

humanity. Those philanthropic institutions which have been lucky enough to secure the Countess as patroness, have received practical assistance and experienced co-operation in place of the artificial description of gilt-edged ornamental patronage which is too often considered all-sufficient.

The Countess is herself a talented artist. Her love for the beautiful in colour and design is exhibited, not only in her pictures, but in everything about her. It prompts her to personally superintend the decorations when festivities are the order of the day at Government House. The result is a strong contrast to the eye torturing colour mixtures too often in evidence even in high places. It is, perhaps, in the diversity of her sympathies that her Ladyship particularly shines. It is not often that a Governor's wife has done her duty in so many directions as has the Countess of Ranfurly. Nothing appears to escape her, from presenting the colours to volunteers, to giving "At Homes" to over-worked hospital nurses, and assisting distressed artists and charities generally.

THE two Maori portraits which are here reproduced are interesting as illustrating the ancient and modern stage in the history of our native neighbours in New Zealand. That of the venerable Patara te Tuhi is characteristic of the old school of Maori *rangatira* while the photograph of Mr A. T. Ngata shows a young native of to-day, highly educated and as thoroughly up-to-date as the most advanced Pakeha. The two represent Old and Young New Zealand in juxtaposition; the old order gradually changing and giving place to the new.

Patara te Tuhi is one of the few surviving native chiefs of high rank of a bygone epoch. One by one these fine old warriors are passing away to the Reinga, the gloomy spirit-land, and in a very few years the last of the noble old tattooed chieftains who resisted the onward march of the *pakeha* will have joined their ancestors in the realms of Hine nui te Po, the Great Lady of Death.

When Patara was a child the ancient customs and beliefs of the Maori had full sway, and his mind was early impregnated with the mythology and traditions of his fathers. He saw the blood-thirsty savage in the cannibal days of old, he witnessed the conversion of his people to Christianity by the early missionaries; he beheld as a young man the infant settlement of Auckland planted on the shores of the Waitemata; later on, in the sad days of strife between the races, he fought against the ever encroaching



PATARA TE TUHI.

white man with all the despairing valor of his race; and to-day a bent old man of seventy-five or so, he is occasionally to be seen in the streets of Auckland, gazing on the busy scenes as if marvelling at the wondrous changes wrought by the *pakeha's* hand. Patara comes of a royal family, for he is uncle to the present Maori King, Mahuta, and cousin to the late king Tawhiao. He can trace his descent back, like every other *rangatira*, to the immortal ancestors who came to New Zealand in the historic canoes from the South Sea Islands some six