

rapa, of Ngati-Kahu-ngunu. Now there was a very conceited person in that canoe. Maybe his heart did not believe in the sacredness of Raukawa. About mid channel he looked around him at the land, and instantly the canoe stopped. During the course of one sun was that canoe held by the Komako-huariki, which guards the *hapuku* grounds. Some of the Kahungunu people on shore asked: 'Who is the priest on board the canoe?' Some one replied, 'It is Te Rimurapa.' Then the saying of Kohungunu was heard: 'Let him stand there as a rock for Raukawa.' For they well knew that he was a person of much knowledge and sacred powers, and would come to no harm.

Enough on that point. In regard to the Komako-huariki; when canoes go off to the fishing grounds to fish for *hapuku*, if that bird (the *komako*) is heard to sing, not a single fish will be caught. It is a small bird and a sacred, with striped plumage. It is not like ordinary birds (*mann Maori*). And it is but very seldom seen."

In olden times various migrations of people left the Whanga-mui district for the South Island. The first is said to have been led by Te Ahuru. Another, some time after, was led by a chief named Tamata-Kokiri, from whom sprang a tribe known as Ngai-Tamata-Kokiri, who were the people who attacked Tasman's boats in the year 1642.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## "You and I and the Angels."

In some far day when the world is old,

You and I and the angels

Will climb up a mountain made of gold,

You and I and the angels.

We'll go on a long, long flight away,

You and I and the angels,

Over the rounded roof of day,

You and I and the angels.

We'll fly past the rim of the great sky plains,

You and I and the angels,

And swing on the hairs of the comets' manes,

You and I and the angels.

Some day, some day from the heights afar,

You and I and the angels

Will join in a race with a falling star,

You and I and the angels.

We'll find where the earthquake battery bides,

You and I and the angels,

And watch while the round moon lures the tides,

You and I and the angels.

There's a deeper deep that our wings won't sweep,

Yours and mine and the angels',

For there we know that the lost souls weep,

You and I and the angels.

Some day, some day when our flight is done,

Yours and mine and the angels,

We'll stand in the doors of the rising Sun,

You and I and the angels.

D. M. Ross.