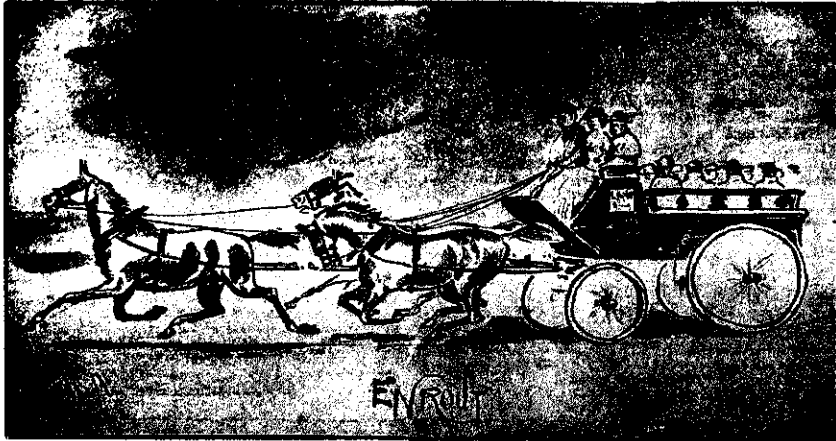


TROUT-FISHING AT WAINUI-O-MATA, WELLINGTON.

THE trout is gradually becoming more and more naturalized in the waters of New Zealand, and the time will not be long ere the disciple of Isaac Walton shall be able to whip the streams from one end of land to the other with results delightful to the angler's soul. Around Wellington there are yearly increasing opportunities of this sort, and many

that sleep even longer than he, and they say to the sands that cover them, "Not yet, not yet! Some day!" And so I say, "Some time she will come." "But you say she is surely sleeping. Then how can she come to waken him?" the taller asked. "Ah, if she sleeps it is not as he: for loving hands lighted



streams there are becoming noted as affording excellent sport of this nature. Perhaps the best and most popular of these is the Wainui-o-mata. On it three well-known residents of Wellington—Messrs Skerrett, Smith, and Dyer—have a snug little whare, whither it is their custom to resort, and where, at the opening of each season they are wont to entertain the settlers along the valley. Recently this inaugural ceremony was repeated, and was graced by the presence of a party of some twenty ladies and gentlemen, who drove down in a brake to the scene of festivity from Wellington. There in the district school-house they united with the assembled settlers to enjoy the good things prepared for them by their hosts, and passed the evening pleasantly away in the performance of a concert and the delights of dancing. Next day the party of visitors sallied forth to tempt their fortune in the waters, and on re-assembling showed some very good specimens of trout, the average of the catch being about two pounds and a half. Our illustrations represent some of the incidents of the day's sport, which concluded with the return of the visitors to Wellington in an eminently satisfied frame of mind.

the watch-fires above her, and she seeks him now in the happy hunting grounds beyond the sunset hills; and when she finds him not she will return to earth to seek him. She will surely come, and find him here, and we must wait and tell her the story as we saw it all so long ago;—how he fought with the wounded stag, and was himself wounded by its antlers,—how he cried to us: "Watch over me, and when Wish-a-wa comes, tell her of me,—that I sleep here

'No, it is not that. See! the shadowy form that comes with the rays of the rising moon. Our long waiting is over, for it is she; she has come at last.'

And they clashed their branches softly together, and bowed their heads, while the form that seemed a part of the moonlight, leaned against the trunk of the larger tree, and her long hair seemed but the shadow of the waving moss that clung to the rough bark.

'Yes,' the other answered, 'the spirit bride has come. And, see! the spirits' watchfire, the glow-worm, shines above the sleeper! Hear her voice, soft and sweet as the song of the waves.'

'Hush,' the other whispered. 'Let us listen.' As she sang there arose from the mound between something like a mist-wreath, that resolved itself into another form with white heron feathers in its hair. Then the shadows seemed blended into one. The branches above them rustled, and both trees began to tell the story.

But she lifted her eyes like two dewdrops touched by the moon's rays and answered: 'I know, I know; well have you watched and waited, and your watch shall soon be ended. Four nights must my fire burn. I go, now, to guide my lover. Adieu for a space; but when the storm-wind shall lay you to rest, you shall come and grow beside our lodge in the happy hunting-grounds.'

And the two forms passed toward the evening star. Then the larger tree said: 'The sleeper has awakened and gone with his bride; but his bones lie at my feet.'

'True, brother; it was only his ghost, his life, and not the old body. But it is enough for me that his bride no longer weeps. A little while, my brother, and we, too, shall sleep and rest. . . . rest!'

And the night wind died away, and the pines were silent; and the waves on the beach whispered softly to the sands: 'Rest. . . . Rest?' R. COURTNEY.

STORY OF THE PINES.

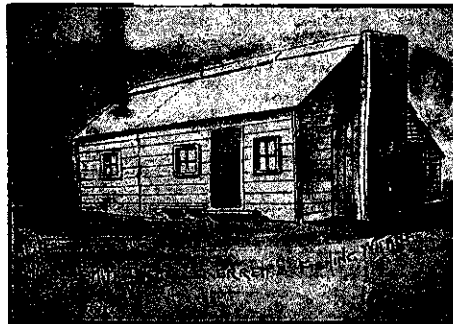
'How long he sleeps! How long we stand as sentinels to guard, and yet he wakes not, the dusky hunter!

'Our falling leaves have covered him from sight, and not even the horns of the deer beside him gleam now above the mound. And still he sleeps, and still his dusky bride comes not to light the fire above him, and join in the dirge we sing. Will she ever come my sister?'

Thus spoke the taller pine to the slender one.

And she answered, 'Ah, my brother! I know not; but surely, after all these years, she, too, is sleeping. I often see a soft and shadowy form and say, "At last she comes!" But, no; it is only the sea mist that gathers around. And oft I think I hear her calling, and fold my branches to listen; but it is only the distant waves whispering of others

till she comes to light my way." Then he and the deer slept side by side. And we covered them, deep and deeper, with our leaves, and kept them warm; and our falling twigs and cones made a mound above them, a watch-fire that only needs her hand to light it. Patience, my brother! She may come to-night. Hush! what sound is that?' 'Only the wind, sister, or the call of the night bird.'



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