the south lay the snow-capped peaks of Ruapehu and Tongariro. On an adjacent hill stood a post-office, from which Thompson despatched letters to all the Maori villages. In the valley below the village a stream turned a little flour mill, where the dusky farmers ground their wheat. Not far from this stood the school-house, in which the chief taught his scholars of every age, from the tattooed old chief to the boy and girl. A large *whare runanga* (council hall) occupied a central position, where from time to time the affairs of the Maori nation were discussed by chiefs of renown, in speeches marked by the fire, humour, action, dignity, and decorum characteristic of Maori oratory.

Every morning and evening a bell called this orderly, simple, religious people to prayers. I never saw a more charming instance of simple idyllic life than this remarkable Maori village presented in 1856. It seemed after all that the enigma of how to graft the best form of civilization—Christ's civilization—on *not* the worst form of savageism was about to be solved.

The ancient communal life of the Maori nation seemed to be developing into a generous individualism, free from much of the inordinate selfishness engendered by companies, syndicates and trusts—the latest phases of modern civilization. As if, whilst a nation of savages were abandoning their communism, civilization was busy in hatching a communism which, whilst it fattens one portion of the community, shamelessly plunders or makes slaves of the other.

This partial abandonment of communism had been greatly due to the steadfast efforts of the chief, William Thompson, aided by the missionaries.

Thirty years before, Pae-o-tawaru (Peria) was a kainga of the old style. Then strong Maori *pas* (fortifications) frowned from every prominent hill; a fierce race of warriors (communists and cannibals) held their lands and lives only by constant watchfulness, fierce attacks and gallant defences occurring at frequent intervals, followed by the usual cannibal feasts. Nevertheless, these contests were conducted generally with singular chivalry.

One lazy summer's day two messengers from the mountain chief arrived at Pae-o-tawaru with an announcement of an intended attack. The old tattooed warrior chief of the village, lazily reclining in the sunshine against a prostrate tree, and quietly killing the insects which usually torment the Maori, received the heralds. They delivered their warlike message, and gravely waited for the chief's reply. According to Maori custom, he manifested no fear, nor even surprise, beyond quietly raising his eyebrows. Then, when he had sufficiently displayed his indifference, without saying a single word, he quietly caught one of the insects, and, with a turn of his thumb, killed it on the log.

That was all. The heralds had seen his action, and understood the reply it conveyed. After an interval, due to the power of the chief and to the importance of their message, they departed. This piece of grim humour was more effective than any fierce challenge, for it meant:

"Let your master lead on his warriors, and I will crush him as easily as I have crushed the insect."

No attack was made, and the peace remained unbroken. This grim old chief was a real savage. When guns first made their appearance in the village, by way of having the requisite target practice, he would squat at the door of his house and fire at any unfortunate slave as he passed within range.

Not long after, the old chief died, the missionaries appeared, and through their teaching and William Thompson's growing influence, tribal contests, slavery and cannibalism disappeared, and the savage, war-like kainga of Pae-o-tawaru became transformed into the peaceful, industrious, Christian village of Peria as I first saw it.

It was from this village that the chief William Thompson directed the work of Maori nation-making he had commenced until, as already stated, he had so far succeeded as to have welded most of the tribes into a powerful combination, and taken measures for the election of a Maori king. Though the son of one of the most renowned warriors in Maori story, William Thompson was essentially a man of peace. A wonderful instance of the mental vigour and capability of the native race, he nevertheless, perhaps not unnaturally, failed to grasp the consequences certain to arise from his patriotic policy. He neither intended, wished for, nor expected a contest to occur between the dark race and the white strangers who were swarming into the colony. Failing to secure the guidance and help of the New Zealand Government, he pursued his way alone.

His policy ran on two main lines.

First, to combine his people, so that they might pursue their forward march, unchecked by tribal contests, and present a national barrier to the inroads of the restless white man.

Second, to prevent absolutely any further sale or lease of lands to the Government or white settlers.

To these he added education, the pursuit of agriculture, and the abstinence from rum or intoxicating liquors of any kind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"What are yer doin' you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy on finding him under a tree in the orchard with an apple in his hand. "Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this 'ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."

When you see a girl perusing a scrap-book full of cooking recipes out of the weekly papers you know pretty well that some young man is in a position to be congratulated, and yet when you think of the receipes you feel rather sorry for him, too.

Enraged Father: "Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding cheque." Mother: "Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope." Enraged Father: "Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed."

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION TO EMIN PASHA.

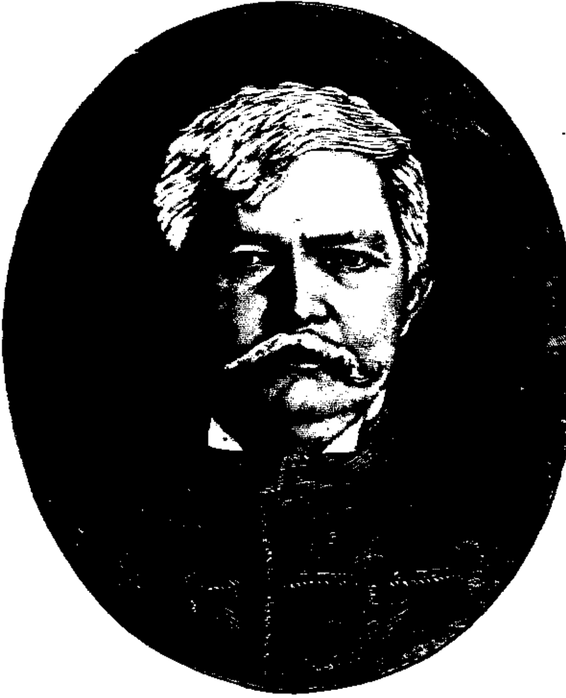
(*See Illustrations, page 11.*)

EVERYONE is more or less interested in Mr H. M. Stanley, the great African traveller. Probably the last of his achievements (which has occupied three years), viz., the successful attempt to bring relief to Emin Pasha, will be considered one of the most remarkable of his exploring journeys.

It may be explained that Emin Pasha was Governor of the Egyptian Soudan at Wadelai, on the Upper White Nile. His real name is Dr. Eduard Schnitzer, and he is a German physician. Emin Pasha was in a dangerous position, and was made prisoner, and in November, 1886, his friends in England set on foot an expedition to relieve him.

It was determined, toward the end of 1886, that the Relief Expedition, commanded by Mr Stanley, should be conveyed up the River Congo to the River Aruwimi, and should proceed thence to Lake Albert Nyanza, a distance of less than 400 miles. This was not considered by many people the best route, but the influence of personages connected with the Congo Free State was sufficient to cause its acceptance, the King of the Belgians, as President of the Congo Free State, patronising the enterprise, and the Khedive of Egypt contributing part of the funds.

The Expedition left Zanzibar February 24th, 1887, by the steamship Madera, and arrived, March 18th, at the mouth of the Congo. Though variously hindered, the Expedition performed the ascent of the Congo from Stanley Pool to the River Aruwimi in six weeks.



H. M. STANLEY.

The depôt of stores was arranged to be Yambuya, two days' voyage up the Aruwimi. The rear-guard remained here from June, 1887, to June, 1888, while Mr Stanley marched with the advance party through the pathless forest to Lake Albert Nyanza. The camp, under the charge of Major Barttelot, was well situated, and well protected. For natives—who fight with spears and arrows—and Arabs—who have rifles and double-barrel shot-guns—two different kinds of defence works were necessary.

There is no regular rainy season in this part. Every few days there are heavy showers, so that the trench which was dug round the fort served as well for a water supply as for its original purpose of protection.

The story of this unfortunate camp at Yambuya is most sad and deplorable. Tippo Tib had promised 600 men, and stores were also to arrive shortly after Mr Stanley's departure; but the Arab chiefs proved disloyal, and not only withheld the promised men, but forbade the natives to sell food, and even broke up Major Barttelot's canoes.

In May, 1888, Major Barttelot, disheartened by the past weary months of waiting, succeeded in obtaining from Tippo Tib 430 men, and commenced his march after Stanley, about whose fate he was extremely anxious, as no certain information had reached him, only vague rumours of death and disease.

Many of the Major's people died of actual starvation, but he pushed forward on June 11th, too late to be of any assistance to Stanley. Alas! this brave soldier was assassinated by one of the men whom Tippo Tib had sent to him.

When at length Mr Stanley returned to look for these unfortunate men he found only one European, Mr Bonny, living. Of the rest of the camp, but 71 remained. The stores were almost entirely lost.

On the map there does not appear much space between Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, and Kavalli, at the southern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza. Kavalli is due east of Yambuya, about 370 miles in a straight line. But Mr Stanley kept near the river Aruwimi, which bends to the north. This made the travelling distance over 500 miles.

It is difficult for us even to imagine the terrible sufferings Mr Stanley and his followers underwent during the 160 days it took them to work their way through the compact, continuous, unbroken forest. Estimating the time—in England—that it would take to traverse this part of the journey, Mr Stanley thought he allowed himself an ample margin for delays when he said they could get through in two weeks. But month after month saw them marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through that same continuous forest. Try and imagine some of the inconveniences. Take a thick dense New Zealand forest dripping with rain, a mass of mere under-growth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above; queer noises of birds and animals; crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; natives (dwarfs) with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines, with terribly sharp spears, standing poised still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences—fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Auckland to Christchurch or Otago, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and twice after, on our return to Yambuya Camp, and our way back from it.

In this graphic description of the forest perils we have drawn upon Mr Stanley's own account. Nothing that we could say would convey such an idea of the situation as the explorer himself does in the touching letters we quote.

Part of the way the Expedition was enabled to use their portable steel boat on the river. This they found an immense relief, as it carried those poor fellows who were unable to walk, through ulcers on their feet, caused by their striking against stones, stumps, and thorns. Carrying the boat sections and other loads through the forest produced this extra suffering.

On arriving at the junction of the two rivers Ihuri and Ituri a small camp was formed, and the sick, under Captain Nelson, who was himself unable to walk, were left. Everyone was now suffering severely from want of food. After a terrible experience Captain Nelson and the very few survivors were relieved by Mr Jephson.

Mr Stanley meantime pushed on, and at length, in December, 1887, reached the Albert Nyanza. After some delay Mr Stanley heard that at length Emin Pasha was free, and was coming to him. They met on Sunday, April 29th. The Pasha expressed his thanks to the English for the Relief Expedition.

Presently the return journey by a different route was commenced. It had been delayed by Emin Pasha's reluctance to accept the immediate rescue of himself and his personal attendants unless he could take the Soudanese people, so long entrusted to his care, with him. Ultimately these were provided for, and the Expedition made its way from the Albert Nyanza to the Albert Edward Nyanza through the Unyoro Country, gaining a nearer acquaintance with the remarkable Ruwenzori, "The Mountains of the Moon"; thence, after a most toilsome journey, marked by sickness and death amongst the followers, they arrived at Mswa, only five days from the coast. By easy stages now, and crossing the Kingani River by one ferry boat, they arrived at Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar. Here they were warmly received, as was also the case at every other place they subsequently visited. Our illustration shows Mr Stanley's arrival in London, and the welcome he so richly merited.

A grand reception in honour of Mr Stanley was given by the Emin Relief Committee, the Prince of Wales presiding. Stanley warmly praised his associates. The Prince of Wales proposed a vote of thanks to the brave explorer, which was, of course, adopted by acclamation.

There is a rumour that Mr Stanley is to be appointed Governor of the Congo. He is going to be married in Westminster Abbey to a Miss Dorothy Tennant, artist.

Most heroes come home to be buried in the Abbey. Let us hope that it will be long before Mr Stanley's bones are laid there, and that he and his brave wife may enjoy a honeymoon trip to East Central Africa.

ONE OF SEVERAL.

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Post*, a pretty story is current just now as to why the late Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, remained single. It is said that in his early middle life, when already occupying a professor's chair at Cambridge, he proposed and was rejected. The lady took another clergyman for her husband, and when Dr. Lightfoot had been a little while in Durham he found her in a country vicarage, striving hard to make both ends meet. The bishop at once sought an opportunity of advancing his rival to one of the best livings in the diocese. This is, in its way, a very charming picture; but it is but one of a little crop of romances, all redounding to his credit, but all regarded with regretful incredulity by those who knew the bishop.

THE NEXT MORNING.

Next morning in his easy chair,
  All bent with woe he sat;
He sighed, and smoothed his ruffled hair
  "Where did I get this hat?"