With All Good Wishes
from
The Prime Minister of New Zealand
and
Mrs Nash
The mists of the morning have dispersed—
The sun pierces a break in the bush—
The wayfarer stands firm—looking up.
Open country is not far away.

"We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away"
A glimpse of the sun on the road through—

TE WHAITI FOREST, NEW ZEALAND