

"The same theme is treated, though very differently, by Miss Jessie Mackay, in "The Gray Company." In "The March of Te Raurapaha" Bracken reached his highest level, and it is also one of the best pieces of Anglo-Maori poetry that we possess.

Moan the waves as they wash Tainui,
Moan the waters of dark Kawhia,
Moan the winds as they sweep the
gorges,
Waiting the sad laments and wailings
Of the spirits that haunt the moun-
tains;

Warrior souls, whose skeletons slumber
Down in the caverns lonely and dreary,
Under the feet of the fierce volcano,
Under the slopes of the Awaroa.

The war chant has something of a Maori ring, but, unfortunately, the Red Indian, who got into literature before the time of the Maori, is always being thrust into every representation of our native race.

New Zealand has given birth to one singer, who is now taking her rightful place throughout Australasia—Miss Jessie Mackay. Her verse may have faults, may be unequal, but it has pure lyrical inspiration, and very few poets in or out of New Zealand have that. You do not know where the fancy and the music come from, nor where they will go, nor what they will touch on, but they stir and penetrate like a passing wind or a perfume, like the song of a bird. There is the same rare quality, not to be analysed or grasped, that there is in Christina Rossetti's lyrics, though Miss Mackay is more simple and less polished. It makes her poetry quite apart from anything to be found in Domest or Braeken. Take the poem which she calls "A Folk Song." The name is suggestive, because her best lyrics have the qualities of the truest and loveliest folk songs of Scotland and of Germany.

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, my way;
I said she is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.

Or take the childlike and antique simplicity, blended with reflection, in the "Heart of Mary":—

Mystery, mystery!
Love upon love!
When the rose of high Heaven
Came down from above.

He drew not the Levite
Nor lord by his grace;
And Mary, the sinner,
Was given the place.

No kingdom, my Lord,
But the greatly forgiven,
Who begs but to serve
When the good ask for Heaven.

"For Love of Appin" is one of the most sincere and heartfelt poems of exile in the language, and it comes naturally from one of the "far-wandered" Mackays, who, as another song of hers tells us, were "refit away" from Strathnaver. It is as if some austere Covenanters had told his heart out in these lines:

But it's O for fame and Appin;
The heather hills o' Appin!
The thousand years o' Appin, where the
leal men lie!
The bairns will tak' a root
By the mighty mountain foot;
But we, we canna sever;
It's no for us whatever;
We hear, nae earthly singing,
But it sets Lochaber ringing,
An' we'll never smile again
I' the sunlight or the rain
Till our feet are on the lang east trail—
The siller road to Appin;
East awa' to Appin—
The siller road to Appin, runnin' a' the
way to God.

But though Miss Mackay's imagination goes to the land of her forefathers, she belongs also to the New World and shares its energies, activities and its hope of the future.

Miss Mary Colborne Veel is of all our colonial poets the nearest to England in feeling and the most correct and polished in style. Though born in the Dominion, she is at heart an exile from England, and one of her finest poems is "Emigrant," with its refrain:—

In an English lane
Where the primrose patches blow,
And the sweet spring rain
Shine jewels high and low.

Dora Wilcox stands between the Old and the New Worlds in divided moods, looking by turn each way. If you want the new, ardent optimism and the suffering spirit of the pioneers you will find it in Miss Mackay, but if you want the feeling and colour of our plains and hills, and especially of Banks Peninsula, it is truest in Miss Wilcox's verse, as, for example, in "The Last of the Forest":—

Hast thou not heard, O white man,
Through a troubled dreaming,
On some still night, when all the world
lay stark,
Sharp through the silence, moaning by
the sea, and screaming
Of night-birds in the dark?

Mr. Reeves, as a poet, combines English culture and a knowledge of English moods with an appreciation of New Zealand and its task. Of "New Zealand" he sings:—

God girt her about with the surges,
And the winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprises and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap.

Mary Richmond belongs to the same class as Mary Veel, and is as completely English as if she had never been in the colony. Arthur Adams, on the other hand, belongs wholly to New Zealand, and is in exile anywhere else. His dominant note is patriotism.

A number of New Zealand poets are mentioned, but Mrs. Grossmann considers them so nearly equal that it would be invidious to single out which should rank highest. But she specially eulogises Miss Baughan's "Shingle Short," Mrs. Glenn Wilson, Johannes Andersen, Professor Wall, and Herbert Church. The Maori as a prose theme has found its most realistic exponent in Judge Manning's account of Hone Heke's of the Urewera; and in Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology." In poetry that deals with the Maori, though the legends are often truthfully reproduced, the Maori atmosphere is lacking.

"Those who could best preserve it are the graduates and scholars of the Young Maori party, and it is a pity that they have not yet felt inspired to interpret their race to the world, with its savagery, its dignity, the fancy that even in its grossness has the charm of pre-Homeric myths of Greece."

A country that has so often led the van in social, economic, and political reform is bound to have contributed its quota to the literature of Utopia. Out of a world-wide list, two can be claimed for New Zealand, Butler's "Erewhon" and Swenven's unique "Limanora." The scene of the former is laid in New Zealand, in the latter the scene is laid in the mythical Island of Progress.

Besides "Erewhon" and "Limanora" there are Mr. Watson's "Decline and Fall of the British Empire," and Sir Julius Vogel's "Anno Domini 2000."

New Zealand novelists worth considering are much fewer in number than the poets, says Mrs. Grossmann and "G. B. Lancaster" (Miss Edith Lyttleton) heads the list. We heartily endorse this opinion, in spite of her Kiplingese tendency, and think her work would rank high in any country. Mr. Satchell's work is favourably commented upon, and richly deserves it. His "Elixir of Life" published a year or two ago, though startling, and imaginative to the last degree, was a splendid piece of work, which, had he been better known, must have brought him fame, if only for its originality. Marriot Watson is a New Zealand, mentioned by Mrs. Grossmann, that has only contributed one novel descriptive of New Zealand to its literature. But Mr. Marriot Watson cannot, with strict propriety, be included in any list of New Zealand writers, as, though he spent 13 years of his early life, and received his education in New Zealand, he was born in Melbourne, and lived there until he was nine years old. Mr. A. Adams' "In Tussock Land" is remarkable for its wealth of description, while Alien's (Mrs. Baker) work shows that true New Zealand feeling for nature in its grander moods that is foreign to twentieth century writers. In the descriptive and topographical class, Mr. Reeve's "Long White Cloud" is, in its own line, a classic both by style and information.

In the hearts of New Zealanders Judge Manning comes first; his books are so full of life—and such life—grotesque, comic, savage, picturesque. There are two long passages which are quite unrivalled—his Maori version of the Treaty of Waitangi and the war, which might have been

written by a Maori, and the weird, ghastly, humorous and pathetic tohuings scene, which I commend to any future novelist of New Zealand. Lady Barker's "Station Life in New Zealand" has the unaffected charm of all her writings. There are some good histories, e.g., Mr. A. Saunders' "History of New Zealand." Another speciality has been books of natural science, each one an authority on its own subject:—Buller's "Bird of New Zealand," Kirk's "Forest Flora of New Zealand," Laing and Blackwell's "Plant Life of New Zealand," a handsomely illustrated volume on New Zealand entomology by V. G. Hudson; Drummond's "Animal Life of New Zealand," and the recently published anthropological researches on the Native race by Professor Macmillan Brown, "Maori and Polynesian."

Though New Zealand journalists have a high reputation, magazines do not flourish owing to the competition of English and American magazines and reviews. But this, we are convinced, is largely due to the insufficient inducement that is offered this class of writer to contribute his or her best, and also in a measure to the limited outlook afforded by an enforced insular residence, and not to lack of ability on the part of this class. For the names of successful contributors to "Home" and American magazines and reviews we turn to Mrs. Grossmann's list, and discover the familiar names of Jessie Weston (C. de Thierry), Miss Constance Barnicot, Hilda Keane Rollett, and G. B. Lancaster, who has lately essayed the short story and article. "If it interesting to note that in New Zealand, where the sexes are almost equally free, women come first in poetry and fiction, and apparently in review journalism, while in history, practical journalism and in all scientific work, natural or sociological, men have almost a monopoly, and this without any artificial restrictions. This may be partly an accident, but it certainly suggests a natural difference."

To continue Mrs. Grossmann's felicitous figurative simile we are convinced that the infant born in New Zealand to the arts of poetry and prose literature, though not full fledged, is within appreciable distance of flight. Though to some extent hampered by the traditions and the Mede and Persian-like laws that have governed the flight of its parents, it aspires to control its own methods of flight because the currents are different. And though it may eventually incorporate the best traditions of the English school with its own, it must ever stand out distinct in the qualities of sociology, economy, spontaneity and natural description. The best thanks of New Zealand writers are due to Mrs. Grossmann for her very pertinent and justly eulogistic championship.

REVIEWS.

The Goose Girl: Harold McGrath. With illustrations by Andre Castaigne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The type of story exploited with such distinction and success by Mr. Anthony Hope has been essayed by Mr. Harold McGrath no less successfully. The scenes

of the book are laid in one of the outlying principalities of the German Empire, and the plot revolves round the fortunes of a goose girl, who is obviously of aristocratic extraction if looks and bearing count for anything. The plot, though far from original, has some novel features, and the pictures shown of German peasant life charm both by their undoubted faithfulness to detail and quaint homely setting. Unmistakably German is the pen portrait drawn of the buxom landlady of the Black Eagle, who declined re-marriage on the ground that she has once crossed the frontier of marriage and "never again!" yet who thinks no day wholly successful that does not at least yield her one proposal of marriage. The story opens where the goose girl is driving her geese, whose lives are so soon to be converted into Strasbourg pates, into the town of Dreiberg. Like so many old towns, the streets were narrow, and seeing a party of horsemen approaching, the goose girl (Gretchen) tries to drive her geese to the shelter of walls of the houses. But the geese, terrified at the clatter, flew everywhere, one bolder than the rest alighting on the shoulder of the Grand Duke, who headed the cavalcade. Sorry for the havoc wrought amongst the flock, the Grand Duke offers compensation, which is gratefully, if timidly, accepted. Mr. Carmichael, the American Consul at Dreiberg, who is riding with the Grand Duke, is struck both by the beauty and the mien of the goose girl, and soon after rescues her from some insulting gallantry of one of the Duke's aides. Carmichael is very deeply, very honestly, and very hopelessly in love with the Grand Duke's only daughter and heiress, Princess Hildegarde, who is shortly to be betrothed to the neighbouring King of Jugendheit for State reasons. The Princess, however, reciprocates Carmichael's love, and envies the goose girl, who is free to marry whom she will. As a baby, the Princess had been abducted, and the Grand Duke had laid the blame on several of his suite, and had banished them across the frontier. Nor did he find the child until she had grown to be a woman. In the meantime, the King of Jugendheit has been masquerading as a vintner in Dreiberg, and has fallen in love with the goose girl, and like the Princess, is torn between love and duty. How this tangle is straightened out that the two pairs of lovers may marry and live happily ever after must be discovered by readers themselves. But we must confess that, though we knew that Mr. McGrath would find a way out, we were not prepared for the villainy of the chanceller, whom we thought a model of fidelity, though we guessed the identity of the vintner, the mountaineer, the watchmaker, the butcher, etc. But this is more than a love romance: it contains shrewd, clever characterisations, a wealth of description, and an unerring instinct for local colour. The illustrations, which are both profuse and superexcellent, add not a little to the charm of a book whose only fault, if fault it be, lies in the fact that it is a little long drawn out. We are indebted to George Robertson and Co., booksellers and stationers, 107-113 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, for our copy of this book.



THAT PILLAR OF SALT.

Perhaps it was some other woman's hat which caused Mrs. Lot to look back.