses grow, wafting their sweet perfume on the evening air. New, larger and gayer ones have come to us but are any as sweet as the little cream primroses of the English woods? massed into a veritable carpet of starry faces. Rest awhile and gaze into the faces of the pansies; one a dear little old lady in lavender, smiling back at you. Another, velvety brown, like a dreamy eyed maiden. Some have saucy faces, others with heavy beetling brows. Then there are the plain, creamy, tranquil ones, as if having

watched life go by. They have found it good. A fresh perfume rises as we bend our heads beneath the graceful pungas, blending with the moist loamy odour of the bush soil, for here grows the chaste litt'e lily of the valley in all its glory.

Standing beneath the tall stately trees, what strength we seem to gather. Trees that have withstood the storms of life and for all their buffeting this way and that, still stand erect with arms outflung, be it to sun or rain, heat or the chill of winter's icy blast. Do they tell all their victories to the stars? To all who cannot sleep, let your mind go exploring into that make-believe garden of dreams. There's no end to the delights to be found around unexpected bends; views to be treasured; bird songs to be remembered; colours that only a Master artist could blend; perfumes that will linger with you until you sleepily, dreamily slip into the land of Nod.

SUNRISE.



“BEHOLD I make all things new” comes to one's lips in the hush of dawn, with the clear purity of the untouched day, the almost transparency of the sky; like a giant canvas of the Master Artist stretched across the dome ready to receive the wonder of the age old miracle of sunrise. Like a living thing waiting, pulsing, slowly it comes to life. A faint pink tinge spreads like an even wash, deepening

to rose, flame and vermillion. Orange mingles with the rose, whisps of violet drift in, pure molten gold in unmeasured quantities glints and edges the fleecy clouds. Bright and still brighter it glows, our eyes watch each change trying to fathom the miracle of sunrise, that ever changing glow of riotous colours that change without any perceptible movement. The radiance lingers with us long after the last colour has faded, strengthening the desire to make of this new day, a thing of beauty so that eventide finds us not confronted with the sense of failure, of having missed something great and fine. What would this grey

old world be but for the renewed promise of a world made new, a fresh beginning, the clouds and storms of yesterday smoothed away. Sunrise — a new, untouched day wherein lie such possibilities for happiness, kindness, little everyday courtesies that bring forth a smile, kindling and answering light to tired eyes.

THE GARDEN OF PEACE.



IS there any beauty to compare with a garden in the coolness of the evening when Nature has spread her magic mantle of softness over all? The hard outlines disappear, trees against the faintly flushed sky look almost to have been etched by a great painter so perfect and peaceful they appear. A sense of deep content floods our hearts and we are drawn very close to the Head Gardener who

planned this world's beauty. The day's haste has slackened, we have time to stand and drink our fill, storing away the memory of the beauty of the delicate tracery of silver birch, the cool tender green of the tall silver poplars, the wide spreading arms of Idesia with her colourful berries hanging in such generous bunches, the long shadows thrown across the lawn by the tall Tulipfera. The rounded contours of rhododendrons look so self possessive beside the graceful cherries and maples. The scarlet gum aglow with colour. I wonder whether she caught and imprisoned the rays of the setting sun in her vivid tresses. To stand and drink one's fill beside the magnolia trees whose pink chalices pour out their sweetness on the evening air. To behold the autumn tints that spread their gladness into our very hearts, coppery birch, prunis, cornus, azalia molis, flaming stewartia, vibernum, rhus, enklanthus, glorious cherry and hosts of orange tiger lilies. The generous splash of colour of the chrysanthemums with their bitter sweetness, all the reflections of by gone summer gayness in their colours but a hint of winter's chill in their perfume, bidding

us garner our precious memories while we may. To linger on from twilight to dusk, almost to full night's velvety mantle of peace, softly draped around one's shoulders. Dreamily to watch the big yellow cheesy moon rise behind the clump of trees upon the hill, transforming them as if by magic, to trees of silver. To listen to the call of the wild ducks as they fly overhead bound for the shelter of the rushes beside the lake. May the memories of the garden of peace make the evenings of our lives gay with glowing colours, fragrant with happy peaceful reflections.

GIFTS.

I thank Thee most for eyes to see
The wonderous gifts Thou givest me
Blue skies above, green fields below
For flowers gay in every hue.
I thank Thee next for ears to hear
The voices of friends so very near
Birdsongs so sweet and clear
Of merry laughter and childish glee.
I thank Thee too, for limbs so strong
Feet that can carry me over magic miles
For hands that are free to do Thy will
For a heart that sings the whole day long.

THE GARDEN OF FRAGRANCE.



A little white picket gate admits us into this quaint old-world garden of fragrance. Honey-suckle smiles a welcome from the hedge as we lift the latch and step onto the cobble stones of the path. Little tufts of creeping rosemary, catmint, lemon scented thyme and marjoram are wedged firmly between the stones, their pungent aroma rising as they are bruised by our tread. Heads must bend to pass beneath the archway of starry white blossomed jessamine, its perfume hanging heavily on the air. Such a mingling of perfume, yet each one so distinct, the marvel is that we are able to inhale each one separately as they

are wafted in waves across the garden, distilled by the summer sun. The rich perfume of carnations with their clove spiciness, the soft fragrance of the gay coloured phlox, prim sweet williams of velvety texture. Tall stately madonna lilies grouped at the back of the border exhale their exotic perfume, making a fitting background for the riot of colour, masses of velvety brown wallflowers, bergamot, verbena, mockorange, stately magnolia, boronica, fre'sias, antirrhinums of every hue, heliotrope, paeonies with a rose perfume and stocks of all shades. Red roses pour out their condensed essence of real attar of rose fragrance so distinct from that of the deep creamy old fashioned tea roses. There too, climbing over the cottage was the cloth of gold that rose that somehow seems to whisper of bygone days. Beneath the verandah, pink and white moss roses added their contribution. The almost heady perfume of sweet peas drifts across the garden balanced by the pungent freshness of masses of glowing scarlet geraniums. Hedges of flowering currant add their token beside sweet scented daphne which gives almost more than its share to the perfume laden air. Edgings of mignonette, pinks, virginian stock, pansies, polyanthus, alyssum, all vie with each other to please their little white-haired mistress of the garden. Neat hedges of rosemary and lavender surround the herb garden where balm, carroway, basil, clary, marjoram, rue, sage, parsley, mint, tansy, tarragon and thyme thrive as they did in the old fashioned gardens of England. Beyond the resinous pine trees, from the meadow, comes the perfume of the clover, merging with the fragrance of new mown hay, unlocking for so many the gates of memory. Such a mingling of fragrance to inhale as would surely satisfy and delight the perfume vendors of Arabia.



SUNRISE ON THE RANGE.



A new day is just awakening, its happy newness lighting the east. All nature is holding its breath, even the birds have not broken its stillness. A little breeze steals through the bush, leaves quiver, a rustle of bird life with here and there the first soft chirpings of newly awakened birds. As the first rosy flush spreads in the east the chirpings increase, like an orchestra tuning its instruments

for the grand symphony of early matins. Winding our way uphill, for are not all the worthwhile things in life won through an uphill climb, the first unhurried stately notes of a tui ring out, followed by the unseen choir of feathered folk. Loud and still louder it rises, bell-bird calling to bell-bird, speckled thrush repeating the same triils over and over, changing to fresh ones as if brimful of ecstasy and the joy of living. The quail with its sharp word of command to the sleeping world to "Wake up! wake up! wake up!" answered by myriads of smaller birds pouring out their sweetness to greet the new day. Fain would we stand enthralled to listen, forgetting our goal — the top of the range, there to await the coming of King Sol. The last bluff is climbed, not a word breaks the silence, for the view that lies before us is too awe-inspiring. Hundreds of feet below as far as the eye can see, lie range upon range of deep indigo hills, right to the far distant horizon, with Mt. Ruapehu in the distance, standing as a sentinel wrapped in a mantle of purest white. We stand drinking our fill of nature's grandeur, hoping against hope, that the spell of the majestic scene will not be broken. We are as grains of sand in that vastness. Hush! it comes — away out amongst the crags a light touches the highest crest, then another and another, like a giant lamplighter, touching from one to another down the scale of heights. A new day has begun. Morning has lit her torches, soon to be extinguished by golden sunshine as the sun slowly climbs behind us. Reluctantly we turn from the fascinating scene to salute the morn, with the sun rising over the wide sweep of the bay, making a golden pathway across the deep blue waters. Overhead the song of the lark is being poured out in notes of liquid gold. As we retrace our steps, the miracle of the new day fills us with wonder. What does it hold for the awakening world? To some, joy and contentment, to others, disappointments and sorrow; things from which we fain would flee but which we must face and in facing, rise above, to live and see another day. To the young, a day filled with glowing colours, great expectations, for youth knows no defeat. For the not so young, may it bring peace, quiet reflections, with a happy looking back over all other past days.

AUTUMN GLORY.



SUMMER has gathered up her gay gowns of delphinium blues, filmy mauve, pale pinks, rose reds, purples fit for royalty and has laughingly tripped on her way, sure of a welcome on her return. Already Autumn with her soul-stirring hues has drifted in. Silver poplars atop the hill have turned to gold, whispering to each other memories of the year, as they flutter earthwards, hearing again

the happy laughter of children that played beneath their shade, and bird songs that filled the air with gladness. Maples, cherries, viburnums, liquidambers vie with each other for colour in richest shades of orange, russet, flame and gold. Dame Nature as if knowing of the cheerless days ahead used her paints lavishly, giving a veritable feast of colour to revel in and store away, so that we may see again in the grey days of winter, chimneys aflame with virginian creeper, shrubs aglow with scarlet berries, the ground a patchwork of Autumn tints. Glorious Autumn days bringing with them those mystic evenings, hills clear-cut against a turquoise sky, a blending of pastel shades, softest pink to rose, amethyst to deepest blue. Just as man harvests the crops from bountiful nature for Winter days, so must we, gather our precious memories so that, looking out through frost-rimmed windows at the leafless trees, we can smile as we see again the glorious pageant of Autumn splendour.

SPRING.

SPRING is here. All nature proclaims the happy fact; the very air feels buoyant with gladness. Birds sense the magic touch of Spring as they try over new carols, singing with such joyous abandonment as they busy themselves with house-building. Golden daffodils nod in the breeze, blue wood hyacinths make an azure carpet beneath the trees. Trees have awakened from their long sleep and bedecked themselves in tints of palest green; velvety catkins sway in the breeze with an ever open invitation to the big

velvety bumble bees to stop and sample their wares. Flow-
ering cherries dance and sway in the breeze like maidens
bedecked with frills of palest pink, dancing a minuet.
Golden mimosa wafts its perfume and its gold dust free
on the sunny air. The stately chalices on the twiggy mag-
nolia look to be holding aloft the wine of life in a toast to
eternal Spring.

Golden bells on the forsythia ring out the news to ail
fairy folk that "Spring is here." Billowy white clouds
chase across a clear blue sky, sudden sunshowers sp'ash,
rainbows shed their tints over the sky, hill and dale,
breezes blow, almost as if grim Winter is still loth to hand
over the sceptre and let Spring come into her own. Wel-
come Spring, with its message of faith and hope for an
awakening world. New life issuing forth from gnarled
grey trees, green shoots pushing towards the light from
brown dry bulbs. The riotous blending of colour of anem-
onies which have burst forth from small, seemingly dead
bulbs. Surely such things are a symbol of resurrection to
kindle and keep our wavering faith alight.



The gathering of these outdoor glimpses of beauty has
been a sheer delight. I hope that it has not been solely a
waste of precious moments, but that some of its joy and
sunshine will spill over into the lives of others, taking with
it the magic of those "Do come with me days, when golden
sunshine floods the earth, and little gossamer white wisps
of clouds sail airily along in a sky of deepest, purest blue."
As so often happens, so on this day, the slender leaves of
a tree beside the window tapped invitingly against the pane
"Do come with me." How could one keep company with
duster, broom and mop? Out I went with the tablecloth
with its gift of crumbs for the birds. A brown speckled
thrush was busy on the lawn collecting its own breakfast,
but even it had time to stop and call merrily, with many
variations of course, "Do come with me." The bees worked
busily from flower to flower with an "Oh! shame that you
stand just idly by," then zooming busily off to their hives
with a tantalising hum of "Do come with me."

The sparrows chirruped noisily from the topmost boughs saucily turning their heads first on one side then on the other, protesting loudly, "It's too good to stay indoors, do come with me." The finches sang as they picked at the spent flower heads, extracting the seeds, flying gracefully from patch to patch with that easy skimming motion they have, almost like dipping their wings in a salute. It looked so easy to do, as they twitteringly b'ed, "Do come with me." Flittering airily from twig to twig the wee friendly fantail bobbed its head incessantly, turning, twisting, a real little coquette, preening itself as it echoed the same refrain in such a beseeching manner.

Wings, oh, wings! where would they not carry us? Up to the topmost peaks, down into those bushclad valleys, over hill and dale, watching the sun-chased shadows flitting silently over the grass, away out over the plains above the rippling, billowing golden seas of grain. Beside the chattering brook foaming and tumbling over rocks, only to pick itself up again as it enters into a calm stretch, gliding effortlessly along, whispering as it goes, "Do come with me." I am afraid I have often been guilty of following those will o' the wisp voices and like the Pipes of Pan those same whispered voices have lured me on with my face towards God's golden sunshine and my back to the work-a-day jobs. But aren't we all the better for those little let ups, be they only five or ten minute stolen spells when the beauty and the music of the great outdoors calls alluringly "Do come with me."



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