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LA BELLE ROSE.

INTRODUCTORY.

H. A. TALBOT-TUBBS.

IN the crowded field of periodical literature there may seem but little hope for a new aspirant to popular favour. It is, however, in a crowd that there is always most room. And the promoters of THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE believe not merely that there is space and to spare for the new-comer, not merely that they have fair prospect of creating a demand for their new venture: they believe that a demand already exists.

There comes a time in the history of every colony—at least every colony of British origin—when the new country ceases to be a mere appanage of the old. The offshoot sends down roots of its own into a soil of its own, and, finding there sufficiency of nourishment, no longer draws the sap from the parent stock. The connecting limb, atrophied, decays; the new life "finds itself." First sign of such new life is a demand for a measure of political independence, sometimes greater, sometimes less, sometimes reaching the extreme of complete separation. That is the new sap mounting—a heady sap which at times intoxicates. It marks the era of "colonialism."

Foliage, flower, fruit are later to appear. For a period, never shorter than that occupied by two generations and often much longer, the new stock shows no appreciable difference from the old. The era of production is not yet; in due time it will come. Whether the fruit will differ greatly, whether a new and valuable strain will be evolved, is mainly a question of environment. The higher the organism the greater its capacity for variation under difference of environment; but such difference must not be so great as to approach the limit of conditions too diverse to be favourable to development.

The first fruits of the new era, the era of productiveness, may be looked for in poetry and painting, kindred spheres of human activity. These arts are most susceptible to environment. In them first may be found the attribute of being "racy of the soil," which is the evidence that the new life has fully found itself, has become self-conscious. Such a period, for many years now, has been reached in Australia, the elder-born; it is already possible to speak of an "Australian School" of poetry and painting. Prose literature, the male child of mental productiveness, needs kindlier conditions. Harder to rear, it repays its rearing by a greater virility. Many generations pass before the seal is set upon the literary aspirations of a people by the consummation of a national prose literature.

The conditions of environment are peculiarly favourable in New Zealand. Pre-eminent natural beauty is there to train unconsciously eye and mind to a perception of the beautiful. Her insular position must assist in the development of a national type—in character first and then in that artistic creativeness which is the outcome of a strongly-impressed character. She has a past, with traditions of a conflict not without its dangers and its honourable triumphs. She has been throughout, and is still, in close contact with a remote stage of human development, receiving alternately the stimulus of repulsion by what in it is savage, of attraction by what in it is romantic, noble, uncontaminated. Less in her favour are, the almost endless diversity of climate—a condition necessarily permanent—the want of rapid internal communication—a want which will as necessarily pass away in due course—and the unduly easy conditions of existence, which may or may not pass, making at present for a certain supineness and disinclination to sustained effort. Signs of the coming of literary power in New Zealand are not wanting; but literary power is not necessarily a literature. Let there be a period of "storm and stress," and a national literature is certain; without such a period it will still come, but with less of fulness, less of robustness, less of individuality.

Every art, that it may grow to a self-

sufficient strength and maturity, needs a certain nursing. Such "nursing" must not be confounded with direct patronage, whose influence is in the main destructive of healthy growth. What is requisite is a certain increased ease of circumstance—less that is antagonistic, more that is appreciative, an increased culture, a receptive public. Yet in a sense it is also true that the artist must create his public. As with most things in the range of human experience, the solution lies in a paradox—as there can be no creative art until there is a public that can understand, so there can be no understanding public until individual creative effort has awakened in the public the power of appreciation.

We stand in the parting of the ways. The young scion of New Zealand national life has began to awake to a knowledge of itself. Already, and for some time past, the self-consciousness of the nation has asserted itself in the political sphere. Whatever may be thought of the legislative activity of New Zealand, whether its tendencies be for good or for ill, it interests us here as a sign which marks a stage in a nation's independent life. The sap has risen in the tree. We are even in a measure past that stage; the tree has begun to put forth leaves. New Zealand has shown through her sons that the power of the pen is also hers. But as yet the literary instinct has been content to express itself through the forms of the Old World, to appeal to a distant public. Is there to be flower, is there to be fruit? The conditions are favourable, material there is in abundance; have we also the men?

If the question is to be answered as we wish, two things are necessary: a public must be educated to an appreciation of the possibilities before a national literature; a field must be opened in which those who will create a national school of literature may exercise their powers. Granted that the ideal is distant, granted that as yet only a short first step can be taken upon a path which leads through countless difficulties to a goal which still recedes, yet no steep is inaccessible to those who keep their glance alternately upon each forward step and on the summit peak, and wisely overlook what lies between. Let us be content then with a first step upon the road; let us plant that step surely and firmly, leaving each difficulty to be surmounted when it is reached.

THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, if it be true to its name, if it be truly New Zealand in matter and in manner, if it serve to focus all that there is of literary power in this colony, is the first step upon the road. There is before such a Magazine a mission and a responsibility. It goes forth with good omens of success. May those omens be fulfilled!

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have so kindly undertaken to assist us by contributions and subscriptions in our endeavour to found a truly Colonial Magazine. More especially do we feel ourselves indebted to the New Zealand Natives' Association and the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association for their promises of support and co-operation. We venture to think that this initial number, despite imperfections and errors—for which we now apologise—will still be found to contain the promise of such a standard as shall be satisfactory to those who believe in the possibilities of a long and successful life for a New Zealand Illustrated Magazine.

As our desire is to encourage Colonial Literature and Art, we shall be pleased to give the most earnest and careful consideration to signed contributions which in any way are likely to be of general interest to our readers. We hope that many of our old Colonists who are so well able to furnish us with contributions dealing with the "days of yore," will help us in this connection.

And finally, we have to ask the reading public to favour us with a share of that support which they so readily give to the Magazines of the Old World.

OUTLOOK OF THE COMING CENTURY.

By Professor Bickerton, F.C.S.,

Author of "Romance of the Earth," New Story of the Stars," etc.

THE opening of the present century was one that seemed rich in possibilities, and full of promises which have, and have not, been fulfilled. When the century opened, Napoleon loomed large in the political horizon, and, before the first year was out, had overcome England's only ally, Austria. Every effort was made to impede England's commerce by closing Continental ports against her, and in those ports smuggling was savagely punished —men even suspected of this were shot on the slightest pretext; whilst illicit licenses were issued by every Government. Napoleon alone made more than sixteen millions sterling in this way.

When the century opened, England's commercial supremacy was unsuspected, but the seed was sown. We had learned from India how to make calico, from Venice glass, from France paper, and our vast coal beds and iron seams had been opened. On the Continent, thrones and kings were falling; Napoleon's unbounded ambition was disturbing everything. Society was in one vast ferment. All thought of recovering our supremacy in the United States had been cast into the shade by the alarming progress of Napoleon in Europe; though our glorious hero Nelson had, by Lady Hamilton's queen-like liberality, enabled England to still hold her maritime supremacy. So that, although England was on the alert, there were none of the dire effects of war on her shores.

At New Larnach, Owen was inaugurating his marvellous factory reform, attracting the favorable attention of all the rulers of the Caucasian race. He had not yet grown to see that he was only tinkering; nor had he then become unpopular by his radical suggestion of a human brotherhood, for which, even when he made it, the time was not then ripe. He, however, sowed the seed, the fertile seed that is now ripening to a glorious harvest.

In the scientific world, Watt's wonderful engines had been established, and promised to revolutionise labour. Water-power spinning and weaving machinery already competed with hand-work, and was taking these industries into all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks, the water-power of the streams making little hillside hamlets into prosperous towns, soon to fall back to their pristine obscurity when the great steam factories of the populous towns replaced these little mills.

Fulton was busy with his idea of the steam-boat, and seven years later, on the Hudson River, steam navigation commenced its wondrous career. Years before, on the Continent, men had been imprisoned and executed for making the experiment of the steam-boat; and Solomon de Caus, for making the first steam engine, has been cast into a lunatic asylum. Those were not the days when inventors throve. Yet before this century had attained its majority, the numerous applications of the power of steam in mining, in manufacture, and on water, were established realities; though not for

some years afterwards was this tremendous motive power used for land transport.

The commencement of the century saw us well off for canals and roads; for, some fifty years before, a wild speculative craze had seized men to form these—similar to the railway mania that ruined such large numbers a century later. Still this craze gave us excellent water and land road-ways, in tremendous contrast to the wretched facilities for travelling that were available when the eighteenth century dawned.

At the beginning of the present century, no appreciable improvement had taken place in agriculture. Artificial chemical manures were not, for chemistry had only dawned. The single furrow plough tilled the soil, the primitive sickle reaped the harvest, the flail threshed out the grain; to produce food, toil was necessarily man's birthright. Now, as the century closes, one man can produce food for a hundred.

Twenty-five centuries ago Thales rubbed a piece of amber—electrified it, we should say—and thought it possessed a soul, for he found that it attracted distant particles of matter. What a wonderful soul it really possessed, did not for ages dawn upon the human mind, nor had it dawned when the present century began. The magical power of the amber-force was then unknown. Forty years later, it was flashing signals along the line of Stevenson's baby railway. Then, by combining these signals, words and sentences were transmitted. Time, as far as the transmission of intelligence was concerned, had been annihilated, and the nervous system of the world evolved. Fifty years later, this power had been taught to speak and to transmit pictures; and now amongst its many other marvels, it promises to supercede every other mode of carrying power in quantity. Electricity will take the energy of an almost inaccessible mountain torrent, and will render the streets brilliant with its exquisite power of illumination; it will make the bricks; saw the timber; warm and light the house; cook the food, and, should the weary mother wish it, rock the cradle. And this force of electricity with its protean powers, is one of the agents that, with steam and steel, must profoundly modify life in the coming century, and render the dire wage slavery of the present a thing of the past. The conscience of man is in revolt against this now remediable evil, for men are growing to see that the slavery of hunger is as real as that of the lash.

Never in the history of mankind, has there been such a bound forward as is represented by the contrast of the outlook of the present century with that of the coming one. The activity of the thousand years of the Bronze Age pales by comparison. And not in one direction only, but on almost every side—in scientific knowledge, in literature and in art; in our productiveness, in our power of transport, and in our methods of communication—on every hand, the same progress is apparent, if we except Religion, Ethics and Government. But at last even these seem to be on the stir, their dry bones revivified by the marvellous surrounding life. There are signs in all directions that the Synoptic Christ's marvellous Gospel of Brotherhood is replacing the ecclesiastical dogmas of the churches, and many of the churches are welcoming the change.

But this awakening of the conscience has scarcely yet affected business, although everywhere there is a "divine discontent" that others should be suffering. As statistics of the alarming death-rate of an overcrowded tenement become common knowledge, it is seen that the expenditure of a hundred pounds would so lessen the overcrowding as to prevent a death; and it has become intensely realised that the result of indulging in selfish expenditure to that extent (beyond the possibilities of average comfort) is murder. How many murders does the making of a millionaire represent, or the performance of a magnificent marriage ceremony or any other splendid private function? Yet we dare not blame the revellers. They are all entangled in an "Enchanted Thicket." Each human being must march with his regiment. It is not the millionaire who is the murderer, any more than is the general of an army: he is but the instrument of

a mechanism of murder which no one seems to know how to stop. It is useless to attempt to remedy by charity this unequal distribution—that is one of the gravest evils of our time. The mendicant spirit is destructive of all that is noble and elevating in man.

With peace the possibility of universal plenty is ours. Human productiveness is so wonderful that in some directions it has increased in the century a hundred-thousand-fold, in many directions a thousand-fold, and on an average, with man's present knowledge, his productiveness might be at least ten-fold. Hence there should be ten-fold the comfort or ten-fold the leisure for all, if there were no flaw in the mode of distribution. And here is the problem that faces us in the opening of the century. How shall this most disastrous inequality of distribution be equalised?

Labour ranges itself against Capital, class against class, everywhere the spirit of war is abroad. Some think Single-tax the remedy, some Progressive Taxation, some Municipal Ownership, some Collectivism generally. On all sides, men ponder and study, and slowly the mode of cure is being agreed upon. The cry of the Universal Brotherhood pictured by Christ under the simile of the Kingdom of Heaven, rings out in clarion, but consonant, tones as the answer to this riddle of the Sphinx.

Most hopeful of all, there are signs that, notwithstanding the present clashing of interests on every side, the spirit of antagonism is ceasing to sway men's minds. The conflict between Religion and Science is over. The two travelled in opposite directions, the distance between them grew greater and greater, but they, as it were, travelled on a sphere. Now they have encircled it and met. Darwinism is seen to include not merely the struggle for one's own existence, but also the struggle for the existence of others. Thus it is seen that Darwinism leads direct to Christ. It answers the question, "Who are my mother and my brethren?" as unmistakably as does Christ. The narrow class and family exclusiveness can no more stand before Darwinism than before Christianity.

Nor is tolerance the accepted condition of religious belief alone; but in other directions the spirit of blame is dying. We realise each to be the product of his heredity and environment. The hatred of the successful capitalist is softening. He, like the squalid outcast, is the product of this age of competitive greed. He has drawn a prize, the other a blank. Dare we blame the prize-drawer? Would we not rejoice if his fortune were ours? It is difficult to keep dry in a sinking ship, difficult to keep clean in a tar-pot. And so when Mammon is God, it is heresy generally punishable with death to him who will not join in the worship.

Terrible indeed is the result of the atavistic step from the Communistic life, in which man evolved, to the present system of isolated families, in which the predatory qualities alone are profitable. It has been stated that mankind may be divided into three classes—the pessimist, the communist and the fool.

Nothing, to the pessimist, could look more hopeless than the mass of evils in the world. And indeed the evils are appalling, even when, by the light of science, their true function is seen—when, that is to say, we perceive that the evils resulting from brutal selfishness are agents in the development of a "divine discontent," and are so burning their lessons into the memory of Man that never again, during the millions of years that the human race may last, is it at all likely that the error will be repeated.

But viewed from any standpoint, the evils are indeed portentous. Look at the militarizm of Europe, now rapidly infecting America. Think of its waste—costing something like the sum necessary to keep a hundred million people. Think of the celibate barrack-life, the brutal characteristics it engenders, the dire immorality growing out of it. Think of the other evils produced by this militarizm, which, now and then, leak out and horrify mankind, as in the case of the Milan murders, the Armenian atrocities, the Finland wrongs, the Dreyfus scandal. Consider also the effect of sweating in its various forms. Think of woman's lot generally, the dire mercenary marriages, the social evil with its countless

Magdalenes; think of the moral and physical disease that this evil is spreading. Think of the vast army below the level of poverty, more than a million in London alone; consider the crime, the squalid misery arising out of this poverty. Think of gambling in all its aspects from fan-tan to the totalisator, the gambling in shares, in produce and in stocks; in cards, in dice and in sweeps; how all this is sapping the moral fibre of mankind. Think of the awful effects of the drink fiend, of the opium den; think of the waste and the brain-benumbing effects of smoking. Look at the many millionaires, the trusts and syndicates of the world, and the myriad monopolies that, like rank fungoid growths, are spreading their fibres throughout all commerce. Think of the legal modes of mal-appropriation that everywhere surround us. Think of the spread of preventible pestilence and disease that our squalid insanitary mode of life is bringing around us, insidiously undermining our health to such an extent that the very teeth of our children decay before they arrive at maturity.

A portentous task indeed it seems to fight these many evils, especially when we know that almost every one of them is backed up by a powerful vested interest. How are they to be fought? Bunyan's giants are nothing to the monstrous evils of to-day. Yet all these evils, when scientifically studied, are seen by the evolutionist to spring out of a false environment—the environment of private property, of force, of law. The old political economy was based on the selfishness of man. No wonder it was called the "Dismal Science!" The new Political Economy, both Christian and Evolutionary, the Political Economy of Christ in his "Sermon on the Mount," and of Darwin in his "Evolution of the Group," is based on Brotherhood.

When mankind fully realises we are absolutely the product of our birth and surroundings, that we are, as it were, a cog in the mechanism of the cosmos, self-righteousness is folly, and to blame another an absurdity; whilst our ordinary idea of justice is seen to be a chimera. We do not expect a serpent's egg to hatch into a chicken, however wonderful may be our incubator; nor if we sow hemlock, do we expect by high cultivation to be able to gather parsley. And this applies to man. Each individual, if we go back twenty generations, has a million ancestors; hence the evolutionist realises the complexity of forces that goes to the making of a man. Are the three hundred convicted criminal descendents of "Mary the Mother of Criminals" deserving of blame for their ancestry? Does it give them joy to spend their lives in jail? Would they not have preferred to inherit a palace? Is it a merit in the Queen that the other heirs to the throne died before she came of age? Is she to be praised because her heredity made her kindly, or blamed because she has the virtue of thrift and has saved much—though her twenty millions of accumulations represent some two hundred thousand deaths by overcrowding? It is not she who is to blame, it is the mechanism of the cosmic process which has caused all these deaths; and these deaths, by producing that "divine discontent," will, we believe, ultimately result in a maximum of joy for the race. Here is the solution of the whole problem: the production of a maximum of joy.

The emergence of the moth from the chrysalis may be painful: rapid evolution is generally painful. Yet on rapid evolution depends a maximum of joy. A burn is painful, a bad burn a long and acute agony. Why should it be so? For a maximum of joy. If burns were not painful, we dare not use fire. No one would arrive at maturity with whole limbs. Pain is the monitor of error.

> Joy is God's index of a rightful act,
> Pain is his message, telling Man he errs;
> Dire misery points out deep social wrong.

Here is the clue to the labyrinth in which we are entangled, the key to the enigma of life, the answer to the question of the Sphinx. Nature is ever right. There is no error in the cosmic process. The Creator is no apprentice hand. It is we who, through our short-sightedness, blunder in our interpretation of his marvels.

And exquisite are these marvels. Take the most minute speck of organic matter: look at it under the microscope. How marvellous is the structure of its cells! Deeper and deeper wonders of structure unfold themselves as the power of the microscope increases. Then, by chemical means, we take to pieces the cells, and reveal the molecules that make them up; every molecule an orderly regiment of complex atoms, each atom a musical instrument, whose song comes to us as light, telling of hundreds of millions of millions of vibrations a second. Such is the complexity of the minute. But, on the other hand, what tremendous extension is revealed by the telescope, inconceivable masses of matter, all of the same refinement of structure. Such illimitable, unimaginable extension! We blink an eye, and in that time light could encircle the earth. Yet even with the prodigious speed of light, the flash from distant clashing suns may take hundreds of years to reach us.

Mystery surrounds us, unfathomable mystery; but where the human mind can fully read nature, it sees perfection, until a religion of infinite trust is alone possible to the patient student. But we are often as foolish children, fearing to look the Creator's works fully in the face. We fear to study our impulses with open minds. We are the creatures of prejudice, and struggle in a morass of error. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," contains a profound truth. Our thoughts are unclean, and we cannot see one half the marvels of life. How wondrous sex is seen to be when seen with "pure heart." Nowhere is God more plainly seen. Everything lovely in organic life is the product of sex, for sex is the mother of love. The perfume of the flower, its perfect form and colouring, its delicious nectar, every entrancing combination of floral wonder, are the gifts of sex to nature. The exquisite thrill of the nightingale, the plumage of the bird of paradise, the light of the firefly, are some of its marvellous products. To its power in evolution, all the nobility of man is owing, and on it all possibility of further race improvement depends.

As our new century dawns, men will have learned to see how tremendous is the power of an emancipated womanhood. All literature teams with the idea of an equality of the ethics of the sexes. No other thought is possible. But our writers divide: on the one hand, we have Sarah Grand and the group of noble women who advocate an equality of expression; on the other hand, we have Olive Schreiner, Meredith, Hardy, and the immense conclave of great thinkers who see that an equality of liberty is the cure leading to perfect purity. Science alone can decide the question. Evolution tells us that the impulses of an animal are its safe guides, if it be in the environment in which it has evolved. If not, they may mislead. So with Man. If we can change the environment, so that his impulses are his guides, man may at once enter into his inheritance of joy. If, on the other hand, man must be moulded by evolution till the old impulses disappear and new impulses are developed, thousands of years are wanted. But in the life pictured by Christ as the Kingdom of Heaven, where each lives in the service of all, where he who is most the servant of his fellows is the most honoured, there men's impulses are their guides. It needs a race of angels to keep clean in a world of competitive greed, but men are good enough for a rivalry in generosity; and it is to this life that the opening century is leading us. The power of Prof. Heron, the millions of copies of Sheldon's books sold, though but glimmering lights, indicate the spirit that animates mankind as the new century is born.

This, then, is the outlook of the coming century—a productiveness so wonderful that all may have plenty and leisure, science showing us that we are not to fight the evils of the world, but to avoid them, and allow them to die of neglect. On every side, countless willing workers, fearing neither the difficulties nor the dangers, are waiting the inspired word that shall show them the road to salvation. The most recent investigations

of science have pointed out this road, and simple it is to follow. It leads to a voluntary Brotherhood of Man, to a realisation that each is his "brother's keeper."

Evolution shows that in large groups of federated families with common aims, the generous impulses lead to success; and that, whereas the sympathetic unit working alone is the weakest creature in creation and is crucified, a combination of such units is the very material for a successful group. In such a group, there is necessarily the financial independence of woman, and necessarily also no unwilling maternity. Race improvement re-commences and purity is perfected. Greater economy, greater privacy, richer social life, will entice even the egoist to enter such groups; and when there, his altruistic qualities alone will give him satisfaction.

When families thus federate, the water supply and the gas works, the tram and the telephone, will be municipalised; the railways, the post and the telegraph will be nationalised; trusts, syndicates and combines will obviously be administered by the state for the public weal; and land will become the inalienable birthright of the entire people; the whole of these reforms brought about not by spoliation, nor by agressive legislation, but voluntarily by an awakened conscience.

It is not the poor alone desire the change. The "divine discontent" is surging everywhere. Misery and suicide are common amongst millionaires; and even the rich are struck with the contrast between the beautiful order of a factory and the chaos of the distribution of its products—the wondrous methods by which the golden grain is harvested, and the anarchy with which it is used.

Everyone sees that while men hate to be driven like cattle, they love to follow a noble lead; they revolt against espionage, but are ennobled by trust and rise to its demands. The true incentive to action is not the cat-o'-nine-tails, but the appreciation of one's fellows. See how under the incentive of his comrades' applause on the football field, an indolent, greedy, selfish lout, will live sparely, spend his leisure in exercise, and even study, that he may excel in the game. And when good work is the sole road to honour, the incentive of appreciation will produce good work, but when useful work is a social stigma, when to loll in a superb carriage, decorated with silver-laced menials, entitles one to the highest honour, how shall useful achievement be appreciated? We flaunt in the face of the workers the white banners of inutility—the starched collars and cuffs, the immaculate shirt-fronts—and talk of the "dignity of labour." Such cant is sickening. The work of the artisan is not at present a mark of honour. Would it not be considered a disgrace for a society woman to be seen cleaning her own doorstep? Society would sooner condone a crime.

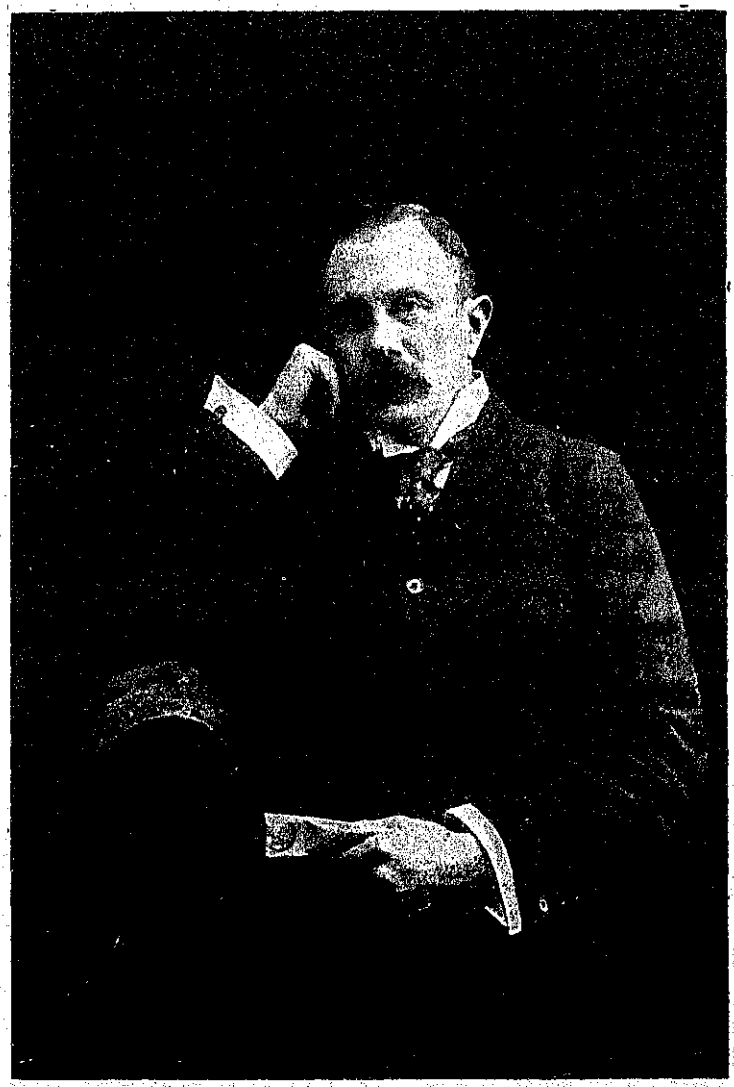
But when there is no private ownership, and work is the only road to honour, it will not be so. Joy will then be the inheritance of all men. "The meek shall inherit the earth,"—that is, the patient, unassuming worker shall have the reward of his toil. Men, whilst "gaining the whole world," shall "save their own souls." For every noble instinct, every generous feeling, every emotion of love and sympathy constitute the soul of man, and are evolutionary forces foa persistence in a life of unity. Man's love of the beautiful, of painting and poetry, of music and of sculpture, of Art in all its forms, will have full play. The book of the infinite wonders of Nature will be his reading, he will achieve in the domain of Knowledge, and never sigh for other worlds to conquer, for the World of Nature has no bounds.

THE GOVERNOR.

In the heroic days the king was the supreme judge and high priest of the people, and was surrounded with a halo of sanctity that inspired his people with a religious awe, and a spirit of profound veneration for his exalted and sacred rank. None dared question his judgments dictated by the goddess of Wisdom; all listened with strained ears and minds alert to the words of wisdom that flowed from his lips. But the sacred monarch fell before the warrior king, and the warrior king and statesman in progressive communities, ultimately surrendered his powers to the commonalty of the nation. He retained, however, his dignity, and by his dignity, assists his ministers to rule.

Even in these days of socialism and communism, the monarch—or his representative in the colony—is invested with much of that "divinity which doth hedge a king." His words still command that almost sacred respect that attached to the words of kings when they were in the plenitude of their power. The carefully prepared speech of a commoner, at a function where His Excellency is present, will bore the loyal audience, and will be given a meagre paragraph, while the reporter will strain every stenographic nerve to report His Excellency in full.

We have only to think of the deference and respect that is everywhere paid to Lord Ranfurly, and we see that there still lurks in the hearts of men no small amount of that ancient reverence for rank, and that sneaking regard for a lord, with which Mr. Gladstone delighted to taunt the English elector. Even



Sarony. THE EARL OF RANFURLY, G.C.M.G. *Photo.*

the socialist, ignorant of the part played by monarchy in our constitution, will viciously proclaim the merits of a republic, but reverentially doff his tile and sing with lusty voice "God save the Queen" as the Governor's carriage rolls by.

In New Zealand we get a distant sight of the halo of majesty when His Excellency, in court attire, drives in stately procession through our streets attended by his aides and guard of honour; but our vision becomes blurred when next day we see him, in light sac suit and hard felt hat, handling the ponies himself, and serenely smoking his G.B.D.; and we begin to reflect that Her Majesty's representative is, after all, only flesh and blood

Yet this human side of His Excellency appeals to us, and the genuine and practical interest he has manifested in all philanthropic objects, and indeed in all matters affecting the welfare of the people, will do much to soften that asperity with which rank is too often regarded by a certain class, and to prove to the horny-handed that nobility of character is not necessarily dissociated from nobility of rank.

Sarony, THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY. *Photo.*

LADY RANFURLY.

THE Countess of Ranfurly has a distinctive personality, and a grace of manner which at once attracts and charms. Since her arrival in the Colony she has created for herself the best kind of popularity. Not the skin-deep variety, so easily obtained by profuse and discreet vice regal hospitality, and as easily forfeited by omitting, accidentally or otherwise, to include some of the local Lord and Lady Tom Noddies from the Government House invitations; but the genuine whole-hearted popularity, attained only by those whose conscientious discharge of their duties is not limited to presiding over gorgeous social functions, but extends also to all sorts and conditions of suffering

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 OLD AND THE NEW.

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

hundred years ago. Patara's and Mahuta's progenitors arrived on these shores in the famous canoe Tainui. Patara himself was born about the year 1824. The old Maoris cannot give the exact year of their birth, but Patara informed the writer one day that he was born a year or so after the great battle of Matakitaki, on the Waipa River, where Hongi Hika, with his newly-acquired muskets slaughtered many hundreds of Waikato warriors. The approximate date of this event is known, so Patara's age can be calculated

MR. A. T. NGATA, M.A.

therefrom. In the days immediately preceding the Waikato war, Patara, who had been educated by the missionaries, conducted the Kingite newspaper *Hokioi* (a mythical bird), in the Waikato, and his brother, Honana Maioha, was one of the compositors. The type and printing-press were a gift to the Maoris from, the writer believes, the Emperor of Austria. Mr (now Sir John) Gorst, Government agent in the Waikato, also edited a native newspaper, *Te Pihoihoi*, (the lark) at Te Awamutu; but the Kingites, objecting to his "leaders," settled the matter in a truly Maori fashion by raiding the office, and running Mr Gorst out of the Waikato. So Patara had the field of Maori journalism all to himself. He took part in the Waikato war, and in after years acted as secretary to Tawhiao, with whom he visited England in 1884. The old chief at present lives at Mangere, where his father resided in the early days of Auckland.

Mr Apirana Turupa Ngata is a Maori of quite another stamp. In his early twenties as yet, he has distinguished himself at college and in the profession which he has adopted—the law—and is a splendid example of the innate capabilities of the Maori race under the influence of European education. He is a member of the Ngatiporou tribe of the East Coast, of which the late Major Ropata Wahawaha was the leading chief, and his father, Paratene Ngata, is an assessor of the Native Land Court. Mr Ngata was educated at Te Aute College and afterwards took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. at the Canterbury University College. Not long ago he secured further laurels by graduating as LL.B., and has been admitted as a member of the legal profession. At present Mr Ngata is engaged on a noble mission amongst his own people on the East Coast and elsewhere in common with other members of the Aute Students' Association, in an endeavour to improve the sanitary, social, moral and religious life of the Maoris; and it is to such men as Apirana Turapa Ngata that the remnants of the native people must look for their preservation from ultimate extinction.

Jenkins, Sailor and Steeplechaser.

A CHAT WITH AN OLD-TIMER.

By Mrs Malcolm Ross.

Photographs by Mrs. Costello, Otaki.

A WIDE New Zealand plain threaded with pleasant country roads and softly-flowing streams, and dotted with cozy homesteads, garden encircled, a place of peace and rest after the toil and moil of the city—such is Otaki. The purple Tararuas, grandly mysterious, bar the eastern horizon, and beyond the line of golden tussocked sand-hills moans the invisible sea. There lies Kapiti, beautiful Kapiti—dreamiest and loveliest of Islands, with the most tragic memories clustered about its shores and cliffs.

The very soil of Kapiti is blood-stained; its precipices could, had they tongues, cry aloud of slaughter. It seems passing strange that the Island which, in by-gone days, was a shambles and a charnel-house, should now be reserved as a haven of quietness and safety, where wild birds may dwell and increase unharmed. For this is the use to which the Government of New Zealand purpose to put Kapiti. And in its latter days it shall have peace.

Still on the Island can be seen the ruined strong-hold of Te Rauparaha, the Napoleon of Maori war-fare. From it, daily, the fierce chief's eagle eye swept the lovely plain of Otaki for fresh enemies to conquer. Woe betide the poor wretches whose fire smoke was descried above the manuka and flax! The great war canoes would be launched and filled with warriors, eager to hunt down the fugitives. And then the quiet air, where now only pleasant country sounds are heard, would be rent by the wails of women, the groans of dying men, the cries of little children, and the shouts of the victors. In the sunset the conquerors would paddle across to Kapiti, that lay mystically purple against the flushed horizon. There, for hours, the great ovens had been heating, and now were ready to be gorged with the fresh meat that had been secured. Up in the dark mountain gorges would be crouching, perhaps, a few shivering men, who, not daring to light a tell-tale fire, watched from their eyrie the smoke from Kapiti against the sunset sky, the smoke of the fires that were preparing the bodies of their relatives and friends for the cannibal feast.

There are not many links existing now between those old savage times and these pleasant latter days of peace and prosperity. It was in search of one of these links we went one autumn day. His name was Jenkins, "Old Jenkins," to distinguish him from his many olive branches. He was to Otaki what a museum would be to a larger town, and any visitor might be told, as we were, to "go and call on old Jenkins! Bless you! you don't need no introduction. And be sure and ask him to tell you all about his fight with Rauparaha, or Robuller, as the whalers used to call him."

He lived in a gray-shingled cottage, that cowered down amid its encircling foliage. The creepers clambered up to the very chimneys, and lay in long trails upon the mossy roof. Across the dunes, beyond the tangle of roses and geraniums in the little garden patch, the never-silent sea was moaning, and Kapiti rose clear against the pale sky.

We knock at the low door in the little porch somewhat timidly, for we are but town folk trammelled by conventionalities, and are not at all sure how the old whaler may receive us. We are quite unprepared for the hearty greeting as the door opens. "Come in, my gells," he cries, holding out a wrinkled hand. For all he knows, we may be burglars or book agents. But, perhaps, in the monotony of his old age, even the advent of a burglar or a book agent may be an agreeable diversion.

OLD JENKINS' HOME.

Our host is little and thin, with a lean, clean-shaven face, where still a trace of the Kentish cherry lingers. For he is a Kentish man, and now, in his eighty-fifth year, is a grand advertisement for that county. His eye is blue, and still shrewd and keen, and his mouth, which has in it but three derelicts of teeth, possesses a humorous twist that promises well for our entertainment.

It is the very strangest of interiors, this quaint little room with its smoke-stained ceiling, from which hang, by two unnecessarily stout chains, a large cabin lamp and a highly ornate fly-catcher. There is a distinctly nautical flavour about the room, and, given sufficient imagination, one could almost think oneself on board a ship. But not on one of the floating palaces of to-day. Rather the queer furnishings belong to the good old times of lengthy voyages, mutinies, tarry pig-tails, and salt junk. That clumsy, solid mahogany locker conveys a distinct suggestion of rum—and pirates. What strange fierce faces have been reflected in that old brass-framed oblong mirror above the shining ship's stove? We are sitting on cabin seats with carved mahogany arms and cushions of faded crimson velvet. All these are odds and ends of wrecked vessels that met their doom on the Otaki coast years ago. When the ships were dismantled—and many ribs and fragments of vessels are still strewn about the beach there—old Jenkins had procured his furniture.

If we pass down the curving white road that ends at the beach, we can see the mast

of the "City of Auckland," an emigrant ship—uplifted from the ever encroaching sand. Sea birds have built their nests on the tangle of cordage near its summit, and, not long ago, a gale blew away the sand and disclosed the ribs of the vessel. Old Jenkins has vivid memories of this wreck, from which he saved many people.

"Yes, my gells," he tells us, "I was twelve hours in the water a' savin' them folk. I rows off to the ship, climbs on board, and puts my 'ead into the cabin. An' there was the women all a' shriekin' an' a' drippin', an' there ain't no worse sight, to my mind, than wet females!" Jenkins received the Royal Humane Society's medal for this. But he professes to treat this honour lightly, and speaks of this trophy as "three penn'orth o' copper."

The table and locker are strewn—though strewn is hardly the term for the careful, ship-shape mode of the arrangement—with woolly mats, shells, coral veiled in red muslin, and old books—the odds and ends of a long life-time. Photographs, many dimmed and brown with age, and some highly-coloured prints, hang on the walls. Through the open door we get a glimpse of the kitchen with its wide snow-white table and its broad hearth. There, too, is still another bit of flotsam and jet-am in the shape of two brass hand-rails, now utilized for airing clothes upon.

Jenkins himself is garrulous, and quite ready to rake over his memory-stores to satisfy our curiosity "Yes, my gells," he says, as we ask him eager questions, "that came from a boat wot was wrecked along the shore. The cap'n was drownded, but we saved 'is wife, we did. 'Ad no end o' trouble a' doin' it, too, for the boat capsized four times. W'en we got the woman ashore, she ses to me, 'Mr. Jenkins,' ses she, 'never will I forget yer. If I go to the end o' the world, I'll keep my eye on yer,' she ses. 'I'll write yer every mail.' But she didn't, thank God!" old Jenkins adds, with a fervent sigh of relief.

His views on the subject of the eternal She are hinged with pessimism. It may be that a man who has had sixteen daughters to bring up—from teething to trousseaux—is apt to get this way. In his youth he has been somewhat of a Lothario, and he chuckles merrily, as he recalls a reminiscence of his salad days. "I was in Sydney," he says, "an' I 'ad in my chest a grand Maori mat, white as milk, it were, and with fringe as long as from 'ere to the wall. Old Robuller gev' it me. Well, a young gell—pretty she were, too—catched sight o' this, and begged 'ard for it. I ses to 'er, 'I'll giv' it yer, my lass, for a kiss.' The gell ses, 'My! Mr. Jenkins, I'll kiss yer all day for it!' But I ses, 'No, thank yer, my lass, one's enough!' Yer see I 'ad a bit o' a sweet'art not far off," and a knowing wink of his blue eyes concluded the tale.

At this point it is our manifest duty to inquire after his good wife, who, if the spotless appearance of our surroundings is to be trusted, is a very Martha. The old man evidently ascribes our inquiry to our fear that we may be discovered by his wife paying attention to her lord and master. With a chuckle, and a poke at us with a skinny finger, he remarks reassuringly, "She's 'ard o' 'earin', the old woman is, thank the Lord!"

Old Jenkins is a curious combination of jockey and sailor, and defies the idea that there is no affinity between a mariner and a horse. For many years he was senior jockey of New Zealand, and won more races, he says, than he ever got paid for. We were told afterwards he donned "the silk" when he was seventy years old. He bares his bald head and points with grim satisfaction to an indentation that crosses its shining surface. "Got my skull crushed in by a 'orse, an' then I stopped a racin'. Just feel it, my gells!" But neither of us felt our short acquaintance with Mr. Jenkins warranted such familiarity.

At last we stemmed the torrent of reminiscence, and asked the burning question, "You fought Te Ruaparaha, didn't you, Mr. Jenkins?" It was like the application of a match to a powder magazine! The old eye flashed, the right hand clenched, and one wrinkled finger poked us in the enthusiasm of an awakened glorious memory. "Ay, ay,

my gells, Bill Jenkins is the only man wot ever thrashed old Robuller. I'm little, I am, but all of me's plucky, and Robuller 'e were a born coward. Me and him 'ad words over some rum I sold to 'is wife—leastways, one of 'is wives; as big as that she were,"—opening his arms wide. "She giv' me a pig for the rum, a good pig it were, too, an' then she went ashore to drink with the bos'un an' the carpenter. Robuller come aboard an' wanted 'is wife. 'Gone ashore, she 'as,' said I, a 'oldin' the pig. Then 'e wanted the pig back, an' I ses to 'im, 'Come on, old cock, d'yer want to fight?' An' with that I shaped up to 'im an' gives 'im one on 'is nose,"—the old sailor almost gave us one on ours in his growing excitement—"An' I ses, 'There's one for yer nob!' 'E goes down, my gells, like a log, an' 'ollers awful." Trembling and panting, the veteran came to an end, while we expressed our admiration of his feat, and our regret that he had not wiped out "Robuller" from the face of the earth. The world would have been rid of a ferocious conqueror, who did not scruple, in order to further his own schemes, to command a mother to smother her baby, nor to throw his slaves overboard to lighten his canoe. But well we know that the historic duel—Jenkins *v.* Robuller—must be accepted with discretion, for the mists of age are apt to magnify past achievements.

The mention of Kapiti awakens fresh reminiscences. He tells us of the good old days when whales were plenty and whalers many and prosperous; when six hundred men were busy at the trying-out pots on Kapiti, the remains of which are still to be seen. He pictures to us the thrill when first the whale is sighted, the stealthy approach of the boats, the poised lance, the whizz of its deft throw, the quiver as it settles in the huge body. In his excitement, he addresses the whale as "old gell." Verily these were perilously delightful times.

Kapiti to us is fraught with fascination, we have been told of stores of greenstone buried there by Te Rauparaha half a century ago, of great caves where are stored the bones of long-dead chiefs, of wondrous shells found nowhere else than on its shores. There, in some obscure recess, lies Te Rauparaha himself. The old chief, pagan and cannibal to the last, died in a little *whare* or hut at Otaki, and there was buried. But his bones were carried secretly by night to Kapiti, for fear they should be desecrated by his enemies There, maybe, his fierce old ghost, feathered and matted, *mere* in hand,

WE LEFT HIM GAZING ACROSS AT KAPITI.

still watches from his ruined fortress the quiet plain of Otaki, and moans over the passing of the good old times of war-fare and cannibalism.

It was on Kapiti that Jenkins saw the most horrible sight in his "born days." A winsome Maori lass, a captive, torn from her Southern home, was dragged out shrieking before the great chief, and clubbed. The oven was ready, the body was prepared, and the grim ogre Te Rauparaha feasted royally, in presence of the old whaler, one white man

among many savages. "I'd take yer," he says suddenly, "an' show yer the caves an' the old whalin' station an' all. But ye'll be sick. An' I can't abide sick females."

It is impossible to contradict him, so we are obliged to stifle any wild plans, we had been cherishing, of traversing with this octogenarian the twelve miles of blue water between Kapiti and the mainland. Suddenly, turning from us, the old man strips what looks like a little table of many and varied ornaments and a crotchet cover, and, opening the top with the air of a Maestro, asks, "Can either of you play the 'armonium?" Of the intricacies of this special instrument we reluctantly confess our ignorance, but a knowledge of a treadle sewing machine enables one of us to get something out of it distinctly resembling an air. "Bee-utiful, ain't it?" cries old Jenkins, hanging enraptured over the side of the harmonium. "'Ad that instrewment twenty-five year come mid-winter. But 'ims is wot I like"

Here is another side to our old friend's character. As whaler, jockey, egotist, he has revealed himself to us, but he is also evidently somewhat of a musician. He earnestly declares he wants no "Dead March" played over his body. "Let me 'ave 'Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot,'" he entreats. "If yer don't I'll harnt yer. D'ye know the toon?" And then, in a voice of wondrous compass and melody, though quavering a trifle by reason of his many years, he sings the first verse. The small, shrunk figure, standing among all his life-relics, and singing of "Auld Acquaintance," is a pathetic sight. There can be few or none left who have "paidelt i' the burn" with old Jenkins. In his native Kentish village, he says, not one of his playmates is now living. We compliment him on his singing. He tells us that, years ago, he was begged by a friend to sing "Popesodo to a Dying Christian," to soothe the last hours of the man's brother. "He died directly after, poor chap!" says old Jenkins with unconscious humour. "An' seemed to go easier-like for the song." I racked my brains to discover what was meant by the first word in the title, when it suddenly was borne in upon me that it was an ode by Pope that sped, so to speak, the parting soul

But much of the talk of the old man is not to be rendered into bald print. It wants the personality, the shrewd blue eye, the humorous toothless mouth, the nervous finger that literally poked you into attention, the little chuckle that rounded his phrases. We left him at his garden gate, and our last recollection of him is his little figure standing among his tangled flowers, while the golden sunset light streamed on his fractured bald pow. We left him gazing across at Kapiti, the scene of his historic triumph, and the resting place of his ancient foe "Robuller."

The Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand.

By G. M. Newton.

AT a time when the Australian Colonies have almost consummated a federation that will have momentous and far-reaching results, which will largely affect this Colony for good or ill, it is opportune to consider the terms of the proposed union as settled by the Commonwealth Bill, and to give some account of the arguments that have so far been, or may be, advanced for and against New Zealand's becoming a member of the Union.

At the outset it may be said that the federation which the members of the Convention were called upon to frame, is not an amalgamation, a unification of the Colonies. It was not contemplated that the boundaries should be swept away for all purposes; and that each colony should merge in the Commonwealth, and have no separate existence. On the contrary, each colony, while becoming a constituent part of the Commonwealth and sharing its larger powers, will retain its own individuality, preserving its own constitution, having its own parliament, and making, subject to the laws of the Commonwealth, its own laws. The effect of the union will be to make a composite state with a supreme federal government, acting, not only upon the sovereign members of the union, but directly upon all its citizens in their individual and corporate capacities.

The federal constitution is embodied in a Bill called "The Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act," which recites that the people of the colonies to be named therein, have agreed to unite in one indissoluble Federal Commonwealth under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and under the Constitution thereby established.

The following are the principal provisions of the Bill:—

The Parliament.—The legislative power of the Commonwealth is vested in a Parliament consisting of a Governor-General, a Senate composed of six members from each State, directly chosen for a term of six years by the people of the State, voting, until Parliament otherwise provides, as one electorate; and a House of Representatives, directly chosen by the people of the Commonwealth, the number being as nearly as practicable twice the number of Senators, and to be chosen in the several States in proportion to their respective populations, but each original State having at least five members.

The qualification of the electors of both Houses is to be the same in each State as that of electors of the lower House of each State, and each elector must vote only once. Parliament may make a uniform franchise, but so that no citizen who has a vote in any State can be deprived of his right to vote by the Federal Parliament. Thus the uniform franchise when made must be as wide as the widest existing franchise in any of the States, and as at least one of them has already achieved adult suffrage, it will be seen that the franchise must be of the greatest possible liberality. The qualifications for members of either House are (1) twenty-one years of age, (2) an elector entitled to vote, or person entitled to be an elector, (3) three years resident in the Commonwealth, and (4) a subject of the Queen, either natural born or naturalised for five years.

Powers of Parliament.—The Parliament has power to levy taxes, but not so as to discriminate between States; to provide for the general defence and welfare of the Commonwealth; to borrow money on the public credit; to regulate trade and commerce

with other countries, and among the States; to make laws with respect to bankruptcy, marriage, divorce, old age pensions, insurance copyrights, inventions, etc.; to coin money, and fix the standard of weights and measures; to control postal and the like services; to provide for the service and execution throughout the Commonwealth of the civil and criminal processes of any State, and the recognition of its laws; to deal with immigration and emigration, and the influx of criminals; to establish courts of conciliation and arbitration for the prevention and settlement of industrial disputes extending beyond the limits of any one State; and to legislate on other matters, as set forth in the Bill, for the peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth.

The Executive Government.—The executive power is vested in seven ministers who must be members of either the Senate or the House of Representatives. It has been urged that responsible government is incompatible with federation, but the framers of the Bill seem wisely to have thought that the principle of the responsibility of the Government would be a guarantee of the liberalism of the constitution, and in that opinion rejected the referendum as unnecessary under the form of government chosen.

The Judicature.—The judicial power of the Commonwealth is vested in a Supreme Court to be called the High Court of Australia, and in such other Courts as the Parliament may, from time to time, create or invest with federal jurisdiction. The High Court will have jurisdiction in all matters of law and equity arising under the constitution, laws, and treaties of the Commonwealth, and an appellate jurisdiction from the Supreme Court of any State, and from it there will be a limited right of appeal to the Privy Council.

As the highest Court of the Commonwealth it will be formed of honorable and able men. It will be its duty to preserve the popular liberty, and to prevent the Commonwealth dominating or infringing upon the rights of the States, or the States usurping the functions of the Commonwealth.

Finance and Trade.—The large powers given to the Commonwealth for the control of trade and commerce will not come into full force and effect until the imposition of uniform federal customs duties, which must be imposed within two years of the establishment of the Commonwealth; and upon the imposition of uniform duties of customs, trade and intercourse between the States will become absolutely free.

All customs duties will be collected by the Commonwealth from the outset, but until uniform duties are imposed, each State will receive back the customs and excise revenue actually collected therein, less its proportionate share of the federal expenditure. The same system will be pursued for five years after the adoption of a uniform tariff, except that accounts will be kept between the States instead of duties being collected at the border. At the end of the five years period, Parliament may provide for the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States on such basis as it deems fair.

During a period of ten years after the establishment of the Commonwealth, three-fourths, at least, of the net revenue from customs and excise must be returned to the States, or applied to the payment of interest on State debts. This clause of the Bill, known as the "Braddon Blot," has provoked much hostile criticism in New South Wales, but it has much to commend it, inasmuch as it conserves to each State a great part of its revenue.

The Commonwealth is prohibited from giving to any State or part of one State, by any law of trade commerce or revenue, a preference over any other State or part thereof. During the first ten years, however, and thereafter in the discretion of Parliament, financial assistance may be granted to any State.

The Bill provides for the creation of an Interstate Commission for the execution and maintenance within the Commonwealth of the provisions of the Constitution relating to trade and commerce, and of all laws made thereunder.

A State may grant any aid to, or bounty on, mining for gold and other metals, and, with the consent of the Federal Parliament, any aid to, or bounty on, the production or export of goods.

Money Bills.—Bills imposing taxation or spending revenue must originate in the House of Representatives. The Senate cannot amend Bills either imposing taxation, or appropriating revenue for the ordinary annual service of the Government, but may suggest alterations which may be adopted or not as the House sees fit. The Senate may not amend any Bill in such a manner as to increase any proposed charge or burden on the people.

Deadlocks.—If the House of Representatives passes any proposed law, and the Senate fails to pass it, or passes it with amendments to which the House will not agree, and if after an interval of three months, the House again passes the proposed law and the Senate fails to pass it, or passes it with amendments to which the House will not agree, the Governor-General may dissolve both Houses simultaneously, unless the deadlock occurs within six months of the expiry of the House of Representatives by effuxion of time. If after such dissolution the proposed law fails to pass with or without amendments, the Governor-General may convene a joint sitting of the Houses, and the members then present may deliberate, and shall vote together upon the proposed law, and if affirmed by a majority of the total number of the members of both Houses, it shall be taken to have been duly passed.

The States.—The constitution of each State is preserved as at the establishment of the Commonwealth, as are the powers of every State Parliament, save such as are exclusively vested in the Federal Parliament, or withdrawn from the Parliament of the State.

All laws of any State relating to matters within the powers of the Federal Parliament, will continue in force until the Commonwealth legislate upon such matters, and in case of inconsistency, the laws of the latter will prevail.

The Commonwealth is bound to protect every State against invasion; and, if appealed to by the State, against domestic violence.

New States may be admitted to the Commonwealth, or be established by it, upon such terms, including the extent of representation in either House of Parliament, as the Federal Parliament may think fit.

Alteration of the Constitution.—Any proposed alteration of the constitution must be approved by an absolute majority of each House of Parliament, or twice by an absolute majority of either House, and must then be submitted to the direct vote of the people. It must be approved by a majority of votes in a majority of States, and by a majority of votes in the whole Commonwealth. There is the important restriction, however, that no State is to lose its proportionate representation in the Senate, or its minimum representation in the House of Representatives, unless a majority of the electors voting in that State give their approval.

These are the main provisions of the Commonwealth Bill. While it may be conceded to its opponents that it is not perfect, as no human creation is perfect, still it embodies a constitution saturated with democratic sentiment and the principles of free government, and one, perhaps, the most liberal and elastic ever framed in any country.

In whatever aspect we may regard it, the creation of a Commonwealth out of the six colonies that are, for all practical purposes, our only neighbours, the fact of their entering into a partnership, which New Zealand has been invited, but has so far declined, to join, ought, while it is still open to us to join on equal terms, to put us to the fullest enquiry as to our position, and whether we should continue to stand aloof and retain our independence of action, or whether it may not be wiser to throw in our lot with the federation at its inception, as when it has once been formed we can only do so upon such terms as the Federal Parliament may impose.

Within the limits of this article the arguments on either side cannot be adequately discussed, but some of them may be briefly

stated. Beginning with those in favour of federation, the principal points are:

(1.) Intercolonial freetrade. Upon the imposition of uniform duties of customs by the Commonwealth Parliament, trade and intercourse between the States will become absolutely free. As the greater part of the revenue of the Commonwealth for some years to come will be raised by customs duties, there can be doubt that the federal policy will be protection against the world, and there is no reason to suppose that New Zealand, standing apart, will be favoured above other countries. The effect of this throwing open by the States of their markets to one another, and setting up a high tariff against the products of this colony, will in all probability cause a considerable diminution in our trade with Australia. It will affect more or less injuriously the small agriculturalists, the shipping trade and all those connected with it, and the injury done to them will re-act on others. The bulk of the trade so stopped could not be diverted to other countries.

(2.) The conversion of the public debt.—If the Federal Government could convert the loans of the States and raise future loans at a rate of interest less by from one to two per cent., as is confidently anticipated from the example of Canada, it would enormously lessen the burdens of the taxpayers by the large saving effected in the payment of interest.

(3.) The guarantee of defence from foreign invasion and the danger of isolation.—The Federal Government is bound to protect every State from foreign invasion. It has been said that this is an era of big States and huge armaments. Small States are without importance or influence, and merely exist by the sufferance of the more powerful. The tendency is towards aggregation, and it is wiser to become an inconsiderable, though still important, part of a large federation, than stand aloof from it and be dominated and overshadowed by its proximity. We cannot always rely upon the protecting ægis of Great Britain.

(4.) The dignity derived from citizenship of a great country, Sir Charles Dilke has said, is a point, the importance of which will not be contested by anyone who has been in America since the war. He also thinks that federation would tend to secure better local and general government.

(5.) The prosperity achieved by the United States and Canada under federal constitutions, which cannot be compared to that of the Australian Commonwealth for liberality and freedom, and the state of insolvency of Newfoundland, the only State that has stood out of the Dominion of Canada.

On the other side of the question some of the main points are:

(1.) The distance from Australia.—The fact of New Zealand being 1200 miles from the continent and the seat of Government, would militate against its representation in Parliament by its best citizens, many of whom are actively engaged in professions or business, and could not afford to be absent from the colony for the length of time which parliamentary duties would require. The distance of the seat of Government would be apt to cause discontent, and a feeling that the interests of the Continent would be paramount, and would chiefly engage the attention of Parliament to the detriment of this colony.

(2.) Trade will find its natural channels, and Australia will not be able to shut out commerce. Our trade with Australia is considerable and increasing, but represents only about one eighth part of our trade with all countries. The bulk of our trade is with the Old Country, and must for some years continue to be with it and with the continent of America, the United States even now trading with us to an amount exceeding £1,000,000 annually. While the opening to us of the markets of all Australia is an advantage, that advantage may be outweighed by the opening of our ports to the products of the continent. We may have more to gain by conserving the right at all times to protect our industries, and to make treaties of commerce with other countries, than by becoming bound by the policy of the

Commonwealth in which we should necessarily have but a small voice. Here it may be said that, while, as a State, New Zealand would have equal representation in the Senate with every other State, in the House of Representatives her representation would be, on the basis of present populations, fourteen out of eighty-eight members.

(3.) The defence afforded by the Commonwealth would not be sufficient for our protection for many years to come. Meanwhile our only bulwark is the strength of the fleets of Great Britain, and we must look for our security to the power of the Mother Country, and the unity and solidarity of the Empire.

(4.) The initial cost of federation will be considerable, and in a country of so large an extent as Australia, so great a part of which has yet to be opened up and improved, the efficient working of the Federal Government may necessitate directly or indirectly heavier taxation that we have now to bear.

(5.) The alien question.—Probable causes of future trouble and discord are involved in the occupation of the North of Australia. If that part of the Continent is to be colonised by aliens, and its industries carried on by means of Asiatic and coloured labour, and it is questionable whether they can be carried on by other means, then Australia is laying up trouble for herself in the not very distant future, and it behoves us to consider whether we should involve ourselves in such matters in which we have no immediate concern.

(6.) Centralisation.—In most federations the power of the central government tends to increase, and the local authority to decline. More than any other colony we have to fear this tendency to centralisation.

(7.) The indissolubility of the Union.—The step of joining the federation once taken, there can be no withdrawal. The union is indissoluble. Experience only can prove whether federation in the result will be beneficial or disastrous to this colony. Should it prove the latter, the experience will be dearly bought, and without profit.

In conclusion it may be said that we should both gain and lose by federation, and whether the gain or the loss would be greater is a question only to be determined after the fullest and most searching enquiry into the subject. The ultimate court to whom this question must be submitted is the people of the colony. They must be the arbiters of their own destiny. But before they are called upon to decide, every fact of importance and every argument that throws light upon them should be published, and thought and discussion promoted and stimulated from one end of the colony to the other. Then we may leave the question to the people in the fullest confidence that their decision will be just and wise.

THE OPAL CLIFF.

By F. Carr.

Illustrated by H. P. Sealy.

THERE was nothing very striking about the dog. You had to know it, then you saw there was more than the ordinary dog devil lurking in its black green eyes. It was a mongrel of course, a cross between the native dingoe and some other snaky brute.

Lord! how it used to stare at one with a look that made one wonder what it meant! It belonged to Bill Hudson, and he stuck to the brute through thick and thin just because it had been on two expeditions to a place he knew, and was mad about.

Bill Hudson and me were old mates, and we came across one another again at Mt. Brown. He was working in Deep Gully, two miles off, but he and the dog used to come up to my tent every night, and no matter what conversation started, Bill always worked round to the story of opals in the Nebadaba country.

"Jagers, he saw 'em first whilst prospecting for gold. The big rains carried them across two deserts; but the same rains hemmed the party in with floods, and only Jagers came out alive: he and this dog. Jagers, Fred Conway, and me, after we'd worked out the 'Found by Night' claim for £700, went out by Numberoona. I tell you we were within coo-ee of that cliff, when Jagers he got a spear, and Fred he got seven, and me and the dog were stuck in that cave until the thunderstorm came. Three good men, with three good rifles, would be a match for any blacks, and we'd not be took unawares again, nor blaze away all our shot on birds. Why, man, if I'd only had an old blunderbuss and plenty of ammunition, I could have killed every —— —— blackfellow in the ranges."

As soon as Bill got on this lay, that dog would lie on its stomach and look up as if it understood every word, and as soon as Bill came to "three good men," that dog would growl like mad.

"Three good men," Bill would say, "three good rifles, and three pack horses, why, what could stop us? And Jagers he reckoned as there was a million pounds worth of opals in one bit of cliff there. He had one piece that shined like fire, only a small piece mind you, and he sold it to a jeweller in Sydney for £22. Just one piece, and he might have filled his swag, so he said, and we must have been near the place when the blackfellows rushed our camp, for the dog came in just before with a piece of rag in its mouth, and Jagers swore it was part of a coat one of his mates used to wear, one of the three that were drowned."

"If I could only make a rise," he would say, "I'd be off like a shot, and you'd go, Jim."

"Yes, I'd go," I would reply.

"Well, you and me, old miners knowing how to travel. We want money first, and another mate."

Both the money and the man came. Came, strange to say, through the dog. The man was looking about him among the claims, and the dog ran up to him and fawned on him, and growled at the same time. Bill

happened to see it, and he says, "Well, I'm —— if ever the dog took to anybody like that before."

"I should hope it didn't," said the man. "He has a look in his eyes that makes me feel sick. What do you keep him for?"

So Bill tells him about Jagers' opal cliff, and how the dog had been twice there, and then Bill goes on with the old cry, "Money and another mate."

"Would I do?" asked the man.

"You look as if you would," said Bill, and then Bill brought him to me, and we had a big yarn together. He told us his name was Stephen Ord, and it was easy enough to see that he was an English swell. He totted down the things Bill said we should want, and then said: "If I find the whole outfit will you take me for a mate?"

"You bet we will," said Bill and me, for it was a good offer, and I was ready enough to go through half a dozen Devil-Devil countries for the sake of the fortune Jagers had tried to win, and I said so. Ord looked at me curiously and asked, "When could we make a start?"

"As soon as we get the horses and other things," said Bill. Ord wrote out a cheque for a hundred pounds, told us to get a pack team and some tucker, and said he would get the guns.

When he came up again he had half a coach load of luggage — rifles, revolvers, hunting knives, medicine, suits of flannel and some of the nattiest little cooking pots I ever saw, besides bags of meal, and provisions we never thought of.

We got six horses and packed them all, loaded three of them lightly, so that they could serve as hacks, and then we started. "You are not going to take that ugly dog with you," said Ord to Bill, for Vamp was trotting by Bill's horse.

"I am," said Bill. "He's been twice to the place already. He knows the way."

Bill was touchy about the dog, and Ord saw it, so he did not say any more.

We had lumped our old tents on top of the pack horses with other of the old gear, and looked like a party of miners shifting camp; but when we got clear away from the diggings we threw away these things, donned the flannel suits and pith helmets Ord had brought up, and found the comfort of them.

Bill, of course, was head of the party because he alone knew the way. He led us across seemingly endless plains. There was plenty of salt bush for the first three hundred miles, and occasional water holes, so it was easy enough travelling; then the salt bush

"IF I FIND THE WHOLE OUTFIT WILL YOU TAKE ME FOR A MATE?"

got thinner and the water holes scarcer, our horses began to lag, and we moved but slowly. The heat was terrible. The blazing sun shone out of a cloudless sky. There was no wind, and the dust rose under our horses hoofs, and enveloped us in a cloud that followed us wherever we went. I don't know how many days we rode over that desolate country. We left all signs of civilization behind us when we left the digging camp. We never pitched a tent all the time, but

just threw our blankets on the ground, and slept there. One morning Bill sang out "there they are," and after some trouble, Ord and I picked up sight of a thin blue line against the sky.

"Them's the Nabadabas," said Bill. "If we can only reach them we shall be all right."

We travelled towards that blue line for days, and it seemed just as thin as ever. Water grew scarcer, and we had to separate to look for some sign of moisture. The heat was something awful; dry, scorching, maddening. Vamp, the dog, was the only one of us who did not seem to feel it, he trotted along by Bill's horse as fresh as when we started. The horses were thin and weak, but they pushed along as if they knew their only hope lay in reaching the ranges.

We came to a stretch of loose sand among which were millions of shells. Ord declared that this part of the plain was the bed of a dried up sea. There was no water there fresh or salt. Luckily, we had brought a good supply with us in our canvas bags, but it was nearly used up, and still we saw no signs of getting a fresh supply.

"By Heavens!" said Bill, "We must strike water or we shall never reach home again, and we can't reach the ranges."

"How far are we off?" asked Ord.

"Two days at this crawling pace," answered Bill with a groan, and neither horse nor man can do two days in such a place without something to drink."

The horses were like stuffed images in a dusty museum. They moved with the mechanical action of automatons. We tried to eat food, but it tasted like cinders from a furnace. One mad longing was on us—water, water. No thoughts of iced wines or draughts of cool ale. Thirst brought us primitive ideas—water, water. No artificial drink seemed big enough. The biggest wine butt was too small. Water was our desire; the inexhaustible which reaches from earth to heaven.

We rode on in silence for hours. The sun seemed to fill all the sky. Its dazzling white glare quivered about us: burnt our skins, our eyes. The sand was like the ashes of a wood fire. Behind us, to right and, left, stretched the vast plain with its distances hidden in the haze of heat. Before us rose that hard blue wall of hills. "There is water there," said Bill, pointing to the ranges, "water and feed. There's a stream in a deep gully, and the water's cool."

"Damn it! don't mention such a thing," growled Ord. "You might as well go and talk about fruits and flowers to fellows in purgatory."

We marched on through that blazing heat without a sound. Ord's speech had made his lips crack, and he tried in vain to lick them with his stiff and swollen tongue. Of course our only chance was to reach the ranges, or at least so we thought, and none of us would have given much for that chance. I was wondering in a stupid sort of way which of us would give in first. Suddenly, one of our pack horses snorted like a camel, and rushed off to the right like a mad thing. He was a hard old stager, one of our best animals.

"Is he crazed?" asked Ord.

"Crazed, be hanged," shouted Bill. "Come on," and he spurred his hack viciously.

We goaded ours after him, and raised them to a rough shamble. The pack horse dropped out of sight.

"Where did he go?" yelled Bill with a string of oaths.

"I'm hanged if I can tell," answered Ord.

"This confounded glare"—I began, when Bill cut me short.

"There. Follow Vamp."

Vamp also disappeared, and we rode to the spot There in the level plain was a narrow deep old river bed, and fifty feet sheer below us, Vamp and the pack horse wallowed in molten brass.

"It's water," shouted Bill in triumph, and the next moment he was scrambling down a shingle slide.

We followed him more circumspectly; still the descent was such that neither man nor horse would face it under ordinary circumstances.

It was water. We drank and drank again. How sweet, how delicious! We drank until it began to taste greasy, warm, putrid; then we flung ourselves into it, clothed as we were, and the water seemed to soak through the pores of our skin. We revelled in that pool, then turned sick at the thought of drinking it, at the horrible smell of it, it was rotten with stagnation.

There was salt bush on the river flats, and our horses picked up their strength a bit, and we camped for a day, boiling the water, and mixing wood ashes with it, for there was driftwood in the river bed. We filled our water-bags and then moved on again, and struck the ranges in an easy day's march. We crossed a rocky saddle, and then descended into Paradise. There was water clear and cool beneath arches of fair green foliage. There was feed in abundance for

"WE DRANK UNTIL IT BEGAN TO TASTE GREASY, WARM, PUTRID—THEN WE FLUNG OURSELVES INTO IT, CLOTHED AS WE WERE, AND THE WATER SEEMED TO SOAK THROUGH THE PORES OF OUR SKIN."

our horses, and wild fowl and forest shade for ourselves.

For a few days we revelled in the enjoyment of rest after exhausting toil, and then, touched by that strange fever that seizes those who look after treasure, we commenced to explore for the Opal Cliff.

Bill's ideas of its position were fixed by a series of landmarks, which had yet to be found.

We made a comfortable camp in the valley, taking care to select a place easily defended against attack, and then we commenced to search systematically.

It was arranged that one of us should mind camp, whilst the other two prospected, and it fell to my lot to take the first spell.

Ord and Bill set off well armed, and with provisions for three days. I watched them out of sight, took the horses down to the waterhole for a drink, and then loafed through the hot day taking care, however, to keep a look out for blacks.

Ord and Bill did not return that night, and I scarcely expected them. I put in another day, and still they did not turn up. I guessed it would take them some time to pick up old bearings in such country, and I thought they might have gone further than they intended. I did not bother much about them, but just went about my work, looking after the horses and making the camp snug. I got a good supper ready for them on the third night, and hoped they would turn up to eat it, but no one came, so I laid down on my blanket and went to sleep.

I think it must have been near midnight, when I awoke with a thrill of indefinable horror: a sense of something loathsome. I cannot explain the feeling. The mystery of it was its worst feature. I grasped my rifle, but that seemed a poor weapon against the unknown thing that paralysed my senses.

It was sickening fear, such as I had never before experienced. Danger could not produce such a feeling. I had been face to face with death without shivering. But this! Why death would have been a relief!

With a great effort I rose to my feet. My hair felt like glass threads, my skin was loose on my body and irritated my nerves as if it were lined with desert sand. Shuddering, as a man might shudder when in the folds of a cold slimy snake, and bathed in perspiration I lifted the flap of the tent and looked out. I could see nothing, I could hear nothing. The very silence of the clear night appalled me. It gave me the idea of awful emptiness. A sound of something familiar—a sight or a sound of the horses, the cry of a night bird, the rustle of an iguana would have been a relief, yet that dreadful silence reigned.

I cocked my rifle, and stood with my finger on the trigger. Stood, it seemed for hours, waiting for something, I knew not what, but nothing came.

The night dragged through infinite time, and try as I could I was unable to shake off the dread that thrilled me. When the bronze light that heralds the Australian day appeared I gave a shout of delight. When the throbbing rim of the sun lifted above the horizon, I welcomed it as one rarely welcomes the sun in hot countries. I tried to think that my fright was the result of nightmare, but even by the light of day I knew it was something more.

I could not touch food. I shuddered at the thought of eating, and an irresistable inclination to find out the something which haunted me, led me out of the tent. I forgot that it was my duty to stay by the camp. Clutching my rifle I hurried with feverish speed in the direction my mates had gone. They had left no tracks on the dry hard ground, but I seemed to know instinctively which way they would take.

I clambered upwards out of the valley up on to bare rock, glad of the exertion of climbing. In the heat of noon I stood on the crest of the range, and saw below me the great plain we had crossed quivering with heat sloping up to the brassy horizon. I did not rest a moment, but hurried on my eager search.

I descended the northern slope, stumbled over loose rocks careless of accident. The glare of sunlight and the dance of heat waves prevented me seeing far ahead. I

moved forward on blind chance. Suddenly I heard a savage cat-like growl, and turning saw a sight I shall never forget. Bill and Ord were lying on their backs, and Vamp, transformed into some fiendish creature, was mowing, snarling, and champing in its teeth flesh—human flesh. It had torn at the faces of my friends, and left only bone and stringy muscle. Hideous sight! The dog's tail swelled when I approached. The hair stood up on its back, it writhed like a mad thing. I went

"AT LAST, IN BLIND FURY, I SEIZED THE BRUTE BY THE THROAT AND GRIPPED HIS WIND-PIPE."

nearer, and the dog showed its great fangs. It seemed like a devil dog, and the same sickening fear that had haunted me through the night thrilled me again. It was some infernal creature guardian of the opals. I remembered that there had been three expeditions to these ranges, and from two of them only the dog and a man had come back. All sorts of horrid thoughts crowded in my mind, and with them a furious hatred of the dog. I raised my rifle and took a steady aim. The dog crawled on its belly towards me moaning all the time. I fired: it gave an awful cry, and spun round and round in a circle. I fired at it again and again, and so stern was my hate that every shot told. Bullet after bullet went into the brute, yet each one only seemed to rouse it to madder antics, and every moment it drew nearer to me. I struck at it with the clubbed rifle, beat it until the rifle stock was shattered and the breech twisted and broken, and yet the dog leaped up as if it would tear my face. At last, in blind fury, I seized the brute by the throat and gripped its windpipe. I felt its claws tearing my wrists, but I hung on until a sudden blindness came over me. I suppose I fainted. When I came to my senses again I was lying by the side of the dog, but it was dead. As soon as I could move I heaped great stones on the horrible brute determined that it should never move again, then I turned to my friends.

I could not find out how they had died. There was no mark on their bodies, no wounds. But their faces. Who could guess what they might have shown? I examined the surrounding ground. There were no marks of a struggle. I saw in the shade of a rock the rifles my friends had carried. I went forward to examine them, and there before me was the Opal Cliff. A smooth surface of deep red matrix, and, running through it, fiery veins of precious—nay, I will not mention the cursed sight, I will not lure other men to their death. I do not know whether the strain I had undergone had touched my brain, but I know that when I looked at the gleaming veins that strange loathing and fear came over me that had come over me that night in the tent. I stayed just long enough to bury my friends, then hurried back to the valley, caught two of the best horses, and rode southward as fast as I could. I do not know how I crossed the desert, for I remember nothing about the journey. A party of prospectors came across me in the Grey Ranges, and took me to the camp at Millewarra, and it was weeks before I could recall even my own name.

University Life in the Middle Ages.

By Professor Maclaurin, M.A., LL.M.

"Ideals pass into great historic forces by embodying themselves in institutions."——

THE University is distinctly a medieval institution, and so much of the custom and ceremonial of a modern University has been handed down from the middle ages, that all who have any interest in our own University—one of the youngest in the world—may stop to consider for a few minutes how things were managed in the early days of one of the oldest.

A very striking feature of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was the rise of the desire for association and companionship, that swept like a wave over most of Europe. It left its mark in many a powerful guild; but of these we have now little but the shadow with the one great exception of the Universities. The earliest and greatest were at Paris and Bologna, and they should be of special interest to us, for Bologna sowed the seed of a University in Scotland, while Oxford and Cambridge are but offshoots of Paris.

Suppose, then, we pay a visit to the University of Paris towards the end of the thirteenth century. Two things about its members will strike us at once—their numbers and their youth. As a rule they join the University between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, and at this time they are six or seven thousand in number. Let us make the acquaintance of one of the new-comers. Almost all nationalities are to be found at Paris, and, if we wish to talk, we had better rub up our Latin, for this is the language of the University. (The part of the town in which the students lived is still called the Latin quarter—few things being so permanent as place names.) A new-comer is generally looked upon with a certain measure of contempt, whether he be a "new chum" in colonial life, or a freshman or "fresher" at an English University. In Paris our friend is hailed by the name of "yellow-beak," (bejaunus—bec jaune), and immediately on joining the University, has to submit to the ceremony of initiation. We have a description of one of these ceremonies in Germany—no doubt the Parisian function was not dissimilar. "Yellow beak" is scarcely settled in his lodgings when a terrific knocking at his door arouses him, and before he can take in the situation, his room is filled with undergraduates. They at once notice a horrid smell, and set out to investigate its origin. After some dispute they agree that it proceeds from a queer animal that is discovered in the room—the bejaunus. All the peculiarities of this strange beast are discussed at length, and it is decided that he will look less odd with some excrescences removed. This of course they proceed to do. The face of bejaunus is smeared and shaving commences, when suddenly a fear strikes them that the operation is proving fatal. Poor yellow-beak is dying, and must be shriven at once. He is made to confess to all sorts of enormities, and, by way of penance, has to give a dinner to his superiors.

Once through this ordeal, yellow-beak finds himself in a realm of almost unfettered liberty. In spite of his youth, he can do almost what he likes. He can choose what lectures suit his fancy, and, now that colleges are established, he is free to join one or not, as he prefers. Indeed, he is not even compelled to undergo any university examination, and, if he goes with the majority, will leave Paris without a degree. Even if he means business, he has no need to hurry. He may take five or six years over his degree (in fact this is expected of him) and, with every allow-

ance for the difficulties with which he has to contend, compared with the student of to-day, he should have plenty of time to enjoy "life." For the Arts course during the early part of the thirteenth century there is no study of Latin literature. "Bec jaune" must know some Latin, for he is obliged to speak it; but he need care nothing for its literature, grammar being all that is required of him in examination. The great subject of his study must be logic—to reason well is regarded as the whole duty of man. Rhetoric and philosophy are reserved, by way of a treat, for study at festivals. "Philosophy" here means some Aristotle and the subjects forming the quadrivium—Arithmetic, Geometry, Music and Astrology.

The range is not great, but the conditions of study are far from helpful. Lectures begin at five or six in the morning (these were the dark ages) and this in the middle of winter—October 11th to the first Sunday in Lent being the session. The windows in the lecture rooms are rarely glazed, no one seems to dream of a fire, and the students sit on straw strewn over the floor. In course of time some effeminate reformers introduce a few benches, but this is sternly repressed "that all occasion of pride may be taken away from the young." Even more serious than these physical discomforts is the scarcity of books. Most of the student's time is taken up with copying and learning by rote. He has to depend very much on his teachers and they are often incompetent. At any rate they are absurdly young—twenty or twenty-one being quite the usual age for the Master. Their reverence for texts amounts to a superstition, even science—if taught at all—is taught authoritatively. It was in the seventeenth century that Galileo shook the scientific world from its dogmatic slumbers by plainly demonstrating, by experiments from the tower of Pisa, that Aristotle was wrong in stating that bodies fall to the ground in times proportional to their weights. Apparently no one before Galileo had thought of testing the matter—the mere dictum of Aristotle sufficed.

But—to return to our student in arts—during the first part of his career he is regarded as an apprentice working under the direction of a Master (M.A.) His first step out of this stage is to determine, *i.e.*, to maintain a thesis against an opponent in open debate. We have already referred to the importance attached to skill in argument, and it seems that the students are kept in constant practice. "They dispute before dinner, they dispute during dinner, they dispute after dinner, they dispute in private, they dispute in public, at all times and in all places," says an old French writer. This love of debate seems ingrained in the French, it is remarked in the days of Tacitus; but we must not suppose that, as a mode of academic training, it is confined to Paris or to France. We find it almost everywhere in medieval times, and it has left its traces on the Cambridge of to-day in the name "Wrangler." Determination in Paris, at the time of which we speak, is a great event in the student's life. Before he can take part in this public discussion, he must prove his fitness for such a performance by passing the preliminary tested called "Responsions." At determination itself no effort is spared to attract as large an audience as possible. Wine is provided at the determiner's expense (indeed at this time drinking is essential to every important phase of life) and the day ends with a feast, with now and then a dance or torchlight procession as a variant. "Yellow-beak" has now become a Bachelor; but he is still regarded as somewhat of a junior. He is allowed to teach a little by way of practice, but he remains under the master's supervision, and has to keep up attendance at certain lectures. Not till he has completed five or six years from his matriculation, and "heard" all the books, is he free to apply to the Chancellor for the licence to teach. Before this is granted, an examination must be undergone, and the names of those who pass are posted in order of merit. It seems, however, that the Chancellor reserves the right of determining the order of precedence, and he and his assistants are sometimes amenable to pecuniary and other influences. "Even if a

candidate is discomfited, he may still, by tears and entreaties and presents to the Chancellor or his assistants, induce him to reconsider the matter." (It is said that such things were not unheard of at Cambridge in the last century.) The ceremony of conferring the licence is almost exactly like that of taking a master's degree at Cambridge to-day. The candidate appears in academical dress, and, in the presence of the proctors and other dignitaries, kneels before the Chancellor who, in the name of the Trinity, gives him the solemn licence to *incept* or *begin* to teach in the faculty of arts. A few months later the inceptor swears to obey certain rules and respect certain authorities, and so reaches the stage when he can call himself a Master (M.A.)

We have followed in a very cursory manner the academic career of a student in arts from his initiation to his mastership. There is not space for a like treatment of the lawyer, the doctor, or the priest, but in many ways the course they follow is very like the one we have watched. Paris is the most famous school of Theology, and the work prescribed is long and arduous. In this faculty, as elsewhere, debates are the order of the day, but the subjects chosen are not always very profitable. Here is one—"What was the colour of the Virgin's skin?" At the time of which we speak there is—strangely enough—no faculty of Civil Law at Paris. In this department Bologna is pre-eminent, and the course it prescribes is an excellent one, judged by modern standards. In medicine, too, the students are kept a long time as undergraduates, but they seem to study little else than Galen and Hippocrates. A dissection is a very rare event—in some places there is one in every two years—and surgery is looked upon with disdain by the medical profession as a mean craft fit only for barbers. Such a training can hardly inspire very much confidence, and the junior members of the University, always unfettered in the expression of opinion, speak of the medical degree as a licence to kill, and hail each new graduate with the cry "Vade et occide." Nor do the seniors always show much more confidence. At Montpellier, young doctors are allowed to practice "outside the city and its suburbs." However, then as always, the doctors had ways of their own of commanding respect, and their doings remind us of Petrarch's letter to Boccaccio: "They never appear in public without being superbly dressed, mounted on magnificent horses, and wearing golden spurs. The next thing, you know, they will arrogate the honours of a triumph, and in fact they deserve it, for there is not one among them that has not killed at least five thousand men, and that is the required number to entitle one to these honours."

We have already seen something of the discomforts of the lecture room; but in his lodgings or his college rooms, the student is scarcely better off. He has no breakfast! (a fearful idea to a modern university man). From five or six till ten, he is supposed to be hard at work. He dines at 10 a.m., and among the poorer students this early dinner is often as bad as it is ill-timed. "A penye pece of byefe amongst four, havying a few porage made of the brothe of the same byefe, with salte and otemell." Of course the students do not all fare so badly, and it has been remarked that in Paris the allowance of wine was sufficient "to make it expedient that college meetings should not be held post vinum." After dinner the ideal student is expected to study till supper time at five. His evenings are usually given up to amusement—the richer will very likely be idling in any case, and the poorer can not afford either fire or light, the latter especially being very expensive. Speaking of amusements, we are struck at once by the absence of anything sensible. Considering what actually went on, it is strange to find the machinery of tennis and fives prohibited as "indecent instruments." Music, too, is forbidden as a rule; but the Germans, always musical, allow it at reasonable hours, "provided they are musical." (We commend this proviso to college deans at home). Such restrictions are all the more remarkable when we remember that, in these early times, the authorities scarcely interfere at all with the private life of the student. He is allowed to

wander about the streets as he likes, when older people are sent to bed at curfew. He is not even compelled to go to mass. True, there are a few rules, but they are often as foolish as they are ineffective. Imagine the result of decreeing that all students below the grade of bachelors, must walk the streets two and two "to avoid scandal!" Of course the undergraduates are undeterred by such restrictions, and often break out wildly. Poaching, quarrelling and hard drinking, are the order of the day. Proclamations have to be issued against throwing water out of windows, against "horrible shoutings and noisy and unwonted song," against destroying trees, against burning crops, against beating the watch, against interfering with the hangman when practising his profession, whilst many a town and gown row ends in bloodshed and death.

As time goes on, however, the colleges begin to tighten their discipline, and by the fifteenth century the undergraduates have not nearly so much freedom. Fines are imposed on all offenders, and at Oxford we find a graduated scale from a farthing for not speaking Latin, to 6s. 8d. for assault "with effusion of blood." (At Cambridge, to-day, the proctor relieves you of this latter amount for far less interesting experiments than effusion of blood). Intermediate offences are "tearing gowns on purpose"—a practice still dear to the English undergraduate—and throwing stones at a master, with an extra fine for successful aim.

But our space is limited, and we must take a hurried leave of our medieval friend. We have seen enough of him to realise that, in many ways, he bears a strong family likeness to the undergraduate of to-day. It is true that his education is often ill-conducted, and his manners not what they ought to be; but he is not always a rough barbarian. Often his intellectual enthusiasm has made him brave the trials of a journey over half of Europe, and if, when he has come to Paris, his teachers sometimes disappoint him, he learns in time that education may be largely independent of the subjects taught, and, after mixing with men of almost every rank and nation, he goes away—as history shows us—to occupy with marked success the highest posts in Church and State.

TRIUMPH.

They sing their Loves, these Poets, one by one
In strains that stir the heart like generous wine;
Then turn they—"Haste Apollo's youngest son,
Sing thine!"

Sing mine! No need, one word says all, my Sweet,
And that I launch upon the silence, fearless,
And smile to hear the echoing dome repeat—
"Peerless! Peerless!"

They gaze bewildered, then the dart betimes
Home to their thrilled hearts strikes with all its might;
"Crown him" they rapturous cry, "in truth he climbs
Love's height! Love's height! Love's height!"

DAVID WILL. M. BURN.

The Poetic Side of the Maori.

By James Cowan.

Illustrated by T. Ryan.

It has sometimes been said that New Zealand has not as yet evolved a characteristic literature, or a noticeable collection of writings of artistic worth truly typical of the country and people, and racy of the soil. It is true that so far the busy nation-making life of the colonist has given small opportunity for the building up of a special literature, but it is quite incorrect to suppose that the many sources of inspiration for the poet and the story-teller which these islands afford have been neglected. Sir George Grey, Domett, Manning, John White and C. O. Davis have handed down to us priceless contributions to an appreciation of the literary treasures which are embodied in the poetic language of the Maori. The New Zealand poet or prose writer could go to no better source than the love-romances, the stirring tales of adventure and war which pertain to the Maori and the past days of strife with the European. They could derive inspiration from the number of poems, couched in the most beautiful language and expressive imagery, which are either preserved in print, or to be heard to-day in any Maori village. These fine poems contain the noble thoughts of a vanishing race. The dominant note of the songs of the Maori is their sadness; a sombre cast is over most of them, due doubtless to the fact of many of them being composed on occasions of public mourning for the deaths of great people, or of some private or tribal disaster. The "Waiata-aroha," or love-songs of the Maori are often similarly tinged with sadness. The song sprang from the heart of the singer bewailing the absence of her lover, and appealing to the soft breezes and the fleecy clouds to carry her message of affection to the distant one. The imaginative Maori felt in the cool breeze which fanned his face and saw in the drifting clouds or the sea-bird's flight, a message from his far-removed clan, his wandering relatives, his child or wife. In the lightning's glare over the sacred tribal peaks, he read disaster and death, and the thunder was to him the rolling voice of the gods.

Those town-dwellers who only know the Maori race from the few unpicturesque and often slovenly specimens whom they occasionally see in the city streets, and have never gone amongst them at their festive gatherings, or when they mourned the death of a chieftain of rank, travelled with them, or seen them at their work, will find it hard indeed to understand how poems of such delicate feeling and wealth of imagery should be found in the native language. The Polynesian aborginal was certainly a savage, but withal a poet. And here I would repeat that in the study of native songs and story, incantations and wild tradition—in the great work of colonisation—the struggles of pakeha and Maori—fierce forays and deeds of chivalrous courage—there is the widest of fields for the epic poet and the song-maker of the future. And what more effective setting could the poet or the romance-writer desire than that which lies around him in this noble country of ours—snowy ranges, deep forests, burning mountains, sheltered, fertile valleys and wide, shining rivers? The land is here and the material. The men and women who will turn that material to account are wanted.

I was long ago attracted by the picturesque imagery and expressive language of the Maori songs and laments, especially as heard at native gatherings of festivity or woe. One

chorus-chant which particularly impressed me was a song which I heard at the tangi over the late King Tawhiao at Taupiri, on the Waikato, a few years ago. A great body of the Waikato people, several hundreds of men and women—the former armed with guns and dancing the wild war-dance of their ancestors—chanted all together with inexpressibly sorrowful effect, the stentorian song echoing far across the wide-flowing Waikato river, this lament for their dead "Ariki":—

I hear the thunder crashing
Above me in the sky;
It is the sign of death!
The arising of the spirit from the depths!
Alas! alas! alas! my grief!

From Mokau unto Tamaki
The earthquake shakes the land;
The moon has disappeared;
The stars fall from the heavens.
It is Waikato arising from the deep.
Alas! alas! alas! my grief.

Waters of Waikato
Lie silent before me;
Waikato tribesmen
Weep long for the lost one.
Alas! alas!

Alas, oh Tupu!
Where is your ruler?
Lo, he stands there above you,
At the shrine of our fathers.
But below we wail sadly;
Like rain our tears fall fast,
We weep for the chieftain!
Alas!

But my feeble translation cannot give an adequate idea of the effect on the listener's ears produced by this "keen" for the dead king. The song, which was entitled "Te Taniwha o te Rua," likening Tawhiao's departed spirit to a great "Taniwha" or mythical water-monster, was especially composed for the occasion, and was chanted by nearly a thousand people. The concluding line of each verse "Auè! Auè! Auè! te

PRIEST WELCOMING RETURNING WARRIORS. MOKOIA ISLAND.

mamae i au!" was sung with a long drawn-out heart-rending shrillness which was the very soul of grief. The fanciful allusions to convulsions of nature such as the crashing of thunder, earthquakes ("Ka ru te whenua"), the eclipse of the moon and the falling of the stars, are in accordance with the old beliefs of the Maori, who saw in every phenomenon of nature some fateful omen, and who associated the deaths of great ones of the tribe with the flashing of lightning and the pealing of thunder on the mountain-tops.

Compare this latter-day song of the Maori with the following fragment of a lament from Mr C. O. Davis' collection, translated nearly forty years ago, and the same trend of feeling appears:—

Let the winds sweep o'er the mount of Mangere;
He is borne away by the sea-winds;
Caught up from the great dwelling of the ruler.
I saw the lightning's glare upon the heights
Of Taupiri, where the thousands of thy
People sleep—they sleep upon the plains of Tangirau.

Here is another, the sentiment in which is a touching one:—

The evening star is waning. It disappears
To rise in brighter skies,
Where thousands wait to greet it;
All that is great and beautiful
I heed not now—
Thou wert my only treasure.
* * * *
But where now? where now?
Ye tides that flow and ebb,
No longer may ye flow and ebb—
Your prop is borne away!

One of the best-known of Maori poems is a pathetic lament beginning, "Nei au ka noho, kapakapa tu ana":—

Lonely I sit, my breast is rent asunder
For you, my children.
The loved ones of my heart.
Here am I, bending to the earth
Like Tane's offspring, yonder spreading trees;
And for you, my children,
I droop as does the Mamaku fern-tree.
* * * *
The gods combine to make us desolate—
To blot us from creation as the moa.

The traditional Maori cosmogony, the legends of the creation, of the dissensions of gods and men, the exploits of the demi-gods, Maui, Rata, Ruatapu, Wahieroa; the exploring voyages of the daring immigrants from Hawaiiki—these and many kindred examples of the folk-lore of a dying race have been rescued from oblivion by John White, Colenso, Grey, Taylor, Shortland, and others who are no more, and to whom the present and future generations of New Zealanders will owe a lasting debt of gratitude. Only a very few are now labouring to rescue the remnants which still linger in the form of native traditions and songs — notably S. Percy Smith and Elsdon Best—but there are still unrecorded volumes of material for the future epic-writer of the land.

Domett's noble "Ranolf and Amohia" will ever stand in the foremost rank of our literature as the first idyll founded upon Maori life and legends Domett studied the traditions and the peculiar condensed style of the Maori poet to advantage. Nothing has been written by an Australasian author to surpass Domett's version of the legend of Tawhaki the miracle-working god-man, who wrought vengeance on the Pona-turi, a race that lived "in the oozy depths of ocean—fierce, uncouth, in gloomy glory—lived where light is none nor nation," and who restored sight to the eyes of the blind and did other wondrous deeds. Nothing could be more poetical than the story of the angelic being who descended from the sky to live with the handsome mortal:—

Now, of heavenly birth to cheer him—beauteous from those blue dominions—
Hapai came—divine—a damsel—floating down on steady pinions.

It reminds one of the mythology of the ancient Greeks and the marriages between mere mortals and the gods and goddesses.

Tawhaki's after adventures—his search for his vanished heavenly partner, his ascent to the tenth heaven and his reunion with Hapai, end with the hero's enrolment amongst the deities:—

—— And Tawhaki—breast and brow sublime insufferably flashing,
Hid in lightnings, as he looks out from the thunder-cloven portals
Of the sky—stands forth confest—a god and one of the immortals!

THE LAST OF THE RANGATIRAS.

The magnificent Maori story of the creation, the gods of heaven, earth, ocean and forest, the wild Rider of Tempests—Tawhiri—the war-god Tu, all are fitting subjects for poets and word-picture painters. Domett has taken the tales of the unlettered Maori and turned them into memorable lines. He has caught the spirit of the tohunga-narrator in his tradition of the separation of Heaven and Earth —Rangi and Papa, by their son Tane-Mahuta who with a Titanic effort

> Heaved the Heavens aloft with a million broad limbs shot on high all together rebounding, resilient:
>
> Then at once came the Light, interfused, interflowing—serenely soft—eddying—crystalline —brilliant!

Will New Zealand produce another Domett?

But the author of "Ranolf and Amohia" has by no means exhausted the Maori fount of Hippocrenè and "Helicon's bright stream." The awe-inspiring convulsions of Nature in which the simple wild man saw the actual hand of his gods; the immortal Maui who drew up the solid land, and who allows the winds to blow in hurricanes and loves to ride on the furious winds of the north and south in quest of the strayed west wind; the fairy "Patupaiarehe," Dryads of the woods, who dwelt on the lofty mountain-tops and whose shadowy forms were seen through the early morning mists; the Tree-god Tanè and his children; the sea-gods and goddesses wandering on the face of the waters, now succouring and now engulfing the ancient mariner; the ceremonies of war and peace; the sayings of the oracles, the strange visions of the seers or "mata-kite"—these and a thousand other fanciful matters of the native race are open to the poet's pen and the artists' brush.

I recall with delight fleeting hours spent, on more occasions than one, on the romantic Island of Mokoia, in Lake Rotorua, when a venerable Maori, a survivor of a past generation, unfolded to his visitor in a spot remote from the abodes of his people, some of the interesting history attached to that Island; and a war hymn he recited especially struck me. Standing on an ancient sacred place, on the sandy shore of the lake, where formerly stood a flat stone "tuahu" or altar, the old man chanted once again, in rythmic measure, waving a leafy twig over the rippling lake-waters, the centuries—old song of the priests in welcoming a returning canoe-party of warriors:

> Haere mai i uta!
> Haere mai i tai!
> Haere mai i te tu parekura!
> Te-ere, te-ere, tere mai na Tu!
>
> Hikitia mai taua kai!
> Hapainga mai taua kai!
> Ki rungi rangi taua kai.
> Kia kai mai, rongo mai,
> Heke iho i te rangi taua kai.
>
> Come from the land,
> Come from the sea,
> Come from the battlefield of Tu!
> Come, pilgrims, great pilgrims of Tu!
>
> Lift up hitherwards that food;
> Raise up towards heaven that food;
> Come and eat, come and listen,
> Descend from the heavens that food.

The first portion of this chant welcomed the cannibal war-party from the field of Tu, the scarlet-belted god of war, and the rest was an incantation or invocation connected with the offering of a sacrifice, often the heart of an enemy, to the parties before the *tapu* was removed from the fighting-men. 'Twas but a fragment, yet as the grey-bearded sire chanted the wild refrain on the spot where his fore-fathers had so often landed from their war-canoes and danced the savage "ngeri," it carried the *pakeha* back in imagination to other days, when battle-axe and spear and club ruled this land of Aotearoa.

A song of more peaceful associations is their "powhiri" of welcome to visitors, which is to be heard at any Waikato village to-day on the occasion of the arrival of guests from a distance. It is peculiarly applicable to the Waikato, where the settlements lie near the river-banks, and where native visitors often arrive by canoe:

> Kumea mai te waka;
> Toia mai te waka,
> Ki te urunga,
> Ki te moenga;

Ki te takotoranga i takoto ai te waka,
Haere mai! Haere mai!
Toia mai te waka ki te urunga.

Rendered into English this song runs:

Pull hither the canoe,
Draw towards us the canoe,
To the resting-place,
To the sleeping-place;
To the abiding-place where shall rest the canoe.
Welcome ye! welcome!
Pull the canoe to the shore.

visitors from different districts. The Ngapuhi natives term the Bay of Islands and the comparatively tranquil waters of the East Coast "te tai tamahine"—a girl-like sea—as opposed to the wild West Coast, where the billows are never at rest—which they distinguish as "he tai tama-tane,"—a man-like sea. So when a party of natives from Hokianga or Herekino arrive at, say, Waitangi village on the occasion of a tangi or other ceremonial, they are welcomed with

A MAORI "POWHIRI" OF WELCOME.

The Maori love of allegorical and figurative terms finds full expression in the welcoming of visitors, "Welcome, oh, strangers from beyond the sky-line," "Welcome, great fish from the sea," "Welcome, the great ones of the island, the sacred Taniwhas that guard the deep pit," and so on.

In the Northern part of this Island, I have noticed a striking and fanciful form in connection with the greetings extended to loud cries of

Nau mai! Nau mai! e te manuhiri tuarangi!
Haere mai, e te iwi tai-tama-tane!
Haere mai! Haere mai!

Welcome, welcome, strangers from beyond the sky!
Welcome, oh, the people of the man-like sea!
Welcome, welcome!

And, similarly, when a Bay of Islands company of visitors enter a Hokianga or other

West Coast *kainga*, they are greeted in poetic phrase as guests from the calm and tranquil waters which lie towards the rising sun—the sea of women.

Amongst the many poetic fancies of the Waikato natives to which the writer has often heard expression given, is the old belief in connection with the rainbow, which is looked on as the outward and visible sign of the god Uenuku. This rainbow-god is said by the Waikato wise men to have guided or piloted the historic canoe Tainui, in which their ancestors came to New Zealand, across the lonely ocean to this country. When the adventurous Polynesian navigators were crossing the wide seas to these unknown shores from the South Sea Hawaiiki, tradition states that the rainbow was seen and indicated their course, and Uenuku preserved their frail bark from harm. Every morning at early dawn, the morning star, Tawera, was seen over the bow of the canoe, while as darkness fell, the bright evening star, which we call Venus, but the Maories, Meremere or Tu-ahiahi, shone out brilliantly and cheered the hearts of those brave Vikings of the Southern Seas, whose descendants now acknowledge their gratitude by placing those heavenly emblems on their flags. If you visit King Mahuta's village of Waaihi, on the Waikato River, on the occasion of a tribal gathering of importance, you will see a large banner flying, bearing a painting representing the Tainui canoe, over-arched by a rainbow, and a row of stars. Waikato natives have not yet quite forgotten their ancient guardian Uenuku.

This fondness for poetic allusion to heavenly objects and to the "starry host," especially when connected with ancestral traditions, is illustrated in the following oracular deliverance which I have been informed by Waikato natives was chanted by the dying King Tawhiao, to his followers in the square or "marae" at the Parawera settlement in 1894, a few days before his death:

Papa te whatitiri,
Ka puta Uenuku,
Ka puta Matariki,—
Ko Mahuta te Kiingi!

This being interpreted is:

The thunder peals,
The rainbow-god appears,
The Pleiades shine forth,—
Mahuta is the King.

It was in this truly poetical way, according to the vanishing customs of his forefathers, that the old chief announced his eldest son as his successor, the last of the Maori Kings.

There is a very interesting traditional connection between the Pleiades constellation, or Matariki, mentioned in the foregoing, and the famous Tainui, but that is another story.

In an old collection of songs published in Maori I find a lament by Hone te Ahiwaka, giving expression to kindred ideas. The first portion of the *waiata* may be rendered into English thus:

See, yonder is the first ray of light from on high,
Rising over the distant mountain-peak at the boundary of the sky.
Weep, I call, I lift my eyes
To the bright star of the morning,
Flashing above me in the heavens.

An eye for the beautiful in nature, a love of one's country and of every hillock, grove and stream, were strong in the Maori. An exiled chief sings, as he gazes over the gleaming stretch of the broad river:

Rippling there are the
Waters of Waikato;
Separated am I from the
Land of my childhood,
By the fast-flowing tide.
Waters of Kawhia!

Oh, far are you from me;
Long severed I stand here.
As swift flows the river
So down fall my tears.

"A Dream of Hearts,"

By Olive Tilly.

Illustrated by the Authoress.

I was climbing up a mountain-side, and being weary, sat down to rest awhile.

The sun was just setting.

Below me a blue mist was creeping slowly over the valleys, and the tops of the neighbouring hills were tinged with a pink glow.

Far away, through a gap in the hills, I could see the ocean into which the sun was slowly sinking.

As I watched the hills and valleys, all seemed to fade into mist, and the sky became a mass of pink and grey clouds.

I watched intently and then it seemed that, through the mist, I could see the forms of many people and, while I wondered whence they came, the mist rolled away and I saw that the forms were all those of women.

Some were fierce and terrible, some sullen, with faces darkened by despair, while the faces of others were still and expressionless, even as though they were masks.

And, as I looked, I saw that they had no hearts, but their breasts were rent and scarred as though their hearts had been torn from them.

I watch them amazed!

Then, through the clouds, an angel appeared, and he flew towards me.

As he neared me I noticed that he was black—black garments, black wings, and a dark, cruel face.

In his left hand he held what seemed to be a blood-red girdle, floating behind him till it was lost in the clouds, and, in his right, a spear with a crimson spot in the centre.

Onward he flew until he touched the mountain path by which I sat.

Then, with horror, I saw that the girdle was made of hearts human hearts! — and the spot on his spear was a bleeding heart! They were all those of women; some, those nearest his hand, were torn and bleeding; all were scarred and wounded.

I grew cold with terror, for I fancied that it was the angel Death who stood before me, and I thought that he must want my heart.

But the black angel read my thoughts and laughed—such a cruel laugh.

"Fear not," he said, "I am not Death. He is an angel of mercy, whilst I"—and again he laughed—"I am he who plays with women's love. I tear out their hearts and they lose them for ever. When they pass from this world, they pass without the hope of winning them again. What do I give in

return for their hearts? Only pain—longing for that which they may not have. It is as though they stood on the shores of a mighty ocean, looking out through the night, stretching out their hands over the sea. For what? For a star that will fade, for a love they may not have, for a life they may not live. And so they stand, longing for ever; their cry of passionate appeal rings up to the stars, and over the waters floats their long, wailing cry, 'Oh! God! is it for ever?'" Then, laughing exultingly, he cried—"There is an answer, but they cannot hear it!"

Seeing me glance shudderingly at the hearts on his girdle he continued—

"I will tell you whence they come, and why I hold them. See you how far my heart-girdle reaches? Far back till it is lost in the Ages! These are the hearts of the women in yonder valley. I have torn them out. That is why many are bleeding, and all are scarred and marked. For, though to human eyes the wounds seem to heal, the scars are there for ever. See!" he said, pointing to the bleeding heart on his spear, "I have just snatched it; I have no gentle touch!"

He ceased speaking and, glancing cruelly at me, turned and flew back to the clouds.

Whilst I wonderingly watched the clouds through which he had passed, I saw another angel fly towards me.

He was fair and shining, with a gentle, loving face.

Like the black angel he flew on until he touched the path-way at my feet.

He also had a girdle of hearts, but it was short and the hearts were not torn and scarred.

I wondered who he was, and like the former angel, he discerned my thoughts and said—

"I am Death. You wonder at my girdle and its shortness. It, too, is made of women's hearts, but they have been gently won. I have taken their hearts to the Land Beyond, but they keep the sweet memory of them. When those women sleep and go to that Land, I give them back their hearts. That is why my girdle is so short. My brother, the

black angel, keeps his for ever, till the Day of Judgment, and whether they will then be healed from their wounds is only known to the Great King. Look again at the Valley!"

I looked and saw that the former multitude of women had vanished; in their places was a lesser multitude of patient, gentle women.

They, like the others, had no hearts, but in their stead they had Memory and Hope, those two great Comforters.

Then this angel also flew back to cloud-land, the women faded in the mist, and I felt a pain at my breast—I awoke and knew that it was all a dream—and yet not all, for I felt a dull, aching pain, and I knew then that the bleeding heart on the spear was mine—my heart was gone, and the pain would be there for ever!

THE LITTLE MOTHER:

By Keron Hale.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

THE old rocking-chair creaked and groaned forlornly, and its loose arm rattled, as the little mother swayed backward and forward, singing a lullaby to Con in a strained, weary little voice. Her eyes looked strained and weary, too, as she gazed out of the open door away over the stiff yellow tussocks, bounded only by the horizon of deep blue sky.

A solitary cabbage-tree, with its dead streamers hanging dejectedly in the still air, alone broke the monotony of the view. The little mother had known it from childhood, and felt a vague sympathy for it, born of familiarity, for on this great silent plain, stretching into dim distance, they had both spent their whole lives.

The shimmering heat haze playing over the tussocks, dazzled her eyes, and she turned them again on Con; then she kissed him, tenderly and half remorsefully. He looked such a baby lying asleep there in her arms, with one little fat thumb in his mouth—through all his four years of placid life he had never gone to sleep without it—and his chubby limbs stretched out in an attitude of childish abandonment. The flies were tickling the scratches on his bare legs, bringing puckers of discontent into his funny little freckled face, so the little mother rose slowly and laid him on the rickety cot in the corner, covering him gently with the light quilt.

It was so hot in the small room with its galvanized iron roof, that she sat down listlessly on the door-step, where the shadow from the big wind-mill fell broadly, and leant her head against the door-post.

The sun streamed into the room behind her through the uncurtained window in the side of the house. It played over the smoke-stained walls where the coloured almanacs hung, and polished up the tin pans on the dresser; while the flies buzzed drowsily, and Con snored placidly in the shade of the rocking chair.

A small black speck appeared on the horizon beyond the cabbage-tree. Few eyes would have discerned in it a horse and its rider, fewer still, that the horseman was heading towards the cottage.

But the little mother knew. A soft light came into her brown eyes, and a sunny smile smoothed away the tiny anxious lines round her mouth and across her forehead, making her look as young as she really was. For the little mother was only twenty-two; but the cares and responsibilities of a large and unruly family of motherless brothers and sisters, had descended upon her too early, bringing a sedateness to the trim little figure, and a regrettable gravity to the sweet lips.

She was peeping in the cracked glass on the chimney-piece now, deftly arranging the soft fair hair which Con had tousled so ruthlessly, and smiling back at the happy blushing face she saw reflected there.

A large bush of golden gorse—the only flower within miles—grew near the doorway; she broke off a piece and slipped it in her waist-belt. Then she shook out the folds of her blue print dress, and glanced across at Con. She went over and stood beside the cot with her small roughened hands clasped tightly together, and a rebellious light in her brown eyes.

"Why should I?" she was asking herself bitterly. "I never promised to give up my whole life to them. My whole life! Annie is old enough now. Oh! I can't do it. Mother wouldn't have required it of me; I'm sure she wouldn't." And her eyes sought

the figure in the distance, now looming larger against the speckless sky.

Con stirred in his sleep, and put up two fat arms as she stooped over him. "Mover," he murmured drowsily, and the little mother's face flushed.

"Annie can never be 'mother' to him. What would he do without me? Oh—Con —," and then she was down on her knees beside the old cot which had served as cradle for them all; even for herself, in the time which now seemed to her so long ago, before

woman's years had brought with them woman's joys and sorrows. She buried her face in his carroty hair, and with dry sobs choking in her throat, fought over again the battle which she had been fighting so unavailingly throughout the past week.

* * * * * *

The little mother was standing in the shadowed door-way with one hand shading her eyes, when the rider at length drew rein before the cottage, and flung himself from his horse with a gay greeting.

He pushed back his soft felt hat, and his blue eyes were full of admiration as he seized both her toil-worn hands. She looked so ridiculously small and dainty, with that sun-lit room in the back-ground outlining her form and turning the curling ends of her hair to gold.

"So you were on the look-out for me, Molly," he cried, his sunburnt face glowing with the joy he felt. "I am not late, am I?"

"Late? Did you mean to come to-day? I had forgotten," answered the girl indifferently, without even looking at him.

Sleeping Con might have told of the many, many times the little mother had looked at the clock that day, and of how her eyes had wandered, ever and again, to the blue horizon beyond the tussocks; but Len Harvey knew nothing of that, and the smile died away from his face.

"I said I would come, dear," he began in reproachful and puzzled tones. "Surely you remember, Molly? You promised to tell me—I think I know what you will tell me, my little girl," and his voice softened as he slipt one arm round her slim waist.

Did Con know, as he grunted uneasily in his sleep, and aimlessly slapped at a frolicsome fly sauntering over his wee snub nose, that he was deciding the destiny of two lives? The touch of that strong arm about her made the little mother's heart beat quickly, but that baby movement from the room behind seemed to stop it altogether.

Then she pushed Len away and threw back her head indignantly. We can all act when necessity compels us, and Molly was acting bravely now to her audience of one.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr Len Harvey," she said sharply. "And if you know what my answer will be, why don't you get on your horse again and ride away at once?"

The young man flushed.

"That was not the way you spoke to me on Sunday, Molly, coming out of church. Don't you remember? You said——"

Did she remember? Ah! so well that she dared not let him finish. So she laughed—laughed lightly and easily, as she pulled the sweet-scented blossoms from the gorse bush beside her, never heeding the pricks.

"Women are privileged to change their minds," she said carelessly. "Didn't you know that?"

"Some women may, but not one woman—not you, Molly."

The confident boy-lover was gone, but this new stern manner of the man was harder—far harder, to meet. Molly felt the difference acutely, and tapped her foot nervously on the piece of hoop-iron that did duty for a door scraper.

"And why not I?" she asked, with a poor attempt at defiance. "Surely I've a right to my opinion as well as other folk?"

"Oh, certainly," he retorted, stiffly; "but," and then his voice broke, "I love you, Molly—I can't tell you how much. Couldn't you try to love me just a little, dear?"

There was silence over the hot plain for several minutes. The little mother was girding on her armour afresh. Then the horse, feeding amongst the tussocks with loose reins hanging over his neck, threw back his head with an accompanying jingle of steel, scaring an enterprising chicken which was warily watching him with an eye to the contents of a chance nose-bag. It squawked dismally as it fluttered away with outstretched wings and neck, and the little mother put her hands behind her head, and leaned back against the paint-blistered wall with a queer little smile.

The bitterest heart breaks often lie beneath the lightest smiles, and the greatest crises in a life seldom occupy more than a few minutes.

"I think I've changed my mind, Len," she said, looking steadily at the strong hand grasping the riding whip, for she dared not meet the trouble in his eyes. "I—I shouldn't care to spend all my life on the Canterbury Plains. Maybe I'll get a place in town when the children are a bit bigger."

A gleam of relief and comprehension lit up the brown face.

"The children, Molly, is that it? Is that why you won't say yes?"

The little mother glanced into the room behind her, then she spoke scornfully.

"You think a deal of yourself, Len Harvey! I never said that I cared for you."

"No," he said slowly, "no, you never said so, but somehow, I thought you meant it. You were never one for carrying on like other girls, Molly, and—and I thought—well, I suppose I have made a mistake, that's all. It's good-bye for always now, Molly. I'll not trouble you again," and without looking up, she heard the clank of the stirrup-iron, and the impatient jerk of the horse's head as he gathered up the reins.

When she lifted her head, the quivering heat was blurring the dark figure in the distance, and there was an expression in her eyes that Con would not have recognised. She was not his little mother just then. She had won her battle, she had acted her part, but the reward would be long in coming.

The fowls scratched and clucked round the cottage door, and the wind-mill shadow stretched longer and longer until it seemed as if chasing the far-off figure across the tussocks.

Then the noisy, hungry children came trooping home from the school-house in the

distant clump of pine trees; and the little mother came back patiently to her duties, with the strained look deepened in her soft eyes, and her lips rather firmer set than was usual with her.

As she moved to and fro, setting out the tea things, her eyes fell on the solitary cabbage-tree, bending before the first breath of the nor'-west wind sweeping down from the hills, and a quaint little conceit grew in her mind. "We are both lonely, old cabbage-tree, you and I! We must be better friends in the days to come."

Then she poured out the tea for her father, cut thick bread and butter, and attended to the wants of the clamorous children as usual.

But though Annie chattered conceitedly of what the school-master had said to her that day, and Con, down under the table, was making the kitten squeal pitifully, the little mother only heard the light brushing hoof beats of a horse's quick canter over the springy tussocks, and the echoes of that sound never quite ceased to haunt the inmost recesses of her memory.

A LAMENT.

Green grows the grass where golden sunbeams nestle
On earth's warm bosom, summer now anigh;
The little birds are wooing one another
Along the shining love paths of the sky;
The trembling air enfolds the blushing rosebud,
And lovers' whisp'rings haunt me everywhere:
O God! That I alone must fade unquickened
And all thy world beside Love's garden fair!

Till now I j yed to give the morn fair greeting,
And quaffed its cup of promise to the full;
I sang the song of youth—the song eternal—
And shore from life its soft and whitest wool;
But morning skies are clouded now for ever,
No more the wine of hope shall fire my veins,
For he who taught me first the dawn's fair meaning
My heart, my love, my very soul disdains.

Sweet was the presence of the restful noontide—
The merry making mid the tossing sheaves,
The search for fancies in the winter fire,
The idle dreaming 'neath the greening leaves,
The slumbrous basking in the summer sunshine,
We two together, all the morn apart;
But oh! my love has gone, and chilling shadows
Fall e'en at noon and creep into my heart.

Then come, sweet evening! Wrap me in thy mantle;
Take me to the bosom of the night.
Repulse me not! Thou ever art my worship
Softly stealing down grim Abner's height.
And when the milking kine are driven fieldward,
And every singing heart from care is free;
When the sounds of earth to God seem nearest music,
May my burden be taken from me!

CARRIE TASS.

Education in New Zealand.

By Joseph Ormond.

I.

If our century is remarkable for anything, it is for its progress in educational science. Yet however vain of this advance, and however clearly convinced of the pressing need for education among a people vested with full powers of self-government, we cannot yet congratulate ourselves on having perfected a system of popular and universal instruction. There are encouraging and increasing signs of an impartial spirit of enquiry into the methods and results of our costly educative machinery. These are not confined to educational experts; we find the Boards of Education and the School Committees throughout the colony expressing their dissatisfaction with the present system in resolutions forwarded to the Government. The columns of the Press, too, are becoming more and more a battlefield for the champions of rival educational theories. Perhaps, then, a series of articles dealing with our system in its entirety and inspired and guided by an intimate first hand knowledge of all its grades, may not be ill-timed. It is my purpose to treat first of primary education under the various heads of syllabus of instruction, classification, examination and inspection, training and examination of teachers, administration, technical schools, then of the secondary school system, concluding with a survey of the university work and methods.

In 1877 our efforts towards education, till then purely local, were systematised by the Hon. C. C. Bowen's Education Bill. In the course of his speech introducing the Bill, Mr Bowen touched upon the ideals the proposed system had in view. It aimed at giving the people that habit of self-control which is absolutely necessary for a civil state of society, at preventing them from falling into a state of absolute brutishness and crime, and at affording every colonist the right to instruction calculated to improve his intellectual powers and to serve him in good stead in his station in life. All this is substantially what the greatest educators of the day assert to be the chief end of education—the formation of character, by the bettering of the will and the improvement of the intellect. When, however, we consider the limited time a child spends at school, we see that all our education can attempt is to give the impulse towards self-culture and to guide it in its earliest and most faltering steps. To attempt more than this is as fatal to success as the rejection or neglect of any educational ideal at all.

Though the framers of our system clearly outline the ideal towards which they wished their educators to work, it is to be feared that the majority of our teachers have lost all thought of it in the more immediate claims of the actual routine of the schools. It is this that seems paramount to them, nor shall we wonder at it when we later on consider what their training has been, and how heavily the incubus of the syllabus and examinations weighs upon them. They have received little impetus to philosophise even in the most modest way upon the duties of their profession—surely the noblest upon earth—and should they by nature feel the impulse, their view of the ultimate product they are to evolve is obstructed by the multiplicity of means they are called upon to use. They have little time for anything but the cramming of their pupils' minds with facts that they themselves have often but imperfectly digested.

It has undoubtedly resulted that, whatever may have been the intentions of its originators,

our system attends only to the intellectual wants of the nature, and indeed only to one phase of these. The bettering of the will has come to be merely incidental to the bettering of the intellect, and the inculcation of moral principles and duties finds no place in the curriculum of our schools. There is not that even balance, that harmony, that co-ordinate expansion of the faculties to which true education aspires. Its equilibrium is destroyed; it is not physical, moral and intellectual development, but an attempt, and an attempt only, to cultivate one side of the nature. This, then, appears to me to be the object for which our primary education is working, and I shall try to show that our much vaunted system fails even in the narrow, restricted sphere to which it has confined its energies.

Most educationalists are agreed that the material needed to train the intellect of a child can very well be supplied by those subjects which most help the industrial and agricultural classes in their daily wants. The necessities of sound, intellectual training and the necessities of the average primary school pupil's life can easily be shown to harmonise; in all subjects such as arithmetic, reading and composition, which arm him in the fierce struggle for existence, he will also acquire mental power and the habit of clear and accurate thinking. Our syllabus of instruction could scarcely have omitted such subjects, so broad is its range; and it contains undoubtedly most of the branches of learning of which a knowledge would prove useful to the average youth of the colony; but whether all these subjects should be taught him in school in his tender years, without reference to individual and special talents and tastes, with very little attempt at preserving the proper proportion among them and consequently with imperfect teaching methods, is a matter that it is high time to settle once and for ever.

I shall endeavour briefly to pass in review the various subjects of our code, noticing the main defects in the grouping and teaching of each.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the reading even of the better-class boy in the higher standards is usually halting, lifeless and devoid of any attempt at modulation. As a rule the pupil finds little difficulty with the individual words; it is the constructions the phrasing, the intonation and motive of the subject matter that he neglects. A careful consideration of the arrangement of the reading syllabus has convinced me that the origin of this grave fault must be sought elsewhere than in the standard regulations. It lies rather with the teaching itself and also, by necessary implication, with the inspection. Very vivid recollections of reading lessons in our town and country schools, strengthen me in this belief. In some districts the simultaneous class method of reading is widely practised. This system has no real advantage beyond that of economy of time, and unless the teacher is very watchful indeed—nay, a very pedagogic genius—it degenerates into the sing-song mechanical word grinding that bears the same relation to intelligent reading as the regular swish-swish of a cross-cut saw does to the splendid harmonies of Beethoven. In individual reading, too, the teacher too often merely "hears" the lesson—he does not vivify the pupil's reading by inspiring him to emulate his own artistic rendering of the passage, generally for the very obvious reason that he himself has had no training in the art of elocution, and has therefore no ear for fine distinctions of sound, no appreciation of the harmonies of the sentence or paragraph. Frequently, too, from mere ennui born of years of familiarity with the same reading book, he finds it difficult to show any active interest in the subject matter. There should be at least two different sets of reading books for each standard in order to lessen the evils of monotony for the teacher and to prevent the production of the school-boy who can read nothing but the one book to which he has been accustomed in class. No amount of printed instructions to inspectors and teachers will ever improve the reading in our schools if elocution is not made an essential in the training of our teachers. In American training colleges an elocution lesson is given

once a day. Before children can read intelligently they must have a complete understanding of what they read. Good sets of reading books are common now-a-days, though it is desirable that a really good New Zealand reading book should be compiled for at least one standard. Explanation of the reading matter is required of our teachers; but how few give it in clear and idiomatic English. Many content themselves with flinging disjointed, and often slangy utterances at the pupils, with no attempt at artistic or even correct phrasing. This explanation, too, which should obviously precede the actual reading of the lesson, is usually given after the pupils have stumbled through the meaningless passages.

Bad reading is generally accompanied by bad spelling; both demand the trained eye, but spelling in an especial manner. Our language, once purely phonetic, is now most arbitrary in the use of signs to picture the sounds that make up our words and sentences. The correct spelling of English, unlike that, say, of Italian, depends above all on the familiarity of the eye with the words. Most of our teachers recognise this by making the spelling exercise a written one. But where they fail is in not adopting a scientific order for the various exercises. Transcription from a reading book should always precede dictation of sentences, whether detached or running into a connected paragraph; and dictation should always precede the spelling of single words; since the pupil's eye must first be familiarised with the right form of words arranged naturally, that is, as members of a sentence for the expression of thought, and not independent of any connection with their daily use. There is also in our schools too free a practice of writing incorrect forms of words and sentences on the black-board. This only tends to confuse the right with the wrong form, and we must remember that there are many wrong forms but only one right one. We should follow the Germans, who never allow any incorrect word or sentence to be written or printed for discussion by the pupils.

But it is of the writing of our finished school boy that our business men complain most bitterly. He is, they say, seldom able to write a hand that shall be neat, legible and withal cursive. Do teachers not place too much reliance on the copy-books? It is not an easy task to choose satisfactory sets, and their use never conduces to freedom of writing. A German teacher has said:—"They are an excuse for bad penmanship. If pupils write well during the short space of two or three lessons a week and hurriedly and slovenly during all the remainder of the week, the practice in the copy book will not produce good penmen. Teachers should always in their writing provide good models, and not hurry the younger children in work that demands writing." In many schools on the continent, copy books are used only as a punishment for boys who hand in poorly written exercises. Writing needs no special instruction, if the pupils from the first are required to write well whatever they write. What good should we expect from boys allowed to be unruly and disobedient all day except for one short half-hour? Yet this is analogous with what our schools are doing with regard to writing. If drawing be taught in the manner I shall indicate below, it will help materially to do away with the cramped method of writing in the lower standards which is so great an obstacle to the cultivation of a running hand in the higher.

Thus far I have assumed that the syllabus is fairly reasonable as regards the demands it makes on teachers and pupils. In the prescription in arithmetic, however, there is much that conflicts with the best educational expert opinion, theoretical and practical. I must say at once that, taking the colony as a whole, no subject is so well taught—according to syllabus requirements—as this important one. Arithmetic gives the primary school boy more opportunity for purely intellectual training than any other subject; so directly does it appeal to the logical faculty, and so clearly does it show the interdependence of successive operations. And as a rule our teachers vie with one another in developing good arithmetical methods. But they are sadly hampered by the restrictions of

the code. In the first place numeration and notation are most unscientifically distributed among the lower standards. Psychologists agree that the average child, under the age of ten, cannot grasp the idea of number involved by counting to one hundred, and yet the children of Standard I. are called upon to operate with any number up to one thousand, and those of Standard II. to one million. Such work is meaningless and therefore futile for them. Moreover, were it possible for them to receive this training, it is by no means desirable that their minds be exercised at so early a stage on such abstract ideas. Let the child of Standard I. be taught number from the concrete up to one hundred, substracting, multiplying and adding below that sum, and spending the rest of his time on exercises that will at once have some practical value for him—*e.g.*, the simpler forms of money sums which are not at present required till Standard III. The second anomaly is found in the arrangement of fractions. On the continent, notably in Belgium, Germany and France, fractions are taught in the earlier classes. Here they are begun far too late in the school life. The simple fractions like one-half, one-third, one-eighth, one-twelfth and their relations, are as easy to teach as the integral numbers, and might well be asked for from the second Standard. When they are introduced it is in Standard V., and they are taught, in most cases, by the abstract method, when all intelligent comprehension of them depends on judicious concrete illustration by means of diagrams, paper sections, ruled blackboards and so forth. Our syllabus, too, actually prescribes work involving a knowledge of fractional arithmetic in Standards below the one for which fractions are specifically set down. The children of Standard III. cannot intelligently work their money sums, nor those of Standard IV. their practice and reduction sums, without the knowledge of fractions, which is denied them till they reach Standard V. Much of the weights and measures work of Standard IV. could well be deferred till Standard V., where, with the exception of fractions, proportion is the only new principle involved. The work of Standard VI. too, is crowded, and much of it—*e.g.*, stock, partnership, exchange—is merely an application of the principle of proportion which the pupil, if well grounded in the theory, might well be left to develop for himself, or at a secondary school. It is very doubtful if we ought, in a common school education, to give a special training in the coinage of other countries and the metric system which is merely an application of the decimal system. If this were cut out of Standard VI., much of the Standard IV. work might be left for Standard V., and Standard VI. be concerned chiefly with decimals and the more useful commercial arithmetic. And this brings us to the question of mental exercises in this subject. These should be a prominent feature of the work of every standard, yet year after year inspectors complain of the lamentable results achieved. In most continental schools half-an-hour daily is given to the mental exercise; but in New Zealand it is an exception to find a school where it is attempted in any but the most perfunctory way. Is it because teachers find the strain of inventing and varying problems too trying? Whatever be the cause, it should be removed since no exercise so well trains the nimbler powers of the brain, and at the same time offers so many immediate practical advantages. The pupils are frequently bewildered and disgusted with the subject; because teachers make too free a use of merely mechanical operations without troubling to explain the formulæ they use, and by employing them on problems that have no practical interest for the small men and women they concern. Before leaving this subject, I should like to sound a note of warning with regard to the practice of allowing children weak in arithmetic to pass to a higher standard. When this is done, as in the Auckland district, much time must be wasted over them in the upper standards, and deterioration in the subject will follow. If the present system of standard examination and classification be abolished, the teacher will of course have the remedy in his own hands; but as the case

stands, the practice will only work much harm in course of time.

The framers of the New Zealand syllabus say that "the work appointed to be done in drawing has a direct bearing on the industrial and decorative arts." The drawing syllabus displays a complete ignorance of the latest methods based upon the experience of skilled continental educationalists. In the lower standards antiquated drawing books on the square system, and the deadening method of copying from the flat, are in vogue. The pupils are first to draw rectilineal figures with ruler, then without ruler, and simple rectilineal figures are to be drawn as dictation exercises. In Leipsic, from the earliest stages, the drawing is done in blank books, or on slates, and, what is most important, *from models*. No instruments are allowed till the later stages; all measurements are to be made by the eye; the Germans aim at developing the intellectual eye, at strengthening the judgment and the sense of proportion of the pupil. Their's, too, is a reproductive method, one form suggesting others; thus it develops the pupil's originality, and provides him with a wealth of forms for practical application in the arts of life. The freehand drawing of the boys is from solids, the girls draw leaves fixed on paste-board, flowers, plants, etc.; they too, never copy from the flat; their drawings are from nature and provide them with patterns for their subsequent exercises in needle-work and embroidery. In the New Zealand system drawing from models is not allowed till the pupil reaches the sixth standard; in Germany it is adopted from the very start. The trail of the cram system is over the whole syllabus, not even the drawing escapes; little children of seven or eight years in the first standard have to draw to dictation vertical, horizontal and oblique lines; they must burden their minds with the meanings of such words as "isosceles," "altitude," "apex." It doesn't matter whether their powers of observation are developed, whether their judgment is strengthened, if only they can, when the inspector comes round, define these geometrical terms, a knowledge of which is not required till they reach the higher stages of geometrical study. In the second standard the same pernicious method is followed. A further set of geometrical definitions is stuffed into the children's heads—chord, segment, rhomboid, rhombus, scalene. In the third standard the new figures are trapezium, polygon, hexagon, octagon. The pupils have to draw these figures to dictation, and recognise them when drawn on the board or when a model is produced. The syllabus does not require strict geometrical definitions of these figures, but I have known teachers to write the definitions on the board, directly from Todhunter's Euclid, and make the weaklings under their charge commit them to memory.

The first three years of the children's school life (seven to ten) are spent in the dull uninteresting work of recognising exact geometrical forms, and of writing them to dictation. The framers of our syllabus may have been teachers; but they seem to have been ignorant of the primary principle of teaching, that we should proceed from the *indefinite* to the *definite*.

In Standards IV., V. and VI., the work is of a more practical nature; plane geometry, scale drawing and solid geometry are taught with fair results.

The drawing syllabus calls for considerable revision, especially in the lower standards; freehand drawing from simple models should be introduced at a much earlier stage, and should take the place of the geometrical definitions which involve such a cruel cram.

In my next article I propose to continue this subject of the syllabus, dealing especially with the teaching of grammar, composition, history, object lessons and science, geography and singing.

[ED. NOTE.—This article was in the press before the recent Educational Conference met at Wellington. Our contributor has, perforce, therefore to reserve any reference to it's deliberation for his succeeding articles.]

"Her Long-Lost Brother."

By Thos. Cottle.

Illustrated by H. P. Sealy.

It was a hard task I had set myself, that of finding her long lost brother, who was supposed to be somewhere in New Zealand. I little knew how hard till I had been months on the quest. But, had the task been a thousand times as hard, I should have set forth none the less readily. For the reward of success was to be a princely one. It was her hand in marriage, and with that my soul was well satisfied, for I knew full well that Eileen Eady was not the girl to give her hand where she could not give her heart. She left that to the myriads of fashionable but senseless maidens who crowd the marriage markets of the world, and too often curse their own lives and those of the fools who listen to their blandishments and bid for them. And who shall say that they do not deserve to be so cursed?

Not once, but many times I implored her to fulfil the dearest wish of my heart, but her reply was ever to the same effect.

"No, dear, I cannot, will not, marry you until the uncertainty about the fate of my unfortunate brother is cleared up. You know that since my father's health has given way, he is fretting and worrying about poor Fred more than ever. I, his only daughter, could not leave him in this state. His one hope now is that Fred may be found and persuaded to return and comfort his declining years. You know also that we have reason to believe that he is in New Zealand somewhere. The solicitors whom my father employed there to search for him, wrote twelve months since that a man they believed to be Fred was seen in Christchurch, but all trace of him was afterwards lost. Before we received this letter we had given him up altogether, but this had given us new hope which their subsequent letters have dashed to the ground, for each mail tells us that they have been so far unsuccessful."

As I gazed on the tall, beautiful girl at my side, and saw her deep blue eyes bedewed with tears, I swore that I would go out myself and find her brother or never set eyes on her again. At first, appalled by what the failure of my efforts might mean to us both, she endeavoured to dissuade me. But in vain, my mind was made up. I who knew this brother of hers, and knew too the depths of depravity into which he had fallen, far better than his pure-minded sister could know even had she heard all, was aware that he was not worth one pearly tear from those matchless eyes of hers. I felt that even if I could find him and persuade him to return, he would be no solace to his invalid father. I felt that it would be far better that he should not return. His father, an old fashioned country gentleman, was the soul of honour, Fred certainly was not.

It was not until a commission was purchased for him in a crack cavalry regiment that he had commenced the career which ended in his disappearance. Misled by their blind affection for him and his considerately careful avoidance of fouling even the vicinity of his own nest, his relations thought him sadly maligned and pitied him accordingly.

"A little wild" they admitted he might have been, but that was all. Such of the whispered stories as came to their ears were not credited. But I knew them to be only too sadly true. They believed he had disappeared because he could not bear the shame of being falsely accused; I knew that fear of his personal safety was a much more potent reason than any feeling of shame. I knew also what had been the most powerful factor in his downfall—that, cleverly as he had concealed the fact from his relations in the short visits he had paid them during this period, he was little better than a confirmed drunkard. If he had sunk thus low before leaving England, what must he be now after knocking about the Colonies for three or four years? I could hazard a very fair guess.

This, then, was the man of whom I set out in search. This was the man on the finding of whom my happiness in life depended.

One thing alone was in my favour. I had some colonial experience. When I first left school, at my earnest solicitation, I had been sent to a New Zealand runholder as a cadet, at a premium of £100 a year, for which that gentleman allowed me to do a shepherd's work without his wages. Old Forty per-cent, as he was appropriately nick-named, a retired money-lender, ran his station entirely with cadets, of which a sanctimonious-looking friend of his at home picked up for him a constant supply. His system had many advantages one of these being that the rise or fall in the price of wool affected him less than his neighbours, for he took care that his cadets' pre-

"I CAN NOT, WILL NOT, MARRY YOU UNTIL THE UNCERTAINTY ABOUT THE FATE OF MY UNFORTUNATE BROTHER IS CLEARED UP."

miums were subject to no fluctuations. I only once regretted being a cadet, but this regret was a long one, it lasted until I reached home safely again. The loss of time and money annoyed me at the time, and my father even more, but now I felt that my "colonial experience" might be of service to me.

On the voyage out I matured my plans. I felt assured that it was useless searching the cities for the man I sought. Mining camps, back-country stations, and similar out-of-the-way corners were much more likely to be the refuge of a man whose sole desire would naturally be to efface himself. They should be my hunting grounds. His father's agents, I rightly conjectured, had confined their energies to the cities and to advertising in the principal daily papers, the only result of which had been fat cheques for their services from the old gentleman and good commissions from the papers for procuring advertisements for them.

My first idea was to ride round what I deemed likely haunts and make all sorts of enquiries. For some weeks I tried this plan. But I soon found that, for some reason I could not understand, I was regarded with suspicion by most of the rough and ready miners and station hands whom I questioned, and I could get but little out of them. An old miner less reserved than his fellows, who had succumbed to the temptation of a glass of whisky and a game of euchre with the stranger, after some ordinary conversation, addressed me as follows:—

"Look here, boss, if you want to get chummy with the boys, and find this 'ere mate of yourn, doff that black riding coat and breeches, they make you look for all the world like a parson or a detective in disguise, both of which the boys steers pretty clear of. Just take my tip and shove on a pair of moleskins and a jumper, and mix with 'em, and work with 'em for a spell now and again in places where you reckon he's likely to have been, and you'll drop across news of him fast enough."

I took his advice on several occasions and it bore some fruit, although not much. During the next few months I came across the first tidings of him. At Kumara, a mining township on the West Coast, a digger was describing "a rum sort of mate" he once had, and I knew from the description that it must be Fred.

"Drank like a fish," he said," and the quickest and handiest man with his fists on the whole Coast. 'Fighting Fred,' the boys called him, and he wasn't misnamed. When he first came to the Coast, big Jake was the champion, but Lord love you! Fred knocked Jake out of time in one round, he was more nor half boosed, too, at the time. Jake started to bully him in a pub one night, as he did most strangers, but found he'd struck a snag that trip and no mistake!"

"He was out-and-out the unluckiest cuss I ever struck for a mate. Spotted a fine deposit of black sand in the Molyneux river bed one afternoon, that went two ounces and a half to the bucket. The river was at its lowest; we hadn't got out more than three bucketsful before down came a flood and swept the whole lot away! Narrow squeak for our lives, lost our tools and everything. There was seven or eight of the boys drowned in a drive in the bank before they could get out, like rats in a hole that same trip. Snow melting up above. Another time on this Coast we started trenching for a reef. A big tree stump was right in our way. Fred wouldn't wait to rip it out, but turned the trench away to the right to save trouble and get round it. He was an impatient devil, and we hadn't any powder. We found nothing, and chucked the ground. Blamed if some of the boys didn't take up that identical ground six months after, blast that bloomin' stump, and there was a rich leader right under it. They made their piles, we'd just missed our'n. He wasn't no 'count of a mate neither, for when we did make a bit, he took the lot and bolted. Never seen him since, nor don't want to. What was his surname? Never asked him. If a man doesn't give his name in a mining camp, nobody ever asks him, it isn't considered etiquette, 'specially when he's a feller like Fred. Fighting Fred was all I ever heard him called. When he

was on the bust he used to blow about having been a cavalry officer, and dash my buttons if I don't think he really had been some'ut of the sort! He was bounceable and bossy enough for that or anything else. Before he boned my share of the stuff, he often talked about making up through the North Island to the Thames. Said he'd like to see the country, so he'd tramp it and get a job now and again on the road."

There was not the least doubt in my mind but that this was Fred Eady, the man I sought. He was a splendid boxer, I knew that to my cost, for he had often persuaded me to put on the gloves with him at his father's house.

I determined to make my way up through the North Island also, so I shipped to Wellington and bought a horse there, as I had no intention of tramping it. At a station in Hawke's Bay I heard of him again. The manager's report of him coincided exactly with the digger's. "He came to me stone broke, two shearings ago, looking like a dead-beat boozer who'd seen better days. I wouldn't have been bothered with him, but men were scarce and I wanted a cook for the men's hut badly; I told him so, never dreaming he'd take it. But he said it was just his dart, he liked cooking better than hard work. He did it well, too, for six months. No grumbling, like there'd been with his predecessor; but that was partly because, if any of the hands growled about his cooking, he went for them and dressed them down properly. Tackled a big burly fellow twice his weight and doubled him up in no time—he went in for the science of the thing. I never saw a fellow use his fists like it in my life outside a prize ring. After the six months were up, he said he must be off to Wellington, reckoned he'd ship home from there and see his friends. But he didn't, for about a month afterwards he turned up again without shirt or boots. He'd 'blown' his cheque, had a spree, and tramped all the way back. Asked me for pity's sake to take him on again. I did for awhile; he got on the soft side of me, partly because I could see he had been a gentleman; the men said he'd been an officer in the army. I shouldn't wonder a bit, they are the worst when they once take the down grade. I soon had to sack him, though, he got too infernally quarrelsome, and several of the hands missed coin and things, and were frightened to tax him with it. He called himself Fred when he first came, Fighting Fred was his nickname; I couldn't get him to give me his surname at first. When I told him I must have it, he said, "Put down Fulton, it'll do as well as any other."

"Which way do you think he went when he left you?" I queried.

"Well, the hands said he was always talking about digging, that he'd been at the West Coast and should most likely make for the Thames when he left here, but he liked a spell on a station, now and again, right away from the cursed drink." It was Fred again without a shadow of a doubt. I made straight for the Thames, and hunted the Coromandel Peninsula high and low. I heard of him again here and there; his fighting proclivities and whisky drinking feats appeared to increase. But he had evidently left, and where he had gone I was at a loss to conjecture.

It was at this point of my hunt that I heard news which put even Fred out of my head for a time.

On landing in New Zealand, now fully six months since, I had been struck with the superiority of the earning power of colonial investments over English ones. My income from capital invested at Home was but a moderate one, I saw at a glance that the same capital invested here should at least double it. This would be a consideration, now that I had hopes of shortly becoming a married man. I cabled Home to my solicitors to sell out and remit the proceeds to me by cable. In due course they were placed to my credit here and, taking the advice of a broker, I invested the major portion in Bank of New Zealand and Loan and Mercantile shares. These appeared to me to be the safest investments in the market, mining shares I deemed too risky. It is true that I was induced by a miner when at Kuaotunu to purchase four thousand Kapai Gold

Mining shares at a few pence per share; but I looked on this as a very wild speculation, and thought it extremely unlikely that I should ever see a cent of my money again. The news, however, which I now received was disastrous—it was the collapse of the Bank of New Zealand and the Loan and Mercantile Agency Co. The calls on these two unlucky investments ruined me. In my effort to double my capital I had lost the lot. In this strait I determined to sell my mining shares at once for what they would fetch, billet as a clerk in town. At this juncture I happend to meet a man, recently out from Home, in similar straits, Arthur Milman by name, and he induced me to join him and try that refuge for the destitute in the Auckland province, gum-digging. My moleskins, which luckily I had not disposed of, would be invaluable now. We just managed to scrape up enough of the needful to purchase spade and spear, and pay our passages to one of the best gum-fields in the North—the exact locality matters little. Like most other occupations,

"THE BULLOCKS SANK KNEE-DEEP AT EVERY STEP."

and interviewed my broker, only to hear that they were totally unsaleable. He even went so far as to say he would not take them at a gift, and that I was a fool to have purchased them. I agreed with him.

What now would be the use of prosecuting my search? If I found Fred, I had put it absolutely out of my power to claim my reward, I was penniless in a strange land. I had been playing at being a working man, now stern necessity compelled me to be one in earnest. I was unknown in Auckland, and had simply no chance of obtaining a gumdigging is not picked up in a day, and we found it hard indeed to keep body and soul together on what we earned for the first few weeks.

A more dreary and desolate tract of country than that on which the gum camp was situated, it would be hard to find throughout the whole length and breadth of New Zealand. The dull, colourless monotony of the scene proved inexpressibly depressing to the spirits of those who had but to traverse it; how much more so to me in my present circumstances! Stunted brown fern, puny rushes,

and straggling dwarf ti-tree failed dismally in their laudable attempts to hide the hideous sterility and ghastly nakedness of the cold pipe-clay apology for soil. Here and there heaps of sods carelessly thrown about, and holes varying in depth, showed where the gumdigger had been at work searching for hidden treasure in this desolate wilderness. The ordinary spectator would find it hard indeed to believe that in days long gone by this barren waste had been a magnificent kauri forest, of which root, stem and branch had alike mouldered into dust and disappeared, and the now hardened gum, which had for generations exuded from the stately stems, alone remained hidden and embedded in the soil.

* * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and raining heavily, for several days past it had been doing little else. So much wet was most unusual at this time of the year. The greater part of the diggers in the camp had gone into the nearest township, about ten miles distant, to spend the festive season. My mate and I remained at the whare, we could not even afford that simple dissipation.

Arthur Milman was a second Mark Tapley, a cheery little fellow who could turn his hand to anything, and be happy under any circumstances, but even his cheerfulness failed utterly to keep my spirits up. Tired to death of sitting in the whare all day scraping gum and reflecting on my fate, I strolled up to the store, where I found the few diggers left on the field congregated. Their rough jollity irritated me. After gathering from the storekeeper that he was out of stores, and did not believe the dray would be out on such a pouring wet day, though he had sent in to say he must have flour, wet or dry, holidays or no holidays, I walked off. In my depressed state of mind I cared little where I went, but trudged along aimlessly. Coming suddenly in sight of the miry track, which in this benighted land they called a road, I spied the wished-for dray. It was drawn by eight gaunt bullocks; the driver tramped wearily by their side, ever and anon allowing the lash of his long whip to fall with cruel force on one or other of his jaded beasts, causing a report like a pistol shot, and leaving a blood red streak where it cut through hair and hide. Between the reports he reeled out objurgations of the usual type, threatening the patient animals and their nearest relatives with eternal punishment in the future. The idea of future torment, however, did not appear to trouble them an atom—the present was all sufficient. A steep cutting was before them, and for a time it seemed as if the combined strength of the team was insufficient to drag up the load. The wheels cut axle-deep into the tenacious clay, the bullocks sank knee-deep at every step. The terrible thong fell with increased force and frequency. The horrible oaths invented new eternities, but they did not sting like the whip. Goaded to madness, the poor animals strained at the yokes till the wood creaked and blood spurted from the galled necks of the pair of steers in front of the polers. Inch by inch the summit was at last reached. Then the driver called a halt and was instantly obeyed. His rage was exhausted. A reaction had set in. Turning his back to the pitiless rain and piercing wind, he threw down his whip and communed with himself in accents of deep and unfathomable disgust. From where I stood in a clump of scrub, I heard every word, for he spoke aloud, as men who are much alone frequently do.

"Curse the evil day that I took to bullock-punching for a living! It's a brutalizing and debasing pursuit! I've been awfully rough on the poor devils; I always am when my blood's up. It sickens me to think of it afterwards—and no wonder! But how could I help it! They'd never have got up that rotten pinch if I hadn't warmed them up well. It's the boss's fault for making me take that pair of steers only yoked once before. As long as you've got eight in the team, devil a bit he cares what they are like, an eight bullock load must go out! After all, the poor devils have the pull of me—they can't reflect that their cursed folly brought them to this pass! When I think of what I might have been and what I am, I get mad!"

He paused with a deep sigh. Then seizing his whip, he continued, "But it all comes to the same thing in the end, we've got to grin and bear it, both you and I. Even you youngsters with the bleeding necks are not so deeply galled as I am; so wire in, ye devils, and do your darndest for another half-mile, and then, as a magnificent reward for your labours, you can go and fill your bellies with the least uneatable rubbish in the old raupo swamp, while I do ditto in camp!"

"Well done, Bullocky! You're half drowned I guess, I never expected you on such a day, and Christmas Eve to boot! Glad you're come, I was right out of stores," roared out the sleek-looking storekeeper as, with an artistic flourish and regular volley of double cracks from his whip, the clumsy team was neatly swung round at the store door.

"You're an artist in your particular line, Bullocky. Come right in and have a nip, you want it badly after a trip in such weather. The boys will unload for you."

"Well, I guess it won't hurt me—there are other things it's good for besides a wet jacket, and I've got 'em bad to night!" answered Bullocky shortly as he accompanied the storekeeper into the store.

I had followed the dray up and entered the store with several other men to get out of the rain and see more of this man who, I felt convinced directly I heard his soliloquy on the road, was Fred. I asked a man standing by what the fellow's name was? "Not a soul in the camp knows," he replied, "they always call him Bullocky, but it irritates him, and I noticed it did more than ever to-night. Why he doesn't give us his real name and ask to be called by it, I don't know. It would be a simple way to save annoyance."

This, then, was the man of whom I had heard Milman speak. He had only been at the camp once before since my arrival, and I was out fishing for eels at the time, and did not meet him.

The storekeeper hastened to pour out a tumbler half full of a fiery compound known by the name of rum by the diggers, bushmen, and Maoris who frequented the camp, but unrecognizable by the uninitiated. This he presented to the mudstained and exhausted man. It was seized with avidity and quickly gulped, undiluted, down his throat, parched as it was with shouting to his stubborn team. He had sampled it on a previous occasion, and preferred not to prolong the agony of tasting it. It was evidently not to please his palate that he took it; the craving came from below, therefore the quicker it reached its destination the better. A shudder, and a contortion of the face as of one who has swallowed vilely tasting physic followed the operation. And yet, strange to say, Bullocky would repeat the performance as often as he was asked to do so—at least that was the character the man standing by gave me of him.

"God's truth! Jackson, you've overdone the baccy and bluestone this time. No wonder so many poor devils of diggers go off their chumps!" he exclaimed with a sardonic grin as he handed back the glass.

"When I want your opinion about the liquor I'll ask for it, Bullocky. And none of your hints about doctoring liquor and sly grog selling, anyhow! That's a bottle of real old Jamaica I keep for my friends at Christmas time. It's a howling shame wasting it on a man like you who doesn't know the taste of good liquor when he gets it!" retorted the storekeeper sharply.

For a moment a flash came into Bullocky's eyes and his fists clenched ominously, but it passed off, and he replied quietly—"Keep your hair on, old man, I never *said* anything about sly grog selling. All the same, if that's good liquor, you're right—I don't know it, and what's more, don't want to."

"Well, you needn't drink it if you don't like it, there are plenty here who do. Come on, boys, and have drinks round!"

"Yes I need, much as I deplore the necessity," chimed in Bullocky again. "Be a Christian for once and pour me out another nip. I'm feeling very low to-night and must have something—gently, please, I don't want the dregs; they ain't nice!" With a more prononnced shudder than before, the liquor disappeared, and he left the store abruptly to unyoke his bullocks.

I had found Fred, of that I was firmly convinced. What a wreck he had become! The life he had led would doubtless account for the sad alteration I saw in him. His voice was harsher, too, but drink and the bad cold from which he was evidently suffering doubtless caused that. He had not recognized me, but he had hardly looked in my direction. Yes, I had found him. Alas! what it might have meant to me had I not

"I FOUND THE GENUINE FRED, AND RECEIVED A HEARTY WELCOME."

bought those cursed shares which had been my ruin! I might have returned home at once and claimed my reward. But now I could not. At all events I must write to Eileen and let her know—ah, there was the trouble! How could I describe to her to what awful depths her brother had descended? And yet of what avail would it be to prevaricate? Sooner or later the fact might come to her ears, and what would she then think of me? In no enviable frame of mind I went out into the pelting rain and tramped restlessly up and down the dreary hill side brooding over these things.

Later in the evening I returned to the whare which Milman and I occupied. As I approached it, I saw Fred splashing along the track in front of me. He knocked at the door, and Milman opened it.

"Look here, Milman," Fred began in a dejected tone, "I'd be obliged to you if you'd let me come in and sit with you for a spell, I'm a lump off to-night, and can't stand the row the boys are making up at the store."

"Come right in and sit down on that patent piece of furniture of mine," pointing to an easy chair made out of a few sticks and a sack stuffed with crisp fern. "That's the ticket, the billy is just boiling, and here's tea and tucker for you," sang out little Milman in his cheery voice.

"Thank you. You'll think it odd my coming to you when I've only spoken to you once in my life; but I could see at a glance you were a gentleman and a real white man to boot. I was one once myself. You wouldn't believe it from my present appearance, would you? But it's a fact for all that. I was fool enough to drink two stiff glasses of old Jackson's 'kill-me-dead' brand, and it has brought on an old pain which will wipe me out before long, and to tell the truth I don't care a tinker's curse how soon the end comes," said the broken-down man.

I had been listening for a few minutes at the door, but could restrain myself no longer. I entered.

"Hold on, Fred Eady," I exclaimed, "don't be so down in the mouth till you have heard what I have to say. Don't you remember me, George Herbert?"

"No! I'll be hanged if I do—not much wonder either, considering I never saw you before in my life! And I don't happen to be Fred Eady. My name is Fred certainly, but not Eady. Fighting Fred, the boys called me on the West Coast, I have another name, but I don't see what that is to you. But I happen to know Fred Eady. We were in the same regiment at home, got into the same scrapes, only he was easily led, and I was the

leader, that was the difference. We were kicked out at the same time and were shipmates. They reckoned us so much alike then that we were nicknamed, 'the twins' by our brother officers. But now, Oh Lord! I'd give my ears to be like Eady now! Why, he's a station manager at Murumutu, away at the back of Hawke's Bay, and as steady as a rock, and I'm a poor drunken bullock-puncher. If I'd only had the sense to pull myself together when we came to a new country like he did—but no, I only went further to the devil every year. He's a trump, Fred is, he offered me a good billet up there, but I was fool enough to refuse it."

"But, if that is true, why didn't he write to his people?"

"Ashamed to at first, and then said he wouldn't till he was quite sure of himself, and had got a good position."

At this juncture a boy came down from the store with letters which had come in the mail bag on the dray.

"Two letters and a paper for you, George, and one letter for me. It isn't often we get so favoured. There's no English mail in, though. I would have liked a letter from my people on Christmas Eve, I must confess. There's one thing, though, that I'm very thankful for, it is that they can't see me here to-night. They'd worry terribly, and it's well they are saved that," said Arthur as he handed me the letter he had taken from the boy. Bullocky had by this time dropped off to sleep in Arthur's patent chair. Carefully, so as not to wake him, we pulled out some pegs behind and, lowering it, we turned it into the most comfortable couch a weary man could desire.

The first letter I opened was from the firm of solicitors Fred's father employed in the search for his son. It informed me that Mr Fred Eady, looking remarkably respectable and well, had called at their office in Christchurch, happening to be down there on business. He told them he had seen one of their earlier advertisements, but had particular reasons for not wishing to communicate with them at the time. He chose rather to wait till it suited him to do so. The later advertisements, he had not seen as papers from the larger centres rarely came his way. They need take no further trouble, as he had himself written to his father some little time since, and the letter would already be in his hands.

The second letter was from the broker who, on my leaving Auckland had refused to take, my Kapai shares as a gift. He now informed me that there was a revival in mining, and that owing to an Australian Company purchasing the Kapai Claim, and amalgamating it with the Vermont, the shares had risen in the last few weeks from being unsaleable to ten shillings per share. He awaited my instructions to sell. (He got them forthwith). As I had purchased four thousand of these shares they would now return me £2,000, less the commission. But for the fact that I was so disgusted with my New Zealand speculations that I never read the mining news in the few Auckland papers that found their way to this out-of-the-way gumfield, I should have known that, from being a penniless gumdigger, I was again gradually becoming a captialist. But I did not now regret my inattention. The surprise which had been sprung on me this lucky Christmas Eve was a new sensation, and I appreciated it accordingly. The share report in the paper sent me verified the broker's note. My supreme satisfaction and astonishment at the totally unexpected turn my fortunes had taken, made me, for the time, selfishly unconscious even that there was anyone else in the hut with me. A more than usually cheery chuckle from my merry little mate recalled his existence to my mind.

"What news, Milman? All I can say is I hope it's as good as mine."

"Good isn't the name for it, old man, it's simply glorious! I've got that billet I applied for in Auckland before we came up country. Another bloke got in before me at the time, you remember; well, he's turned out a duffer, and they've sacked him and sent for me. It's positively £150 a year! I'm sorry for the other fellow though. Glory, hallelujah! Good-bye to the spade and the spear and these ghastly old gum-fields! We'll

clear at daylight to-morrow, for I see by your face that your news also means an evacuation of the premises. Tell me all about it at once." I complied with his request.

Our rejoicing did not waken poor Bullocky, he still slept on, the heavy sleep of a thoroughly exhausted man. Arthur and I did not sleep much that night; we had too much to occupy our thoughts. We agreed to leave our hut, tools, and the little gum we had in the whare unsold, to Bullocky to dispose of to his own advantage. He did not carry out the conditions to the letter, for we heard afterwards that the proceeds were quickly converted into old Jackson's "kill-me-dead."

Christmas morning rose bright and sunny. The heavy rain clouds which had obscured the sun for so many days had rolled by. Arthur declared that the ten-mile tramp along the miry roads to the township was the jolliest walk on record, and that this was the merriest Christmas he ever remembered spending.

The rest is soon told. I took a trip to the cattle station in the wild bush-covered Murumutu country, found the genuine Fred, and received a hearty welcome. On my consulting him about my future movements, he persuaded me to join with him and buy out his employer. I agreed none the less willingly because he had previously informed me that, in his letter home, he had asked his father and sister to come out and pay him a visit. They had cabled that they were coming, and in due course arrived. My meeting with Eileen can be more easily imagined than described. The old gentleman was so charmed with his visit, and the wonders that the balmy climate of New Zealand had worked in restoring his health, that he announced his intention of hastening home to settle up his affairs there, with a view to ending his days in this charming colony with his newly found son. Eileen did not sail with him, she preferred remaining with me. We did not forget poor Bullocky, but we must no longer call him that. He is now our head stockman, and that and his other nickname have sunk into obscurity, for he has now no objection whatever to admit that his surname is Brown. I cannot say that he is totally reformed, that would be too much to expect. But we do our best to keep him out of temptation, and he helps us, which is a great point gained. Some good people affirm that there should be no secret between man and wife. I differ with them, for I have never told Eileen what manner of man I mistook for her brother. It did not seem worth while.

Love, the Inventor.

Clerk Maxwell, mathematician,
Burning the midnight oil,
Measured the waves of ether
By patient, wearying toil;
Herz by experiment proved them;
Marconi seized the spoil.

For twenty years slow growing,
As every great thing grows,
At last the wireless message,
Swift as the lightning, goes—
Space, Time and Matter vanquished,
As all the world now knows.

The multitudes hear, and marvel
At the wonders that are done.
"At last," they cry, "we have found it—
A new thing under the sun!"
The Prophet, Poet and Lover
Smile, as these babblings run.

"Long, long ago," says the Poet,
"Soul spake with kindred soul;
A sympathy of spirit
Joined and informed the whole
True bond, though ages severed,
And the width of pole to pole."

"Æons ere then," says the Prophet,
"It was known to the chosen few
How from the great Transmitter
The thought-waves spread and grew,
Bearing some glowing message
Which none but Receivers knew."

"And ages before," says the Lover,
"Heart talked with loving heart
In a strange, mysterious language
No linguist could impart,
Though prison walls might sever,
And rolling seas might part.

"Ay! The waves of ardent passion,
That know nor check nor bar,
Born of the Lover's yearning,
Have travelled fast and far,
From earth to ice-cold planet,
From burning star to star."

Thus sprang the etheric message
From fiery souls, compact
Of warm imagination,
Ere the Thinker's brain was racked,
Or the slow Experimenter
Shaped Theory into Fact.

Maxwell, Herz and Marconi
Have honour, glory or cash
For the words that speed through
the ether
In mystical dot and dash;
But the Lover, Poet and Prophet
Gave the Inspiration's flash.

Mighty and great is Science,
Though her ways are cold and long;
To Fancy and Inspiration
Transcendent powers belong;
But Love is the true Revealer,
And is Strongest of the Strong!

J. Liddell Kelly.

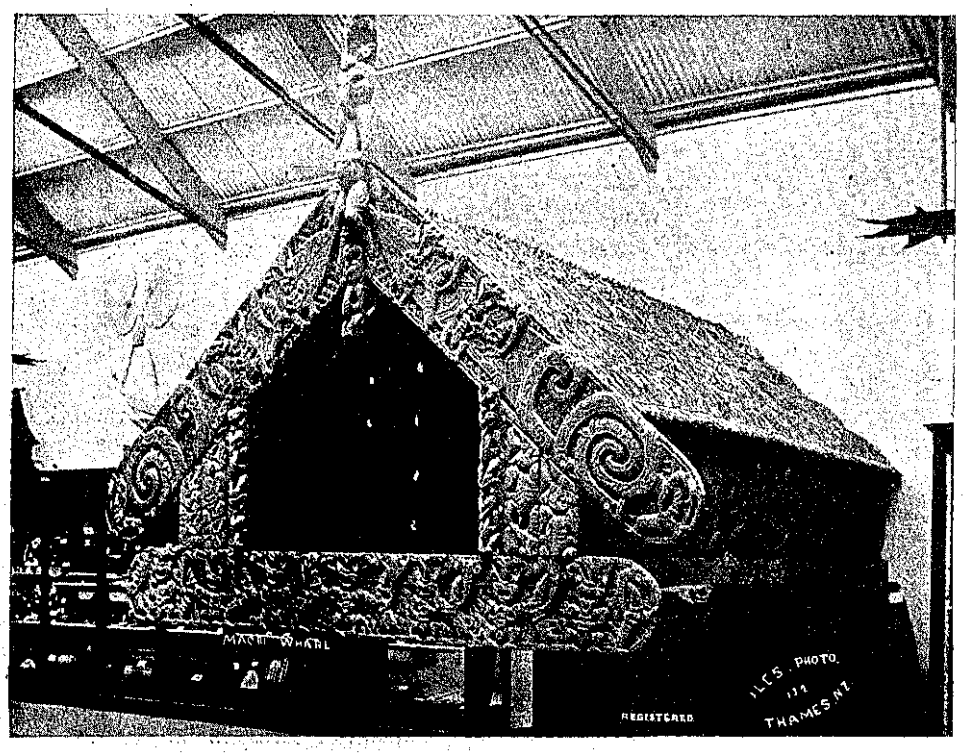
Art, Drama, and Music.

By W. E. Outhwaite.

ART.

WOOD CARVING.

With the improved tools and modern appliances now within reach of all, the technique of carving in wood is not difficult to acquire. In our forests the most suitable materials abound, and one cannot imagine a more cleanly, healthy, interesting and delightful occupation for leisure hours Those who are not gifted with the power of conceiving their own designs, can at least copy existing patterns, but the truly artistic mind will not be content with merely imitating the best works of others The manner and ideas of good models may be studied and analysed, but originality and individuality will assert themselves in the end in the shape of independent designs. Take as an example the wonderful carvings of the Maoris They admittedly surpass all other Polynesian races both in design and execution, using spirals and double spirals, the origin of which has given rise to much discussion and *adhuc sub judice lis est.* Quite recently Sir James Hector made a remarkable discovery, and on it founded a new theory, which seems likely to prove sound. Hitherto in regard to spirals, native ferns have most commonly been looked upon as the probable *arche* or original pattern Sir James Hector, while studying the double spiral carving on a war-canoe with a Maori friend at hand, suddenly bethought him of the curious wavy skin-



pattern on the human thumb. Could that have suggested the Maori designs? Appealing to his native friend, the latter supported Sir James' conjecture. Then followed a comparison of thumb impressions. Sir James' thumb produced a single spiral—the Maori's a double spiral In order to collect material for inductive reasoning, the experiment has since been tried with a considerable number of pakeha and Maori thumbs. The result is interesting and convincing. In every instance the white man's thumb made a *single* spiral impression, while in most cases the Maori thumb produced a *double* spiral. Two illustrations in this article, besides being excellent examples of Maori art, indicate very clearly the double spiral In No. 2, the carved slab shewn on the top displays a number of double watch-spring-like spirals. Observe the resemblance. One watch-spring starting its course from the centre from left to right —the other from right to left. The canoe prow and figure-head (tau-iha) at the bottom of the illustration also shew similar double spirals. Among the collection of weapons and implements between the two large carvings (beginning on the reader's left) a carved bust, a *pao* or fern-root pounder, are represented; then the spade-shaped strigil or flesh-scraper (to be used when invoking a blessing on the Maori Duke of Argyle) which reminds one of Xenophon, who mentions a golden strigil as a fashionable present in ancient Greek society. Last but one on the right, the queer shaped weapon with a distinct human profile, is a *kotiate* (literally liver cutter) which, when furnished with a row of shark's teeth, was probably used as a butcher's cleaver or saw at cannibal feasts. In illustration No. 1 we see a splendidly carved—(notice the double spirals again)—*Pateka* (store-house) used to preserve foods

from the rats, and always raised from the ground on a post or posts From the attitude of the diabolical looking gentleman who forms an ornamental pinnacle, one would judge that he is suffering from a severe attack of indigestion—so severe indeed as to compel him to thrust out his tongue to its fullest length But perhaps that is for the information of an imaginary doctor whom he is supposed to be consulting. Joking apart thrusting out the tongue means defiance.

That piece of ornamental work is called a *Telco*. The imitation of thatch on the roof is artistically carved. The original of the picture was carved at Maketu by artists of the Ngatipikiao tribe, and placed in the Auckland Museum by the late Judge Fenton.

Apropos of the subject, a school of art furniture with carvings in the Maori style (of course *bowdlerised*), would probably not only pay handsomely, but also be a splendid advertisement of New Zealand woods and workmanship. Of Grinling Gibbons' inimitable carvings in the choir stalls of St. Paul's Cathedral, an eminent connoisseur recently said: "They are the only things which could not be replaced if the building were destroyed." In the Auckland Art Gallery there is a charming example of the great artist's skill in the shape of a carved boxwood figure on a pedestal with a frieze of exquisite little figures around its base. This gem was presented to the Gallery by the late Mr. Albin Martin, a most learned expert in art, ancient and modern, a pupil of Linnell, and many years an art student in Italy.

The modern Maoris carve sticks and pipes with neat and ingenious designs, but a stick which is carved from head to ferrule although interesting as a curio, on a wall always seems rather an anomaly. Recently a splendid bit of *pakeha* carving, not only compelled my admiration, but aroused a strong feeling of covetousness. The wood was kowhai, beautiful in colour and grain. The head represented a sort of double Janus, being four-faced. The artist with wondrous skill and originality, had carved the same face with four different expressions, and yet preserved an unmistakable likeness in each. That such work should have been achieved by Mr. Newton, while surveying in the far country with only a penknife by way of tools, argues a rare natural gift in the carver.

DRAMA.

INTOLERANCE OF CRITICISM.

Some eminent professionals seem to delight in tilting at journalists, a practice which is neither judicious nor just. On the whole pressmen are generous and incline towards leniency in their criticisms. Now and then it must be admitted, some cantankerous critic will unmercifully "slate," but as a rule only displaying ignorance as well as malice in his philippics. Still it is not only foolish, but also illogical for the victims of such attacks to argue from the particular to the general, and visit the offence of the few upon the many. Recently Mrs Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson) denounced the British newspapers with quite unmerited severity. However, they generously retorted by praising with unstinted fervour her exquisite acting as "The Elder Miss Blossom." Curiously enough, Fanny Kemble, in years long past, vowed a vendetta against all sorts and conditions of pressmen. In Volume II. of "The Journal of Frances Anne Butler," she writes: "I here do solemnly swear never again with my own good will to become acquainted with any man in any way connected with the public press. They are utterly unreliable people generally—their vocation requires that they should be so; and the very few exceptions I must forget, for however I might like them, I can neither respect nor approve of their trade, for trade it is in the vilest sense of the word." This is quite bad enough, but Fanny Kemble's method of carrying out her vendetta is even worse, as witness her own words which follow: "In the middle of the evening, Dr. —— asked if I would allow him to introduce to me one Mr ——, a very delightful man, full of abilities and writer in such and such a paper. I immediately called to mind my resolution and refused. In the meantime Mrs ——, less scrupulous, and without asking my leave, brought the gentleman up and introduced him. I was most ungracious and forbidding, and *meant to be so*. I am sorry for this, but I cannot help it. He is ——'s brother, too, which makes me doubly sorry. As he is an agreeable man and ——'s brother, I esteem and reverence him, but *as he belongs to the*

Photo. by Falk, MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT. *Sydney and Melbourne.*

Press gang, I will not know him." Alas! that so great an artist should make so paltry an exhibition of petty prejudice and ill-bred manners, and pity 'tis that she should have had the bad taste to record her own shame in her own handwriting. One would like to have the blank names in full; who were Dr. and Mrs ——? who was the poor pressman so wantonly snubbed? and where did it all happen? Curious it is that artists at the foot of the ladder should be so civil to the Press; and yet, when at the top, should give themselves airs, and prove so ungrateful to those who have materially assisted them in climbing up.

STOCK COMPANIES *v.* STARS.

The decay of taste in matters musical and dramatic among audiences not merely colonial, but even European, is growing more lamentable every day. Grand and comic opera are being frozen out by musical comedy, and musical comedy by musical farce. The "*bello Canto*," of which Du Maurier makes Svengali say, "It was lost, bnt I have found it!" is in truth dying. In place of teachers like Nicholas Porporo, Ronconi, Garcia, etc., etc., who exacted from their pupils a course extending over, sometimes, seven years before allowing them to sing a song, much less to appear in public, the present voice-trainers hurry their victims through perhaps, a two years course, thrust them straight upon boards or platform, with the idea of advertising teachers, rather than making an iustrument of a voice which would last nearly the singer's life time. There are, perhaps, one or two exceptions, but that is undoubtedly the general rule. In drama the same fallacious method prevails. Brilliant stars suddenly blaze out in the theatrical firmament without a perfect knowledge of that stage technique which is only acquired by working patiently from the foot to the top of the ladder. In the colonies especially, the good old stock companies are missed. Many of us can remember how well and evenly Shakspeare and other classics were played years ago in New Zealand, when experienced, if not brilliant, artists supported the principals. Nowadays, the general complaint is "One or two stars with very inadequate support." Herein lies in great part the reason why "Shakspeare spells ruin." Rather than see important rôles played by people who sound no aspirates and murder blank verse, audiences prefer to patronise the farcical rubbish which (they say) at least makes them laugh. Therefore, the younger generations receive no education in, and are losing all taste for classical and legitimate drama, a very deplorable consummation. Mr. George Rignold's Shakspearean productions are some comfort, but even he has to rely upon Melodrama in his repertoire to replenish the treasury.

Miss Janet Achurch.—Among the few really high-class actresses who have visited New Zealand, this lady is prominent. In the year 1891, supported by an excellent all-round company, she made a triumphant tour of the colony. The repertoire included "Forget-Me-Not," "The New Magdalen," "In His Power," "Masks and Faces," "Fedora," "Camille," "Frou-Frou," and Ibsen's much-vexed "The Doll's House." Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to an actress in New Zealand, was accorded at this lady's benefit On the fall of the curtain at the end of the third act of "Masks and Faces," an original idea was effectively carried out by friends and admirers entirely unconnected with the management As the curtain was raised in response to deafening applause, a perfect tornado of bouquets, fired in a volley, rained upon the stage. The curtain was dropped and again raised, revealing Miss Achurch with streaming eyes surrounded by a rampart of over three hundred bouquets. Among the capable artists in this excellent company were the Misses Kinnaird, Alice Norton, Messrs Herbert Flemming, C. Charrington, Power, R. Watson, and Barry England, the able stage manager.

A delightful supper to the company and Press was held on the stage half an hour after the performance Everything was truly bohemian. Miss Achurch made cigarettes for all. Songs and speeches, and chaff, made the fun fast and furious. Mr. Charrington tried to sing "The Cork Leg," and, forgetting the words, was vainly prompted (while the rest sang "Rule Britannia,") by a veteran of the Press on each side of him, who jointly knew less about the words than the singer. Mr. R. Watson, a staunch Good Templar, was led to believe that milk-punch was strictly a temperance beverage, and when daylight did appear, and the guests separated, was found sitting in the gutter opposite the stage door complacently munching an apple. But he was still in good order and condition, for, to this day, he remembers and laughs over that, and many other incidents of the jolliest hours of fun with the best entertainers and the liveliest company of guests who ever enjoyed an innocent orgie.

MUSIC.

OLD MUSICAL IDENTITIES.

The genesis of New Zealand music is not easy to trace with absolute precision. Auckland seems to have a strong claim to the honour of a first effort in the divine art. In 1842, Mr. Thomas Outhwaite, Registrar of the Supreme Court, with etceteras enough to make him a Colonial Pooh-Bah, delivered a lecture on music with vocal and instrumental illustrations. The scene of the entertainment was Messrs. Brown and Campbell's store in

MR. THOMAS OUTHWAITE.

Shortland Street, and Mrs. William Brown (a delightful singer of Scottish songs), wife of the senior partner of that ancient firm, acted as pianiste on the occasion. Mr. Outhwaite—probably the father of music in New Zealand—was a cultivated musician. Gifted with a rare tenor voice, trained by the great English singer, Henry Phillips, he had sung as an amateur in the choir of the Ambassador's Chapel in Paris, when the great Wagner officiated as organist. Under Nicholson, the great flute virtuoso, he became an accomplished flautist; and while practising the law in Paris he had studied harmony, counterpoint, etc., under Mons. Savart at the Conservatoire. He arrived in New Zealand in "The Tyne" early in the year 1841. Chief Justice Martin and Attorney General Swainson were passengers in the same ship, and opened the Supreme Court in January, 1842. Returning to music—shortly after the lecture a Society was formed, which Mr. Outhwaite conducted and assisted with his ample store of manuscript and printed music. The older part of the Mechanic's Institute was built in 1843, and the Society held its practices and performances therein. About 1852 Mr. Joseph Brown arrived in Auckland, when Mr. Outhwaite, finding that the new-comer was a professional musician, handed over the conductorship to him, and arranged that for the future a salary of £50 per annum should be paid. From such modest beginnings the Auckland Choral Society sprang, and gradually developed into its present flourishing state. Mr. Hugh Carleton, another enthusiast who, from about the year 1846, lent valuable aid to the cause of music, possessed a sonorous bass voice, (being especially proud of his double D.) and was immense as "The Monster Polypheme" in "O Ruddier than the Cherry." He was also great as a theorist, and wrote a book upon original discoveries in harmony, which, however, did not receive much recognition. Mr. Joseph Brown, already mentioned, was a good all round musician, a capital conductor and especially able in training choirs. He was a good organist and a fine viola player. Mr. Beale, who reached Auckland in 1858 with a talented family, took charge of "The Philharmonic," a recently formed orchestral Society, which eventually became merged in the Auckland Choral Society. He was a brilliant violinist and a capable leader. Mr. F. D. Fenton was for years a prominent figure in musical circles, remarkable alike for musical enthusiasm and a quaint dry humour. He once handed a few bars in manuscript to

Mr. Carleton, asking him to correct any errors in the passages. Mr. Carleton found fault here and there with the harmony and one or two progressions, whereupon Mr. Fenton, with a sly wink and chuckle, retorted, "Well, Carleton! I copied those bars from Weber's Der Freischutz!" On another occasion, when serving in the volunteers, Mr. Fenton narrowly escaped a court martial for declaring that if their band led them into action, the enemy would flee in one direction, and the volunteers in the other! Colonel Balneavis, a skilful violin player, was in great request as leader of orchestra for many years. Herr Carl Schmitt, now so well known throughout the colonies as a brilliant and thorough musician, first appeared in Auckland, in or about 1854, as a solo-violinist, *de premiere force*, and after leaving and returning several times, is now the

MR. HUGH CARLETON.

esteemed and capable conductor of the Auckland Choral Society, as well as Musical Lecturer to the University. Among instrumentalists of years past (not all of the same period) may be mentioned Messrs. Partridge, Huntley and Braithwaite (violins) Middleton ('cello), Mackenzie (double bass), H. M. Jervis and W. Young (flutes), and among

MR. F. D. FENTON.

vocalists Miss Debus, whose splendid soprano was occasionally discounted by uncertainty of intonation; Miss Lowry (afterwards Madame Hautrive), a magnificent contralto; Miss Healey (contralto); Miss Shanaghan, a delicious light soprano, whose singing of the Creation music has never been surpassed by an amateur; Master Sampson, endowed with a sweet, pure and flexible treble voice; Messrs. Westmoreland, Reid and Huntley (tenors), O'Brien and Newberry (baritones), Henderson, Ryan and Smith (bassos).

Among many amusing anecdotes of Auckland's first musical society, a couple may prove interesting. Mr. William Young, (Collector of Customs), a brilliant flautist, was to play a solo one evening. Passing a jeweller's shop, he noticed a gorgeous diamond ring in the window, and thought how effective a dash it would cut on his finger during the solo. Entering the shop, he asked for the loan of the ring, which (Oh happy, innocent days!) was immediately

granted. In the evening the flautist slipped the brilliant on his finger and commenced his solo. After playing some bars, he discovered that the ring was on the left instead

MISS SHANAGHAN.

of the right hand, and consequently almost invisible to the audience. However, presently a few bars rest enabled him to slip the dazzler on to the other hand. The change instantly elicited an enthusiastic burst of applause. Mr. Young's solo was of course pronounced the gem of the evening.

Anecdote number two is perhaps even funnier, illustrating as it does the spirit of mischief lurking in the disposition of Sir George Grey. At one of the Society's concerts, His Excellency (then Captain Grey) was seated in the front chair (being Patron) nursing on his knee the conductor's little four-year-old son, a great pet of his. Now His Excellency had not much music in his soul—indeed he delighted in relating how De Beriot had toiled and toiled in vain to teach him the rudiments of the violin. Presently the singers began Bishop's exquisite old glee "Where art thou Beam of Light?" During the opening *pianissimo* passages His Excellency whispered peremptorily "Sing, boy. Sing at once!" The child obediently piped out "Old King Cole was a merry old soul!" The conductor indignantly turned round and, with a portentous frown, menaced his son and heir with the baton. The child stopped, and the glee went on; but tickled with his successful ruse, Captain Grey prompted the youngster to sing again. This time the conductor threatened instant death, emphasized with violent stamps on the floor, which so terrified the tiny culprit that he slid off his false friend's knee and incontinently bolted.

NOTE.—The writer trusts that readers who recollect, or have records of early music and musicians in New Zealand will assist him by kindly forwarding particulars, and when possible photographs (which will be faithfully returned without damage), as it is his desire to deal with music from a colonial stand point. He will also be pleased to receive corrections of inaccuracies which must of necessity creep into records and reminiscences of such ancient history. Veteran musicians of Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin and other towns can render yeoman service if they will deign to do so. To hand down memories of their ancestors to future generations is surely worth a little trouble.

FORM IN GOLF.

By C. E. S. Gillies.

By form in golf, I mean a man's style of play, and the extent to which he conforms to the fundamental principles of the game, and not the "form" referred to when we ask a stranger what his form is. In the latter case we are asking him briefly, and in golfing language, what is his recognised status as a golfer in his own club, or in reference to some recognised standard.

We cannot say a beginner has any form at all. His golf is a mere series of spasmodic attempts, but gradually he begins to acquire what we call form, and approaches the stage when he can be considered a golfer. He may never acquire sufficient accuracy or brilliancy to become a scratch player, or even to reduce his handicap to single figures, but nevertheless, he has acquired some sort of form which is recognised as his own, and which gives him his own little niche in the club handicap list, whether it be near the top or the bottom. He is then a golfer.

Every beginner should endeavour to acquire a sound style of play, for only by careful, but not slavish, adherence to the principles of the swing can he hope, after many months of play, to acquire a high class form. Style is a detail of form, and if the beginner develops a poor style of form, he will never get beyond a certain stage, and there is only one hope for the aspirant who has reached the limit of his form, viz., to give up his old form, and acquire a new and better style—a most difficult matter.

Given a fair eye and a good physique, there is no reason to prevent a man becoming a good player, though, in golf, few men after twenty-five can acquire high class form. The exceptions are only those talented few, who from a wonderful natural endowment, seem able to play any game well. The best players are also the most natural. Though nothing can compensate for hard practice, the quickest and surest way to progress at the royal and ancient game is to thoroughly grasp the idea of a true mechanical style.

But, says your beginner, what is the true style? To that you can only answer, there is no one style that can be said to be the only true one. Take a few of the finest professionals, and you will find that they all differ in various ways from each other, even to the extent of playing an entirely different stroke for the same distance. Your bewildered beginner probably fails to note that the essential principles of golf in each man's game are however, the same. The adoption of a slavish adherence to a particular style, or to the recognised maxims of the game, is often a stumbling block.

The great thing for the beginner is to get a true idea of the underlying principles of a good style of game. He must then work out his own individual style for himself, and keep rigidly to it. His position and style of play must crystallize on to a model, probably a compound of several styles of play, but it is his own, and he must keep to it with unfailing adherence. It is absolutely fatal to be chopping and changing in the endeavour to copy a better player.

He should endeavour so to learn, that he has not to unlearn. A very common and

deadly sin is that of playing for the win of the present, instead of risking present defeat for the sake of a future gain. A player who plays only for the present, will retain his present form to the end, while he who is constantly trying to play a higher standard of game has the only chance of improvement.

Golf is very like its indoor brother, billiards, in that it is essentially a mechanical game, and because the mechanical part of it is so important, nothing can take the place of continual practice on right lines. I may here remark, that I consider the most valuable practice to be that of taking out say a dozen balls into a field, and learning to play them at varying distances. An hour spent thus will improve a beginner more than four or five hours spent in struggling round the links, yet how few men will go and do what is "the scales and exercises" of golf, when they can get any sort of a round?

A very fine golfer remarked to me that his game had recently improved very considerably, in that, though he could not play any particular stroke better, he felt his play, (to use his own expression) had become "machiney." He was quite right, he had dropped into the machine-like accuracy of the professional, and in consequence his game had become much more deadly. His constant striving after a better form had at last borne fruit in that, while still retaining his old brilliancy, he had acquired that accuracy of play which is the only mark of the line between first and second-rate players.

There are, I think, three elements which go to make up form in golf, execution, judgment, and temperament.

Golf from one point of view, that of *execution*, is an almost purely mechanical game. Accuracy of play is dependant on mechanical uniformity in carrying out the players mental grasp of the stroke before him. There is a correct stroke for each distance, and the desired result is obtained, not by putting more or less of force into the stroke, but by playing the true mechanical stroke for that distance, and for this, great accuracy in striking is necessary.

Then comes the element of *judgment* in the calculation of distance, of the nature of the ground, and of the difficulties to be surmounted. Faulty judgment can never be atoned for by correctness of style. It is I believe the fineness of a player's judgment and his temperament that causes some professionals to stand ahead of others who perhaps play a more perfect mechanical game.

To judgment must be added *temperament*, a very great determining quality of a man's game. We find brilliant, mercurial players who play splendidly to-day and wretchedly to-morrow, easy-going players, over-anxious players, players who start beaten, players who continually blame their luck, and grizzle over every little annoyance, and many others. In fact, men's temperaments in golf are as various as the men themselves, but it is the *dour* determined golfer who is bound to come out on top of his brilliant light-hearted comrade. It is an extremely difficult matter to define what "form in golf" really is, though we are all conscious that it exists, and can instantly recognise it when we see it.

I have endeavoured to show its nature, and how to acquire it, but I should say to every golfer, play the game in the fine spirit in which it should be played, and whatever be your form, good, bad or indifferent, you will make an enjoyable companion in the brotherhood of golfers. The traditions of golf are, and ever have been, most honourable. The game itself is absolutely dependent on honour, and is one whose charm largely depends on its being played in that fine sportsmanlike spirit without which no game is worth anything.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

By Danvers Hamber.

CYCLING.

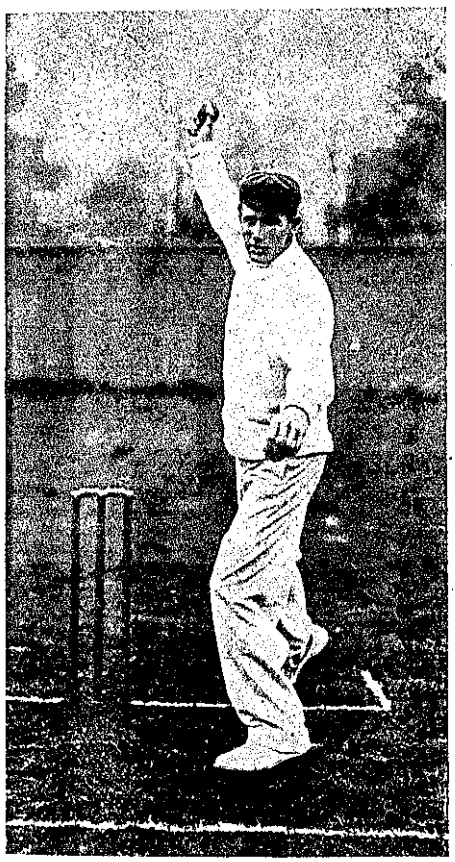
A PHENOMENAL RIDE.

Seven years ago, when Charles M. Murphy, the American cyclist, first mentioned his idea of riding a mile in a minute, he was looked upon as one completely bereft of his senses. To the ordinary mind the task appeared beyond the power of man, while even the most enthusiastic Yankee wheelmen laughed at Murphy's determination. However, the cyclist triumphed in the end, for after seven year's cogitation, scheming and practice, he succeeded in riding a mile in 57 4-5ths seconds. The very thought of the terrific pace is enough to make one shudder, and I am not surprised that Mr. James Sullivan, the Secretary of the New York Amateur Athletic Association, who acted as referee, found a few grey hairs in his head after Murphy had finished his wonderful, yet foolhardy, journey. The place selected for the ride was an abandoned stretch of railroad near Maywood, on the Long Island Railway. Murphy's track was made of five 10in. planks laid between the rails, and he rode within a sort of waggon cover, built out from the tender of the engine that made the pace, while every precaution was taken to prevent the wind from underneath the engine striking him. Necessarily the arrangements were absolutely perfect, or the daring fellow could not have lived through the horrible ordeal. For the first few hundred yards after starting Murphy held on to a rail projecting from the tender, but with full steam up he let go, and his times were, quarter 15secs, half 29 2-5ths secs, three-quarters 44secs, and the full mile 57 4-5ths secs. The four quarter miles were timed, first 15 secs, second 14 2-5ths secs, third 14 3-5ths, and the last 13 4-5ths secs. There can be no doubt about the correctness of the time, for several expert clockers of high reputation, were on duty, and their times were confirmed by Mr. Sullivan. Phenomenal as Murphy's ride undoubtedly is, it can serve no useful purpose. It is far from likely that he will find any other man ready to attempt to lower his record, and he would not try the feat again if he were offered £5000. He has realised his dream after seven years' anxiety, and, by this time, is probably on the high road to fortune, for he was inundated with highly remunerative offers from theatrical and exhibition managers after the successful issue of his hazardous undertaking. It is probable that Charles M. Murphy will go down to posterity as the only man who drove a bicycle one mile in less than a minute. For the sake of humanity, and also for the sake of the sport, it is to be hoped that no other cyclist will endeavour to compass the feat so miraculously performed by Murphy. It was daring, and it was desperate, for the odds against a man living through such a ride were tremendous.

CRICKET.

The English cricket season, which as I write, is in its last week, has been an extraordinarily successful one from a run getting point of view. The king of batsmen, Prince Ranjitsinhji, has already exceeded all previous records in scoring 3000 runs in first class cricket during the season. As the Indian Prince plays in a few more matches yet, he will probably make his record one for all time. In 1871, Dr. W. G. Grace, then perhaps at his highest standard of excellence, made 2739 runs. His aggregate

was considered marvellous, and, as his figures held the record for twenty-five years, there was cause for the belief that the champion had done something wonderful. Three years ago the Indian cricketer batted in invincible style, and at the close of the season, had amassed the fine total of 2780, beating Dr. Grace's record, and earning undying fame for himself. Now he has beaten his own record handsomely, making one marvel



MR. M. A. NOBLE.

MR. J. DARLING.

at his skill and dexterity and wonder for the future of the game.

The Australian Cricketers are to be congratulated upon the general success of their tour in the Old Country. There has been an unsatisfactory proportion of unfinished games, but as the laurels of the test games remain with the Australians by virtue of their victory in the second match—the only game finished of the series—one object of the trip has been accomplished. Financially the team has done exceptionally well. At all the meetings between the representatives of England and Australia, the takings have been immense, while at the county and other fixtures, the spectators have very clearly shewn that an Australian team is a big draw. It is rather painful to note that during the tour little things have cropped up which ought never to have occurred. Trivial disagreements they may have been, but they are unseemly in an honourable game like cricket, and it is probably because money-making is now so largely a part of these exchange visits, that the meetings are conducted more on commercial lines than on those of honour and glory.

The batting of the Australians has been consistent all through the season, though they have not yet acquired the art of playing a representative or any other match out in three days. When Mr. Darling's men have

had everything in their favour, and have batted first, they have not made the best use of their opportunities. Had they done so, considerably fewer drawn games would have resulted. The first test match at Nottingham should have ended in a victory for the visitors. They won the toss, but played painfully slow cricket on a splendid wicket, and at the end of the first day's play, had only scored 238 runs for the loss of eight

MR. VICTOR TRUMPER.

wickets. In many subsequent games the batting was too cautious at the start to prevent any other conclusion than a draw. Such apprehensive exhibitions cannot be satisfactory either to the players or the spectators. Mr. Jack Worrall has proved himself the best batsman of the team on a wicket not absolutely in first class batting order. At times he has veritably saved his side from disaster, and of another old stager, Mr. Hugh Trumble, almost the same can be said. Mr. Worrall has, on several occasions, gallantly led a forlorn hope and succeeded, while Mr. Trumble's dogged pertinacity has, more than once, extricated his side from an apparently hopeless position. Mr. Darling has batted up to his best form, and bids fair to gain the highest figures in both average and aggregate. But, singularly enough, he has, contrary to past custom, done best when other members of the team have batted well. As a rule Mr. Darling shines most brightly when affairs are against his side, but, during the English tour, he has relegated the position of saviour to Mr. Worrall, and gone in for consistent scoring himself. Mr. Clem Hill had the misfortune to be in the doctor's hands for some considerable time, and his absence from many matches was no doubt severely felt by the team. Mr. M. A. Noble and Mr. Victor Trumper have come out of the ordeal on English wickets with flying colours. Mr. Noble has proved himself to be one of the best all-round cricketers of the day. In batting he takes a very high position for his defence has been almost impregnable, and he has shewn a great capacity for making runs. Mr. Trumper has not failed those who estimated his abilities very highly. Young as he is, he has batted most brilliantly, and is rightly regarded as the coming rival to Prince Ranjitsinhji and Mr. Clem Hill. Mr. Iredale and Mr. McLeod have not had the best of luck, though both have put in brilliant finishes. Mr. McLeod, by his sterling play in the last test match, heads the averages in the representative games. He only played in that one test game and he certainly struck form. In scoring 108 for once out he completely justified his inclusion. Mr. Laver has done well on a few occasions, but, on the whole, has not batted up to his best form. Mr. Syd. Gregory has had a very successful time, taking his batting right through, and has been as brilliant at cover point as he ever was. Messrs. Kelly, Jones, and Howell have, on occasions, batted in first class style, but once only did the latter give an exhibition of his lightning-like scoring ability.

The bowling of the Australians has been skilful and able enough to make the tour

successful, but there has been no particular individual brilliance. Messrs. Trumble, Jones, Howell, Noble and—towards the end of the season—Mr. McLeod, have done a lot of hard work, and taken a number of wickets. When the final averages are published, however, I am afraid the bowling statistics will compare rather unfavourably with the records of previous Australian visits. The hardest worked trundler of the team has been Mr. Trumble. Every bowler has at times come off, but, generally speaking, there has been nothing out of the way brilliant in the Australian attack. Mr. Darling's bowlers included no Palmer, Boyle, Spofforth or Turner, or the English county teams would not have been able to score so freely. A man of the calibre of those former heroes to help the 1899 team, would have turned the majority of the drawn games into victories. The fielding of the Australians has throughout the tour been quite up to the best traditions of the game, the activity and smartness shewn calling forth the highest praise and admiration from expert English critics.

FOOTBALL.

When the English footballers, captained by that "mighty atom" the Rev. Mullineux, were defeated in their first match with the representatives of Australia, English writers fell foul of the team for calling itself representative. Now that the Englishmen have won the other three "test" games, I suppose there will be a revulsion of feeling, and the victors will be welcomed right royally and over-whelmed with fulsome adulation. Undoubtedly the Englishmen proved themselves a good lot, but they never met the best representatives of Australasian Rugby football. They ought to have come to New Zealand for the highest exposition of the Rugby game. Want of time, or some other reason, precluded such a desirable visit, so for the present the question of supremacy between England and New Zealand is undecided. A meeting of the representatives may not be long in coming, however, for the Rev. Mullinenx has expressed a desire that the next team of English footballers should include New Zealand in their tour, and the idea of getting a New Zealand team together to invade England is also mooted.

The visit of the English players has called attention to the question of wing forwards. After witnessing the half-back play of their visitors, New South Wales writers believe that a death blow to the wings has been dealt. That remains to be seen. Such a consummation is decidedly to be desired, for anything more barbarous than to see two pair of men engaged in a purely personal rough and tumble encounter in a game supposed to be one of skill and dexterity, it is difficult to imagine. In nine games out of ten wing forwards are mostly engaged in a scragging match pure and simple. Furious struggles are witnessed of men trying to put one another on the ground, but these, beyond appealing to the friends of the particular players, are unworthy of, and have nothing to do with, the game of football. Brute force is required for pushing in the scrums, but outside the pack science is the necessary article. Wing forwards are about on a par with the hacking tactics prevailing in "Tom Brown's" days at Rugby, and if the visit of the Rev. Mullineux's team should result in the abolition of the wing forward, the defeat of Australia will not have been in vain.

ATHLETICS.

The coming Australasian Championship Meeting at Brisbane, is attracting much attention just now, more especially as there is some talk of sending a team of athletes to Europe next year for the purpose of competing at the Paris Exposition, and afterwards in England. One New Zealander, at any rate, is a certain competitor if an Australasian team goes Home. Mr. George W. Smith, the present Hundred Yards and Hurdle Amateur Cham-

pion of the Colony, is bound to render a good account of himself wherever he runs and whoever he meets. In the hurdle races at Brisbane, Mr. Smith will assuredly perform brilliantly. I doubt whether we have yet seen the champion at his best in scratch races, for in those events he has generally won easily. In handicap races, when heavily penalised, he has put up very smart times, and I shall expect him to go very near to beating the record at Brisbane in November. Mr. Smith will probably be beaten in the Hundred Yards sprint by Mr. Stanley H. Rowley, the New South Wales amateur champion, who is said to be able to run the distance in 9 4-5ths secs. That time will easily win the Brisbane Championship, and will carry Mr. Rowley to the front if he goes to Europe next year.

MR. G. W. SMITH.

The English championships have brought to light no excelling athletes with the exception of a good weight putter in Mr Horgan, and a fine hammer thrower in Mr. Kiely. With America it is different. Some exceptionally smart men have appeared this season, and several records have gone by the board. Unless there are undiscovered champions in England and Australia, the Paris sports should result in a triumph for the representatives of the Stars and Stripes.

MR. STANLEY H. ROWLEY.

THE CHIEF'S SON.

Go, O son! by the evening tide,
  And I will follow thee
When the proud sun makes a golden path,
  And the morning tide runs free.

Then o'er the waves in my swift canoe
  I'll follow, and join the band
Who cease not to paddle, till they and we
  On the shores of Brightness stand.

Fear not, O son! though the waves be rough,
  And the wild winds deafen thee;
But, turn thy shapely head—and lo!
  Thy father's boat thou'lt see.

But, rest thy strong young arms awhile—
  Arms which laid warriors low.
(Thou would'st have been a mighty chief;
  O son! Why didst thou go?)

The sun in his golden glory rose,
  And the morning tide ran free;
And the old chief bade farewell to earth,
  And paddled out to sea.

VICTOR ZEAL.

["In a night attack upon an outwork, Herekaki pa was taken, and the commander, Tutenaehe, was slain. He was the eldest son of Rangihouhiri, who, when he heard the intelligence, exclaimed—'O, my son! you have gone by the night tide, I will follow by the morning tide.' His words came true, for in the morning the old chief was dead."—Ancient Maori History.—J. A. WILSON.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

WASHING DAY.

"MARINETTA."

By M. A. Sinclair.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

SHE lived on a wide shore, where the white sands stretched east and west for many a mile.

She was a captive, imprisoned in a rocky pool at the foot of a high cliff, just beneath the shadow of an immense pohutukawa tree.

Marinetta heard the cry of the gulls as they circled and flew about their nests on the face of the cliff, and the thunder of the tide upon the distant bar. Yet she was very sad, for she was a captive.

The margin of the pool was fringed with rare seaweed; the sides were covered with delicate anemones; the floor was strewn with pearly shells; and yet Marinetta spent her days in sighing and her nights in sobs. One day as she was lying looking up, with her sad heartache shining through her eyes, the Spirit of the Wind came by, and lingered on the verge of the shadowed pool, saying:

"Ah! I see you, too, are admiring my fairy bride, the Spirit of the Cloud. Did you know she was a cousin of yours, and once, like you, a captive? But the Great Power set her free; and now is she not divine? You should see us waltz. When I take her in my arms we could glide on and on for ever, without a false step or feeling of weariness."

"When the golden stars make music for us, we move dreamily past the big cities and the solemn pine forests, and then, when they change the music to quicker time, we go at the maddest, gladdest galop over the snow-clad mountains, and the warm, green valleys, where the purple grapes hang ripe—away, away over the deep ocean till we reach the happy islands where the trees of life are

THE SPIRIT OF THE CLOUD.

laden with apples of gold. She is waiting for me now, my dainty bride. I must be gone!"

And, whistling airily, the Spirit of the Wind went off, and poor Marinetta sank back, sobbing passionately.

"Oh, it is hard, it is hard! I, too, could love and dance if I were only free."

And presently, as she saw the Spirit of the Wind and his Cloud bride glide past above her in the sunny blue, Marinetta grew sick with longing, and she cried:

"Oh, to be free to wander through the fields of upper blue, and dance to the music of the golden stars!"

Then, mute and still in her lonely grief, she lay until night. When the Lady Moon came to the edge of the cliff, and smiled down through the thick pohutukawa's crimson plumes on the captive Marinetta, her sweet smile drew the bowed head once more erect, and the captive yearned toward the Lady of the Night as the child heart yearns toward the mother, and she plaintively implored, "Set me free! Set me free!"

But as the Lady Moon swept by, she sang:

I have the will, yet lack the skill.
It lies with one—the Golden Sun.

And all that night, and for many days and nights, Marinetta was heard to cry:

I look to thee! Oh! set me free
Thou Mighty one, great Golden Sun!

And at last one night there came a dreadful storm instead of soft summer waves. Wild furious billows thundered on the lonely shore; the gulls shrieked, the tempest raged, the white sand was drifted into troubled heaps; the old tree creaked and groaned, though its ancient roots had wandered deep into many a crevice and cranny of the beetling crag. And when the morning broke, lo! uptorn by the roots, prone on the sand it lay, not far from the prison pool of Marinetta.

And that very day the Golden Sun stooped down and pressed one long kiss on Marinetta's lips, and a thrill of joy went through the patient captive at the thought that perhaps now at last the longed-for, prayed-for freedom might be hers. And every day the royal wooer came, and ever tarried longer by Marinetta's prison—till there came a day when all the seaweed lay dry and withered, the anemones dead, and the pearly shells in full view. But Marinetta? Ah! she had joined her cousin—the Spirit of the Cloud—to waltz through the upper blue to the music of the golden stars.

Sarony Studios, MISS ELLIOTT PAGE. *Auckland.*

Iles, Photo. A MAORI MAID. *Auckland.*

ROUND THE WORLD.

FRANCE.

On the 11th September the Court Martial in Rennes pronounced Dreyfus "guilty with extenuating circumstances"—whatever that may mean. To the ordinary person it appears that Dreyfus must be either guilty, or not guilty, of one of the most heinous crimes of which a soldier can be accused, in neither of which cases could extenuating circumstances play any part. The decision was, it is said, received quietly in France. Otherwise, however, with the vast bulk of civilised nations, who have not failed to voice their indignation at the actions of the Generals of the French Army, to whose arbitrament this matter has now been twice submitted. The "honour of the army" must indeed be in a parlous state when such a perversion of justice is required to guard it. Surely the effect of the actions of Jouaust and his confrères must be merely to—

> Skin and film the ulcerous place,
> Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen.

But the "chose jugée" is still not a thing of the past. The civilised world stands aghast at the tragic farce which has been enacted in France. Zola, Labori and Demange are no longer the only champions of the suffering Jewish Captain. The French flag has been burnt in Annapolis, the naval school of America, and from all quarters are heard expressions of sympathy with Dreyfus and his loyal wife. Not unimportant, also, are the threats to boycott the Exposition of 1900. That the contempt with which the finding of the biassed Court Martial has been generally received was well founded, is shewn by the fact that as this is written the news comes that Dreyfus has been "pardoned." For what? A crime he did not commit! Even so! In France evidently one must be thankful for small mercies.

THE TRANSVAAL.

There seems to be but little doubt that British soldiers will once more be pitted against the Boers, who will this time be aided by their kinsmen of the Orange Free State. The reply of the Transvaal Government to Mr. Chamberlain's despatch is generally admitted to be, practically, a rejection of the demands of Great Britain on behalf of the Uitlanders—a rejection to which it would be impossible for the Imperial Government to submit. It cannot be said that the Boers have been hurried into this conflict. Every concession consistent with the undoubted rights of the Uitlanders has been made, and it will be only due to the egotistical stupidity of the Boers if the Transvaal is absolutely annexed. Even Mr. John Morley and Mr. Courtney, who cannot be said to be Imperialists, urge the Boers to accept the five years' franchise without dubious terms. There is no doubt that the Afrikander party are in no small measure responsible for the present position, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Schreiner will soon learn in a practical way that disloyalty to the Empire is not an admirable quality in a Colonial Premier.

AMERICA.

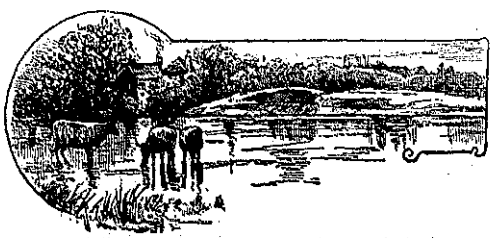
The "Shamrock" has arrived in America in good time for the International Yacht Race, which takes place this month. It is believed by the Americans that she is in every way worthy of the encomiums which have been passed upon her by the English critics, and that there will be a truly great struggle between Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht and the American representative, the "Columbia." The Cup to be raced for was first won by America on August 22nd, 1851, and was presented by the owners of that yacht to the New York Yacht Club in 1857. The last great contest of the century appears to be causing more excitement, if possible, than any of its predecessors; but we may well believe that there will be a fair field and no favour, and that the result will be received by all in a generous and sportsmauslike way. Our sympathies must naturally be with the "Shamrock." May the Fates be propitious!

JAPAN.

On the 17th of July treaties were arranged between Japan and Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden and the United States, putting an end to the old system of Treaty Ports and separate jurisdiction for, and treatment of foreigners. Vast changes have taken place so far as Japan is concerned since 1854, the date of her first treaty. In 1871, the feudal system was abolished, and in 1889 parliamentary government was established, while the war of 1894 went far to manifest her supremacy in the East. For many years the brightest of her younger men have been sent to Europe to study the arts both of peace and war. Neither money nor thought has been spared to develop and modernize the country so that it may stand on equal ground with its sister nations. That she has succeeded in a marvellous manner is unquestioned, that such success renders her a formidable rival even to older and richer countries, is a fact which the manufacturers of the West have even now to take into their most earnest consideration.

RUSSIA.

It is said that on January 1st, 1901, the Gregorian Calendar will be adopted by Russia, thus leaving the Greeks to the exclusive enjoyment of the Julian Calendar. This means the correction of an error which now amounts to twelve days, due to the fact that in the calculation of a year—that is, of the time it takes the earth to pass from one given spot in its journey around the sun, and return to it again, an error of five hours, forty-eight minutes and fifty seconds was made in Julius Cæsar's time. The Gregorian Calendar is due to Pope Gregory III., who, in the year 1582 ordained that ten days should be deducted from that year, the 5th of October thus becoming the 15th of October, and that every hundredth year should not be counted as leap year excepting every four-hundredth year, commencing with the year 2000. In this way the difference between the civil and the natural year will not amount to a day in 5,000 years. England adopted this calendar in 1751. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished that this step forward does not mark the finality of Russia's adoption of the methods of the majority of civilized nations.



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