

PAST AND PRESENT.

"Come you again or come no more,  
Across the world you keep the pride,  
Across the world we mark the score."

—Newbolt.

Miss Flora Macdonald was recently married to Mr. Stewart, of Mudgee, where she is now living.

Miss Kitty Glasson has deserted her medical career, and is engaged to Mr. Ronald Taylor, of Russell Park, Surat.

Miss Jean Anderson is engaged to Mr. Wright, who holds a position at the Technical College.

Miss Collisson is at present giving lectures in connection with the Workers' Educational Association. Also she has joined the teaching staff at the Burwood Ladies' College.

Miss Merle Bray has received an appointment at the Wollongong High School.

Miss G. Newbery has joined the numerous band of old College students at the Public Library.

Mrs. K. Street (Miss J. Lillingstone) has recently returned to Sydney, and is showing her old enthusiasm and interest in the Sports' Association in many ways, notably by coaching the hockey players.

Mrs. Lewis (Miss D. Tearne) has returned to Sydney from Fiji, and Dr. Buckley is shortly returning from England.

Dr. Exton is at present enjoying a holiday in Japan. Dr. E. Bourne is now working in London. Dr. Maclean is in charge of the Children's Hospital, Brisbane. Misses Lois and Marian Windeyer are busy at Red Cross work in London. We have heard that the latter is engaged to be married.

Miss Mona Ross, who left College last year, has gained credit in fourth year Medicine.

Miss C. Little, B.A., and Miss F. Owen Harris, B.A., completed their education courses last year.

BLACK SWANS FLY OVERHEAD.

Sitting before my desk in the small hours of the morning, surrounded by books, cursing my luck and wondering if life is worth while, I suddenly hear overhead the strong unmistakable cry of the black swan.

All my vision changes. . . .

Books and walls fade away. . . . I see the old gum trees by the crossing, with the moonlight streaming down through the branches. I hear the distant call of the curlew, the murmur of the trees, the rustle of the river in the reeds, the incessant chatter-chatter of the willy-wagtail, who never seems to sleep. Sharply near at hand a fox barks, and is followed by a stir of unrest in the poultry yard. A little lost lamb across the river calls piteously for its mother.

On the bank is heard the plomp-plomp of a rabbit signalling danger to its fellows. An old mopoke calls and is answered by its mate from across the water.

Presently all is still. . . . In the air is heard the rustle of wings, and a weird, well-known cry.

A long line of black swans passes before the moon and disappears into the night.

Bush Brother.

WHEN I TRY TO PLAY.

My fingers falter on the ivory keys,  
And stumbling seek in vain  
To wake, unskilled, dream-laden melodies.

Sweet harmonies are singing in my brain,  
—Joy inarticulate—  
Oh breathing heart whose very joy is pain.

Dumb joy, dumb sorrow, poor heart caught by fate,  
As, by a lad who set  
His wanton trap upon the meadow gate,

At early dawn a little sweet-songed bird;  
—With morning mist the drooping flowers are wet  
And seem to weep, when by the soft wind stirr'd,  
Its little breaking heart, its music yet unheard.

Plus Zero.