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The South African Problem.

By the Rev. W. Curzon-Siggers, M.A.

THE Dutch inhabitants of South Africa have been moulded by various influences. Originally emigrants from Holland, they found themselves in contact with the Hottentots of the Cape, whose nomadic life and lazy habits did not conduce to their being good fighters. Thus, the Dutch settler found a foe unworthy of his steel, and enslaved him. The sluggish Hottentot re-acted on his master, and the first germ of that indolent life, so conspicuous in the modern Boer, took root. In due time a wave of Hugenot emigration was followed by various occupations of troops from France and England. The effect was a blending of races—chiefly Dutch and French. This is seen in the family names at the present day. The settlers went further inland, and came in contact with native races, from whom they learned no good, and to whom they did no good. As an issue of the Treaty of Paris, 1814, the Cape passed to the British Crown, practically bought for £6,000,000. The settlers were not consulted, and passed, *nolens volens*, to a sovereignty which did not understand them or their position.

A part of the British policy seems to have been been copied from the old Romans, for settlers were encouraged to take up land in the neighbourhood of native races as a kind of frontier guard. The effect on the Dutch character was to make it cruel. Again, their religion was that of a very narrow Calvanism, which, influenced by contempt for the native, added by force of environment as a new article of faith that the natives have no souls, and that the Almighty has no interest in them, and that the Boers are a chosen people of Jehovah. Trekking became a recognised rule. Hence there grew up a love of liberty, which degenerated into antagonism for all restraint, and an indifference to, because an ignorance of, institutions and civilizing customs. There was no cohesive power for political and social purposes, save the patriarchal mode of government. Treks isolated the settlers, because the geographical conditions of the country—rivers and mountains and plateaus—made of settlements communities beyond much inter-communication. Thus, a centrifugal force was ever at work to prevent any consolidation.

Now the original settlers had enjoyed a freedom in the management of their own affairs which was not long continued after the British occupation. Colonial Governors were occasionally high-handed. Attempts have always been made, and ended in failure, to run South Africa from Downing Street, and these in early days were anything but palatable to the Dutch. The Missionary wave, advancing with the force of European opinion behind it, laid bare the inhuman treatment of the blacks, or natives, and proclaimed the equality of man—black and white. British justice was administered alike to white and black. The emancipation of the 39,000 slaves was resolved upon, and an inadequate compensation given to their owners. It was not recognised by the Home Government that the slavery of South Africa had not all the abuses of that trade in America, and the Dutch owners naturally and rightly expected a more liberal treatment than they received. With some justice they complained that, as pioneers, they had to keep the natives under, and had to have workers whom they held in a state of tehnical slavery, but not of inhuman servitude. The complete abandonment of the policy suggested by Sir Benjamin Urban, and the vacillations of the Home Government, tended to cause

loss of confidence in British rule. Thus, the Dutch farmers, Boers, became so thoroughly dissatisfied that treks became common.

One great trek was in 1836-7, to Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. Nominally those who trekked to the Transvaal were amenable to British law, but in practice were left to themselves. Not so those who went to Natal. After various encounters and negotiations the question was settled by the battle of Boomplatz, near Bloemfontein, in 1848. This battle was followed by the proclamation of British sovereignty over the country between the Orange River and the Vaal River—the present Orange Free State. But the Home Government, in the person of Lord Grey, did not approve of what Sir Harry Smith had done in this proclamation. There had long been two parties at Home on the subject of these treks; the one who said the Empire was too large, the other who said that these trekkers could not be allowed to throw off their allegiance. The former was in the ascendant at the British victory of Boomplatz, and Lord Grey announced that the British sovereignty over the Orange Free State could not be maintained. These memorable words were not lost on the Dutch.

The trouble with those hardy mountaineers, the Basutos, the Highlanders of South Africa, had tried the power of England, and the Transvaal Boers took advantage thereof to ask for the recognition of their status. The result was the Sand River Convention, signed in 1852, acknowledging the independence of the Transvaal, of which one necessary condition, *inter alia*, was that no slavery should be practised or condoned. Of course, this condition has never been kept. After the Transvaal Boers had got their independence, the Orange Free State Boers, mindful of Lord Grey's utterance, asked for their independence. The Basuto trouble was not settled. The Transvaal Boers joined their advocacy with the Orange Free State Boers, and the Orange Free State was granted that independence which it has since maintained. But the Basuto difficulty was left unsettled. The Orange Free State Boers found themselves with these warriors on their borders who now had a treaty with England. Thus, they were left as a thorn in their side—played off by England against them in a measure.

After an experience of six years, the Orange Free State Boers found these troublesome neighbours unprofitable, and so they asked, in 1858, for re-union with Cape Colony. Sir George Grey was then Governor of the Cape. The Home Government consulted him on the whole South African problem, and Sir George advised in these memorable words a scheme which would have made a federated South Africa: "The Constitution of New Zealand embodies the model which I should propose for adoption." [Provincial Councils, under a central Legislature, were then the New Zealand rule.] "And that form of Government could be easily altered so as to suit in every particular the circumstances of South Africa." But Sir George was half a century in advance of the English ideas, and he was re-called. Prior to leaving he wrote: "I fear the opportunity of forming such a Federation has now gone for ever." In 1877, Lord Carnarvon secured the passage of an enabling Act to federate such territories in South Africa as might, in five years, be willing to federate. The time had past. Sir Bartle Frere might have accomplished the federation, for he was then Governor, but, as usual, his views were too South African—that is, too correct and right for the Home Government—and, the victim of circumstances, he was re-called. So three Federators have been and gone, and the South African Problem has led us into war at the present moment, with a Governor capable of dealing with the question, who finds himself hampered by a Cape Ministry, none too loyal, and whom the proclamation of martial law may send to the Shades by the Tarpeian Rock. Let Sir Alfred Milner be an Imperial Dictator—a second Lord Cromer or Lord Kitchener — with full

powers for three years, and he would make South Africa as loyal as Canada, and as enthusiastically British as Australasia.

The Transvaal had its sovereignty recognised in 1852, and its internal difficulties began. At one time, two republics in a republic, at another, fights between rival presidents, always wars with natives, all tended to the crisis of misgovernment, bankruptcy, inhumane treatment of natives, and native campaigns (in existence or in prospect) with the existence of the Transvaal in the balance, which culminated in the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877. The annexation was quietly accomplished by Sir Theopilus Shepstone, who, thereby, prevented Cetewayo and his Zulus from slaughtering every Boer in the land, and who ended the Sekukuni Campaign which had been barbarously carried on without even success. The Transvaal at once leaped to prosperity, and its bankrupt exchequer was filled. A formal protest against annexation was made by the President, who then retired to live in comfort at the Cape. All went well till a clerk, who afterwards became an editor of great power, was no longer treated in a way to make it possible from his view to be a loyal servant of the Crown. Then, too, the present President, Paul Kruger, did not get the salary as a Government official, that in his eye to business he wanted, nor did he display that loyalty which any one but a Boer, or Boer sympathiser, might be expected to pay towards his Sovereign. In this respect he is but the representative of other Dutchmen in South Africa, who outwardly profess a regard for the British Crown, and secretly work for that never-to-come time when the British will be driven into the sea, It is this class that has made parts of South Africa as honeycombed with mutineers *in posse* as India was at the time of the Mutiny. Here lies the seriousness of the South African problem. It must be admitted that our Statesmanship was not of the highest order in our management of the Transvaal, and there is no doubt that the Boers accepted any exaggeration of a small grievance as a pretext for claiming independence.

In the midst of a disaffection, confined to a few, came the famous Midlothian Speeches of Mr. Gladstone, which naturally led the Boers to expect the restoration of their independence on a demand which they quickly made. But Mr. Gladstone, in office, found that he must follow the policy of his predecessors, and therefore stated that the proclamation of the Queen's supremacy had given pledges to the native population in the Transvaal which could not be broken. This was quite true. He added: "Looking into the circumstances of the Transvaal and the rest of South Africa, our own judgment is that the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal." This position was an impregnable one. The Boers, however, were mindful of the past history of British vacillation, and proclaimed a Triumvirate, slaughtered 157 men of the 94th at Brunker's Spruit under circumstances that were treacherous in the extreme, defeated our small force of 1000 men operating in detachments twice, and finally won Amajuba back from us because that ill-fated General Colley had taken no artillery up with him. Had even only two guns been taken up, the Boers would have retreated, burning all homesteads in their course, and trekked to the present Rhodesia, where they would, ere now, have been swallowed up in a German sphere of influence, and Rhodesia lost to us. The event has shown that the Amajuba defeat may turn out a blessing in disguise in view of what would have happened as above depicted on reliable information.

In England there was the feeling that a band of patriots (as to their character no one troubled) were fighting for liberty whilst European matters were not promising, and thus we, in error, became generous before we became masters. The Boers got their country with a conviction that England was thoroughly defeated. Hence the present Boer confidence. The Convention of Pretoria was signed in 1881, whereby independence was granted to the Transvaal to manage its internal affairs on conditions which have never been kept, viz., equal civil rights to the population and the recognition of the

Queen's suzerainty. This latter condition was regarded as so distasteful to the Boers that agitations against it speedily began to take the practical form of pin-pricks. On the Western Frontier, the Goshen freebooters arose; on the East, the young Boer party entered Zululand, took part thereof, and formed a New Republic, afterwards incorporated with the Transvaal. The end was the celebrated Convention of London in 1884, which settled the Western boundary question, and gave the right to the Transvaal to designate itself the South African Republic. The Boers naturally argue that this, together with the absence of any reference to the suzerainty and their avowed object to get rid of the suzerainty, support their contention that the Transvaal is a Sovereign State. The British contention is that the 1884 Convention merely supplements the 1881 Convention by defining certain undefined points, and that it in no measure abrogates the suzerainty. This question of suzerainty has now become quite a small matter besides the larger one of the Paramount Power of South Africa.

The Convention of 1884 was no sooner signed than its violation began in the matter of the encroachments on the Western border. Sir Charles Warren was sent out and marched to the Transvaal border with 4000 men. The Boers were unprepared for war and gave way. As yet the Boer exchequer was none too full, the goldfields had not disclosed their wealth, there was no Johannesburg, no forts, no ammunition, no millions spent in making South Africa a disaffected country, no latest equipments of warfare. Sir C. Warren returned home. Then the Swazis were singled out by the Boers as a people to be swallowed up; again in defiance of old arrangements. The closing of the drifts again violated the Convention. The Jamieson Raid, ill-timed and badly managed, met the fate it therefore deserved, but only to confirm the Boer in his belief in the inferiority of the British and his own superiority. But this raid only brought more prominently forward the seething mass of corruption in the internal management of the Transvaal. We have there a President enriched by monopolies, a Volksraad which neither represents the majority of the population and the taxed, nor desires to legislate equitably for the majority, a magistracy without any sense of justice, and always ready to side with Boer against Briton, a police force that acts brutally, even to murder, a soldiery which may insult and maltreat any Uitlander without fear of consequences, a judiciary that is subservient to any resolution of the Volksraad, a patois without words to express ideas forced into compulsory use, an illiterate and ignorant body of electors, with 17th century ideas, misgoverning 19th century progressivists—in short, Uitlanders are in a worse position than the helots of Ancient Greece. And, withal, the Transvaal is hemmed in on every side by British territory (or territory concerning which Britain has the right of pre-emption), and, thus, no nation can intervene to set right the Uitlanders wrongs save ourselves. We cannot allow, say, America to avenge American wrongs (*e.g.*, the case which led to the dismissal of Chief Justice Kotze, who would not act unjustly in the matter of an American citizen); or, say, France, who has a grievance in the seizure of gold, and may have another grievance at any time. As we have been the Paramount Power in South Africa, we must act as International Police, and protect all from Transvaal wrongs, or forfeit our Paramountcy, and allow some other power to protect Uitlanders. This latter we cannot do for many Imperial and International reasons. And, as we are not prepared to surrender South Africa, we must compel the Boers to govern on just lines. This matter concerns our (New Zealand) existence. If South Africa ceases to be British, then the highway to India, Australia, and New Zealand, passes to a Foreign Power, and we become a prey of that, or some other Power. The dismemberment of our Empire follows any loss of Paramountcy in South Africa. It is maintenance of the integrity of the Empire that is a stake, and we and the rest of the Empire, by sending contingents, have recognised it.

HELEN OF TROY.

By Guy H. Scholefield.

Illustrated by Miss Moor.

THEY sat in the studio—and sitting room combined—of "The Parthenon," in the comfortable glare of the fire and a huge lamp that hung from the ceiling, made doubly cosy by the sound of the elements without. To their minds, also, there was comfort in the very untidiness of the surroundings, books, stationery, and artists' paraphernalia strewing the shelves and sideboards in hopeless confusion.

They were sifting out titbits to their liking in the daily papers and the latest magazines. This was an artist tyro. Some of his pictures, recognisable by all the baldness of his initials, "F. L.," were frequently exhibited on the walls of the Art Society; others, inscribed "Pleo," were known only to a narrow circle. The subjects were sentimental, and to disclose his identity as the painter of these would be far indeed from the heart of a young colonial. That was an author tyro, the perpetrator of tales and sketches of pardonable quality and hopeful promise. This and That were friends, the sole inmates of "The Parthenon," a cottage retreat which afforded immunity from molestation and the pleasure of "two's company." The name was emblazoned on the front door—a sullen veto to the frivolous.

* * * *

That (looking up suddenly from paper): "I say, Fred."

This (heaving a deep sigh): "Say away."

That: "You know I reckon I'm about the only litterateur in this place."

This (cynically): "Yes? There won't probably be many on the Macquaries either."

That: "You are inclined to be decidedly funny. Queer, though, isn't it? And quite a number of fellows at College gave 'evidence of literary ability,' as they say."

This: "Oh! I don't know either that it's so funny. There is plenty of time yet. Heaps of fellows do not develop anything decided until they are well on in life. Most of the present day authors ——"

That: "That's true of course; but then I've been at it for some considerable time now, you must remember."

This (unwilling to admit): "Something may turn up yet. 'There's whips of cherries at Kihikihi.' Surprises come from the most unexpected quarters. But while we're on the subject, I believe I'm about the only fellow daubing in real earnest within a few miles of here."

That: "Not quite."

This (indignant): "Who else is there?"

That: "Oh! I don't care to mention names. Don't know that I could. Besides, comparisons are odious. Everybody has been an artist in his day. I've been known to do it myself—long ago when I was at school. I drew a man and called him Julus. The fellows said it was very prudent of me to put the name below him."

(A pause).

This: "By the way, I found rather a pretty little yarn to-day in the Mail. Perhaps it will interest you. It seems to be original." (Reaches over to chiffonier).

That: "Perhaps. But I wouldn't suspect you of reading a 'pretty little yarn,' if you saw one. Bar, of course, 'Painters of the Renaissance.'"

This (throws paper across table): "It's about the middle I think. By 'Pakeha.'" (Settles down to Art Notes in the Triad).

That (turning over leaves ostentatiously): "Ah, here we are! 'Helen of Troy,' by 'Pakeha.' Queer mixture to begin with. Don't fancy Pakeha for a name at all. Too bally common." (Commences to read aloud with special accent).

This: "Oh, shut up! I've read it already."

(Both settle down. Silence for a few minutes).

This (yawning); "Well, how does it

augur so far?"

That (petulantly): "By Jove! it's a dashed good style, isn't it? He seems to be a bit of a writer, all right."

This: "Struck me so at any rate."

That: "Doesn't it strike you that the heroine isn't altogether a—— aw, well, perhaps not either. Seemed to me that I had seen something in real life—"

(Settle down for a few minutes).

That (throwing paper on table): "We agree this time, Fred; it is a deuced good little yarn. At least it gave me a sort of a feeling, so it must be a little above the average."

This: "Then you felt it, too. Jolly queer idea of mine when I read it. I had the same feeling, at least, I suppose it would be the one, since we live together. A sort of familiar feeling, eh?"

That (uneasily): "Just that."

(A short pause).

This: "By the way, I heard it said at Te Korero that Pakeha was a local fellow. That's what made me think there might be some others about here. You don't happen to know another writer fellow, I suppose?"

That: "Not at all. I hardly think there can be. I don't think particularly much of his style either." (Revulsion proceeds with slight feeling of jealousy). "It's a wretchedly booky style." (Snatches at paper). "Listen here: 'Sunny auburn hair, blue eyes, perfect mouth.' We've heard it all before from Annie Swan. Just like the heroine of any book."

This (aside): "The old, old story. Poor Jack! Just the same as when we used to play for the school together."—(Aloud).—"And someone in real life too, I think. A character like that must be drawn from life."

That: "Not necessarily. These booky characters are, generally, horribly overdrawn. None of them have any realistic nature about them. You would understand if you knew about these things. The Helen of it is really almost too entirely good for any girl—almost any girl, isn't it? My idea is to do something really real. The ideal is played out; it's all a bally farce."

This: "Perhaps so. But in art, you know, the ideal is everything. The real only takes a secondary place when it is all washed up."

That: "Oh! excuse me Fred, for interrupting you, but I must tell you while I remember. You didn't go to the Exhibition today. Well, you missed something."—(Livening up).—"By Jove! I tell you it was something, too! Here—oh! yes, this will do. Here's the catalogue. I'm no sort of a critic among pictures, but there's a new one on the south wall opposite the windows. No. 473, here it is."—(Hands catalogue to This).—"Of course that is nothing like the original; it's not so bad either, but, by Jove, it's a stunner, I can tell you!"

This (surveys reproduction, makes a few incoherent remarks, and shuffles feet un-

easily): "Surely, I've seen the original of this. Have you?"

That: "Both."

This (slowly draws catalogue away and throws it on table): "Both? This and the original? 'J.G.' Wonder who is the artist. 'J.G.'—Jack Gosset it would do for. Ha! ha!"—(Laughs against his conscience).

That: "And it is! Congratulate me, Fred."

This (pokes fire vehemently): "From life. 'Sunny auburn hair, blue eyes, etc.' doesn't that Pakeha thing suit her to a T?"—(Talks incoherently).

That: "Her? Who?"

This: "Ethel—the picture, I mean."

That (startled): "What the—what do you know of Ethel? Who said, ——"

This: "Just about as much as Pakeha does of Helen of Troy, perhaps more. Isn't that the feeling you had?"

That: "But you are not Pakeha. It's too bad, Fred! By heaven! it's too bad altogether! You've played me a wretchedly mean trick. Comparisions are odious."

This: "And I return your sentiments. You've played me a horribly mean trick. A queer feeling, common to us both. I'd like to tell you that 'Helen of Troy' is an authorised edition, Jack. Perhaps it will save you a deal of heartburning."

That: "Indeed, the very opposite. You won't believe that No. 473 is not only authorised, but 'by request.'"

This: "Then she sat for you?"

That: "Three times."

This: "Where? Here, at the Parthenon?"

That: "Here, before your easel, and you mean to say you did not suspect it?"

This: "When I was out. I can't forgive you this, Jack. That's where all my colors and megilp went. We cannot be friends any longer."

That: "No, Fred, don't say that! There's really no reason why they should not go along very well together, and us, too, for a time."

This: "Helen of Troy and Pakeha? I assure you they do, more than you would wish to believe."

That: "No, I mean to say Helen of Troy and No. 473. We'll do very well, too, Fred, if we can stop speaking now."

This: "I would rather not. It's no use stringing it on any further. It will only make a greater split, and you could never be the same afterwards."

That: "After what?"

This: "Oh! when it is all over and you are still plain Jack Gosset. Rather when she's not Mrs Gosset. You'll sell me this picture then, won't you?"

That: There's ample time to make such arrangments, my dear fellow. Perhaps you will wish you'd never seen it some day."

This: "I haven't seen it yet."

That: "And you never shall. But let's shake hands for the present and have a cup of cocoa. I'm cold."

This ' "And I'm hot—deuced hot."

That: "Let me make the cocoa, then?"

This: "Oh! no, not at all; there are still a few little things I can do for myself. And then there will be someone to look after these things when I am too old."—(Laughs).

That: "Oh! leave that alone now. We'll each make our own private arrangements. If they clash—well, good night."—(Lights a candle).—"I'm off to doss. You might give my regards to Ethel. I don't think I shall see her again. Good night."

This (conciliatory): "There's whips of cherries at Kihikihi, Jack. Good night."—(Door closes. Aside).—"Poor Jack, he's not a bad fellow after all. I was hoist with my own petard properly. No man on earth ever could make a face like that. I don't believe he could do it again if he tried. Wonder what he puts on it. I must have it at any price. One never knows where surprises are coming from."

* * * *

This and That are out. Another mate now occupies the Parthenon with Fred Lowe. No. 473 hangs over the studio mantlepiece, a wedding present from Jack Gosset. This and That mutually suspect that they have mistaken their calling, but have sworn never to dabble again in other men's provinces.

Australasian Federation.

By H. J. del Monte Mahon, B.A.

DURING the last four years the most gifted, the most intellectual and the most trusted public men in Australia have been patiently, yet persistently, striving to evolve a scheme that would weld the colonies into one harmonious nation. Their labours have been happily crowned by the production of a constitution, containing all those liberal enactments which characterise "that great and glorious fabric, the best monument of human wisdom—the British Constitution." Moreover, the framers of the constitution, alive to the vigour and vitality of popular and democratic government throughout the Australasian Colonies, have conceded to the citizens of the embryo Commonwealth a power and control over their representatives and destinies, greater and more potent than has been conceded by any other instrument of government.

While conventions have been held, and the public of Australia educated by the lucid exposition of her leaders of opinion, our New Zealand statesmen have looked on with an apathetic indifference, and even at the last hour, on the eve of the nation's birth, despite the loudly voiced popular demand for information, they confess their ignorance and are reluctant to discuss this momentous question. The attitude of our representatives in Parliament shows how crude is the political thought, how narrow the mental vision, and how clouded the foresight of politicians, whose single idea of political wisdom is to advocate the claims of their own particular districts, regardless of the welfare of the colony. Yet the occasional utterances of our public men show that the advantages of union with the Commonwealth are conceded with respect to Judicature, Trade and Defence.

Sir Robert Stout suggested, some time ago, that a treaty might be made with the Commonwealth, empowering New Zealand to avail herself of the appellate jurisdiction of the Federal High Court, and, thereby, avoid the inordinate expense of appeals to the Privy Council.

The Right Hon. Mr. Seddon, the Hon. J. G. Ward and others, think the diminution, or almost complete extinction of our trade with Australia, can be obviated by a Reciprocity Treaty with the Commonwealth —an idea that is ridiculed by the politicians and commercial men in the Australian colonies.

The Hon. Edmund Barton points out how vain is any hope to secure reciprocity by stating that "Reciprocity between two populations of which one would amount to nearly four millions, and the other 800,000, would be somewhat too unequal to be described by that name. Equal trade relations with all parts of the Federal Commonwealth, are accompanied by equality in various other matters, such, for instance, as defence by sea and land. The reciprocity, at which Mr. Seddon hints, would have none of these accompaniments, and it is but natural to expect that, on that account, it would not be accepted without hesitation by a Commonwealth of which New Zealand was not a member." The greater productiveness of New Zealand soil enables the farmers to raise agricultural produce at a much cheaper rate than in Australia, and it is unreasonable to expect that the Australian farmers will allow the price of their produce to be lowered by the unequal competition of New Zealand.

The view, too, that New Zealand should unite with Australia in propounding a scheme of defence, has also been frequently expressed of late inside and outside of the House of Parliament. In a word, our statesmen recognise many of the advantages that Federation would confer on New Zealand, but think they can secure them without undertaking any of its burdens.

"In studying the history of the past," says Freeman, "we are studying the history of the future," and it is only by looking before and after that we can conjecture how New Zealand's position would be effected by her inclusion in the Commonwealth. To look back: history tells us that the first impulse to modern commerce was given by the formation of the Hanseatic League, the constitution of which was signed, in 1340, by the representatives of sixty cities, and forty-four confederates, scattered in different parts of the Baltic and North Seas; and its power waned under the ravaging influence of the Thirty Years' War (1618—1638) only to yield supremacy in trade to the United Provinces—a confederation of a monarchy with several aristocracies. Yet this confederation, formed though it was of elements so incongruous, long led the other nations in commercial prosperity and enterprise. The marvellous growth of the United States, as a confederation, is too patent to need comment. What power did the congeries of states that constituted the German Empire wield, constantly at war with one another, and stunting national development by artificial Customs barriers? Yet to-day United Germany speaks with a voice that reverberates among the nations of the world. But, perhaps, Canada teaches us the most instructive lessons. The nucleus of the Dominion of Canada was formed in 1867 by the union of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; in 1873 the union was strengthened by the accession of Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island. Nova Scotia was at first reluctant to join, but was fortunate enough to possess in Sir Charles Tupper a statesman of consummate ability and clear foresight, whose strong personality and fine intellect so far overcame the pessimism and ignorance of the opponents of union, as to secure the inclusion of that State in the original Commonwealth. Newfoundland curiously remained isolated, and, while all the States in the Dominion have advanced in wealth, population and prosperity, and, while the Dominion has produced statesmen who have attained to world-wide eminence, Newfoundland has only succeeded in producing men notorious for their corruption and shamelessness, while the misgovernment of the colony has resulted in national bankruptcy and political chaos. Its colonists now seek to escape from their burdens, and improve their sorry plight, by selling their public works and, with them, their power of self-government, to a virtual dictator. These historic parallels show how national development is fostered by federation. Newfoundland stands out as a striking example of the retribution that may overtake a colony, whose shortsighted policy blinds it to the advantages that union would lavish upon it. And, while it does not follow that New Zealand, with her immeasurably greater resources, would suffer the same deplorable fate as Newfoundland if she decides to remain outside the pale of the Commonwealth, yet the conviction forces itself upon me, after a careful study of the question, that such isolation on the part of New Zealand would be disastrous to her political life, to the development of her natural resources, and to the evolution of the comprehensive scheme of defence, upon which her very existence depends. It is in this order that I propose to deal with the cogent reasons why New Zealand should become a State in the new Commonwealth, before answering the specious objections that have been advanced against it.

It is notorous that in New Zealand many of our ablest citizens decline to enter political life—they prefer to practice their professions, supervise their farms, control their businesses, or, if they be men of leisure, to seek convivial companions at their clubs, or the quiet seclusion of their studies, rather than become entangled in the petty strifes and provincial bickerings, beyond which our political life cannot rise. But to a high-souled man the charm of controlling the destinies of millions is irresistible; it requires a more matured judgment, a more delicate weighing of facts; it enlarges the mental horizon, and generates a high order of statesmanship, that only the discussion of

great national questions can generate. In Canada the inauguration of a national scheme of defence, the discussion of treaties, the establishment of communication between places thousands of miles apart, the development of the vast resources of a vast and varied territory—all questions of national import that would be impossible in a petty State—have produced statesmen of the calibre of Sir John MacDonald, Mr. Howe, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Edward Blake, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while the individual Australian Colonies have, until recently, produced scarcely a statesman who will be remembered by future generations for his political wisdom. I say recently, because the Federal Conventions have proved that there is latent in many of our public men a high order of statesmanship that can only be fostered by the discussion of questions elevated above the plane of parish politics. Had not the question of Australian unity, and the framing of the Federal Constitution, afforded them a field for the exercise of their fine intellects and superior political abilities, men like Parkes, Griffiths, Barton and Turner would have languished in the obscurity of provincial politics, and gone to their graves unknown, unhonoured, and unsung, whereas the Federal Enabling Bill will be a perpetual monument to their patriotism and genius. The scholarly and statesmanlike debates that characterised the proceedings of the various Conventions, at which were assembled the chosen of the colonies, give us some faint idea of the greater wisdom and dignity that will characterise the Federal Assembly. The higher tone of the Federal Assembly will be reflected in the Parliaments of the States, and Federation will usher in a new era, when national and local affairs will receive that broad and scientific discussion they at present so lamentably lack. The statement that centralisation is fatal to efficiency is disproved by the example of the United States. That States, 3,000 miles remote from Washington, are governed as efficiently as the contiguous States, in spite of imperfect constitution—for under the cast-iron Constitution of the United States, the House of Representatives has practically no control over the Executive, and is powerless to remove it, however inefficient, by a vote of censure or no-confidence—is a sufficient rejoinder to such an imaginary evil.

The commerce of a country is so inextricably bound up with its natural resources that these two themes cannot be separated for discussion. New Zealand is endowed by nature with a wealth of resources that must make her in the future a great manufacturing, as well as pastoral and agricultural, country. She has an equable climate, subject to no extremes of heat or cold, of drought or flood, vast undeveloped deposits of iron ore, as well as the limestone and coal required for its reduction, forests containing hundreds of varieties of ornamental and serviceable timber, seas teeming with fish, while her coast is indented on all sides with harbours, so that no centre of activity would be far removed from the sea-board. Her numerous waterfalls—the Huka Falls for instance—the never-failing and swift running rivers in all parts of the Islands, will furnish, for the future development of our industries, a water-power that is denied to our kin across the sea. We can only conjecture what will be the expansion of our trade if we join the Commonwealth, but the precedent of Canada affords us a striking index. It has been stated on reliable authority that during the first twenty years after the formation of the Dominion, Canada's foreign trade increased 54 per cent., and her internal trade 440 per cent. It was also stated at the Chicago Exhibition, so Mr. Larke tells us, by the highest authority, on mechanical engineering, that Canada had made greater industrial progress during the last sixteen years than any other nation represented there. We can look forward to an even more remarkable industrial progress and expansion of trade in Australasia. The population of Canada was 3,000,000 when her States were federated, whereas the population of Australasia is now four and a half millions; we have the advantage of thirty years' advance in science with its attendant improvements in machinery and the improved efficacy resulting from division of labour. If those manufactures,

for which New Zealand has natural advantages, are to be developed, she must look to Australia for her largest market; if she declines to join the Federation, similar industries will progress in Australia—and destroy her market—under the sheltering mantle of "protection against the outside world."

Our increasing trade with New South Wales, since the inauguration of the free-trade policy in that colony, is an indication of how vast will be its expanse if the tariffs are removed, and we have the whole of Australia as a field for commercial enterprise. In 1896 we exported to Australia produce and goods to the value of £1,287,001, and in 1898 to the value of £1,475,157, an increase of £188,156 in two years. Our exports to New South Wales during the same years increased from £641,175 to £910,416, an increase of £269,241. From these figures it is seen that two-thirds of our Australian trade is with New South Wales, and that its increase of late years has more than compensated for the dimunition of our trade with the other Australian Colonies, where protective duties are exacted. The value of our imports from Australia in 1896 was £1,090,374, and in 1898 £1,158,865; our imports from New South Wales during the same years amounted to £562,665 and £641,804, respectively. Most of our exports consisted of natural products – butter, cheese, fish, potatoes, grain, timber, and gold; while our re-exports—*i.e.*, the export of goods previously imported from England and elsewhere - formed but an inconsiderable proportion. On the other hand, most of our imports from Australia during these years were re-exports—books, bicycles, drapery and soft goods, iron and ironware, tea, tobacco, etc. It will be urged that the local Government would lose the Customs duties on these goods; but New Zealand would be credited with the amount of Customs duties chargeable on these goods by Clause 93 (i) Chap. iv. of the Bill, which enacts that "The duties of Customs, chargeable on goods imported into a State, and afterwards passing into another State for consumption, shall be taken to have been collected, not in the former, but in the latter State." It is also worthy of note that in 1898 we exported to Australia machinery to the value of £24,741, of which about £8,500 worth, over one third, was manufactured in the colony—a good indication that New Zealand can, even now, hold her own in the engineering trade. A remarkable increase in the timber exports is observable during the same period. The value of timber exported to Australia in 1896 was £98,217, and in 1898 £147,892, while the timber imported during the same years amounted to only £34,697 and £60,994, respectively; a decided balance in favour of New Zealand. The duty on New Zealand timber varies from 1s. 6d. to 3s. per 100ft., the removal of which tariffs must inevitably increase the demand for New Zealand timber, and cause a corresponding demand for labour in the colony. A similar increase is evident in the exports of butter, cheese, and potatoes, burdened as they are with tariffs of 2d. and 3d. per pound on butter, 3d. and 4d. on cheese, and £1 per ton on potatoes. If New Zealand remains isolated, New South Wales, in addition to the other colonies, will put a tariff on our produce, and a considerable contraction of our trade must follow, while an increased stimulus would be given to production in the Australian Colonies; for, be it remembered, Australia can raise the produce that New Zealand now exports to her. New Zealand produces larger quantities of oats than any Australian Colony, her yield for the season 1895–96 being 12,263,546 bushels, Victoria coming next with 2,880,045 bushels. The removal of tariffs, 8d. per bushel in Queensland, 2s. per 100lb. in South Australia, and 3s. per 100lb. in Victoria, would cause a great expansion in this department of our grain trade. The value of potatoes exported shows an extraordinary increase since New South Wales adopted the freetrade policy, expanding from £8,268 in 1896, to £137,416 in 1898. If New Zealand remains outside the Union there will be increased potato cultivation in Tasmania, and New Zealand will lose her

market. We exported maize last year to the value of £12,476, chiefly to New South Wales.

The total value of New Zealand's exports last year was £10,517,955, of which £1,475,517 went to Australia, and £910,416 to New South Wales—that is, Australia takes about 14 per cent. of our produce, New South Wales taking 10 per cent., and the other colonies, where protectionist tariffs are levied, only 4 per cent. between them. The removal of the Customs barriers must result in a vast expansion of Australian trade, and promote that closer settlement of our islands by small farmers, upon which, political men of all shades of opinions agree, that the future of our colony depends. Nor is it likely that our trade with England will perennially increase. The progress of settlement in Africa must result in the production of vast supplies of wool and frozen meat. The Argentine is producing increased supplies of the same commodities. These countries are thousands of miles nearer England, and the smaller freight will enable them to undersell New Zealand in the Home market. With a diminished English market, and the loss of Australian trade, New Zealand's would be a sorry plight.

Our isolation, too, might mean the loss of fast increasing island trade. It is provided in the Federal Bill, Clause 51 (xxx.), that the Federal Parliament shall have power to make laws "with respect to the relations of the Commonwealth with the islands of the Pacific." The greater trading advantages, and increased security in the way of defence, which the Commonwealth could grant the Pacific Islands, might cause them to become integral parts of the Federation, and New Zealand, with another door closed to her trade, would find her isolation doubly emphasised.

I have heard some of our labour leaders denounce in vehement language the project to federate with Australia, asserting that those industries started and developed under "peculiar circumstances,"—*i.e.*, protectionist tariff—would be doomed to certain ruin if we federated with Australia. Let us see how groundless are their fears. I find in the year book for 1899, that there are 27,389 people engaged in industrial pursuits; of these, 19,640 are not likely to be affected by the removal of the tariff, since they are engaged in industries connected with those products which have an English market, and those which from their very nature must be local; these industries include meat freezing, fish-curing, bacon-curing, grain mills, biscuit factories, breweries, malt houses, ærated water factories, sash and door factories, printing establishments, and woollen mills. The number of those which will, *possibly*, be affected by the removal of the tariff, includes:

Fruit preserving and jam factories ...	193
Colonial wine	53
Sheep dip factories	29
Sugar boiling and confectionery ...	69
Soap and candle	190
Agricultural implements	581
Match factories	121
Furniture	496
Saddlery	266
Clothing, boots and shoes	4407
Waterproof factories	1344
	7749

Some few of the above industries might perish in competition with Australia, but industries in the past have been gradually eliminated without appreciably affecting the welfare of the people. Take the flax industry for instance; 3,204 hands were employed in flax-mills in 1891, but the number shrunk to 647 in 1896.

The expansion of agriculture and the consequent expansion of trade, together with the advance of New Zealand's natural industries, would create a demand for labour that would absorb the workers thrown out of employment by the collapse of industries, for which Australia is by nature better adapted.

The 581 agricultural implement makers produced goods to the value of £102,054 in 1895, while last year the value of implements imported, chiefly from England and America, was £77,000; thus most of the agricultural implements used are of local manufacture; and even assuming that this industry should advance in some Australian State, I see no reason why New Zealand should not hold its own against it.

Saddlery to the value of £63,735 was manufactured in New Zealand in 1895, whereas the imports last year amounted to £22,705, of which over ninety per cent. came from England, Germany and America. To assume that under free trade conditions Australia, after paying freight, could undersell locally made saddles, is to despise the industrial abilities of our people.

I find, moreover, on enquiry that the rate of wages in the boot trade, as indeed in most other trades, tends to an equality throughout the colonies, and while the free trade policy has resulted in a diminution of wages in the clothing and waterproof factories in New South Wales, the imposition of a tariff by the Federal Government, and the consequent increase of wages in New South Wales, would give the manufacturers in that colony little advantage over those in New Zealand.

The value of furniture manufactured in New Zealand in 1895, amounted to £85,327, and last year £46,210 worth was imported; thus a large proportion of the furniture used in the colony is of local manufacture. New Zealand has such a variety of ornamental timbers that she ought to produce more furniture than the other colonies, but the export of furniture by reason of its bulk entails such heavy charges in freight that most of the furniture used in the colonies is locally manufactured. Of the furniture imported last year, £15,000 worth consisted of kapok and "unenumerated goods," and of the residue but an inconsiderable proportion came from Australia. It is ridiculous to state that the shoddy manufactured by Chinese and Japanese in Queensland will displace the substantial furniture made out of New Zealand woods.

Thus only a small proportion of those engaged in industrial pursuits are likely to be disadvantageously affected by the proposed intercolonial freetrade, while the proportion of the total number of breadwinners (249,545 in 1896) likely to be so affected, is inconsiderable. On the other hand, our 90,546 primary producers, our 42,166 colonists engaged in trade and commerce, and our 15,857 professional men will reap benefits from Federation, that will raise the standard of comfort in the colony to a level hitherto undreamt of.

New Zealand's insular position renders an efficient naval force essential to her security in time of war, and, while there is much truth in Major-General Edwards' contention that "local defence will not suffice for the needs of a commercial country," and that "the real defence of the Australian Colonies and their trade will be secured by the existence of fleets, thousands of miles from their shores," yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Russia and France and Germany maintain considerable navies in the Eastern seas, and that China and Japan have recently placed contracts with European firms for the construction of battleships, cruisers, and torpedo boats of the most modern type; thus, in the near future, both these powers will possess navies that will probably change the aspect of the Eastern question. The increased naval expenditure of the European Powers renders necessary a corresponding expenditure by England, and, while the protection of her food supplies compels the maintenance of navies in Australian and American waters, yet the efficiency of the Australian Squadron has only recently been questioned, and it is never likely to be increased to such a strength as will defy any probable combinations of the Foreign Fleets in the East. Thus, the building of a navy, to be controlled by Australasia, and for the protection of Australasian shores, is a work that will have to be faced in the near future, and no State would benefit more than New Zealand by the existence of such a protection. Moreover, New Zealand's strategic position, as "key of the Pacific," would make her the object of attack by a hostile power, while her many excellent harbours, and her coal supplies, peculiarly fit her as a base of concentration for an attack on the Australian Continent. Should a naval attack on Australia be planned at any time, New Zealand's isolation would jeopardise her own existence and menace the security of Australia.

Many assert that the 1200 miles of sea that separate New Zealand from Australia

constitute an obstacle to New Zealand's joining the Commonwealth. Such an argument might have had some force a hundred years ago, but is puerile in an age when science is daily annihilating space, and bringing the colonies closer to one another. The Federal Bill provides that the Capital is to be not less than 100 miles from Sydney; thus New Zealand representatives could reach the seat of government in about four days. Tasmanians are not so much better off, since the journey from Tasmania to Sydney occupies about two and a-half days, while, under the most favourable circumstances, the Westralian members could not accomplish their journey in less than six days. The New Zealand members would be no more removed from the control and criticism of their constituents than members from North Queensland and other remote parts of the continent; while the diffusion of news by cable, reports of debates and the publication of Hansard, would give the people as much information about their doings as similar reports of the proceedings of Parliament in the individual colonies.

It has also been asserted that New Zealand should beware of becoming a member of the Commonwealth because complications are sure to rise with coloured population, by whose labours alone the tropical parts of Australia can be developed. The antipathy shown to coloured labour in New South Wales and the southern colonies of Australia, the overwhelming majority in favour of Federation in North Queensland, the resolutions recently passed by a public meeting in Brisbane for a "white Queensland," and the assertion of Sir John Forrest that the Commonweath can more effectively exclude undesirable aliens than Westralia or any individual State, are all indications of the unanimity with which United Australia will prevent the possibility of a coloured difficulty similar to that which perplexes the United States.

Many who look upon Imperial Federation as a "consummation devoutly to be wished," reject with derisive scorn the mere suggestion of Australia coming into fiscal conflict with the Mother Country. The remark has been made by someone that England lost her colonies in the past because she insisted upon taxing them; she might lose others in the future because *they insist upon taxing her*. The growth of industries in Australia similar to those England, and the onward-flowing tide of State Socialism, which has for its avowed object the maintenance of a higher standard of comfort among the workers than obtains in the Old Country, will be unsurmountable barriers to such a union.

Freetrade with England, which Imperial Federation implies, would mean the degradation of Australian artizans to the level of the English white slaves, and would be resisted by the industrial masses of Australasia, even at the point of the sword. Australia will be, in the future, one of a number of English-speaking States bound to England by a permanent alliance, but otherwise perfectly independent rather than a unit in that world-wide composite State which Imperial Federation pre-supposes; and, in such a case, Australia would be New Zealand's natural ally, both from a commercial and a defensive point of view.

The advantages that New Zealand is likely to gain by joining the Federation considerably outweigh the few disadvantages she may suffer. She will gain in national life, in commercial importance, in immunity from foreign aggression, while her superior climate and resources are sufficient guarantees that she will be able to compete successfully with Australia in the sphere of manufacturers. New Zealanders have their destiny in their own hands; they will have to decide shortly whether they are to remain isolated and alone, or to seek their natural ally, and dissipate the few remaining clouds that obscure the dawn of that auspicious day when "Australia girt by her oceans, with Tasmania and New Zealand for associates, will form a natural federation apart, a federation quite capable of living for itself, and of having, in the future, a distinct nationality, and perhaps a great history."

LITERARY NOTES

By J. Hight, M.A.

THE successful formation of the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association has attracted considerable attention to the development of New Zealand literature. Too frequently we find anything savouring of honest colonial effort neglected or derided. We spend enormous sums, for instance, on the education of our youth, and then open most of the best positions in the professions only to foreigners or candidates from the Old Country, forcing the children of our own soil to seek employment away from kith and kin. And in literature we are too fond of pooh poohing the idea that a New Zealander can ever write anything worth serious attention. Yet, at the present time, we find a band of New Zealand writers producing at Home work that the English public, at least, finds extremely palatable. There are the novelists Farjeon, Marriott Watson, Hume, Vogel, Victor Waite, Mrs. Baker (alien); the political essayist, Miss Jessie Watson; St. Clair Tisdall, now a recognised oriental authority, and the Hon. W. P. Reeves, political economist and historian, not to mention many others like Heinrich Von Haast and E. D. Hoben, who are doing good literary work in the highways of British journalism. The poetry of Miss Colborne-Veel finds generous recognition at Home, and no doubt our latest poet, Arthur Adams, whose recent publication will be reviewed next month, will eventually set his face Londonwards.

I read recently in a Wellington journal the report of an interview with Professor McKenzie, of Victoria University College; the subject was the possibilities of New Zealand literature. The Professor's views echo the opinions of many, and yet are so fraught with misconception that at a mere touch from the finger of unprejudiced investigation, they crumble into dust. Literature, says the Professor, is essentially a late development in the life of a nation, and he cites Greece and Rome as examples. These instances are the stock-in-trade of the one-idea'd pessimist; but what short-sighted vision it is that cannot see how almost every circumstance affecting the rate of the evolution of literature, has completely changed since antiquity, and that with an advanced civilisation, with our education and journalism, both of which the Professor admits to be unrivalled by those of old world countries, a literature may spring up even in the childhood of a colony settled by men and women not just emerging from savagery, be it remembered, but moulded and refined by centuries of culture, and nourished upon the finest and most invigorating body of literature the world has ever seen. We cannot be compared even with America, so vastly has the atmosphere in which literature lives and moves and has its being, changed since a time so recent as the middle of last century. There are few who will deny that Australia is fast developing a distinctive and national literature—whatever their opinion of its tone may be—and she has travelled the road of history but a few miles farther than New Zealand, finding fewer surprising adventures by the way, and receiving infinitely less inspiration from nature.

When our carping friends say, too, that we must rely for ages to come—ages, mark you—upon the traditions and the heritage of the old land, thereby implying there is no local foundation upon which to build up a colonial literature, their assertions are based on ignorance of what the essence of literature is. Surely it is the presentation of life, life either past, or present, or ideal. Wherever there is a human heart, a human soul, there must be subject enough to build up a whole world of time-defying literature. Life is life, wherever lived—delighted in or suffered—and whenever, as in New Zealand of our time, in the midst of every facility for education and culture, it must soon be reproduced in enduring literary form. And

we have a past, too, one more fitted for literary treatment than that of older and more renowned nations; for it is a past bodied forth purely of the imagination. Our Maori legends should stimulate the literary fancy as no prosaic records of an historic past can do; they are full of suggestion, and the imagination once kindled by them can flame forth untouched by the chilling blast of matter-of-fact criticism.

Other assertions as ridiculous as those I have mentioned, are made by the Professor. A leisured class is necessary for the production of literature; granted, sirs; but is not the air overcharged with the cry that we colonials are far too leisured a people? No literature can arise until there is a demand for it; once more the truth of the statement is undeniable —though a continued and persevering production often engenders a demand—but the application is erroneous. It is a matter of common knowledge that, with us, the demand for literature is not far, if anything short of that of any country. It has been proved, I believe, that we Australasians read more than any other people on God's earth. Had there not been an effective demand for colonial work, such an experienced and astute publisher as Mr. T. Fisher Unwin would never have established his Over Seas Library, and advertised in our leading papers for good colonial stories. What is it that supports Macmillan's Colonial Library and a dozen collections of the same ilk, if it is not the colonial real demand for sound, healthy literature?

Two statements, made in this interview regarding general literary work, show plainly how much reliance can be placed upon the arguments of those who see no hope for a New Zealand literature. Professor McKenzie is represented as saying, that any one wishing to write successfully must have a thorough knowledge of his mother tongue, "*which implies a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin.*" The statement. I have italicised, is very remarkable indeed when we remember how little, say Shakspere in poetry, or Dickens in prose, knew of either Greek or Latin. We are advised to leave authors alone till their fame be assured, and then study them; assume this advice followed by everybody, and you flatly deny to recognise the right of any modern writer to be read. This is conservatism turned rank and mouldy.

In becoming naturalised and nationalised in New Zealand, literature will derive great help from its sister arts. Improved means of communication will kill local jealousies, and foster the national spirit. In this good work, too, nothing will help so much as a good colonial Magazine, and this is one powerful reason why THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE should receive the support of everyone who has the welfare of the colony at heart. That national spirit, of course, will have something distinctive; it will be redolent of the soil. We shall not take our place amongst the nations, to borrow from Emerson, mortgaged to the old opinions and usages of Europe, Asia and Egypt. We should be independent, yet preserving intact a saving reverence for everything noble and great. And how can we become irrevocably irreverent when we have all the majesty of Nature, ever keeping watch and ward over our souls in these our precious isles "set in the silver sea?" It is for you, New Zealanders, to make them the envy of other lands in things intellectual and spiritual as they are in things temporal; and especially for you, men and women of our bush and paddocked country sides, you whose ears are ever charmed by nature's choicest music, the mighty rush of the terrific nor'-wester over the Southern plains, or the soft breathing airs from Northern caves and islets, whose nostrils breathe the breath of life as it comes, fresh and sweet, across the flax and fern and tussock and the pure snow-mantled hills; for when the first chosen one of the gods is revealed to us, be he poet or prose-writer, dreamy idealist or scathing satirist, he will surely stand forth one of you who are the priests of Nature—though haply you know it not—preserving the one sane point from which to view all things, and ever pulsating with those primal feelings that changing with varying times and scenes, are still the same in essence.

"VENGEANCE."

By Henry Dean Bamford.

Illustrated by H. P. Sealy.

LIFE knows no higher joy than that of the inventor, who realises his dream after many years of toil and disappointment.

Robert Hill had been a young man of much promise. At school he swept everything before him, and when he proceeded thence to the University all predicted a brilliant future for him. For two years it seemed as though these predictions would be fulfilled, when suddenly Hill developed into that strangest of all creatures—the crank. Possessed of true mechanical and scientific genius, he conceived the idea of a great, though seemingly impossible invention, and for five years devoted himself, body and soul, to the realisation of his idea.

No pen can adequately describe his labours during that period. Baffled again and again when success seemed certain, he had been compelled to retrace his steps and to explore a thousand unexpected by-ways in order to surmount some stubborn obstacle that confronted him. The idea of his invention gradually became part and parcel of his life, and dominated his entire being. It was his ideal, his very god, and on it he lavished the whole wealth of his intellect, imagination and soul.

And now, at last, success was certain. He was about to change from the "crank" to the "man of genius," that is, to the successful crank. Then suddenly outraged nature gave way, and for months he hovered between life and death, babbling incoherently of his invention, and fighting again in imagination the all but insuperable difficulties over which he had triumphed.

When, at length, his delirium slipped from him, he was but a shattered wreck of his former self. The keen, stubborn, inspired intellect that had confronted and overthrown so many difficulties, was weak and uncertain; his body, neglected during year after year of isolation and unnoticed toil, was a poor wreck—fit tenement for a shattered intellect. The doctors held out no hope of recovery. Human brain and body had been too severely taxed, and nothing could be done save to watch life slowly ebb away.

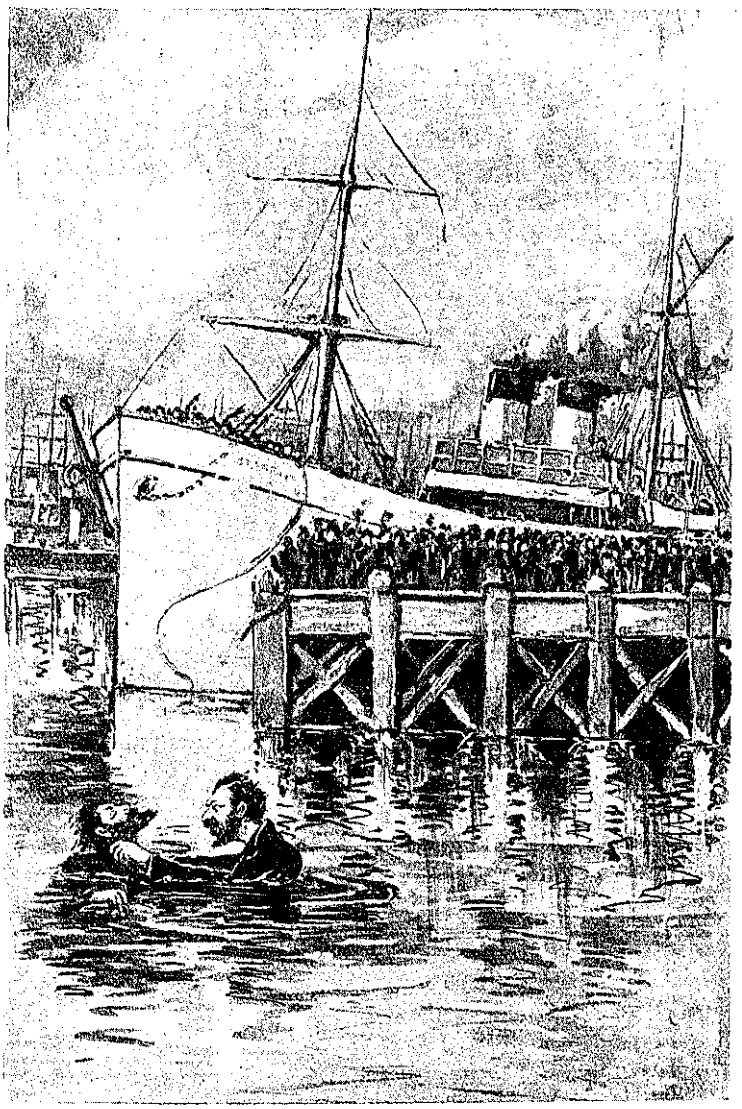
One day, a year after his collapse, Hill happened to pick up a newspaper containing an account of a marvellous invention, destined to revolutionise the history of science, and a eulogy of a great scientist, George Logan by name, who had perfected this wonder after unheard-of application and labour. For a while he read on without interest, but, as he read, a glimmer of recollection dawned upon his mind. Suddenly his head swam, for he realised in a flash that it was his own invention of which he was reading. Steadying himself, he continued, and bye-and-by his poor tottering wits realised the truth. While he had been lying, fighting for his miserable remnant of life, the achievement of year after year of colossal labour had been pilfered from him, and the fame he had justly earned stolen by another. His only college friend—the man to whom he had partly confided his daring thoughts—the only one who had not joined the crowd of pitying sneerers—had robbed him of his secret and his reward. As he realised all this—the treachery and diabolical meanness of it—his old keenness of intellect flashed back to him,

and he was no longer the half-witted moribund.

From that day he rallied and grew visibly stronger. Yet in that moment all his former greatness and loftiness were turned to a fierce, over-mastering lust for revenge. With passionate intensity he strove to live that he might wreak vengeance upon the robber of his hopes. And it seemed as though the very intensity of his longing revived the waning spark of life. He went forth into the world again, a frail wreck, indeed, yet living by reason of his mad passion.

And so he lived for a year—how, no man knows. In the fierce writhing depths of London poverty he existed, hoarding with frantic care the tiny store of wealth yet left to him, living almost entirely on stimulants without which life could not have been kept in that living corpse, his body. Children as they passed him shuddered, sometimes whimpered. He was, indeed, a strange fearsome creature. Beneath a noble forehead, formerly the throne of gorgeous, yet tempered imaginations, and the poetic longing of the true genius and inventor, flashed out two coal black eyes, gleaming with unnatural ferocity and cunning, and rendered doubly startling by the deadly whiteness of his skin. A grizzled, unkempt beard, a bent, emaciated frame, and that undefinable, vague, unmistakeable impression of insanity, all served to render him more terrible and weird-looking.

He was waiting for his revenge—ever in fear that it would not come, hoping almost against hope that he might live till it was accomplished. The robber had gone to America, and Hill, with an almost frenzied



HE GRIPS FIERCELY AT LOGAN'S THROAT.

interest, read of the applause accorded him by the scientists of that country, and of the ever-increasing fame of the great invention.

One day he read that the man was returning to England, and the shock of exultation almost quenched the flickering spark of life. Solemnly he prayed to God, with all the

force and intensity of his being, that he might live long enough to meet Logan face to face.

The suspense of waiting was awful. Again and again he fancied that death was upon him. Again and again some powerful stimulant revived and kept alive the vital spirit.

At length the day came when Logan was to arrive from America. Hours before the vessel was due Hill was on the quay waiting. So weak was he that he could scarce stand without support. As the vessel drew alongside the usual crowd collected, and the poor madman was jostled on every side. He could scarce forbear to scream. A policeman looked curiously at him, and, by a superhuman effort, he regained his composure.

At any cost he must not give way now. Mechanically he counts the pleats in the cape of a woman in front of him. Then his eye catches sight of Logan standing on the deck of the steamer collecting his rugs and baggage preparatory to coming ashore. At the sight of his enemy Hill becomes on the instant calm and purposeful. He has had twelve long months in which to form his plans, and he has made certain. The sight of his enemy steadies him.

With perfect clearness he takes in what is going on around him. He sees the hawser made fast to a pile, and the vessel slowly draw alongside as the strain on the rope increases. He hears the rattle of the winch. He sees Logan raise a hand and signal for a cab. Firmly he grips the revolver in his pocket, and waits.

"Oh God, give me strength, give me strength! Oh, my God!" he mutters.

Those standing near gaze at him, and shrink away a little. He presses forward to the edge of the quay.

Suddenly there is a loud report.

The hawser has snapped under the strain of the winch, and recoils with deadly force. Logan is struck full in the side, and is swept like a straw into the water. At the moment of the accident Hill was so close to the steamer that he could not help but see all that happened. His tongue is dry and hard, and clings to his mouth. He opens his lips to scream aloud, but no sound issues.

The unhappy Logan, though frightfully crushed and broken by the huge rope, rises to the surface of the water, and looks up with a mute appeal for help. Hill is gazing with a wild stare into the depths, and, as he sees the hated face appear, he springs out in maniac exultation before those around fully realised the catastrophe. He grips fiercely at Logan's throat and the waters close over the heads of the madman and his despoiler.

* * * * * *

When the bodies were recovered next day it was seen with silent awe that the fingers of the unknown beggar had actually met in Logan's throat, so great had been the ferocity of his dying grip.

The newspapers contained a lengthy and sugared obituary notice of the great inventor, George Logan, struck down in the fulness of his prime; while, at the inquest, the jury added a rider praising the bravery of the poor outcast who had lost his life in the unavailing effort to save one whose loss to science was so irreparable.

They buried poor Hill in a little crowded cemetery, and over his grave a few generous philanthropists erected a cross, with the simple inscription—

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friend."

Sketches by a New Zealand Pilgrim.

"IN WHITE'S SELBORNE."

By W. H. Triggs.

Photos. by the Author.

DEARLY as Gilbert White's writings are loved by his English admirers at Home, there is no doubt they possess a peculiar savour for the English who have sought their fortunes beyond the seas.

For many of us the country sights and sounds, described so faithfully in those delightful pages, are among the most cherished of the pleasures of memory, never to be realised again in the flesh. We live again amid the dear old scenes. When we read those inimitable letters, the recollection of many a boyish ramble comes back to us, and our ears are filled with the sweet songs of English birds as in the days of long ago when we walked in country lanes, and maybe the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love.

"The Natural History of Selborne" is, therefore, to be found in many an Australian and New Zealand up-country hut, as well as on the bookshelves of the town-dwelling colonist, and there are few books which are more lovingly prized. Need one say with what delight the present writer, who had long walked the lanes of Selborne in fancy when he was twelve thousand miles away from the actual spot, found himself one fine afternoon in 1894, driving over heath-covered hills, and along the "hollow lanes" immortalised by White, bound for the veritable home of the naturalist? It was like going to the favourite haunts of a very dear friend. Quite different were the sentiments aroused by a subsequent visit to Stratford-upon-Avon. Only once, when in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, did I then lose the feeling of being in a public show-place—a place of patchings and restorations—a place where a painful effort was visible on every hand to recover the spirit and aroma of by-gone times that had for ever fled.

Not so at Selborne. The village is remote from the railway, sequestered, and—from the modern, pushing, utilitarian point of view—"unprogressive." So much the better. It has altered but little in the last hundred years. White's descriptions are almost as close as if they were written a year ago.

I knew every inch of the place long before I saw it. No need to ask a guide which was the famous yew, the Plestor, or the Hanger. They are to-day as they were when White described them, and his descriptions are photographic—nay, more, they are to the very life.

My companions of the drive were a Hampshire friend—a keen sportsman, born and bred in these parts - and his charming wife. On the way we passed the seat of Lord Selborne, and stopped to admire the beautiful church at Blackmoor, built by the ex Lord Chancellor, whose wife lies buried in the picturesque churchyard. An inscription inside the church records with becoming modesty and reserve the fact that it was

built to the glory of God "by a parishioner." It is built of the free stone found thereabout, described by White, and capital building stone it seems.

I took a photograph of the exterior, and another of the artistically designed cottages built by Lord Selborne for the people on the estate. My friend, who is a brother of the camera, went inside the church to take the interior. Finding he did not return in a reasonable time, I went in after him, and discovered him on his knees in one of the pews, red in the face and muttering something in low, but apparently earnest tones. At first I thought he was at his orisons, and was about to retire. As a matter of fact, however, he was suffering from the usual complaint of the hand-camerist—his plates had jammed, and he was making frantic efforts to get them right with the aid of a changing bag that was too small. The exact nature of the remarks he was making I did not catch, and forbore to enquire too closely about them.

Pleasant was the ride along the "hollow lane" with sweet-scented masses of "travellers' joy" climbing high over the tops of the hedges and filling the air with fragrance. Pleasant was it to pass the fields of clustering hops now approaching maturity, and pleasanter still to emerge, at length, among the delightful thatched cottages of Selborne itself. As in White's time it still consists of one straggling main street, and most of the cottages are pretty much as they were when the good man used to stop at the doors and chat with the occupants.

One or two new houses have been built, and these, unfortunately, are not at all in good taste or harmonious with their surroundings, but luckily they are few in number.

THE MAIN STREET, SELBORNE.

We put up the horse and trap at the principal hostelry, "The Queen's Arms." It is a decent little inn, but not very old-fashioned in its style, and there was little about it to remind one of White. We hastened on, therefore, to the churchyard which is hard by. In one respect, and one only, White or my imagination had led me astray. Somehow or other, I had fancied the Plestor, the open space in front of the churchyard, was quite a large village green

where the Selborne cricket matches might take place, where, perchance, the Selborne young couples might take their walks in the evening, while the aged grandsire smoked his pipe under the elm trees, and thought of days lang syne. Looking over my beloved book again, I find that White nowhere explicitly says anything about its being on such a comprehensive scale, so it must have been my imagination that was at fault. In reality the Plestor is only a small irregularly

A SELBORNE COTTAGE.

shaped piece of ground, open to the main street on the one side, and tapering off to the churchyard gate on the other. The village boys might play leap-frog there, but if they attempted cricket, they would infallibly break the windows of the cottages which abut on the green. As for the Selborne young couples, unless they are very differently constituted from young couples in other parts of the world, they would naturally select a more secluded spot for their mutual confidences.

There was no difficulty in finding the great yew tree. As a matter of fact there was almost more difficulty in finding the church which, from where we stood on the Plestor, was almost hidden by the dark spreading mass of the yew. Of course we took a photograph of the scene, and it was soon evident from the interest which our proceedings excited that Selborne, as yet, is far from being overrun with tourists. The grocer came out of his shop and set about, in a diplomatic way, to find out who and what we were. He became much excited when he heard that a real live journalist had invaded the quiet village, and was not only bent on writing about it, but hoped to print views of it as well. The harness maker strolled over to compare notes with the grocer. Meanwhile sturdy rosy-checked Hampshire children stood looking on with finger in mouth, and eyes open to the fullest extent.

Reversing the usual order of things, we visited Gilbert White's grave before going to his house. I was glad to find that in the excitement of the centenary celebration they had left the grave alone in its modest unpretentiousness. A new and elaborate monument would have been hideously out of place over the resting place of a man so truly unassuming.

The simple stone bearing the initials "G.W." barely decipherable, and the date "26th June, 1793," is quite sufficient to indicate the spot. The only addition that has been made is a small tree planted at the head by Lord Selborne at the centenary celebration, and to this, of course, no exception can be taken.

Standing beside this humble graveside certain stanzas of Gray's Elegy naturally rise to the mind. In this "narrow cell for ever laid" was one who, immured in this sequestered country parish, must have seemed foredoomed to perpetual obscurity like the mute inglorious Miltons sung by the poet. White was an unpretending country curate —not even rector of Selborne, as is often erroneously supposed. He himself certainly had no notion that he was destined to become famous, but merely wrote his letters to his friends, Pennant and Daines Barrington, the naturalist, out of the fulness of a heart in love with nature and all her works. He had no idea even of publication on his own account, but modestly thought some of his observations might be found worthy of being made use of by his friends. The result we all know. White has become an English

classic, while Barrington and Pennant, had it not been for their humble correspondent, would have passed into oblivion by this time, so far as the general public are concerned. Thus it would appear that the guerdon of immortality is bestowed on devout though humble followers of literature, even when unsought for and unexpected. Can the same be said of any other calling? White united with true simplicity of style, an earnest love of his work, and the most conscientious striving after honesty and truth. That these homely and unpretending virtues have received such cordial and spontaneous recognition, is in itself a high testimonial to the fairness and soundness of judgment exhibited by the great English reading public.

White's house is only a few yards away from the churchyard, and he could gaze on the Plestor from his upper windows. It has been considerably added to since his time, but the additions have been made in good taste, and it is a comfortable picturesque-looking red-brick homestead. For twenty years it was occupied by Professor Bell, the editor of the best edition yet published of "The Natural History of Selborne," who ended his days here at the good old age of eighty-eight. He had collected a fine library comprising the different editions of White's works, and books likely to assist him in his editorial labours. It is a thousand pities that this was dispersed at his death instead of being kept as the nucleus of a Selborne museum and library of reference. Before leaving Professor Bell, one little circumstance is worth recalling. Everybody remembers Gilbert White's tortoise, and the interest he took in it. Curiously enough, Professor Bell's first work, published in 1832, was a "Monograph of the Testudinata." Can it be that we have here the link which first drew these two great minds together?

The present occupants of "The Wakes," as Gilbert White's house is called, are Mr. and Mrs. Read, and it is extremely fortunate that it has fallen into such good hands. Mr. Read is a gentleman of independent means, fond of hunting, shooting and other country sports, imbued with a genuine appreciation of White's works, and keenly alive to the importance of preserving the interesting heirloom of which he is the possessor. Mrs. Read is a very charming lady, full of wit and vivacity, and an equally enthusiastic admirer of the Selborne naturalist. A little bird has whispered to me that some of these days we may expect from Mrs. Read a book, entitled "Selborne Up-to-Date." If so, I am sure it will be good reading, and that all ardent Selbornians will welcome its appearance.

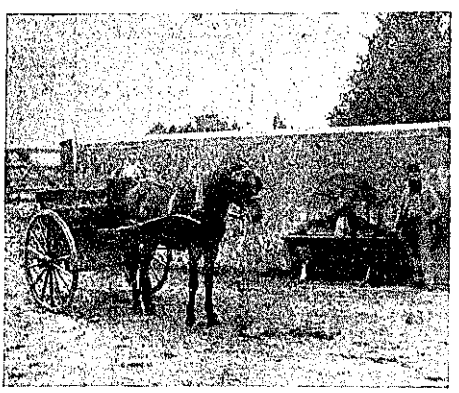
No obstacles are placed in the way of visitors to Selborne inspecting the home of their favourite writer. When we knocked at the door we were received by a demure-looking Hampshire girl, who told us that we were welcome to go over it, the only conditions required of visitors being that they should write their names in the visitors' book, and deposit something in a box for a charity. We duly complied with these formalities in the hall which was formerly one of White's rooms. We subsequently inspected his

"THE WAKES" (GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE).

kitchen, his study, his "Great Parlour," and bedroom. The old part of the house differs but little in its style and arrangement from many a farmhouse to be found in this part of Hampshire. The rooms are low—only seven feet high—a huge beam runs across the middle of the ceiling, and the floor is of substantial oak, now stained a rich brown by age, and kept as bright and clean as beeswax and "elbow grease" can make it.

When we were in the garden everything struck us as so pretty that we sent in to ask

Mr. Read if we might take a few photographs. Both Mr. and Mrs. Read at once joined us, and not only gave the desired permission, but hospitably invited us to take afternoon tea with them in the writer's favourite room, and afterwards showed us about the grounds. The garden is laid out with great taste, and the whole place struck us as an ideal country residence for persons of culture and a taste for rural delights. A fine large room was added to the house by Professor Bell, and was used by him as a library for his books; it is now converted into a very charming drawing room. A portion of White's "Great Parlour" was unfortunately cut off to make an approach to this room; but otherwise the old part of



THE WEDE HEAD.

the house has not been much interfered with. The original bricks, however, are of such a beautifully warm red, and look so clean, that the visitor, inspecting the house from the garden, is at first inclined to think that it must all be of comparatively recent construction. On closer examination, the bricks prove to be smaller than those made now-a-days, and the date of an addition made by White himself, is found let into the wall.

Of course we wished to see White's brick walk, which the philosopher laid down to the bottom of the garden to give him a promenade to his famous sundial without paying the penalty of wet feet when the grass was damp. Needless to say, both walk and sundial are religiously preserved. Mr. Read, in fact, is so far imbued with the *genius loci*, that he has procured a tortoise, but the latter, in deplorable disregard of the distinction of his position as successor of, probably, the most famous tortoise that ever lived, persists in straying away from the garden far and wide, and has cost Mr. Read many a sixpence for its recovery. The Selborne small boy has of course reaped the benefit, and regards the tortoise as an admirable institution.

There is a fence just beyond the sundial, and from a little knoll on the other side we get an incomparably pretty view of the house. Not far away is the famous wych elm so often referred to by White, which, since his day, has been the subject of something like a miracle. About forty years ago it was blown down in a high wind and apparently destroyed. After a time, however, it sprang up again from the roots, and is now a fine spreading tree of lusty habit.

The view from the garden and from the windows of White's "Great Parlour," is charming in the extreme. The Hanger dominates the scene and, nearer at hand, the thatched roofs of the picturesque Selborne cottages are seen peeping through the trees. The year before our visit was the year of the great straw famine. It cost nearly twenty pounds to thatch one of these cottages, and needless to say, had such a prohibitive price continued, the thatched roofs in Selborne, as well as elsewhere, would have given place to more prosaic tiles or slates. Fortunately the threatened calamity has passed away for the present. Already, however, the utilitarians are questioning whether straw thatching, with its expense of removal and liability to fire, is the most economical method of roofing rural dwellings. Artists should make the best use of the straw-thatched cottages of England while they have them, for no man knoweth how soon these may go the way of many other antique institutions, beautiful in themselves, but not in accordance with the economical spirit of the age.

There is one old institution, by the way, the loss of which Mr. and Mrs. Read bitterly deplore, I refer to Gilbert White's toilet service. In its simplicity it accorded well

with the good man's plain and unostentatious habits in general. By the side of the kitchen fireplace there used to be an iron bowl hung up by a chain. In this vessel Gilbert White used to take his morning wash. It must have been an especially difficult performance when he had to hold the bowl up himself, but tradition relates that his faithful female servant used to perform this service for her master. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* It is difficult to imagine that this primitive state of things existed only about a hundred years ago.

Not a large number of visitors find their way to Selborne. As already mentioned, it is five miles distant from the nearest station, Alton, and those who take the trouble to search out the haunt of their favourite, are, for the most part, persons of culture and lovers of nature, in them Mr. and Mrs. Read find congenial spirits to whom it is a pleasure to show the interesting features of "The Wakes."

Selborne has been invaded by the wave of advancing civilisation so far that it has recently become possessed of a telegraph office and a doctor, but up till now it has been spared the inroad of the iron horse. Mr. Read frankly confesses that an influx of "cheap trippers" would be too much for him. He is delighted to throw his house open to the pilgrims who come out of genuine love of White's memory, but if the railway came to Selborne bringing hordes of excursionists, he would have to flee from the place. Quiet lovers of nature will sympathise with him, and hope that Selborne may long enjoy its present happy condition of peaceful rural seclusion. Such spots are becoming fewer in England every year, and dwellers in the Old Country can ill spare those that are left.

After bidding farewell to our kind and hospitable entertainers, we felt that there were still two spots that we ought to visit. These were the Well Head and the Hanger. The spring, so loved by White, has been dammed up and made to furnish a water supply for the village. This was the work carried out in connection with the recent centenary celebration. The supply was much needed by the villagers, and is a great boon, but one could wish that a little more of the picturesque had been combined with such a useful work. A very conventional lion's head, spouting water from the midst of a kind of wall, all painted red, marks the place of the old bubbling spring and rivulet. One thinks with a sigh of the picturesque road side springs on the continent, and in some parts of England, overarched with rustic woodwork and set in a framework of ferns and verdant creepers.

The Hanger fortunately remains unchanged—the same beech-covered height ascended by the same slippery zig-zag path described by White. A couple of Selborne rusties were reaping a field of barley at the approach to the zig-zag, and a little further on, at the very foot of the hill, was a garden of hops. "Fine hops those," we remarked to the men. "Yes, sur," replied one of the reapers with the inimitable Hampshire drawl, "I suppose they be, but I an't been to see 'em yet." A notable illustration, we thought, of the tendency of the English rustic not to bother himself about anything unconnected with the particular work he has in hand, and of his literal accuracy of statement. This man had never had the curiosity to look over the fence of the adjoining field to see how the hops were getting on, and not having personally examined them, he would not commit himself to any statements as to their condition.

The walk up the zig-zag, if there has been any rain at all recently, is quite an exciting gymnastic performance, so steep and slippery is the path. There are some delightful "bits" of woodland scenery, guarled moss-covered roots and the like on the way up, and the view at the top—as White's readers know—is very extensive, stretching away to the Sussex Downs. Coming down we tested the echo mentioned by White, and found it answered perfectly to an Australian "cooee." And so home through the perfume-laden lanes, and across the heath-covered moorland to muse over the incidents of one of the most delightful days spent by the New Zealander in England.

By Colonel Morris.

Illustrated by Frances Hodgkins.

IT is just 11 p.m. The swing doors of the bar entrance of an hotel, situated in a goldfields township in Otago, are thrust open, and two or three late customers come laughing from within. It is the hour for closing. A sound of scuffling is heard, once more the doors fly open, and a man is shot out into the road where, after a stagger or two, he subsides on his back in the mud. The burly barman, who has just ejected him, stands in the doorway with heightened colour and outstretched arm, his white shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbow gleaming in the bright light above the bar counter. "None of yer bloomin' rot now, Slippery Sam," he cries, "ye've got yer skin full—so be off! If ye give me any more of yer cheek I'll knock yer blamed head off! Be off, and sleep where ye can! If I catch yer in the stable again, I'll have yer run in as sure as eggs is eggs! I'm not going to have the whole bloomin' shanty burnt down 'cos of ye—so there!" As he concluded he turned and went into the bar again.

The figure on the road slowly rose from its recumbent position, and revealed itself in the bright light from the large lamp over the front door as that of a man certainly not more than middle aged, but as wan and emaciated, as weak and tottery as an old man of three score and ten. His face was bloated, his eyes bleared and bloodshot, his hair long, tangled and unwashed. His clothes, soiled, patched and ragged, had the appearance of being cast on him with a pitchfork, and kept in their place by a miracle. He shook his fist at the closed bar door, and stooped as though groping for a stone; but, as light after light within was extinguished, he seemed to think better of it, and staggered reeling from side to side out of the circle of light cast by the lamp until he was swallowed up by the mirky night.

The sun rose the following morn on an ideal day for the anxious farmer. A bright clear sky without a fleck, a cool gentle breeze tempering the promised heat, for the sun just clearing the horizon looked like a disc of polished copper.

In the large paddock adjoining the hotel there were already signs of work, although it was but 5 a.m. The morrow was Christmas day, and farmer McLeod and his son William were anxious to get in their hay crop before the holiday, as in the uncertain climate of Central Otago it was impossible to calculate on fine weather for forty-eight hours ahead. Farmer McLeod was a big burly man, his round, rubicund face, the result of health and an open air life, was the picture of cheerfulness and good temper. His son William, or "Wully" as every one called him, a great stalwart fellow, over six feet high, and strong as a lion, was a true "chip of the old block."

"Here, Wully, here comes the dray at last!" cried the old man, smiling indulgently as he looked across to where his son was agreeably employed in whispering into the ears of an extremely pretty girl in a blue spotted print and huge sun bonnet, which hid her blushing cheeks from all but Wully. This was a niece of McLeod's down from Dunedin for a few weeks' country air and exercise to freshen her up after a long winter spent in a close factory. But it was patent to all that sweet Nelly Douglas would never more return to such slavery, for had not

Wully lost his heart to her? They were both looking forward eagerly to the dance which would take place on Boxing Day.

"Right father, I'm coming," he replied. "Take care of yourself, lassie darling, and don't work too hard in the sun," he added in a low tone to Nelly, as he pointed to the wooden hay rake she carried. Calling the men about him, Wully McLeod stepped up to a huge hay-cock which lay nearest to the dray, and was about to plunge his fork into it, when he started back.

"Good Heaven, what is this?" he exclaimed. "Is it a bundle o' rags, or what?"

A short examination proved it to be a man who had made his bed in the hay. From his stertorous breathing and the strong effluvium of whiskey which was wafted from every breath he exhaled, he was evidently still under the influence of his potations of the previous night.

"Here you! Wake up will you! Why he is drunk as Davie's sow!" cried Wully.

"Och, let me get at him! It's meself knows the spalpeen! Sure isn't it Slippery Sam, the drunkenest loafer on the gold-fields!" shouted Pat O'Brien, one of the hired hands.

"Eh! Pat, I don't doubt you know him," laughed Wully. "I'll wager you've shouted often enough for him, and he for you."

"God forgive ye, Wully McLeod, for evenin' me to the likes of him! Let me get a hoult on him, and I'll chuck him out of the paddock!" cried Pat in evident wrath, as he seized the miserable object and dragged him upon his feet.

"Gently, gently, Pat," said the old farmer, who had now arrived. "Poor fellow, he looks bad. Here, pick him up two of you, lay him in the shade under the hedge there, and let him sleep off his bout." The poor, senseless creature was carried to the hedge as directed, and McLeod and his men went on with their work.

By three o'clock all the hay had been carried, the last wisp had just been forked on to the high dray load, on the top of which, fork in hand, stood Wully McLeod looking flushed and triumphant. "Hurrah, boys! It's all done, and we've earned our holiday to-morrow. Now for three cheers, boys, hip, hip, hurrah!" he shouted, waving his hat in the air. In his excitement he forgot his precarious position. His foot slipped, and he began to slide from the top of the load of hay.

"Take care, lad!" shouted his father. "Oh, Wully!" cried little Nelly. Poor Wully McLeod dropped his fork at once, and vainly clutched at the loose hay beneath him. But there was nothing to check his fall until, with tremendous force, he struck the hay fork he had just relinquished. It had slidden to the ground, prongs uppermost. One of these entered his leg on the inner side of the thigh above the knee, and pierced it through.

For a moment no one moved, and then, just as Wully cried out, "Pull the thing out, someone!" a ragged figure rushed forward and threw himself down on his knees by his side. "For God's sake leave it alone!" he shouted. But it was too late. A farm labourer had already seized the fork and drawn it from the wound. A rush of bright arterial blood instantly followed its withdrawal, and dyed poor Wully's white canvas trousers a livid crimson. The kneeling figure was seen for a moment to grope with both hands, and then to suddenly press both his thumbs with all his force on one particular spot.

"Here you, Slippery Sam, what are you doing there?" cried Pat O'Brien.

"Silence, fool! I am a medical man, a doctor. Quick! any one got a clasp knife? Yes, that'll do. Now for a pocket handkerchief. Just the thing," as Nelly produced a folded white handkerchief from her pocket. "Wrap it round the knife smooth but hard. Now, Pat, give me that belt strap of yours; pass it round the leg; buckle it so. Now for a stick, yes, that'll do," as the broken handle of an old hay rake was shewn him. "But it's too long—break it over your knee, Pat. Look sharp, man, my strength is going. Now twist. Wait a bit."

As he adjusted the pad he had made, a fresh jet of blood followed the removal of his thumbs.

"TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, LASSIE DARLING, AND DON'T WORK TOO HARD IN THE SUN."

"Now twist, quick! There, that will do. Give me a knife, someone."

On getting the knife he speedily slit the leg of the trouser open. There was the wound —round and bluish at the edge, but no great flow of blood, and he heaved a sigh of content.

"Now then, some of you men fetch that gate." Then turning to old Mr. McLeod who, white as death, had watched all his proceedings, he said: "Got a note-book and pencil, Mr. McLeod? Ah, that will do." After scribbling a few words on the scrap of paper, he added: "Send a boy with this sharp to the chemist over the way, and tell him to hurry back with what I ordered. Now then," turning to the men, "that's right, spread your coats on the gate and help me to lift him."

Wully was carefully raised and placed upon the extemporised stretcher.

"Now mind what you are about! Four of you carry him: and, whatever you do, don't shake him! I tell you if the tourniquet slips nothing can save him—so be careful!"

As the patient is raised and borne gently away, the doctor strides by his side with his eye fixed on the wound.

Can this be the individual whose voice was a husky whisper, and whose gait was something between a shuffle and a stumble—this man striding briskly by his patient, his eye bright, his head erect, and his voice firm and ringing, issuing orders as one born to command? Yes, this is Slippery Sam, the drunken loafer! The opportunity had drawn forth his medical instincts, and for the time he was a changed creature. His evident knowledge and bold bearing carried conviction, and caused his orders to be unhesitatingly obeyed.

As the slow procession moved out of the field he heard a low and tearful voice exclaim: "Is he in danger, Doctor?" "Danger? Why, when a man severs his femoral artery of course he is in danger! But cheer up, little girl, we'll pull him through. Never fear!" Then, noticing a movement in his patient as the girl snatched at his blood-stained hand, he cried: "Steady now, Wully McLeod! Don't move hand or foot for your life!"

At length the party arrived at the house, and a bed having been drawn near the window of a ground floor room, Wully was carefully laid upon it.

"Now," cried the Doctor, "I want a sharp pen-knife, a pair of tweezers, and some silk thread."

These articles having been procured by Nelly Douglas, and the parcel from the chemist containing bandages, lint and antiseptics arriving at the same time, he put the rest out of the room and turned to Nelly.

"Look here, my dear, I must have someone to assist me. You would do best as there is no mother, but can you promise not to faint, or do anything of that sort? Remember, I have a ticklish operation to perform, and one which must not be interrupted in that way, or I cannot answer for his life!"

The Doctor spoke firmly, and Nelly promised to be brave and useful. Was not her Wully's life at stake?

After making all his preparations, and warning Wully to brace himself up to bear the operation, the Doctor boldly cut down to the severed artery, picked up the end, twisted it with the tweezers and tied it with the silk. He then dressed the wound with carbolic oil and iodiform, and finally removed the tourniquet and bound up the wound artistically. For a while he watched the effect of the binding, then, after once more warning Wully that for some time to come he must be very quiet, he left the lovers to themselves.

As he came out of the room he saw Mr. McLeod, who had naturally passed the time in fearful anxiety. "It's all right, Mr. McLeod, so far. I have taken up the artery and tied it, but he must be careful not to move, or the ligature may give way. I don't think it will, but it *may*, and then nothing can save him. He would be dead in a few minutes. It is lucky I was near when it occurred, for otherwise he would have been dead now." Then, noticing that the poor farmer had grown white at the very thought, he added: "Never mind, old man, it is all right. Can

you give me a glass of whiskey now? I think I have earned it."

"Yes, yes, of course, Doctor, but come in here, I want to talk to you," replied the farmer, leading the way into his own room and carefully closing the door.

"Look here, Doctor, I don't think you quite understand what you have done!

HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BARMAN.

Wully is the pride of my life, and the joy of my heart! I know enough to understand that, but for you and your prompt treatment, my Wully would have gone from me for ever!"

"Tut, tut, Mr. McLeod, it is nothing! I only acted as any other medical man would have acted. You can just give me a guinea—that's our fee—and there is no more to be said about it."

"Certainly, certainly!" said McLeod, as he dragged out a fat pocket book, extracted from it a pound note and a shilling, and handed them to the Doctor. "There, that is done, but don't think that any payment will satisfy me, Doctor. I want to show my gratitude in a better way than that. I want—I want"—he hesitated, and the wretched figure before him smiled and looked down at his soiled rags.

"I understand. You wish to save me from drink. Don't be afraid to say it—but it's no good. I know myself better than you do."

"Yes," hastily returned McLeod, "that is what I want to do. And I will, too, with God's help! This shall be your home, and we will all help to save you from yourself, if you will only let us try. Do give us this chance of shewing our gratitude to you and Almighty God!" As he spoke, he raised his eyes, dim with unshed tears, to Heaven. The wretched tramp's heart was full as he glanced at the old man and stretched out his hand.

"There is my hand, Mr. McLeod, as sure as my name is Ned Padget, you are the first who has spoken a kind word to me for years."

"What? Is your name Edward Somerville Padget?"

"Yes, that certainly is my name. How did you know?" cried the waif in astonishment.

"The hand of the Almighty is in this," reverently replied McLeod. "Why, man, you have been advertised for in the *Witness* for weeks past! You are entitled to a considerable sum of money which a Dunedin lawyer is ready to pay you on your identity being established. Now you can take up your abode with us without feeling you are beholden to us, though God knows you would be welcome in any case. There is a new life opening for you, Doctor, if you will only grasp it. God be thanked!"

"I do believe it," said the Doctor, deeply moved. "To-morrow is Christmas Day, and I feel there is indeed a new life for me after to-morrow. I'll call and see you early in the morning, Mr. McLeod, but I must go

now and think over all this," then, seeing a look of doubt and fear cross the farmer's face, he added: "Never fear, I am strong now and completely changed." He marched out of the house with a firm and assured step, his head well up and his eye bright with inspiration.

A walk of something less than half-an-hour brought him to the township. As he drew near to the scene of his late debauchery, his step became less and less firm, until at length it fell into the old shuffle, his head drooped, and his eye grew dull and bleared once more. As he approached the hotel his hand moved to his breeches pocket, and he fingered the shilling wrapped up in the note. Evidently he was fighting a battle with himself. He might yet have conquered, but he caught sight of the barman, and a feeling of anger arose within him.

"There is that infernal skunk, Bob," he muttered to himself. "I'd like to watch his face when he sees I have money! I'll just have one glass—no more—and then I'll buy something to make me a little more decent before I see McLeod to-morrow. I'll just spend the odd shilling—not a penny more," and the infatuated fool entered the bar.

Christmas morning arrived, and farmer McLeod waited impatiently for his visitor, but he never came. About noon he could wait no longer, and started for the township. On enquiry he heard that Slippery Sam had entered the hotel bar, drank all his money, and, late at night, was thrust out into the street so raging mad with drink that the constable had to take him in hand, and give him a night's lodging in the lock-up.

When he arrived at the Police Camp, McLeod asked the constable where he was. "Why, strapped down on a stretcher," was the reply. "Fact is, McLeod, he's got 'em badly this time. I have sent for the doctor, but he lives thirty miles away, and I doubt if he'll be in time. He's booked for kingdom come this trip, I'm afraid."

On entering the lock-up the farmer found the poor tramp, as the constable had said, strapped down to the bedstead. As the mad paroxysm had passed, they removed the straps. The wretched outcast lay exhausted and unconscious, muttering from time to time. Suddenly he sat up, staring before him as if he saw some wondrous sight, and then in a low awestruck voice he spoke in irregular gasps.

"Lord! is it Thou? Thou art kind and pitiful—but, Lord, I am a fearful sinner—not worthy to speak—I have mispent the life Thou gavest me—I have wasted my talents—I have never, in all my life, done one good action." Here he paused as if listening, and like a break of sunshine through thick clouds, a faint, glad smile spread over his face, and his eyes lit up with intense joy.

"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me. Lord! Thou art merciful and full of pity—that one action—saving the old man's son—this done to Thee? Lord! Thou has repaid me a thousandfold. T—T—thank and—and worship——." As the last low whisper fell from his lips, he sank back, and, when McLeod laid his head on the pillow, he saw that all sorrow and temptation were over for the poor weak, erring tramp. With streaming eyes the good old farmer turned away, saying softly to himself: "He has now been paid his Last Fee."

Education in New Zealand.

By Joseph Ormond.

II.

GRAMMAR, "the philosophy of language and a collection of laws and rules to which we come by long observation and comparison of facts," is introduced in the third Standard. It is the opinion of Herbert Spenser, and of all subsequent authorities on education, that the study of grammar should be reserved for the higher standards. Grammar is useful, not for any practical advantages it confers, but as an intellectual exercise. Before grammar can be taught with any success the pupil must have a large, varied and miscellaneous vocabulary, and his power of observation and judgment must be well developed. If grammar is to be of any use, it must be taught on the inductive method: that is, the grammatical rule must be evolved by comparison of similar examples, and emphasised by constantly recurring proofs in the reading lessons, and it must be applied by exercises suited to the capacities of the pupils.

The teaching of grammar is not essential to the expression of thoughts in sentences. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Herbert Spenser on this point. He says: "The custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles and nerves of the legs." If the teacher insists upon the pupils, even in the lowest classes, giving answers in sentences and not in single words, they will imperceptibly arrange their thoughts into sentences without burdening their minds with definitions of noun and verb, "subject and predicate." Children in the third Standard learn the definitions by rote, and apply them with fair success; but their minds are not sufficiently developed to gain a clear conception of the definitions, nor does the knowledge of the grammatical terms enable them to express themselves more accurately.

I would suggest that grammar be omitted from Standards III. and IV., and not introduced till Standard V. is reached, when the minds of the pupils will be sufficiently developed to profit by the study of this abstract science.

In Standards V. and VI., grammatical analysis is taught with great success, and the mental training this exercise affords is distinctly beneficial. But no provision is made for synthesis, an equally important and more practical exercise—the exercise of building smaller sentences up into periods. Analysis is a destructive exercise, and should be accompanied by synthesis, which is a constructive exercise. Good and varied practice in synthetical exercises renders analysis much more intelligible, and produces a more varied style of composition. The compositions written by the average sixth Standard boy are poor in quality and monotonous in style: most sentences are constructed on the same model, with but little attempt at variation; this defect can be overcome by introducing synthetical exercises to accompany analytical exercises in Standards V. and VI. Simple synthetical exercises are prescribed for Standard IV., but they are not effectively taught, and are as a general rule quite passed over.

In treating of grammar I have pointed out how necessary it is that children, from the lowest standards, should be taught to give answers in complete sentences; they thus incidentally, as it were, learn the correct use of the mother tongue, and acquire the habit of arranging their thoughts in complete

sentences. I also pointed out how the introduction of synthetical exercises to accompany analysis, would do much to develop style in the higher standards. Almost every lesson can be used as an aid to composition: the pupils may be called upon to give a written or oral summary of a geography lesson or of a history lesson; in the lower standards they may be asked to reproduce the matter of object lessons or to give, in their own words, an account of a reading lesson. But the latter is an effort of memory rather than of original thought, and is of little practical use where the system of simultaneous reading is in vogue, a system which tends to stereotype the book on the pupil's mind, and to destroy all individuality of thought as well as of reading. Much depends, too, upon the manner in which the compositions are corrected. Many teachers return the compositions with the mistakes underlined and the correct version written above, or on the margin. In most cases the pupils never look at the compositions again, much less study the improvements made by the teacher. If any good is to be derived from the composition exercise, the mistakes should be merely underlined and discussed with the class by the teacher before he returns the books; all corrections should be made by the pupils themselves under the teacher's supervision. The remarks under spelling about incorrect forms, apply with equal force to composition

The exercise of paraphrasing demanded from Standards V. and VI., which is perhaps the best test of the pupils' intelligence is, according to the unanimous verdict of the Inspectors throughout the Colony, most unsatisfactory. The Wanganui Inspectors report that "paraphrasing in Standards V. and VI. was seldom good, while at many schools it was very poor, and at some ludicrously senseless." The Nelson Inspector reports to the same effect, and gives examples which show an appalling ignorance on the part of fifth Standard boys, of the commonest and simplest words in the language. To quote from his report: "He gave the tar a piece of gold," when rewritten with its context, made utter nonsense in the midst of which a "piece of tarred gold" was conspicuous. "They brought out their best of cheer" was several times rendered "They gave a loud hurrah," or "They gave three cheers." "The stern advance of the men in red" was ingloriously turned into "The soldiers came on stern first."

Perhaps no part of the syllabus calls for such condemnation as the teaching of history. What ends should we have in view in teaching history? We should aim at cultivating a spirit of patriotism, at making good citizens, at developing a high moral nature, and generally improving the pupil's intelligence. Did the framers of our syllabus have these ends in view? And if they did, are the means they adopt likely to attain to the end? The teaching of history in New Zealand schools is fragmentary, scrappy, disconnected and, in the opinions of some of our inspectors, utterly useless. I am told by teachers in secondary schools who have to teach the chosen of the primary schools, picked out by the scholarship competition, that even the holders of scholarships display profound ignorance of the most prominent facts and personages of English history. If the best pupils are so utterly ignorant of history, how deplorable must be the ignorance of the average child trained under our vaunted system.

The teachers of the various standards are to select a list of personages, events and dates from a prescribed period, and on the list presented the children are questioned by the inspector. The teacher takes care that, by revision and re-revision, a few superficial facts are thoroughly instilled into the pupils' minds, that they can connect event with date and date with event, that they know the battles of the Hundred Years' War, and the result of each, that they know the number of forces that fought on each side, how many were killed, how many wounded, that they are acquainted with the details of the intrigues of the origin of Henry VII., and with the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht. The object of the framers of the syllabus seems to have been to fill the minds of the

pupils with a disconnected series of names, events and dates, without any regard to the benefits they are likely to confer.

The Inspectors complain of the poor results obtained by this mechanical grind, and think that the substitution of Historical Readers will effect the desired cure. The use of Historical Readers will probably result in the pupils learning more effectively by rote some few incidents in history; but it will tend to destroy all intelligent teaching. The Wanganui Inspectors report thus: "In the higher standards it would appear that the method most often in use is to have dry summaries and catalogues of names and dates committed to memory; yet often even these were not known, and it was not unusual to find Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror changing places. It was amusing, but at the same time annoying to find how pupils had learnt by heart answers from note books, and could not be stopped until they had repeated them to the last word, like the town-crier over an auction sale." The Marlborough Inspector emphasises the folly of teaching history in the manner prescribed by the syllabus, by subjoining specimens of answers showing the hopeless confusion that exists about personages, dates and events. Here are a few gems:

(1) "Magna Charta or Simon de Montfort's Parliament was signed 1215. It was fought at Wakefield Green, when King Richard was struck down with a dagger by the Lord Mare."

(2) "Battle of Bannockburn was fought 1415. It was defeated and King John was crowned King of England; he led the Scotch army."

The average pupil thinks that the Warrior King and the general, who slaughtered thousands of his fellowmen, who brought suffering misery and desolation to the homes of his own and foreign nations, are the central historic figures of every age, and ideal heroes. He learns by rote the victories of Marlborough and Wellington, whilst he is utterly ignorant of the social and political conditions of the times in which they lived. He crams the details of the American War of Independence, but knows nothing of the existence of Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce and of the social and philanthropic reforms connected with their names. History, one of the most useful, most instructive and most fascinating of studies—a study which can do more than any other to cultivate a spirit of contentment and obedience to established government, by pointing out the squalid conditions and tyrannical rule under which our ancestors lived, and the disastrous results of treasons and stratagems—is sacrificed to the monster cram.

To attain the ends of history, the social conditions of each period must be carefully studied by the teacher and vividly brought before the minds of the pupils; an account should be given of the daily lives of the people, their amusements, their personal liberty, and their standard of culture and refinement. The same plan should be followed in treating of successive periods: by comparison and contrast with their own age the interest of the pupils can be stimulated and their judgment strengthened. After the general conditions of each period have been studied, the events can be made to centre round notable personages. Biography is one of the greatest aids to history, and its importance is recognised in German schools where most historical knowledge, even in the lowest classes, is conveyed through this medium. The noble traits of statesmen, divines, philosophers and scientists can be emphasised: the good results that flowed from one course of action can be contrasted with the evil results of another. In treating a historical personage the teacher should endeavour to make the pupils draw their own conclusions by contrasting the personage under discussion with others already studied, or with notable personages of their own country or century. A revision of the history syllabus is imperative, and if taught on some such plan as is here indicated, it would be a useful study, and would tend to make better citizens than the mere enumeration of personages, events and dates, without any attention to order or system.

Provision is made in our syllabus for the

teaching of the elements of Political Economy in Standard VI.; in fact, "great stress is laid on the elementary knowledge of social economy," but this emphatic instruction is treated with supreme indifference by our teachers, if the ignorance of the pupils is to be regarded as a criterion. In all parts of the Colony the boy who has passed Standard VI. knows no more about the fundamental principles of Political Economy than he does about the teachings of the Stoic philosophy. Yet this subject can be intelligently taught, and in our colony there is a wealth of material for illustrating the principles of the science and exercising the judgment of the pupil. It is essential that Political Economy should be efficiently taught, for one of the paramount aims of education is to prepare the pupil for his duties as a citizen, and he will never discharge his civic duties efficiently unless he has that basis of knowledge which will enable him to discriminate between sound economic wisdom and the clap-trap which too often usurps the name of "Political Address." Teach the elementary principles of Political Economy, and you sound the death knell of the blatant agitator, for he cannot exist among an enlightened people.

I do not propose to deal at any length with the teaching of elementary science, reserving it for a subsequent paper on Technical Education. Object lessons go hand in hand with lessons on elementary science, and should indeed form the foundation on which to base its subsequent teaching. The framers of our syllabus recognise the importance of this connection, for they tell us that "the object lessons and lessons on natural history, manufacturers, and common things in Standards I., II. and III., are intended as an introduction to the elementary science lessons for the higher standards." Yet the selection of the object lessons is left entirely in the hands of the teacher of the class, who chooses his subjects indiscriminately, without any reference to the department of science that is being taught in Standards IV., V. and VI. The course of object lessons in the lower standards should be adapted to the branch of science that is being studied in the higher standards. If, for example, agricultural science is to be taught in the higher standards, the object lessons in the lower standards should be on the various plants and products of the field and garden, and on the parts of a plant—stem, leaves, roots, etc.

The course of science, too, should be suited to the nature of the district; that is, lessons bearing on agriculture should be given in agricultural districts, and in industrial centres, lessons bearing on the arts and manufactures. In the English code there are eleven courses of object lessons from which the teacher can choose, and, if none of these is found suitable, he is allowed to frame a course and submit it to the inspector for approval. Those responsible for our New Zealand syllabus should prepare similar courses of object lessons, and see that the proper connection between object lessons and science is maintained.

There is considerable danger of the teaching of geography, a most interesting subject, degenerating into unmixed cram. It is begun in Standard II., where there is no provision for the study of what is often called homology. In geography, as in almost every subject, the educator should proceed from the known to the unknown, and the earliest geographical work in our schools should deal with observation and planning of the schoolroom, the school, the school premises, the surrounding streets, the quarter, the city or township or district, thus proceeding by methodical steps to the map and study of the province, the island and the colony. By noting the chief characteristics of the people of the surrounding districts, of their manufactures and industries, and the influence climate or position has on these, children can be taught at an early stage to see the intimate connection between even remote causes and effects. The work prescribed for Standard III. cannot be properly assimilated by the pupil; it is a mere catalogue of names having no value, educative or practical. The natural work for this standard is a development of that I have planned for Standard II.—the thorough study of the geographical features of the

neighbourhood leading up to a general treatment of those of the colony. Thus the children would gain some intelligent idea of the meaning and value of geography and would be ready to appreciate the broader instruction which it seems to me should not begin till the upper standards. In Standard IV. Australia and the map of the world as at present defined, in Standard V. the British Islands and chief British possessions, and in Standard VI. what concerns us most remotely —a general knowledge of the continents— would give ample opportunity for intelligent teaching. It is impossible to teach thoroughly, that is, to educate the mind of the pupil so that he will take an interest in knowledge for its own sake, if we attempt to overload his mind with bare facts. This explains why so many children retrograde after leaving school; there they have acquired only a mass of inextricably mingled items of information and a pronounced distaste for developing any self-culture. Once a child is made to see the utility and feel the absorbing interest of geography, he will naturally pursue its study after leaving school, perhaps almost unconsciously at first by noting references in the newspapers, then by reading narratives of travel and special works on the subject.

Of the additional subjects, singing is perhaps the one most unsatisfactorily taught. We can hope for little improvement until musical attainments are demanded of teachers. In the German elementary schools most of the teachers play some orchestral instrument, such as the violin, and have a thorough theoretical training in music. They teach their classes exactly as leaders of choruses or orchestras do, infusing enthusiasm into their work. In those schools the pupils are commonly required to compose, line by line, a new melody for some short song or poem, first singing the air, then writing the notes down, then adding parts, copying the whole into their MS. music books, and finishing the lesson by singing in class the new production. It is to such instruction, no doubt, that Germany in great part owes the high place she holds among the musical nations. In our children there lies the simplest and purest of music, yet what little we attempt rather kills than develops it.

No system of education can safely neglect physical training. This should be, perhaps, pre-eminent; we cannot have the *mens sana* without the *corpus sanum*. The Greeks and Romans recognised this; but, in spite of the constant deterioration of the physique of man, our schools take little heed of the claims of physical education. Drill is the only form in which they recognise its demands, and even this is usually crowded out of the daily work by reason of the pressing needs of the examination syllabus. There is not, it is true, the same need with us sport-loving colonials as with the Germans, of minute and exhaustive gymnastic exercises; but our population is growing denser, and we are rapidly developing a town dweller whose stature and physical strength we ought to improve. Sandow has lately shown how much can be done in this way by simple means, and I hope the next syllabus will demand that more attention be given to the education of the body and its powers.

In this brief review of the syllabus I have endeavoured to point out the grave faults of that part of our primary system which most directly affects the actual working of our schools. Much better results should be obtained in writing and composition, and the teachers' ignorance of the elementary principles of elocution is in great part responsible for the poor reading and recitation that grates on the ears of visitors to our schools. The drawing scheme is utterly unscientific and thoroughly antiquated, and the teaching of history, whenever it is not grossly neglected, is grounded upon no reasonable plan and therefore meaningless, being quite incapable of inspiring pupils with those noble aims and ideals in which lies the true value of history. The overcrowded state of the syllabus will, I hope, stand proved before the eyes of most of my readers.

To remedy this grave fault I have suggested, among other points, the curtailment of arithmetic and geography in Standards IV. and VI., and the omission of grammar from

Standards III. and IV. I have drawn attention to the necessity for the early teaching of fractions, for the preparation of systematised courses of object lessons and lessons on elementary science, for a more generous acknowledgment of the claims of physical education, and for the cultivation of the musical talent and taste now lying quite undeveloped or abandoned to the promiscuous delving of chance. The revision of the syllabus promised for next year by the Education Department is a tardy acknowledgment of its imperfections; but the good work already done for the cause of education by the present Inspector-General, strengthens one in the belief that it will be a root and branch reform; this, nay almost a revolution, is required before our syllabus can coincide with the most advanced ideas of educational thought.

MY SONG.

I bade my love good-night,
So loth to part
With her, the deep delight
Of this true heart,
My queen of pearls!
My lily of girls!
And when her light was low,
And all was still,
Saving that rapturous flow—
The lone bird's trill,
I said:
"Oh come, fair dreams,
To soothe her pretty head,
Float soft as silv'ry beams
Now shed!"
Then up where the lattice swung
I sent a kiss,
In the heart of a rose there flung,
And murmured this:
"Good-night, sweet!
Sweet, good-night!
My heart's delight,
Good-night!"

I bade my love good morn
With joy, to feel
Her presence soft as dawn
Within me steal.
My queen of pearls!
My lily of girls!
And when she came to me
On tiny feet,
I vowed there ne'er could be
A maid so sweet!
Her hair—
The golden sun,
Her cheeks—the rose-bloom rare;
Was ever beauty won
So fair?
The love-light in her eyes
Drew forth my kiss;
I clasped her to me—mine, my prize!
The greeting this:
"Good morn, sweet!
Sweet, good morn!
My heart's pure dawn,
Good morn!"

CHARLES UMBERS.

"MY + FIRST + CUSTOMER."

A New-Chum Episode.

By Fabian Bell,

Author of "The Daughter of a Hundred Earls," "The Letter in Cypher," etc.

Illustrated by Olive Tilly and Miss Moor.

"IT'S the easiest thing in the world. Anyone can do it."

"But we know nothing about storekeeping. We shan't even know what to charge."

"Oh! You'll soon learn," persisted our mentor with confidence. "Anyone can keep a store, just as anyone can farm. The instincts of agriculture and commerce are inborn. Intuitive."

"That may be, but—but—I can't say that I, personally, feel at all intuitional."

"Oh! That'll be all right. Nothing can be easier. You just go to a good wholesale firm—I'll introduce you to one—and they supply you with the right class of goods, and the invoice of wholesale prices guides you in your charges. For instance suppose you add 25 per cent. to all invoices. That would be a good profit. In the old gold-fields days a friend of mine had a store at Drybread, and he charged cent per cent on every article. It was a simple plan and acted very well."

We were new chums, my husband and I, and also newly married, with willing hands and hearts, and a very small capital, and thinking that all three would find a better market in New Zealand than in England, had come out in the hope of making "our pile."

Unfortunately neither Jack nor I had been brought up to do anything really useful. He had been to school and college and learned how to fish and shoot, to play tennis and polo; and his appearance in the cricket field was simply perfect. He could ride to hounds and had won more than one steeplechase; but of useful knowledge—knowledge that produces pounds, shillings and pence, he had none. That did not trouble Jack. Nothing ever troubled him. He was, and is, the dearest fellow in the world, and the least practical.

He said "Minna was the practical member of the firm," and I felt bound to justify his praise. I had at least had some experience of poverty—the semi-genteel poverty of a country parsonage. Our love-making had been very prosaic. No one opposed it. In fact, my parents were well pleased, for though Jack had no trade or profession, he had a few thousand pounds. And we all thought the money would go a long way in the colonies.

It was wonderful the way that money disappeared. Jack said I should be cashier and accountant, and so I was. I kept a strict account of every penny, but somehow that did not make them go any further. Jack had never been accustomed to deny himself the small luxuries of life. "They cost so little you know," and again, "The best things are always cheapest in the end," which latter contains a fallacy I have never yet been able to expose.

Our capital disappeared with alarming quickness. It melted away like butter on hot bread.

"Really, Jack, we must do something."

"Certainly, my dear. What shall we do? Shall we go over to St. Clair? It is a lovely day."

"No, I don't mean that at all. We must *do* something. Earn some money. Work for our living."

"Yes, yes. Of course you are right. You always are. You are the most wonderfully practical little woman in the world. What shall we do? Have you decided that?"

"I think we had better try to keep a store."

"A store! Good gracious! Why a store? Isn't that rather—rather——" he paused for a word, and I supplied it in my usual manner.

"*Infra dig*, you would say, and I suppose it is. But the fact remains that we must do something, and a store seems about the only thing that we can manage. The only thing that does not require skilled labour of some kind, and unfortunately neither you nor I have had the training to fit us for getting our own living. We might take up land. Mr Staunton says that any one can farm. But I doubt it. I don't think you would know which end of a plough to hold, and I'm very sure I should not. And there would be trees to fell and the land to clear." (This of course was a mistake, as we should be scarcely likely to take up a North Island bush section; but my knowledge of up-country life at that time was chiefly obtained from American books of life and adventure in the Far West, and a log cabin in the midst of a half-cleared paddock was my idea of a country life.)

Jack acknowledged that he had never seen a plough near enough to pass an opinion as to its business end, but opined "that what man had done man might do," and that he supposed he could learn.

"There's no time for that. We must begin to earn some money at once. How much do you think we have spent since we came out two months ago?"

"Don't know, and don't much care. About twice as much as we ought, I suppose."

I told him, and he made a little grimace.

"I call it great economy," he declared. "I used to spend twice as much at home."

"Well, at that rate our money will last us exactly three years and eight months. And what is to become of us at the end of that time? There is nothing for it but to try the store. You see I could help in that. Keep the books and mind the shop. Oh! I really think I shall like it. Quite a number of great people at Home have gone into trade of late years," and I mentioned several well-known instances in London Society. "One has only got to weigh out the things carefully and see that one makes no mistakes. Always give good articles, and never charge too much or too little. Oh! I am certain we shall like it, and at any rate we shall be doing something."

My eagerness carried the day. Jack had no feeling one way or the other. Work, of the kind that earns daily bread, was not an inherited instinct with him. Not that he was lazy, he was full of life and energy, but he had no commercial instincts and never acquired them.

So we bought a section in a rising township, and proceeded to erect a house and store.

The township was certainly rising in the sense that it had not yet risen, and I may add, in parenthesis, that it is still rising in the same sense.

We saw it first on paper, and it looked very imposing. The plans were nicely drawn and colored in mathematical parallelograms, with here and there a corner cut off to suit the exigencies of the land, through which a creek wound its serpentine course, interfering a good deal with the said parallelograms. Through the centre of the plan ran a high road or main street, and there were several minor streets at right angles. One good large section was marked "Church"—the church of the Future; another was allocated for a school, and all the rest were pretty much at our disposal. It was explained to us that a store, a blacksmith's forge, later an hotel, and still later a school and a bank, go to form a rising township in New Zealand. Our store would therefore be the nucleus of Strathclare.

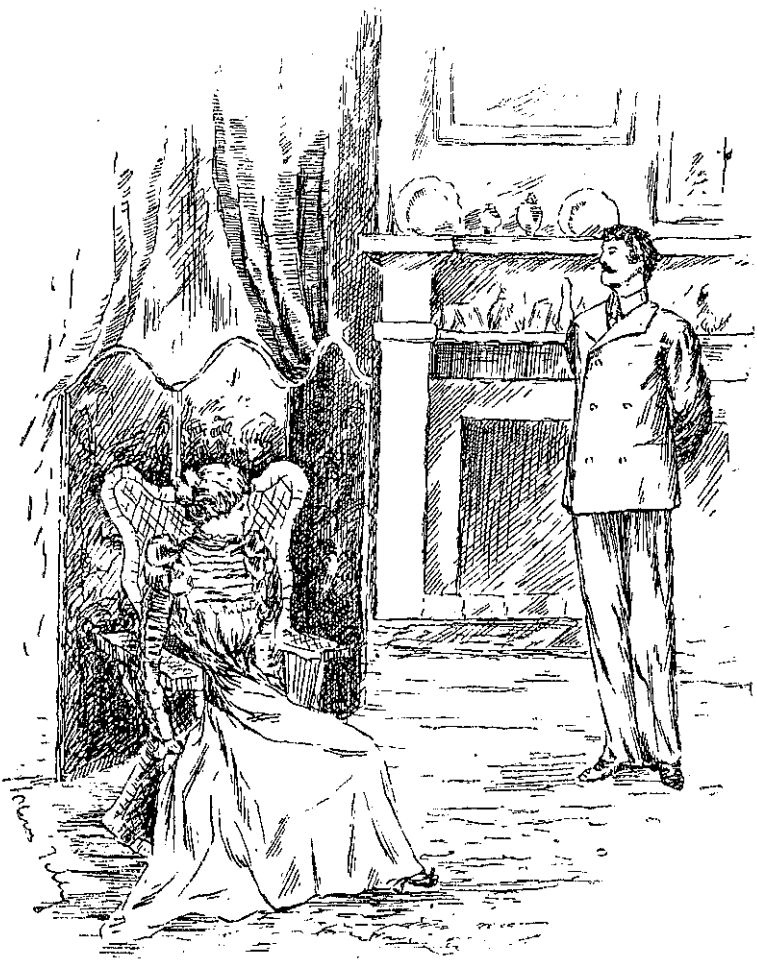
The township was ten miles from the nearest railway station, and two from the pleasant homestead of our kind friends, the Stauntons, who invited us to stay with them while our own house was being built.

When I first saw Strathclare, my heart sank, for I found it consisted of two cottages

and a big barn; that the main street was a ploughed track through stiff clay, which half a day's rain converted into liquid mud, from which Jack more than once extricated me *vi et armis*, leaving on one occasion a shoe behind, which he had afterwards difficulty in finding, fishing for it with a stick and hauling it up by the lace. A woeful sight! The other streets existed only on paper, and were parts of grassy paddocks; their course I was never able to trace.

When the store was paid for we had very little money indeed with which to stock it. But our friends remarked that we could draw bills—a process delightfully simple in the beginning, but one which takes your sleep away and makes your hair grey in the end.

In a wonderfully short time the house was built, and a very nice little house it was. One large square room—that was the store—and three others, parlour, kitchen, and bedroom. It was neatly finished within and without, and all our own. How proud we were of it.



"I THINK WE HAD BETTER TRY TO KEEP A STORE."

The shop was truly a delightful place. Full of shelves and bins, and drawers; and a real counter. I promised myself hours of pleasure in arranging it.

Before we left town we had visited a wholesale store and made—with the assistance of one of the clerks—our modest selection. This was now sent up to us, and brought from the railway station in large drays. Then we set to work to arrange our goods, and the first thing that struck us was—either that the room was too large, or that we had too few things. The neat shelves looked half empty instead of being packed to the remotest corner in the manner I had so often admired. But we brought our goods to the front, and hoped that no one would detect the cavern-like spaces behind. We worked very hard arranging and disarranging, climbing up the step ladder, handing things to each other, and then running a little way off to study the effect. And when all was done to the best of our ability, we threw open the door to our customers, who should have been waiting outside, but were not.

In the evening we stuck a kerosene lamp

in the middle of the shop window, and took turns in walking down the main street and studying the effect. But the customers were still conspicuous by their absence. It seems strange that we had not before questioned the arrival of these customers. Our friends at the neighbouring homesteads had promised to patronise us, and there were settlers and farmers within a reasonable distance who might become patrons, but to these the shop front would not appeal. Who then would admire our brave show? But as I had taken pains to explain to Jack, "If you have a shop you must have a shop window. It would be nothing without that."

With regard to the settlers we had been told that our trade must be largely a question of barter. "You will buy from them eggs, butter, skins, fruit, and other produce, but not wool or grain—those you must not touch—and they will take the value out in goods." "And what shall we do with the eggs, etc.?" "Send them into town and make a profit both ways."

Excellent advice which did not prove quite so easy in practice. The farmers wanted the highest quoted price, and the dealers gave the lowest, and neither party ever seemed satisfied.

The store was now duly opened, and early on the following morning I took my place behind the counter waiting for my tardy customers.

At last the door was pushed further open and a very small, rather dirty, bare-footed boy marched in.

"Please, Miss, a ha'poth o' lollies," demanded my first customer, whose eyes were just on a level with the bran new counter. I immediately recognised him as the child of the Staunton's ploughman, whose parents occupied a cottage on the other side of the street, and thus formed, with ourselves (for the other cottage was empty and fast falling into decay) the sole population of Strathclare.

I did not know how to weigh out this, my first order. The large scales looked ridiculously out of proportion, nor did I see how to make an equitable division of the standard pound; but I placed a half ounce weight in the pan and proceeded to balance it with sweets.

Bob Lawson drummed meanwhile on the counter with his money, and eyed my proceedings with much dissatisfaction.

"D'ye call that a ha'poth?" he said severely, looking at the tiny screw of paper with scorn. "Why, the storekeeper i' Toko gi'es I a fist-full."

"Perhaps your mother deals with him," I hazarded.

"No, her don't. Her says her'll deal wi' you, if yer prices is reas'ble. But I don't call that reas'ble nohow," and again he looked with scorn at the tiny paper.

I tried to explain that he had really got more than his money's worth, and finally added a few sweets from another tin.

He opened his hot little hand and reluctantly pushed the coin it contained over the counter.

"Why Bob, this is a penny."

"In course it are, you'd be a silly not to ken that."

"But I have no ha'pennies."

"Then I'll pay yer next time." And promptly regaining possession of the coin he departed, and I heard his chuckling laugh of triumph in the distance.

Jack also laughed at my discomfiture.

"Poor little kiddy," he said, "he's a hard case. If many of our customers are like that we shan't get rich in a hurry."

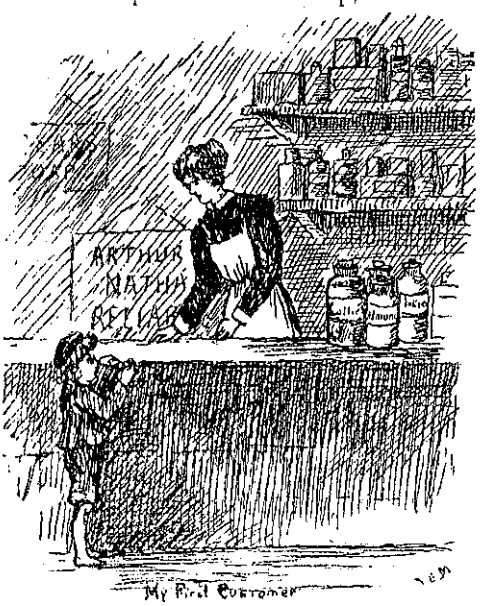
Then Bob's mother paid the store a visit. She explained that she was in a great hurry, that she had not tidied up after breakfast, that she had just put the baby down for a sleep, that she had got her bread set ready for the oven, and had only a moment to spare. In spite of which, excellent reasons to the contrary, she remained more than two hours pulling about every article, and pricing things she had no intention of buying. In the meanwhile my own work was standing still, and I could smell Jack's dinner burning.

"O! yon's my man," she cried at last in a fluster. "I seen him coming over the paddock. He'll gi' it me for not ha'in' his meat ready. Gi' me one of them tins of fish,

he's awful fond o' fish, and that'll put he in a good humour."

She departed hastily, and I returned to the kitchen to find the potatoes and chops burned to the saucepan, and the fire out.

Jack appeared about the same time, and we compared notes of our morning's experiences. I had sold—on credit—a halfpenny worth of lollies and a tin of preserved fish. He had received a few orders, and we went into the shop to make them up, and had a



"D'YE CALL THAT A HA'POTH?"

good time laughing at our unbusiness-like parcels, and the difficulty of closing up both ends, and agreed that the making of neat packages might very well be classed among the fine arts.

Thus the stone was set rolling, but it was not the work of the store that troubled us, it was our own ignorance, especially of the art of buying and selling, which did not come by instinct.

"Poor fellow, I could not beat him down," Jack would say apologetically, when expostulated with concerning some very bad bargain. "I want to do a trade you know, and Staunton says we shall never get on unless we buy the people's produce."

"But they are too dear. By the time you have sent those skins into town you will lose on them."

"Well, what are we to do? Watson asked that, and I couldn't beat him down. It seems little enough, and he said that he could get more if he took them into town."

"Let him take them, and perhaps he will find out his mistake."

My first customer stuck to me, spending his penny most days in two purchases of a half-pennny each.

"Yer gets more for two ha'poths than fur one brown," he condescended to explain. And I saw that the child was wise in his generation.

Mrs Lawson resented the fact, that after that first morning I would not spend half the day in gossip, but sternly demanded, "What can I get you?" when she paid her morning call.

"I don't want nothing in particular, but you may show me what you've got, if it's anything new, and I may buy if you are not too dear. But my man says he'll take me to Toko some Saturday in the station cart, and I can get what I wants there; though, in coorse, I would like to deal wi' you, it's only neighbourly, but you do stick the prices on so. You seem to think we're made o' money. Now, what's the lowest you'll take for this bit o' stuff, I don't partic'lar want it, but it ud make the baby a pinny."

"I have already told you. We do not have two prices."

And she would leave the shop in a huff, only however, to return next day, for I was her nearest neighbour, and she could not afford to lose the mild dissipation of her morning call.

Chief among the produce that we had to take from our customers, was butter. Now this butter was a source of continual worry, the quality being most uncertain; some being delicious, firm and golden, equally good to look at and to eat, but the greater part was colorless, tasteless, shapeless, badly made and battered about, and such as we could hardly get rid of at any price. Many a time, in the late summer evenings or early mornings, I had to plunge it into cold water and remake it all before I could pack it in the boxes prepared for that purpose.

It was on the butter question that Bob's mother and I came at last to a serious difference of opinion.

The weather was hot and the best brand had not yet come in, when Bob rushed over in hot haste, demanding: "'Alf a pound of yer best. Us has got wisitors." I sent the best I had, and in a few moments Mrs Lawson came flying over in breathless rage, and thrusting the oily mass under my nose, exclaimed:

"Call that butter! Butter, indeed! I calls it cart-grease. And I suppose you'll ha' the blooming cheek to charge me top price for that. But I shan't pay it, I gi' yer notice. Yer calls yerself a lady and be too fine to make friends wi'uns, but I'd be 'shamed to keep such stuff as that, and charge for it too. Yer a d——d cheat, like all the rest of the sham gentlefolk who are too mean to work wi' their hands for an honest living. Bah! I hate all such nasty pride and cheatery."

And she flung the offending butter on the counter within an inch of my nose, and setting her arms akimbo gave vent to a flood of abuse such as I had never heard before in all my life.

I was young and foolish, and in spite of the brave face I had put on, I had often found it hard to stand behind the counter and serve people who showed no respect for me or my position. The silly prejudice against trade with which I had been brought up, made me think myself superiör to most of the settlers round, and their free and easy ways offended me. But though I prided myself on my superiority to my position, I resolved to maintain it by a course of the strictest probity. No tricks of trade, no specious lies for me. I would be always scrupulously upright and honorable; and justify my position in the manner in which I should fill it. And now to be called a common cheat and liar! The accusation was like a slap in the face, so utterly shameful that I could find no words to defend myself, but cowered under the lash of the angry woman's tongue as she told me what she and others thought of me.

My silence seemed to enrage her still more, and the stream of her eloquence gathered force as it flowed over my bent head, until at last when she had said her say, and doubtless far more than she had intended, she turned on her heel, and flung herself out of the shop.

I crept to the bedroom and threw myself, face downwards, on the bed, where Jack found me.

"Why, Minna, my dear little woman! What's the matter?" he cried with tender insistence.

"Nothing, nothing; only Mrs Lawson says I'm a cheat and a liar. Oh! how I wish we had never seen this horrid old store. I thought the people would respect us for getting our own living and doing our best. But they don't. They just—just despise us."

"No one despises us whose opinion is worth a cent," said Jack stoutly. "I dare-say they laugh at our blunders, and no wonder, I often laugh at them myself, but they do respect us, and most of them believe what we say. Now tell me what it is all about, and what has put you out of conceit of store-keeping, just as we are beginning to get on a bit."

I told him. It did not seem much in the telling, and I was half ashamed to have made such a fuss and taken such a trifle to heart. But Jack was in a towering rage, I have never seen him so angry in my life, and all the worse because he could not take it out of the woman herself; and the husband, a very decent fellow, was obviously innocent.

"You will not allow that woman to come inside your door again, you will never speak to her, or take any notice of her, or appear as if you saw her."

"But—but the shop is free. If she comes in?"

"You will walk out. Mind I insist upon it."

The next day I saw Mrs Lawson approaching, and closed the door. She took the hint and retired. Later on Bob arrived with his usual order.

"A ha'poth o' lollies if yer please, an' I likes 'em wi' writing on."

I served him in silence.

He lingered for a moment, and then putting up his small, dirty, bright-eyed face, said:

"I say, Miss," (he always called me Miss, I believe he thought it more polite), "don't yer tak' on; don't. Her don't mean nothin', our ole 'oman don't. It's just her way, hard words don't break no bones, and saft uns don't butter no parsnips. That's what her said to dad last night when he was a scoldin' o' her But her isn't a coming back to this store not no more, her isn't. But I'm coming just same as ever. These lollies is prime."

"Thank you, Bob. I shall be pleased to serve you. You know that you were my first customer."

"That's it, Miss. I'll stick to yer, I 'ull. And as for what the ole 'oman says, don't yer take on about it, she don't never mean nothin', our ole 'oman don't."

But I declined to accept the olive branch thus held out, and Bob's mother and I were not "speaks," as the children say.

I have before remarked that we had not enough money to pay cash for our stock in trade. But this presented no difficulty to our getting whatever we wanted, the wholesale house merely drew up certain bills which Jack signed, promising to pay at three, six, and nine months. The first payment was met without difficulty, for we had still funds in hand, but when the second became due we had very little with which to meet it, and our stock already needed renewal. It had either been badly chosen, or the exigencies of trade were very uncertain, for while the tinned fish, the canned fruit and the molasses hung on hand, the tea, sugar and tobacco disappeared rapidly. The barter trade brought in no ready money and took out all the most saleable goods; and the friendly station customers did not pay so punctually as we had expected, probably not understanding the importance of every penny; and of course we could not press them, or send in accounts "to bill delivered." Meanwhile there was the bill to be met and nothing to meet it with, and the knowledge was a constant and ever growing incubus. It troubled me more than it did Jack, whose previous life had accustomed him to unpaid bills, whereas I had been brought up in a pious horror of debt. Jack, also, was by nature careless and unpractical, while I, on the contrary, was inclined to take things too much to heart and worry over them. To make the matter worse I was perfectly ignorant of the extent of the pains and penalties that we might incur through non-payment. What steps the merchants and lawyers could and would take. Whether they would send Jack to prison, or content themselves with taking all that we had. It seemed probable that they would prefer the latter, and that a tangible bird in the hand would seem to them better than any number of mythical bipeds in the bush. But I could not be sure, and the dreaded danger assumed unnatural proportions. Every night I dreamed that Jack was being dragged from my arms to prison, there to be decorated with a broad arrow, and I woke breathless and exhausted. A dozen times a day I looked round our little home, to which I had become truly attached, and thought how terrible it would be to lose it. Thus the vision of the bill haunted and harassed me, night and day, went up and down with me, lay in my bed, poisoned my sleep, fed at my table, and proved itself a veritable sword of Damocles ready to fall and destroy us both. But I kept all the trouble to myself, I had no friend in whom I could confide, and Jack had so many other worries that I had not the heart to add to the number; and moreover, he could not do anything, he could not make money. So I let the fear eat into my own heart, and the more I dwelt upon it the worse it became. Not having the slightest idea of how the blow might be expected to fall, I waited for it, counting the hours with gloomy expectancy.

The bill would fall due on the 4th of November, and for days before I could think of nothing else. The weather was lovely, and our little garden was full of spring flowers. The larks sang in the clear sky as if their throats would burst; the fields of springing corn were green with parrakeets; the liquid note of the tui sounded from the

tall blue-gums; the flash of the fantail's flight threw gleams of light into the dark bushes; the scrub was white with manuka blossom, and in the bush the snowy clematis flung itself in clusters of falling stars against the sombre greenery; the sweet scent of the native bramble filled the air, and in many a deep gully the flame flowers of the rata were already beginning to show their scarlet tips. Everywhere was the sound of running water, and a vivid subtle sense of life and growth.

"PROMISE ME NOT TO STIR WHILE I RUN FOR THE LOLLIES."

The yearly miracle of the spring. Under ordinary circumstances my heart would have beat in unison with this joyous festival, but now those ominous words, "I promise to pay," seemed written all over the face of nature, and I could not get behind or above them. My health also was not very strong, and the hope that should have been an unspeakable joy became overshadowed with fear. What if the hour of trouble should find me homeless, aye, and penniless too?

I saw, or thought I saw, all our folly in embarking on so mad a scheme without either knowledge or capital.

"Fool! fool! fool!" I said to myself. And, remembering how Jack had yielded to my entreaties against his own judgment, I felt a profound respect for his common sense such as I had never experienced before. I had always in my secret heart thought myself a little cleverer and more practical than Jack, but now he had proved himself the wiser of the two.

At last the long dreaded day dawned, and as I dressed myself and went slowly about my work, I had a dull ache at my heart and a fearful expectancy of what each hour might bring forth.

According to custom I went into the store directly after breakfast and set the door wide open preparatory to sweeping out the dust, as I did so I looked mechanically across the road, expecting to see Bob Lawson and the baby, half dressed, tumbling about before the unfenced cottage as their custom was, and even

as I looked, a sudden cry of anguish rang out on the still air. I recognised Bob's voice in a moment, and thought that his mother was spanking him, yet there was a note in that cry far more real than his ordinary howl of mingled anger and protest.

Even as I listened in strained expectancy lest it might be repeated, Mrs Lawson rushed straight out of her cottage and made for me.

"Bob's gone and fell into the scalding w'ter. He's dead, he's dead," and she wrung her hands, moaning and crying like a mad thing. "Come. Oh! do come. He's scalded to death."

I waited no second bidding. In a moment our quarrel was forgotten, and, snatching up a bottle of oil and a pile of soft handkerchiefs, I ran across the street. The boy, who had fallen into a tub of scalding water just ready for the Monday wash, had nothing on but his little shirt, for both children were allowed to play about like that for hours while the mother got breakfast, etc. He had overbalanced himself and fallen backwards into the boiling water, his head and feet escaping contact with it while his poor little body was quite unprotected. His mother had managed to pull him out, and after that first terrible cry he had not uttered a word, but lay on the floor feebly groaning in a heart-breaking manner. I quickly removed the little shirt and with his mother's assistance wrapped him from head to foot in cloths saturated with oil, and put a fine linen sheet over all. The relief was almost immediate, but though the heart-rending sobs ceased, the exhaustion attendant upon the shock was so great that he lay perfectly still and apparently unconscious.

"Oh! he's dead! He's dead! My Bob's kilt!" cried the mother, hanging over him; and it was only after I had administered a good scolding that she ceased, and set to work to mop up the water that had done so much mischief. I lifted the creeping baby out of reach of a similar catastrophe, and turning my attention to my patient, found that his eyes were now open and fixed on me. His lips moved and I bent to listen.

"Tell'd yer her didn't mean nothin'. Our ole 'oman never do."

For a moment I failed to grasp his meaning, and thought that he was delirious; then it flashed upon me that he was referring to the butter episode, and that, even in the midst of his pain, he was pleased to realise that his mother and I were friends.

I made some encouraging answer. He tried to move and uttered a little quick cry of pain. I told him that he had been hurt and begged him to lie quite still.

"I will if yer'll gi' I a big ha'poth. An' yer should, cos I was yer fust—fust.—What's that yer called me?"

"My First Customer."

"That's it, I were yer fust custer, and I've alers stuck to yer ever since."

"Indeed you have, Bob, and now if you'll lie quite still, I'll fetch you some of the very nicest lollies. Those big almonds."

"Oh, golly!" cried Bob. And then in another tone, "Oh! my body do burn, it burns all over; take this thing off, I can't thole it."

"No, no, you must not throw off the bandages. You must try and lie still and in a little while the burning will be better. Promise me not to stir while I run for the lollies."

"I won't, honor bright. But yer'll make haste."

"Indeed I will."

His great wistful eyes were fixed on me, and, for the time, their ordinary look of mischief and devilry had departed, and was replaced by the inexpressible pathos of a dumb animal in pain. A look which made my own eyes grow dim. There could be no question that the boy loved and trusted me with the unreasoning devotion of a faithful dog, and, in all the days of agony and threatened collapse that followed, my hand could always soothe him, and, at my entreaty, he would try to restrain his wild cries and restless movements, and thus allow a new skin to form over his terrible wounds.

Hour after hour for nearly a week I sat by his side and helped him to fight the battle with death, sleeping when he slept, resting where and how I could, for so surely as I left my patient for a few hours I returned to

find him worse; feverish, restless, trying to tear off the bandages; moaning, crying, or raving in delirium.

Mrs Dawson showed a new side to her character. Her gratitude was heartfelt and simple, she appeared to think that Bob's preference for my ministrations was only natural, and never once showed that unreasoning temper which had formerly alienated us. How much there was to admire in this woman whom I had thought only a noisy virago!

For five days and nights Bob lay in a critical condition. I could not leave him, and my thoughts were entirely taken up with his state. It was, of course, impossible to get a doctor and the responsibility of the case rested on my shoulders; and many a time I felt doubtful as to whether I had done the right thing, and tried to think of some better plan. At the end of that time, however, he began to mend steadily, and I was able to return to my own home and my neglected husband.

That same evening as we sat cosily by the fire—for the air was chill—Jack smoking his pipe while I reclined luxuriously in an easy chair, I started suddenly to my feet and cried—

"Jack! what day is this?"

"November 9th."

"Good gracious! And that bill, that dreadful bill! I had forgotten all about it. And now—whatever will become of us?"

"Oh! that's all right. I had a letter from B. and B. yesterday, by the station mail, and they said that finding we were not ready with the money, they had taken up the bill, (I'm sure I don't know what that means), and were ready to renew it. But that in future we must let them know in good time if we could not meet our engagements. In short, this being our first offence, we are let off easily. 'Not guilty, but don't do it again,' sort of thing. Why, Minna, my dear child, what's the matter? You look quite pale."

"If I am, it's with joy. Oh! you can't think what a fool I've been——"

And then I poured out in a torrent all the haunting fears of the last few weeks, and he laughed and kissed me in his light hearted way, assuring me that I was a dear, soft-hearted darling, and not nearly so practical as he had imagined. But he did not realise—and I suppose no man could—the keenness of the suffering thus happily ended; or why it was that I maintained that Bob's accident had been a good thing for us all. For myself I firmly believe that, but for that timely interposition, I should have had a serious illness from apprehension of the trouble that never came.

Ver Sacrum.

Soft is the sun, and soft is the air, and soft is the
Mother's breast;
Soft is the song she crooneth as I stretch me there
to rest—
Song with its warp of wooing wind, and its weft of
bird-notes clear:
How the heart it stills, and thrills, and fills. . . .
'Tis Spring—Oh, Spring is here!

DAVID WILL. M. BURN.

TE AWA NUI A RUA

(THE WANGANUI RIVER).

Notes on the Scenery, People, and Traditions of the New Zealand Rhine.

By Elsdon Best.

"Kohikohia nga maramara o Aotea"—(Collect the fragments of Aotea).

WHANGANUI is a modern name for this fine river, of which we native born are somewhat proud. In former times it was known as Te Awa-nui-a-Rua, or Te Wai-nui-a-Rua (the Great River of Rua). It was also known as Te Wai-nui-a-Tarawera, Te Wai-tahu-parae and Te Koura-puta-roa, the first being the principal as well as the most ancient name. The river is often compared to a canoe, by the natives. The head of the river is the bow, the main river the body or hold of the canoe, and the mouth is the stern. Another ancient name of the river is Te Whanga-nui-a-Rua. Whanga is an old word, now obsolete, save in place names. It means a harbour, or the wide mouth of a river. It is said that Rua and Tarawera were remote ancestors, and that Rua was the father of the latter.

ANCIENT TRIBES OF THE WHANGANUI VALLEY.

It is certain that at least three waves of migration have swept down into the Valley of Rua. Of these the first is but a dim memory of the remote past, a few names only having been preserved. Those names, however, are distinctly Polynesian.

The second migration to, or peopling of, the Whanga-nui Valley was due to the advent of the ancestors of the ancient tribe known as Nga Paerangi, the descendants of whom, still bearing the old time name, are to be found at Kai-whaiki and elsewhere; indeed, I believe that my old friend, Kerehoma Tuwhawhakia, is of that ancient people. It was he who told me that the Nga Paerangi are descended from an *atua* (god, *i.e.*, a deified ancestor) of very old times, and of whom it was said—"*Paerangi, atua o Te Moungaroa*" This Moungaroa is said to have come to New Zealand on the vessel Mataatua, though really belonging to the Kurahaupo canoe. While it is almost certain that Paerangi came from the Isles of Polynesia some twenty-six generations, or six hundred and fifty years ago, on the sacred vessel known as Horo-uta, it is, however, probable that Paerangi o Te Moungaroa was not the original Paerangi who came on Horo-uta, inasmuch as the Whanga-nui natives claim three ancestors of that name, one of whom came on Aotea, the vessel of Turi of immortal fame, and another came on the back of a huge water monster from Hawaiki, at least so Kerehoma informed me.* These were favourite statements with the gentle aboriginal, the meaning of which, probably, is that they have lost all knowledge of the name of their ancestor's vessel in the ancient migrations hither from the Isles of the Sunlit Sea. From traditionary evidence, gathered by Colonel W. E. Gudgeon and myself, it is fairly definite that the original Paerangi came to New Zealand on the Horo-uta, and that Horo-uta landed him and a few others on the East Coast, whence some of them crossed the Island to the Whanga-nui Valley, where they either became the origin

* This Paerangi was a descendant of one Ruawahine.

of Nga Paerangi tribe, or imposed that name on the autochthones by virtue of their superior *mana*, a thing which often occurred in those stirring times.

The above theory is strongly supported by a statement of Nga Paerangi of Kai-whaiki, who state that the ancestor of Paerangi-o-te-Moungaroa came from the Hawaikian fatherland to New Zealand five generations before the Aotea vessel arrived, a date which agrees with that of the arrival of Horo-uta.

As time went on Nga Paerangi became a strong tribe, and occupied lands extending from Whanga-ehu, up the Whanga-nui Valley as far as Ope-riki (Koriniti). They were found occupying that territory when Ao-Kehu and the ancestors of Ngati-Hau came from the North, the latter tribe having sprung from the Ao-tea migrants.

In regard to the connection between the Horo-uta migrants and the Whanga-nui people. Hamiora Pio, an aged and learned member of the Ngati-awa tribe of the Bay of Plenty, states: "The people (of importance) who were of the sacred vessel Horo-uta, were Whiro-nui, Whiro-tupua, Te Pontama and his sisters, Te Kahu-takiri and Iri-a-rangi, Tama-whiro, Te Hekenga, Tama-ki-te-rangi, Oi-piria, Tu-mokai and his sister Hine-kawau. Tu-mokai lived at the Tawhiti-nui *pa* at Kaworau. His descendants are at Whanga-nui. The descendants of his sister Hine-kawau are here (Genealogy No. 1, in a future number)."

We observe that thirteen generations from Hine-kawau bring us to the present time. Now another genealogy from the same person was obtained by Judge Gudgeon from her descendants on the Whanga-nui side, and it contains an equal number of generations. This fairly proves that Hine-kawau and her brother, although of Horo-uta, were but descendants of the crew of that historic vessel, and really belonged to a period about twelve generations subsequent to that time. At the present time a native speaks of belonging to a vessel that arrived twenty generations ago.

Pio also states that the descendants of Tu-mokai are to be found among the Whanga-nui people, that Turoa, the famous, was one of them. Miru-kino, an ancestor of Whanga-nui, is said to have been a son of Tu-mokai.

It is possible that Nga-Pontama, a river tribe living at Karatia, are descended from Pontama of Horo-uta. A curious statement is made by Pio. He says that a tribe known as Ngai-Tamawhiro, who were descendants of Tamawhiro of Horo-uta, occupied in former times lands at Mehea, near Matata, in the Bay of Plenty. The skin of those people was black, like that of a negro. Their speech was very unlike that of the Maori. They are now a practically extinct people, being represented by one survivor, a half-caste named Hoani-Tuaraki.

It is possible that Horo-uta brought a contingent of the dark Melanesian race to this land from Fiji or elsewhere. It is well known that the Maori sojourned for some time in Fiji, and the whence of Horo-uta is shrouded in mystery. This hypothesis would account for the strange Melanesian type found among the Urewera mountaineers, who are in some way connected with the natives of the Whanga-nui River, both by blood and tradition, as we shall see anon. This connection, it seems to me, is through the migrants of Horo-uta, the remains of which canoe are to be seen at Tiarere, near Matata, in the form of a rock. At least so says the veracious Maori—and who would doubt him?

Tuwhawhakia, of Kai-whaiki, near Upokongaro, writes me: "Tu-mokai, Miru-kino and Hine-kawau came from there (Bay of Plenty). They came from the Tawhiti-nui *pa*, at the mouth of the river at Opotiki. Many more came with them, bringing with them the name of their *pa*, Tawhiti-nui, which is still heard mentioned within the Valley of Whanga-nui."

There is also a connection between the Bay of Plenty natives and those of Whanga-nui through Toi the Wood Eater, of famous memory. A genealogy from Toi gives twenty-nine generations down to Hare Rakena (see White's Ancient History of the Maori, vol. 1, p. 138), and another of the

same length brings us to the son of Hoani Hipango.

The third wave of invasion that entered the Valley of Whanga-nui was that of the Aotea migrants or the descendants thereof. Aotea was probably one of the first of the historic fleet which re-colonised these Islands, if indeed it did not come here some time before the other famous canoes. Turi was the chief man on board Aotea, and several genealogies from him, in my possession, average twenty-two or twenty-three generations of men. When Turi arrived at Patea, he found that district occupied by a tribe of aborigines (Polynesian) known as Te Kahui-pau, the descendants of Pautini. It is said that these aborigines were descended from people who came to New Zealand in the Ariki-maitai canoe, in times long past away. An old legend states that Turi found a tribe of fair complexioned people, called Korako, living here, and that he killed the men and enslaved the women thereof. This is a common tradition in this Island, these fair people being known as Heketoro among the Tuhoe or Urewera tribe, and elsewhere as Turehu.

Turi also fought the aborigines at a place said to be the Mana-wa-tu Gorge. His son Turanga was slain in that battle, his body buried and a mound of earth piled over it. Hence that place has ever since been known as Te Ahu-o-Turanga.

Again, when Turi arrived at Patea, he quarrelled with one Rua-mano, a chief of the aborigines, and the latter, being worsted, migrated to another land.

Another legend states that Rua-mano was the name of a *pa* at Patea, with which the Aotea migrants quarrelled, and that the Aotea magicians, going to the cliff on which the *pa* stood succeeded, by means of driving wedges into the ground and the dread arts of Makuta (witchcraft) combined with divers fearsome incantations, in severing from the mainland that *pa* and the ground on which it stood, which same island floated out upon the great ocean and was lost to human ken.

However, Tuwhawhakia of Nga-Paerangi says that Rua-mano was a *taniwha* or water monster, whose fellow *taniwha* were Wiwi and Wawa, the whole being under the lord of demons, one Puhi-kai-ariki by name. When called by their *ariki*, these monsters came to land, obedient to his summons, and Rua-mano drifted ashore.

Rua-mano, as a *taniwha*, is also known by the Urewera and surrounding tribes. This monster formerly inhabited the ocean, but afterwards took up his quarters in the lake at Te Papuni, near Maunga-pohatu. When, in the early half of this century, that lake broke out and became dry, Rua-mano the aged took to a sea-faring life once more; but the shock was, presumably, too much for his system, for shortly afterwards his dead body was cast up on the beach at Nuku-taurua. However, some of his teeth were found in the dry bed of the lake—which was comforting.

One Tarinuku is said to have been a chief of the ancient people of Whanga-nui, but very little appears to be known of him.

The present tribe of Ngati-Hau or Te Ati-Hau are said to be descended from Hau-pipi and Hau-nui-a-paparangi of the Aotea migration. An old saying is: "Te uri o Hau-nui-a-paparangi, nana i taotao te nuku roa o Hawaiki." (The descendants of Hau-nui-a-paparangi, theirs was the long land of Hawaiki). I have a dim idea that this *taotao* should be *tautau*.

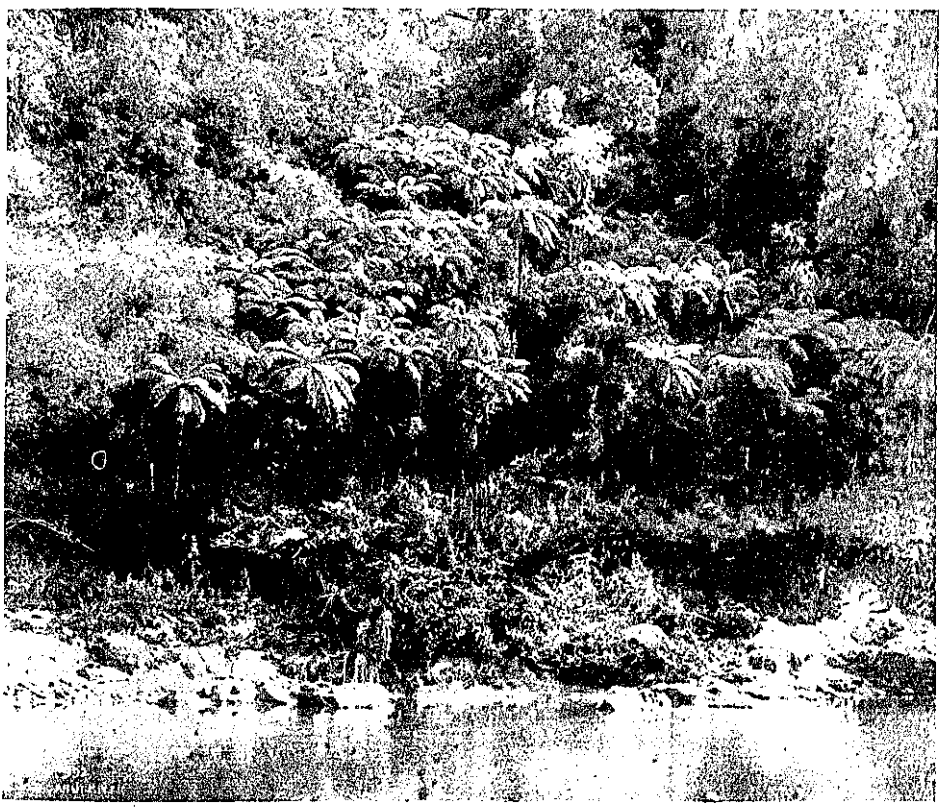
* * * * * *

It is the far-distant land of Hawaiki, some time in the fourteenth century. Two leading chiefs have quarrelled, as men ever will quarrel in this world. The blood of both sides flows to Mother Earth. Then Turi of the stout heart determines to leave those strife-racked shores and go forth upon the Great Ocean of Kiwa, as many a gallant old sea-rover had done before him. He went to his home, to Rangi-atea, where his sons Turanga-i-mua and Tane-roroa had been born. His wife Rongorongo goes forth and enters the grove to give food to her child, Tane-roroa. She hears Ue-nuku, the wizard, calling upon the peoples of Turi and Turanga and Rongotea to come under his evil spells Sad at heart she returns, and repeats to her

husband what she has heard, and the word of Turi comes forth: "These are the arts of *makutu*. It is death for me and mine." So they went to Toto, father of Rongorongo, and said: "Give to us that by which we may cross the vast waters which lie before us, that we may retain life." And Toto gave to them the vessel Aotea, which floats on the stream Wai-harakeke. Then they proceeded to gather food and seeds to take with them in their search for new lands. Upon their vessel they placed the sacred and prolific *kumara* (sweet potato), the seeds of the *karaka*, the *taro* and *ti-tawhiti*. Also, they brought these birds, the *kokoreke*, *moho*, *moakirua*, *popotai* and the *piopio*. Hence the saying: "The valuable freight of Aotea." It was the evil wizard Uenuku who placed the *kiore* (rat), the *pukeko* (swamp hen), and the *motarua* on board Aotea-roa, that they might destroy the valuable freight of Aotea. Also, they brought to this land the ancient and sacred stone axe, Te Awhio-rangi. Uenuku sent Potoru on board that he might lure Turi to the far west, to the sullen seas where man is lost.

Then Kupe, the sea rover, came to Turi. He said: "Fasten (direct) the bow of your vessel to yonder star, nor let it swerve from that. So shall you find the hidden land where the sky hangs down."

Then Turi and his people embarked on the vessel Aotea-roa, and went forth upon the great waters which spread far away to



Josiah Martin, Photo. FERNS, WHANGANUI RIVER. *Auckland, N.Z.*

Whanui and the home of the children of Pani.

Now is seen the evil work of Potoru, who strives to lead Turi to Tai-tope-ki-te-uru, the Sea of Death. But Turi says: "I have fastened the bow of my vessel to the star, for such was the word of Kupe, of he who conquered the seas." As they pass the Wahao Te Parata, where the great tides come forth, they are so occupied in quarrelling that they see not that dreadful chasm, which swallows the vessels of Potoru, the obstinate.

Rangi-totohu sinks from sight. Rangi-kekero is seen no more. Te Ririno is gone for ever. Never more shall they reappear in the World of Life.

Then Aotea comes within the influence of that awful abyss, and sinks to the eighth thwart ere Turi bestirs himself to act. He siezes the hapless Tapo and casts him overboard, as an offering to the demons of the Great Ocean of Kiwa. But Tapo, the hapless, dies not. For so confident is his manner and speech that Turi perceives that Tapo, the troublesome, is indeed under the protection of Maru, the all powerful. So Tapo is hauled aboard again, and Turi repeats his famous invocation to the gods, who live for ever, that Aotea may be saved.

The prayer ends, and behold! Aotea emerges from the dread gulf, and reappears in the Ao marama (Land of Light). Saved is that famous vessel and her crew. What time the chant of joy sounds far across the deep waters. Saved are the carved balers and the anchors too, saved are the two finest paddles, Te Roku-o-Whiti and Kautu-ki-te-rangi. And the bow of Aotea-roa swings round again and holds the star of Kupe the Wanderer, while the gallant Vikings of the Many Isled Sea sail down into the unknown south.

And we still speak of the stubborn conduct of Potoru, who perished with the Ririno. When a person is headstrong and persistent in doing what we think is foolish, then the saying is heard, "It is the tohe a Potoru," (the persistence of Potoru).

Southward, ever southward, sails the vessel of Turi, as day by day they pass from the Sunlit Isles and approach the Sullen Seas. A son is born to Turi upon the great waters, and is given the name of Tutawa-whanau-moana (Tutawa born at sea). And Aotea sails on.

These daring voyagers land at the Islands of Whiti-marama and Rongo-rupe to refit their vessel, and holy rites are there performed in order that their tribal and personal prestige and power be preserved, as likewise the vital essence of man and the gods.

So Aotea-utanga-nui fares on across the vast realm of Wainui, ancient mother of the sun and stars. Strange lands and strange seas they pass during that long voyage, until at last the shores of Te Ika-a-Maui are seen low down on the sea horizon.

The sea-worn wanderers landed in divers places, and ever find strange people, the ancient people of the land, who look with wonder upon the new-comers from the world of Tutara-kauika.

Then Turi and his people settle down at Patea, from which place they drive off the original people and build the houses Matangirei and Nga-tara-o-te-moana.

As time passes by they become numerous, and go a-raiding their neighbours and expel them from fair lands. Even so do they settle in the vale of the Great Waters of Rua.

It is said that Kupe came to New Zealand in the Matahourua canoe before Turi, and that he gave directions to Turi how to reach the fine district of Patea.

Tena! Te Korenga of Nga-Paerangi, speaks:

"When Kupe came from far Hawaiki, he took his canoe into the mouth of the Patea river, where he saw a huge *taniwha*, like unto a squid in form. This was the demon by which the entrance to that river was blocked. The vessel of Kupe was pursued by this *wheke* (marine reptile), which sought to destroy the crew of Matahourua. It extended its long arms (*kawekawe* tentacles) in order to force the canoe beneath the water, but the crew severed some of those arms with their war weapons. Again this occurred. Then Kupe became alarmed.* He siezed a large calabash, which he threw into the water. The monster made for it, probably intending to eat it. He threw his tentacles over it, but it rolled about so much as to render the task difficult. It was then that Kupe approached near enough to slay the great *wheke*. Thus the river of Patea was freed from the dread *taniwha*.

* "Ka punga te ngahau o te Kaumatua ra."—This *punga* is an unknown word to me. I have no knowledge of the Ngati-Han dialect.

ED. NOTE.—*Punga* is a stone anchor. The sentence would appear to signify that his heart sank like a stone anchor.

It was Kupe who told Turi about this land of New Zealand. The anchor of Matahourua is lying at Paremata, at Porirua. It is a large stone of singular form, with a hole through one end.

THE LEGEND OF AOKEHU, THE TANIWHA SLAYER.

This person, Aokehu, belonged to Whanga-nui. He crossed the sacred sea of Raukawa (Cook Strait) to the Isle of Aropawa, where he found a tribe living, who were known as the Tini-o-Ngongotaha. He took a wife from that people, one Takanga-matua by name, and there dwelt for a long time. One day he asked his wife to re-dress his hair, which was tied up in bunches, after the manner of the ancient Maori. She did so, and as she handled his long hair, she said: "What a fine thing to cover our food with." Then the heart of Aokehu became dark within him, for this was an evil saying to a chief, indeed, it was equal to a curse. But he kept his anger in check, lest it should be observed by those people, and that he might obtain revenge in the days that lay before.

Then the thought grew that he would return to Whanga-nui, in order to greet his old home once more, and also, that his tribe might consent to assist him in avenging the insult received by him.

Then was he heard sighing for the foods of his native land, of Whanga-nui-a-Rua. "Maybe the food of my own place is seen upon the beach at Kokohuia (at Whanganui)." And the men of the multitude of Ngongotaha asked him: "What are the foods of your home?" "The foods are the *kahawai* (fish) and dried *kumara*." They asked: "At what time should we visit your home?" "When the bloom of the *rata* is seen red from the ocean," replied Aokehu. "It is then that the land breeze will bear to you the fragrance of the *kao kumara*." So it was that those people resolved to visit the home of Aokehu.

It was then that Aokehu began to hew out a large wooden *kumete* (bowl) large enough to contain himself. He made also a cover for it, and carved both in an elaborate manner. And he saw that it was good. In the sixth moon of the Maori year, the canoes were launched and the people of Ngongotaha entered them and went forth upon the Sea of Raukawa. As they passed Rangi-tikei and Turakina, the fragrance of the dried *kumara* was perceived. Off Whanga-ehu it was very strong, and the people asked of Aokehu, "What is this that has so fragrant an odour?" He replied, "It is the food of which I spoke. Observe the bloom of the *rata* how it gleams upon the water. That is the sign."

The tide was flowing when they reached the entrance to the Whanga-nui River. Aokehu said to the people of his canoe: "Place me in the *kumete* and put the cover thereon, carefully caulking all apertures with the first bloom of the *raupo*. Let the vessel containing me drift up the river ahead of your canoe, and you shall see how I hold your safety, how the river shall greet you. Even so, Aokehu entered the *kumete*, the lid was placed on it and all interstices were stopped. Then he was thrown overboard, and drifted up the river in his tub. And the Nanakia, the dread *taniwha* Tutae-poro-poro, scents his prey from afar, and his tongue licks the waters of the Awa-nui-a-Rua in anticipation of a feast. So he made for the scent of man, and the waters of the river rose around him in great waves, like unto those of the ocean. And the men of Ngongotaha gazed upon the sight with wonder and great fear.

Meanwhile, Aokehu was drifting up stream and repeating his incantations to enable him to overcome this dread monster. When Tutae-poro-poro encountered the wooden tub containing the would-be dragon slayer, he simply swallowed it, and hold Aokehu was engulfed in the stomach of the monster. But the *taniwha* rushed in pursuit of the canoes, he siezed them and the Multitude of Ngongotaha have gone from the World of Life and know death. Never again shall they appear in the Ao Marama.

So Aokehu lay within his *kumete* and busied himself in cutting the lashings thereof, and emerged therefrom and took out his weapon, the blade studded with sharp teeth

of the shark. With this he cut open the stomach of the *taniwha*, and that fearsome demon was thus slain, and so drifted to the shore at Tawhanaroa. Then Aokehu, strange man, stepped out of the beast, and his heart was joyful. For he had avenged the dire insult levelled at him by his wife. The Tini-o-Ngongotaha were no more. Also had he slain the fierce monster that ravaged so long the Great River of Tarawera, and taken toll of many a hapless canoe. Freed from this horror, his people increased and waxed powerful, and spread abroad across far lands.

Now, before Tutae-poro-poro was slain, the whole valley of Whanga-nui was full of water, indeed, only the summits of the hills were seen by the eyes of man. But when the *taniwha* was slain and his body drifted away, then the waters receded and became low. This monster lived just below the bridge, in a great cave in the river bed. His lurking place may still be seen. And see what a fine river we have now!

Then Aokehu settled down here. But his fame spread far and wide, and many tribes spoke his name. The men of Rua-nui heard of his great deeds, and sent messengers to ask him to go north, toward Puke-o-naki (ancient name of Mount Egmont) and slay the man-devouring monsters of those lands. So Aokehu and his party fared northward. They travelled in a peaceful manner, but what was that to the Ngarauru, who attacked them, but were defeated by Aokehu, the Dragon Slayer, and his people! Then he sought to destroy the dragons of the north. Ika-roa was killed, and as the morrow dawned, Te Wiwi and Te Wawa fell in death. Thus all three of those fierce beings were slain. They were caught in snares formed of strong ropes of *ti* fibre, which were placed in the paths frequented by them. Then great joy was felt by those people, they were saved from a frightful death, saved by Aokehu. So they took the woman, Takanga-iki, and gave her to Aokehu as wife, and as a token of their gratitude. (Genealogy No. 2, in a later issue).

It is also stated that Aokehu slew a *taniwha* known as Ngahapi.

RAUKAWA, THE SACRED SEA.

It may not generally be known that Cook Strait was a sacred sea to the old time Maori. Thickly overlaid with the dread *tapu* was that restless highway.

My old friend and *ruanuku* (wise man) Te Karehana Whakataki of Ngati-Toa, takes the chair.

"This sea of Raukawa is *tapu*. When a person crosses it in a canoe he may look neither to right nor left, nor yet behind him, even until he reaches the further side. But when a man has made the passage twice, he is then freed from these rules. They apply only to strangers. If such a person looks about him, the canoe will be held in that spot for a night and a day. Only the invocations of a priest can relieve it. All people on board a canoe carefully cover their eyes with leaves of the *karaka* tree, that they look only into the canoe, lest they see the land. The priests of Ngati-Kahungunu were possessed of the knowledge of how to release a canoe when so situated. In starting across Raukawa, the priest would say, 'Let the eyes of all *tauhou* (new hands) be covered.' This was a precaution, lest they look upon Kapiti Island or Nga Whatu-Kaiponu (the Brothers). The latter is an extremely *tapu* place. On arriving at the *tuahiwi** the priest would cry, 'Oh children, it is the *tuahiwi!*' He would know it by the sign of the drifting seaweed. The two sides of the Strait are very deep. Just the other side of the shoal place, that part is known as Takahi-parae. On arriving there the priest would cry, 'Oh, children, it is Takahi-parae!' Then the voyagers would know that they were nearing the further side, and their hearts would begin to be glad.

"Once upon a time the canoe of Tungia,† father of Te Pirihana, sailed for the other Island. The priest on board was Te Rimu-

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* Tuahiwi.—A shoal said by natives to exist in the middle of Cook Strait.

† Tungia was one of Te Rau-paraha's companions, and a chief of Ngati-Toa. He took the Wai-mapihi *pa* at Pukerua, near Pae-Makariki. His son Te Pirihana, or Ngahuka, still lives there.

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 Rimu-rapa.' 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 *(manu Maori)*. And it is but very seldom seen."

In olden times various migrations of people left the Whanga-nui district for the South Island. The first is said to have been led by Te Ahura. Another, some time after, was led by a chief named Tumata-Kokiri, from whom sprang a tribe known as Ngai-Tumata-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.

"THE BLOKE."

By Montgomery Barr.

Illustrated by Ashley Hunter.

I.

"GVENIN'," said he, as he walked in, followed by his dogs, "'ow are ye doin'?"

Seating himself on my bed he pulled out a pipe and prepared to fill it. He did not remove the soft felt hat, of no particular shape, that adorned his head. He was in his working garb—muddy water-tight boots, loosely belted trousers of blue dungaree, a dark shirt and an olive-green coat. All bushmen's every-day coats are green. It is reported that these coats were originally of some more conventional colour. It may be so. There he sat—the Bloke, so self-styled—full of friendly intentions, and diffusing a mingled odour of tobacco, onions and honest toil.

"Good evening, Mr. Drake," I responded.

"Oh, I say, stash the 'mister'! Plain Bill and Jim is good enough between workin' blokes."

I winced. I had never before realised that I was plain Jim, a working bloke. But looking round me at my whare of white pine palings, my fireplace of slabs and clay, my home-made furniture, I felt compelled to admit the appropriateness of the description.

"Do ye like batching?" inquired the Bloke, kindly.

"Not very well. I don't allow my dogs indoors."

He lit his pipe with care.

"If you wouldn't mind sending your dogs out——"

"Them two dawgs." He beamed affectionately upon the curs. "What they don't know aint worth knowin'. Why, me and Ike 'Arvey, we was up at Long Pat's whare on Sunday, and Pat 'e was pitchin' about a dawg as 'e give ten pound for. I says: 'Pat, I'll lay ye a fiver——'"

"Send your dogs out, Drake."

"Oh, all right! Ye're easy narked, mate," he complied, snorting contemptuously. Then he entertained me for an hour with tales of his own sagacity and that of his dogs. From past experience I guessed that he had not come merely to amuse me, and while he talked I wondered what he wanted. At last he said, "I 'eard as 'ow ye wanted some timber sawn."

"Yes. I need a floor and a partition in this whare, and two front rooms of sawn timber added."

"Ye'll be bringin' in yer family?"

"Yes, before winter begins, if possible."

"Well, I'm yer man. Me and Ike 'Arvey, we always saws together. When I 'ear of it, I says to my mate: 'There's a bonnyfide settler for you. Not like the blokes as takes up land just to 'ave a cut in at the Guvment work. Family man, too. Ought to be 'elped. Let's cut 'is timber for 'im, and maybe give 'im a 'and with the buildin'.' So I come up 'ere."

"Very good of you, I'm sure."

"Oh, don't name it! Ike 'Arvey, 'e's just the same: ready to knock off whatever 'e's doin' and go and 'elp any poor bloke as needs 'elp. 'Ow much would ye be wantin' now?"

"I haven't reckoned it up yet. The new part will be twenty-four by twelve, in two rooms. What do you charge for sawing?"

He smiled benignly. "That'll be all right, mate. Make yer mind easy."

"Yes, but you surely do not propose to cut my timber for nothing?"

"Well, it won't cost ye much. We'll do it friendly like."

"Why not name a price?"

"Well, ye see, ye could pay us something for our time. We'll 'ave to knock off Guvment roadmakin' to do yer job."

"What is your regular charge per hundred feet?"

"Look 'ere, mate, ye talk as if a bloke was tryin' to do ye! We're the best sawyers in the place, though I say it myself, and we won't slip ye up. Just say the word, and me and my mate we goes on the job."

"I don't do business in that way, Mr. Drake. I'll calculate how much timber I want, then if you care to give an estimate, it will be considered. Now let us change the subject."

"Well, if that's all the thanks a bloke gets for trudgin' 'alf a mile through the bush to do 'is neighbour a good turn—for a paltry little job like yourn, ye won't get no tenders at all."

I ignored these and other disconnected grumblings, and turned my attention to the camp-oven, in which my uncooked bread had been set to rise. The Bloke cooled down, and assisted me with his advice.

"Kneaded that batch two 'ours ago, did ye?" he said. "And when did ye set yer sponge? It's goin' to be 'eavy bread, mate. Praps yer yeast is bad. I'll bring ye down some of mine as I pass to-morrer, then ye can start a fresh lot. No, it ain't no trouble."

I felt rather ashamed of my churlish refusal to give him pit-sawing at daily wages. He seemed kind-hearted and friendly. Of course I did not decline his yeast, of which I so evidently stood in need. He gave me a few hints on baking, and I received them in the right spirit. Then he put my gratitude to a practical test.

"Ye'll not be usin' yer 'orse much?" he began. "I'd like to borrow 'im to-morrow, to go packin'. I got five 'orse loads at Eketahuna, and so I'm borrowin' extra' orses."

"My pony isn't fit for packing. Not strong enough."

"Oh! I'll pack light on 'im."

"I'm afraid it's impossible."

The Bloke evidently considered me a very disagreeable man. His eyes gleamed maliciously.

"By gosh!" he exclaimed, "ye foll in, right enough when ye give six pound for that moke!"

THERE HE SAT—THE BLOKE, SO SELF-STYLED.

"Indeed?"

"'E was offered to me for thirty bob. 'No,' says I, 'I wouldn't 'ave 'im if ye slung 'im at me!' 'E aint fit for them bush roads at all."

I smoked in silence. The Bloke's eyes roved round the whare. "Whatever's that dripping from the chimbly?" he cried. "Fat, ain't it?"

"Oh, never mind!"

But the Bloke's head was already up the wide chimney. "What's this up 'ere?" he cried.

"If you must know, it is a ham I am smoking."

He reached up and took it down.

"Great Scott! Been there for weeks, ain't it? And all that 'ot fire of matai and stuff! 'Smokin' a 'am,' says 'e! Oh, boys, I'll die of this! Ye got it smoked right enough, mate." He flopped on the bed in ecstasies of mirth

"I don't profess to know much about smoking a ham," I remarked, rather testily, "but I fail to see what excuse you have for making yourself so offensive!"

The Bloke reclined on his elbow. He was enjoying himself very much. "Ye got yer shirt out, mister," he said.

Not understanding his metaphor, I looked hastily at my clothing He thought this a very facetious retort, and laughed approvingly. I longed to kick him out. But he was my nearest neighbour, and a poor bush settler must avoid quarrelling with his neighbours.

On the wall near him was a photograph. The Bloke took it down and studied it. "Them yer little lot?" he inquired.

"My children," I answered.

"Gosh! The girl's good lookin'. She'd make a slap up barmaid, if she 'ad more style. She's comin' to keep 'ouse for ye, I expect?"

I admitted the fact, and the Bloke grew thoughtful.

"Look 'ere!" he said at last. "Look 'ere, boss!" On the strength of my daughter's photograph I was promoted from "mate" to "boss." "Ye'll want a lot of 'elp in gettin' yer 'ouse ready. Send for me, and I'll give ye a 'and, free gratis. And any tools and things ye want, just borrer off o' me. Don't he afraid to arst. And when all is ready, just say the word, and my pack 'orses goes out to bring yer family in."

He was now beaming with goodwill. What could I do but thank him, and accept at least the last part of his offer?

II.

My whare has been transformed into a cottage, and my three children have come to live with me. Pretty Louise keeps house for me, and Louise, at nineteen, is a very charming companion as well as a capable housekeeper. Bert and Jack are helping me clear the bush. They take great interest in the work; their talk is full of such terms as "drive" and "scarf" and "jigger"; they know to a nicety the comparative hardness of rata, maire and akeake. They work as well as talk, each according to his strength, and even little Jack lays low the pretty young tawas and "small stuff" with doughty blows of his "slasher." Louise's bread is much better than mine, and, altogether, I am much more happy and comfortable than I was when living a lone bachelor life last summer.

But I have quarrelled with the Bloke. I am sorry, but it was unavoidable. He comes no more to sit on my bed and twit me with my culinary failures. I shall be compelled to resort to legal proceedings in order to make him do his half of the fencing. He tells people that he is "narked," and talks about ingratitude.

Ingratitude! Yes, I *do* feel rather mean. The Bloke's intentions were so good. I did not give him the timber to saw, as he and his mate are notoriously incompetent sawyers. But he helped me to build the new rooms. It is true that he was paid by the day, and that his day was sweetened by many restful smokes. But he was so willing and so pleasant that I did not like to notice how little he really did. He borrowed my most cherished tools for a day, and brought them back a week afterwards, much the worse for unskilful handling; but the poor fellow offered to lend me all he possessed, so what could I say? When the packer delivered my roofing iron and window sashes, the Bloke was quite hurt. "Why didn't ye tell me?" said he, "I'd 'ave packed in your stuff and charged ye nothin'." When all was ready I did borrow his two packhorses—I admit the fact—to bring home my children's luggage. He took a great interest in this home-coming. When I returned from the township, late and tired, with the young people and the packs, the Bloke was at my slip-rails. He assisted Louise to dismount, he unbuckled and unhooked the packs, he unsaddled and turned out the horses.

"Say, boss," he remarked, "I've milked yer cow, and ye'll find yer billy boilin'. I'm off 'ome now, to see if I can scrape up some tea for myself."

"Oh, do please stay and have tea with us."

"Well, I ain't particler." This formula, in Bloke language, indicated polite assent. "I've been choppin' firewood for ye, boss. Reglar wood and water Joey. Guess I've earned my tucker, eh, Miss?"

Louise joined me in expressing gratitude and welcome. The Bloke fried a large panful of chops while Louise and I laid the cloth. As he sat with us at tea, discoursing on pighunting and rattling his knife on his plate, my heart warmed to the good, well-meaning fellow. Louise cast many a smiling glance upon him. She looked with interest upon his olive-green coat, his horny hands and bristly chin, and she seemed fascinated by the novel phrases with which he decorated his ideas. Louise smiled upon him. Poor fellow. How was he to know that the smile was one of amusement? The Bloke grew vain-glorious. Never was such a remarkable man. "Me and my mate, we took a bushfallin' contract last winter. We took it at twenty-five bob an acre, 'eavy bush, fallin' everythin' up to three-six, and we made three quid a week each, countin' wet days and all."

"Not many men could do that," I said.

"That was out Waihi way, where the wild cattle are. One day my two dawgs, they went 'untin' on their own. I 'cars 'em barkin', and Ike says, 'Them dawgs 'as got a pig.' I listened, and whatever they'd got, it wouldn't bail up. Ike took the gun, and I 'ad only a light slasher. We followed up, and there was fresh cattle tracks all about. 'If it's a cattle-beast,' says I, 'we'll go for it!' We was lookin' about, and Ike yelled to me to look slippy. A wild cow, as mad as mad, was comin' full belt down the track, and the dawgs after her. She 'adn't seen us, and I slipped be'ind a tree. Ike, 'e run, and the cow seen 'im, and went for 'im. 'E dodged and fired, but missed. Then there was some runnin', and soon I seen 'im comin' back, eyes out, and the cow after 'im. The gun was gone, and there wasn't a tree fit to climb. But there was a big tree over'angin' the gully, and rata-vines on it. I slashed two on 'em, quick and lively, and in a jiff we was both swingin' out ten feet above the gully. The cow stands there, tryin' to come at us. I 'ad my slasher under my arm, and of course it was a bit awkward 'angin' on like that, so I worked my legs about, and got a swing on, and swung nearer to the cow, and at last, on the swing, I let 'er 'ave the slasher on the back of the neck, and cut 'er backbone clean through. I fell on top of 'er, but she didn't move. Gosh! We was just about beat by the time we got the meat back to camp."

PRETTY LOUISE KEEPS HOUSE FOR ME.

"You carried the whole cow home?" inquired Bert, innocently.

"No, no. This is all true I'm tellin' ye. We cut it up as well as we could, left the 'ide on, and 'umped a quarter each."

The Bloke was really rather entertaining. When he took his leave, I asked him to come again.

He did come—the very next evening. We began to tire of admiring his prowess, and

when he told how he had got into a hollow hinau tree, and being unable to climb out, had spend three days in cutting his way out with a pocket-knife, Louise merely looked tired, and Bert said that very few men could boast of having been inside a hinau. But the Bloke was undisturbed. He stayed rather late, and on rising to go he turned rather markedly to Louise.

"Ye'll find it awful quiet up 'ere, Miss."

"Oh! I shall do very well with Dad and the boys for company," said Louise, rather cruelly excluding him. But he was not thin-skinned.

"But ye'll be dull in the winter. Are ye fond of music?"

"Very."

"I'll bring down my accordion to-morrow night, and cheer ye up a bit."

"Thank you, but you mustn't let us monopolise all your evenings."

"Oh, never name it!" And he took his leave.

"You'll have to snub that fellow," said I, addressing Louise.

"Don't I snub him, Dad? Oh, I do wish he would stay away! I was just longing to talk and laugh, as we do when we are by ourselves, but I felt obliged to be stiff and distant. And the things I said when I did speak!"

The next day was very wet and stormy. We fondly hoped that the Bloke would not keep his promise. But he was worse than his word. We had hardly sat down to dinner when little Jack, seated opposite the window, exclaimed: "Here comes a man in yellow oilskins. The Bloke! Yes, I think so."

"Oh! he's only coming to borrow baking-soda, or pain-killer, or the hand-saw," said Bert.

By this time the Bloke was at the door. In his hand he dangled four pigeons, which he presented to Louise. From under his oilskin coat he produced a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" accordion. Then he took off the coat and entered with a cheery "Well, 'ow are ye doin'?"

"Oh, come in!" I said, and Bert added: "Make yourself quite at home," in tones of unmistakable hostility.

"I always do," replied the Bloke. "You see, boss," he continued, "it was too wet to work to-day, so I did a tog-up and come over to give ye a tune."

He had discarded the harmony in green and blue, and had donned a very new tweed suit. Round the neck of his dirty shirt he wore a bright tartan tie.

Of course we asked him to share our frugal meal. He was not "particler," he said, and he fell to accordingly. Though we could well have spared his presence, the Bloke evidently meant well. He was deeply sensible of his own kindness in coming through the wet bush to amuse us, so much so that I felt called upon to say: "Yes, but you really ought to consider yourself a little more. You have a good shed to work in, and you and your mate might have found something to do."

Louise looked quite shocked at my plain-speaking, and evidently expected the Bloke to rush out of the house in a rage. But he merely smiled and said: "My mate? Poor old Ike! 'E wanted badly to come with me, but I wouldn't bring 'im. Oh, no, not by a jugful! 'Never hinterdooce yer donah to a pal,' that's my motto," and he winked at Louise, who looked astonished.

"Say, Louise,"—Louise, indeed!—"I'll learn ye to play the accordion. This little Font Lee Roy—we call it 'The Pup,' cause it's so small, but by gosh, it is good! I'd back myself for twenty quid to play it all night for the dancin', and never rest, it is so light."

On the Bloke's initiative we left the table. The dishes were washed to the howlings of the "Pup."

Gentle reader, were you ever weather-bound in a small cottage, in enforced companionship with an accordion enthusiast? Do you realise the feeling, changing by degrees from amused toleration to homicidal mania, induced by the strains of his fell instrument? All the tunes are in the same key, the bass is mechanical and monotonous; no air involving even the simplest transition of key can be correctly played. But the accordion's worst quality is the ease with

which it lends itself to the production of unmusical music by people like the Bloke.

The conversation interposed between the musical selections ran somewhat as follows:

"Do ye know that? That's 'Glorious Beer,' that is."

"No, I don't know it."

"Well, I expect ye know this." His eyes assumed a rapt expression, and he created a new reading of "The man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." "What? Not know that? Why, that's a very well-known comic song."

"I have heard very few comic songs. I don't care for them."

The Bloke looked thoughtfully at Louise. "Ye don't? I see. They ain't class enough for a lady like ye are. Quite right, stick to that. Now I'll play ye some real 'igh-toned music." He began "The Gallants of England," and as some notes did not exist on his instrument, the air faded out in a mist of inappropriate flourishes. He knew several pretty airs, but the same fate befell most of them. At last Louise fled, and Bert's irritation boiled over. "Do give it a rest!" he cried. "What's the use of beginning 'The Garden of Sleep,' and tailing off directly into a lot of silly variations? If you can't go clear through a tune, give it best!"

"Oh, but I can! I can play 'Glorious Beer' till all's blue. But where is Louise?"

"My daughter," I answered rather stiffly, "has gone to her room to write letters."

"I was just goin' to teach her the fingerin' of a tune or two. She won't be long, will she?"

"Can't say," I replied. Then I followed Bert, who had betaken himself to the whare kitchen, now my bedroom and workroom. From our place of concealment we could hear the Bloke talking to Jack, and mutilating ballad music as he talked.

Bert was very angry. "Dad," he burst out, "did you hear him call Louise his donah? What next, I wonder? It makes me sick to see him wink at her as he talks. For goodness' sake fire him out, dad!"

"Do you mean to say that this—this Bloke —is paying his attentions to Louise?"

"He says so himself, but you don't understand his lingo. By the way, has Louise said anything to you about Harry Markham?"

"No."

"Then she probably will before long. Harry——"

At this moment the Bloke appeared in the doorway, where he leaned comfortably against the wall. "Say, boss," he remarked, "it takes a good-natured bloke to keep from getting narked with ye. Ain't ye got no ear for music?"

LOUISE KNELT ON THE HEARTH BESIDE ME.

"I have, Drake, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Besides, Bert and I have one or two things to do before tea."

"I'll 'elp ye."

I took up one of my many "wet day jobs," and turning my back upon him, I set to work. He watched me, thoughtfully filling a pipe the while. When he had lighted up he turned back into the living-room, and found Louise there. She at once laughingly ordered him to put out his pipe, and he made a great merit of obeying her. Then followed a conversation in a lower tone. I thought it

advisable to leave my work. When I went in he was saying: "I like stand-offish girls, and I like sensible ones. Ye don't gas and jaw like most of them girls about 'ere. Ye've got the sense to shut up, and give a bloke a chanst to speak. That's why ye suit me."

"But I really don't care to hear this. Talk about something else."

"Well, then, let me teach ye the accordion."

"No time, Mr. Drake. It is almost tea-time."

"Well, I'll come in of evenin's and learn ye."

"But I'm sure I could never learn to play as you do."

"You won't try?"

"I won't try."

The Bloke told us that he was going to Eketahuna next day. He was most pressing in his offers to post our letters for us, pointing out that we should thus gain three days, as the local mail did not close till Wednesday. Louise handed him two letters. I saw that one was addressed to Harry Markham.

Tea passed off fairly well, until the Bloke, his hunger appeased, began to talk. I happened to say that the bridge over the creek was getting shaky.

"Yes," he replied, "it will want more money spent on it soon. A good job for some poor workin' man."

"The bridge can't be very old."

"No, but it has not lasted well. Me and Ike, we cut the timbers for that bridge. They was to be good old 'eart-wood of the usual sorts, and we simply 'adn't got it to saw. We cut a good deal of young sappy stuff—far easier to cut—and Ike 'e says: 'The boss will never pass this.' 'Take my tip 'e will,' says I, 'when I've faked it a bit.' So I got a lot of hinau bark, and made a dye with it, and we splashed it well on the sap-wood to make it dark and old lookin', and so we bested the boss."

"I'm surprised to hear you boast of such a thing," said I.

"Oh, we took the contrack too low! 'Ad to get even somehow."

"It was a dishonest act!" cried Bert, hostly. The Bloke looked surprised.

"Don't ye understand that it was a Guvment job?" he inquired. "Why, everybody makes a rise out of the Guvment! Ye dunno 'alf of what goes on."

The rest of the evening was spent in playing five-handed euchre, a particularly silly game. The Bloke played with noise and vigour. His little way of slapping a card on the table, and bawling: "Play to that," was rather trying, but we could have borne it. Soon, however, he was inspired to pat Louise on the shoulder, and to grasp her hand under the table. She turned and looked steadily at him, with all the dignity of offended nineteen. His armour of vanity was pierced at last, and he went home crest-fallen, but by no means vanquished.

Bert and Jack went to their rooms. Louise knelt on the hearth beside me, laying her head on my knee. She has done this ever since she was a very little girl, and it always means that good old dad is not to be angry with his little daughter.

"Dad," she began, "that man is always here."

"I saw little of him, my child, except when he came a-borrowing, until you young people came. So you are tired of him, too?"

"He is unbearable, dad."

"Yes. If he comes to visit us again—which I don't expect, after our extreme coldness to him to-day—I shall plainly tell him his company is not wanted."

"Poor man! But we can't have him here. Of course I know we are ever so poor now, and away from all our friends, but a man like that—eh, dad?"

"I have been rather weak, perhaps. This Drake is always trying to put me under obligations, and once or twice I have found it necessary to accept his help. I do not like to impute selfish motives, but he trades upon my gratitude, and what I do for him in return he forgets. In future we must decline his pigeons and all other favours. I am rather sorry you gave him your letters to post."

"So am I, but it seemed ungracious to decline so small a service. I didn't foresee that he was going to become offensively familiar. And I didn't know that he was going to make a great black thumb-mark on one of the envelopes. Did you see it, Dad?"

"Yes, and I saw him attentively reading the address." My little daughter was looking with shining eyes into the fire. I paused, she laid a burning cheek upon my hand, but said nothing. I must help her.

"Have you anything to tell me about Harry Markham?" I asked.

"Yes, Dad," very softly.

"I don't want to lose you yet, child. You are very young."

"Oh, not yet, Daddy dear, not forever and ever so long!"

"If I know young Markham, he won't wait ever so long," I said.

She had risen, and was standing behind me, too shy to let me see her face. She now threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, sobbing a little. "I love you too, dear old Dad!" she cried, as if she felt that I needed comfort. I assumed a matter-of-fact air. "You had better ask Harry to write to me about it, or to come, if possible, and pay us a visit. Understand me, I would rather give you to Harry Markham than to anyone else, and I hope he will make you happy, my child."

For a few days we were free from our incubus. His business detained him at Eketahuna. Mail day came, and brought an answer to Louise's letter. Enclosed was that letter itself with its envelope. In explanation of this Markham wrote: "As you have not hitherto been wont to smear your correspondence with tobacco ashes and thumb autographs, I return your letter (but I must have it again, dear) to ask you whether you can account for the state it is in. Is it possible that some one has opened it? You will see that the postmark is Eketahuna. The inference is that you entrusted it to some one to post for you. Was your messenger trustworthy?" The rest of the letter was not for me to see.

Unfolding the returned letter, we found a large thumb-mark on the note-paper corresponding to that on the envelope. Careful comparison, with the aid of a lens, showed that the same thumb had made both impressions. Now we had seen the Bloke make the mark on the envelope. There was no doubt that he had tampered

I CHARGED HIM WITH OPENING THE LETTER.

with the letter, and Louise's face burned at the thought of his having read what her heart had prompted her to write to her lover. The letter was still in my hand when the Bloke appeared, loud-voiced and self-satisfied as ever. He was received in dead silence. Louise remained standing, white with anger. The Bloke sat down.

"Well, what's up? Who's cat's dead?" he inquired, crossing his legs, and mechanically lighting his pipe.

I charged him with opening the letter entrusted to his care.

"I never did. It's a lie!"

"That is your thumb-mark on the paper."

"Pooh! The post-office people done it, p'raps. Thumb-marks is all alike."

"No, they are all different. The mark on the envelope we saw you make. The one on the letter is just the same. You opened the letter!"

"Well, what if I did? All's fair in love and war. I'm goin' to arst Louise to keep company with me." Louise gave me one look, and left the room. "I wanted to know if she had got a chap already. I done it to find out. There is a chap, and I've got to cut 'im out. See?"

"Are you not ashamed?"

"Well, it ain't quite the square thing, boss. I'm ready to apologise to Louise. There, that's handsome"

"Listen to me, Drake. I do not blame you for doing this dirty action, because you know no better. But you are unfit to associate with my daughter, and you must not come here again!"

"What ye puttin' on side about? Who are ye? If ye was better off once, ye're only a poor bush settler now."

"Not too poor to choose my company!"

"I'm as good as ye, and better off. And after all I've done for ye! Confound all snobs! I'll send ye in a bill for 'ire of pack-'orses."

"Do, please. I shall be glad to pay it."

"Well, I'm off. But I've got it in for ye now, so ye'd better watch it!"

"Oh! Dad, is he gone?" asked Louise, coming out of her room. "He threatened you, Dad. I am afraid he will do you a mischief."

"We'll risk it. Thank Heaven, the Bloke is offended at last! Better an avowed enemy than an intolerable friend."

"THE SUICIDE'S PRAYER."

THERE is no god but God,
  However far he be;
There is no hell but Earth,
  For Earth is Hell to me!

There is no Rest but Sleep,
  That knows not mortal breath;
No path from Hell to Rest
  But through the straits of Death.

Hear, then, thou only God
  Who doest most things well;
The means be thine—thy hand or mine—
  But leave me not in Hell!

E. V. HALL.

LIQUID AIR.

By Professor F. D. Brown.

THERE is always a fascination about overcoming a difficulty. Men strive to reach the tops of high mountains, not for anything which is to be obtained there, not for the extended and remarkable view which may possibly be enjoyed there, but simply for the satisfaction of struggling successfully with the obstacles which nature has placed in the path. They spend their best energies in an endeavour to reach the North Pole, not because there is any probability of a polar El Dorado, but because the Pole has hitherto defeated every effort to attain it. The same spirit dominates the best science. Where, in the world of knowledge, an apparently insuperable difficulty presents itself, there, will be found many able workers determined to overcome it, not for any gain to be won, but only to satisfy the natural craving of man to be master of his surroundings.

In no case, in the domain of experimental science, has this desire to overcome resistance been better exemplified than in the case of the liquefaction of gases. Most of the substances with which we have to do in the world are, ordinarily, either solids or liquids, and it is well known that a solid may, in general, be converted into a liquid by heating it, and that, by a further application of heat, the liquid may be changed into a gas or a vapour. The commonest example of this general fact is water which exhibits itself at different temperatures in the several forms of ice, water and steam; but nearly all substances, except those which are destroyed by heat, seem to conform to the same law. There are, however, a comparatively small number of substances which are met with in the form of gas, and the question long ago arose whether these gases were the vapours of corresponding liquids and solids, and would exist as such if the temperature were lowered sufficiently, or whether they were inherently, and under all conditions, gaseous, thus differing from all the rest of their co-existences in the universe. The problem has been attacked by many persons, by Monge and Clouet, who succeeded in liquefying one of these gaseous substances—sulphurous acid—in the last century; by Northmore, who condensed chlorine in 1806; by Thilorier, who obtained solid carbonic acid in 1825; and, notably, by Faraday, who brought to bear upon the subject that enlightened persistence and dexterity which made him the greatest of English philosophers, and who, by subjecting the gases to very low temperatures, accompanied by great pressure, succeeded in liquefying, and even solidifying, many of them.

Notwithstanding the efforts of these men, and of many others, some of whom submitted the gases to pressures exceeding eighteen tons on the square inch, six gases stubbornly resisted all attempts to condense them. Of these six, two were the common elementary gases of the atmosphere, oxygen and nitrogen, and a third was the equally familiar hydrogen.

In 1870, the late Professor Andrews, of Belfast, after a long series of admirable experiments, proved conclusively that in the case of every gas there was a particular temperature, different for each gas, above which it was useless to attempt condensation by pressure. As this temperature, called the critical temperature, was exceedingly low in the case of oxygen and nitrogen, it became apparent that in any future

attempts to liquefy these gases it would be necessary to cool them to lower temperatures than could at that time be obtained.

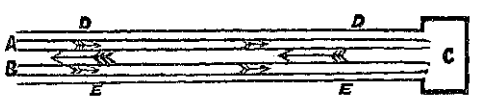
Acting on this suggestion, and mindful of the fact that when a gas, subjected to high pressure, is allowed to escape, and thus to occupy a larger volume at lower pressure, the expansion is accompanied by a marked fall in temperature of the gas, M. Cailletet, in Paris, after very many trials, constructed an apparatus by which a gas could be subjected to enormous pressure, and at the same time cooled to a very low temperature, and then, by the opening of a valve, suddenly released and allowed to expand, thus bringing about a great fall in temperature of the already very cold gas. His attempt was successful, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the first liquid oxygen. About the same time similiar results were obtained by M. Pictet, in Geneva, but neither of these determined efforts resulted in the production of any quantity of the liquefied gas, they proved only that the liquefaction was possible.

Pictet was a maker of refrigerating machinery, and consequently had at his disposal everything necessary to the manufacture and working of the powerful and exactly-fitting pumps which are required for this class of work. His qualified success, even under these advantageous circumstances, seems to have deterred any one from again entering into this prolonged struggle with the gases, until Professor Dewar, of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle Street, London, which had been the scene of all Faraday's triumphs, determined to continue the work of his predecessor, and to try once more to reduce the gases of the atmosphere to a liquid state, and that in such quantity as to be able to ascertain the properties of the liquids in question. The story of his efforts is mainly one of unwearying perseverance; the conditions under which liquefaction could be made to take place were already known, but great mechanical difficulties stood in the way of the realisation of his hopes. Time after time the costly pumps and appliances broke down, necessitating the labour of months, and the expenditure of hundreds of pounds to replace and improve them. It soon became known that a determined effort was being made to obtain liquid air on a large scale, and several persons, anxious that the long sought-for goal should be reached, offered to provide any money which might be necessary for the work. With their assistance thorough success eventually rewarded Dewar's efforts, and in the beginning of 1893 I had the pleasure of being present when, for the first time, a tumblerful of liquid air was exhibited to the members of the Royal Institution assembled with their friends in the old

theatre, whose walls had been the witnesses of so many great discoveries.

The process adopted by Professor Dewar in accomplishing his task was by no means a simple one, and before these rebellious gases could be said to be entirely subdued, it remained to find a means of liquefying them easily and cheaply. This has been done by Carl Linde, of Munich, who makes use of a method first suggested by Siemens, more than forty years ago, and applied by him to what is, at first sight, a totally different matter—to wit, the construction of what are now known as regenerative furnaces.

The idea which led to the building of these furnaces, and to the most recent methods of air liquefaction, is so simple, or admirable in its results, and so far-reaching in its applications, that I propose, at the risk of making this article too technical, and, therefore, to most people, too tedious, to endeavour to explain it. Imagine two pipes, A and B, the one conveying a combustible gas, such as coal gas, the other the air necessary to its burning, and suppose that the gas and air both flow in the directions indicated by the small arrows, and pass



from the ends of the pipes into the space C, where the gas is burnt at the expense of the air; and, further, suppose that after the burning has taken place, the hot gases which pass off from the flame are led back through the larger tube, D D, E E surrounding the smaller ones, A and B, the hot gases, therefore, travelling in the direction of the larger arrows. The effect of this arrangement will be that the hot gases will give up their heat to the gas and air coming the other way along A and B, so that these gases will arrive at C already hot, and when they burn, the temperature in C will be very much higher than if the gases had arrived cold; but this high temperature in C will cause the gases, flowing back along D E, to be much hotter than before, and this will cause the gas and air in A and B to be much more heated, so that these gases will arrive in C hotter than they did when first heated; but arriving hotter and burning in C as before, the temperature of C will be further raised, and hotter gas will pass back along D E, heating still further the arriving gases. It is evident that the process would go on indefinitely, the heat in C always rising, were it not for the inevitable loss of heat through the walls of C, which eventually becomes so great as to prevent further increase. There is, besides, a limit, beyond which the materials of the pipes and the chamber C would be destroyed by the heat.

This is the idea which has been so successfully applied, with many differences in detail, in the "regenerative" furnaces which are now largely employed in iron works, glass and porcelain works, and also in the manufacture of coal gas.

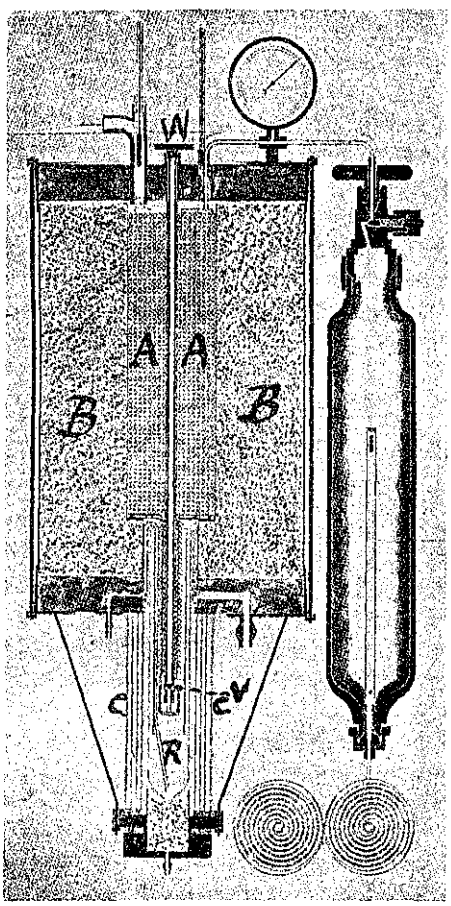
It is but a small, but very important, step from this regeneration of heat to the regeneration of cold. Suppose that for some reason or other the gases passing through A and B, on mixing in C, became colder instead of hotter, then the cold mixtures passing along D E would cool the arriving gases, which, on mixing, would become colder still, and the cold mixture, going back along D E, would still further cool the gases in A and B, so that gradually an exceedingly low temperature would be obtained in C. The only difference between this regeneration of cold and the process first mentioned, is that the mixing of the gases in C is supposed to cause a fall in temperature instead of a rise.

Now, compressed air, when it is allowed to expand, falls in temperature, so that if compressed air be pumped into A and B and allowed to expand at small valves placed at the end of those pipes in C, the expanded air will go back along D E colder, and will thus cool the arriving compressed air, the process of gradual cooling going on precisely as above described. It is clearly, in this case, unnecessary to have the two pipes A and B—one would suffice.

This, then, is the principle of the apparatus constructed and patented by Linde in Germany, by Hampson in England, and J. Tripler in America, for the liquefaction of air. In the words of one of these inventors "The apparatus depends upon a method by which a moderate amount of refrigeration, produced by the expansion of gas, may be accumulated and intensified till it reaches the point at which the gas used becomes liquid under atmospheric pressure. The method consists in directing all the expanded gas, immediately after its expansion, over the coils which contain the compressed gas that is on its way to the expansion point. The cold developed by expansion in the first expanded gas is thus communicated to the on-coming compressed gas, which consequently expands from, and therefore to, a lower temperature than the preceding portion. It communicates in the same way its own intensified cold to the succeeding portion of compressed gas, which, in its turn, is made colder, both before and after expansion, than any that had gone before. This intensification of cooling goes on until the expansion-temperature is far lower than it was at starting; and if the apparatus be well arranged the effect is so powerful that even the small amount of cooling, due to the free expansion of gas through a throttle-valve, may be made to liquefy air without using other refrigerants."

The illustration shows an apparatus of this kind, capable of yielding a quart of liquid air per hour. All that is necessary is to attach to the pipe carrying the gauge a pump capable of rapidly compressing air to about one hundred atmospheres. On starting the pump liquid air soon begins to accumulate in the glass vessel which forms the lower part of the apparatus. In the drawing showing a section of the apparatus A A represents the coils of pipes for conveying the air to and from the expansion-valve V, which valve is controlled by the wheel W; B B is simply a packing of wool, or other substance, to keep out the external heat. The liquid drops into the glass receiver, R, which is surrounded with concentric glass cylinders like lamp chimneys (marked C in the section) in order to protect the liquid from the heat of the atmosphere.

I have seen the apparatus at work in London delivering liquid air with great regularity and perfectly automatically, requiring nothing but the engine and air-pump necessary for the supply of the compressed air.



The peculiar properties of liquid air are chiefly due to its exceedingly low temperature, which is about 344 degrees below the freezing point. Owing to this temperature being its boiling point it cannot, in the open air, ever have a higher temperature, just as water, unless under pressure, cannot be heated above 212 degrees Fahr. Pieces of ice placed in it cause it to boil with explosive violence, quicksilver plunged in it becomes exceeding hard, and, of course,

many experiments may be devised of a similar kind, calculated to astonish persons who are unfamiliar with extreme cold. One of the most striking is to take an empty glass tube, such as the common laboratory test tube, and to plunge it in a glass vessel filled with liquid air, arranged in such a way that the rapidly evaporating air may be removed by an air-pump as fast as it is formed; the liquid air, under these circumstances, falls to a still lower temperature, and the consequence is that the air of the atmosphere condenses in the tube, which gradually fills with liquid; this gradual accumulation of liquid in the empty test-tube coming, apparently, from nowhere, cannot fail to impress the most indifferent spectator.

The questions which are most generally asked with respect to any new invention are: What is the use of it? Can it be employed to add to our comfort? Will it furnish new opportunities for making money, and for floating limited companies? The discovery of a convenient, and fairly economical, method of producing liquid air is too recent for it to be possible to make a reasonable estimate of the possible uses to which the new substance may be put. All sorts of proposals have been made, chiefly, of course, by those least conversant with the subject; but, up to the present time, the purposes to which the liquid might be applied seem to be comparatively few. It is, perhaps, chiefly used in laboratories for the production and maintenance of very low temperatures, in which respect it is unrivalled, except by liquid hydrogen, which is obtained with more difficulty, and at much greater cost. Such a use is, of course, of purely scientific value, and of no present interest to the general public; but it is said to have been applied successfully, on account of its low temperature, as a local agent in surgery.

From the commercial point of view there seems to be a great probability of the early manufacture of oxygen by means of liquid air. Of the two chief constituents of the air, oxygen and nitrogen, the latter is considerably the more volatile, so that it can easily be distilled off from the liquid air, leaving the oxygen or less volatile portion of the mixture behind. A very considerable quantity of oxygen is sold now-a-days stored at high pressure in steel bottles, and there is little doubt that its manufacture in the manner described will be found to be commercially practicable and remunerative.

If liquid air be mixed with combustible substances such as sulphur, coal dust, kerosene, phosphorus or ether, the result is an explosive of considerable power. This is, of course, due to the condensed condition of the oxygen and to the concentrated combustion resulting therefrom. As an explosive it would have the advantage of cheapness, but it could only be used in places where it would be required in such large quantities as to make it worth while to establish the plant necessary for its manufacture; the reason of this is that the mixture under any ordinary circumstances, would not remain cold for more than a very short time, and hence could not retain its oxygen; it would therefore have to be used at the place and time of its manufacture. In any case it is doubtful whether any mixture of liquid air or oxygen with other substances could be advantageously substituted for the exceedingly powerful and easily handled explosives which are now in use.

Another use of liquid air which has been proposed and proved to be practicable by Professor Dewar, is in the production of high vacua such as are necessary in electric glow lamps, and for many other purposes. Liquid hydrogen is in this respect still more effective. If the lower end of a closed tube containing air be plunged in liquid hydrogen, the air inside is condensed and all settles down to the bottom of the tube; the upper portion of the tube may then be removed by drawing it out with a blow pipe flame, and will be found to be completely exhausted of air. It is not improbable that this process will supersede the tedious and time spending exhaustion by means of a mercury pump, which is now universally employed.

The proposal to use liquid air as a source of power is one which will not bear examination. Here we have a matter which depends almost entirely upon the question of cost. Liquid air will be used to drive engines and machinery, when it is proved to be more economical for that purpose than gas, petroleum or coal. With Dr. Hampson's apparatus it is possible to liquefy air at the rate of a gallon an hour by working the compressor with an engine indicating thirteen horse power; putting the cost of a horse power at one penny per hour, and omitting all charges for interest, supervision, labour, etc., we see that it might be possible to supply liquid air at a shilling a gallon, a price which compares very unfavourably with that of petroleum oil in most countries, though not in New Zealand. Not only is it dearer than petroleum, but it is far less efficient. On the most liberal estimate, and taking into account the possibility of utilizing its low temperature, as well as its expansive force, a gallon of liquid air is only capable of maintaining one horse power for fifty minutes; a gallon of petroleum, on the other hand, will furnish one horse power for fully ten hours.

The comparison may be put in another way, which is perhaps even more easily comprehended. A ten horse power engine worked by liquid air would not cost less than twelve shillings an hour, while, worked by petroleum or gas, it would cost less than one shilling. It is obvious, therefore, that very considerable improvements will have to be effected in the manufacture of this agent before it can pretend to compete with the ordinary sources of power.

"A WISH."

Written in a Life of Gounod.

A still, sequestered chamber, where the light
  Comes stealing faintly through leaf-hidden panes,
(Draped close with curtains sombre as the night),
  At such an hour when soon the shadow gains.
Oh! then to be alone, to softly bend
  O'er the sweet instrument (as lover will
The Dearest woo, soft bidding her to send
  The low, sweet voice that does his bosom thrill);
Oh! then to dream, and make melodious strings
  Pour out the passion of the sacred dead,
They whose soul-music to the sad heart brings
  The holy calm no other source can shed.
Ah, yes! I would the soothing power were mine
  To wake, with magic touch, those strains divine!

CHARLES UMBERS.

Lawn Tennis in New Zealand.

By H. A. Parker (Ex-Champion).

THE growth of lawn tennis has been so rapid that few would imagine that, twenty years ago, the game was quite in its infancy in England, and had probably barely been introduced into New Zealand at that time. I do not know to whom belongs the distinction of playing the first game of lawn tennis in this colony, and, as the information obtainable about its early days here is meagre and not very reliable, it may perhaps suffice to say that by the summer of 1884 it had secured a strong hold in all the principal centres.

Prior to the invention of lawn tennis in 1874, croquet was the only game which presented social opportunities, and at the same time, enabled women to compete on fairly equal terms with men, and to this fact may be attributed a great deal of the latter's popularity. Lawn tennis, possessing as it did the same inherent features, and having the additional assistance of its own merits, soon made its way into popular favour.

As I stated above, the information relating to the prehistoric period prior to 1884, is somewhat inaccessible, and as no open championship meetings of any consequence had been held in the colony, it is impossible at this lapse of time to classify the players of that date with any degree of accuracy. Two or three names loom out, however, whose possessors were the giants of those days, and it is generally conceded that before the advent of the Fenwicke brothers from England, Messrs B. Y. Goring, of Wellington, W. E. Barton and E. P. Hudson, of Auckland, and E. J. Ross, of Christchurch, were the strongest players in New Zealand. Those were the days when a man had to be in condition, as owing to the style of play in vogue, a match often lasted for three hours. The deadly forehand drive, which is now the principal engine of attack in the hands of a first-class player, was then quite unknown, And as a matter of fact, the majority of players imparted a slight under cut to their strokes which, though detracting somewhat from the pace, enabled them to place with a nicety of precision that is seldom realised at the present day. Activity and ability to get back everything thus became very important features in the play of every expert, and spectators were treated to exceptionally long rests, often extending to fifteen or twenty strokes. These, though very pretty to watch, were apt to grow rather monotonous, and the certainty of return, which had been acquired by the best players, threatened, by turning the game into a mere exercise, to seriously impair its popularity.

In these early days the volleying game was only in course of development, and any player who was capable of keeping a good length was sure to take a high place in the lawn tennis world. Nowadays, first-class play has undergone great condensation, as the aggressive tactics of volleyers have compelled base line players, when on the defensive, to adopt a "kill or cure" policy by attempting either a clean pass, or at least a sufficiently difficult shot to force the man at the net out of position, with a view to scoring off a probably weak return.

To come back to history, however, in the year 1885, an Open Tournament was played at Farndon, near Napier, which was won by E. P. Hudson, the then champion of Auckland, who played in excellent style, and placed too well for M. Fenwicke in the Final. Hudson's victory in this match was all the more meritorious as Mr. Fenwicke was a rising young player in England, having played in the final for the Championship of Northumberland in 1883. This is the first mention we have of the famous Fenwicke brothers who, like the Renshaws in England, carried all before them in New Zealand for several years.

1886.—This year must be looked upon as the most important in the annals of New Zealand lawn tennis. Encouraged by the success which had attended the previous meeting, another Open Tournament was held at Farndon in December of this year, and the occasion was taken advantage of by Messrs. Jardine and Logan, of Napier, to suggest that the principal clubs should affiliate and form an Association. The

Moffatt, Photo. P. C. FENWICKE. *Edinburgh.*

idea being taken up with spirit, the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association was very soon an accomplished fact, and the first championship meeting was held at Farndon at Christmas, 1886. No leading players from Canterbury took part at that tournament, and, consequently, that province was not represented, but both the Canterbury Lawn Tennis Club and the Dunedin Lawn Tennis Association were subsequently admitted to the privileges of membership.

Messrs. Wood, Hudson, Barton, Carr, Watson, Kennedy, Tuke, Anderson, Gould, Begg, Gillies, Crossland, W. A. Ridings, P. C. Fenwicke and M. Fenwicke, were all competitors in the Open Singles for the handsome cup of the value of twenty-five guineas, provided by the Association, and P. C. Fenwicke, who had but lately arrived from England, came through the final after a very severe struggle with Hudson. The Champion Doubles were won by Messrs. P. C. and M. Fenwicke. Miss Lance won the Ladies' Singles, and with Mrs. Way won the Ladies' Doubles.

The next meeting of the Association was held in Christchurch, on the Lancaster Park ground, at Christmas, 1887, and as the entrants included the best Southern players, as well as the pick of those who had competedat Farndon the previous year, this Tournament was quite representative. After beating Messrs. Kennedy, Goring, M. Fenwicke, and finally R. D. Harman, the champion, P. C. Fenwicke won the cup for the second time. The surprise of the meeting was provided by Harman, who did not consider himself a strong enough player to compete, and was only prevailed upon to enter the lists at the last moment. To the astonishment of everybody, he not only came through to the final, but more than once only needed one stroke to win the championship of New Zealand at the first time of asking, a feat that, since 1886, has not yet been accomplished. He failed, however, at the critical moments, and the champion's superior condition, aided in a great measure by judicious refreshment, pulled him through. The Championship Doubles went to Harman and Wilding, who were destined to win this event on no less than five different occasions. Miss E. Harman showed herself to be the best lady player, and in partnership with Miss Gordon also won the Doubles.

The Championship Meeting of 1888 was held at Napier during Christmas week, and

the players entered for the Singles were Messrs. J. F. Jardine, B. Y. Goring, R. D. Harman, F. Wilding, C. Gillies, A. F. Logan, A. C. Bennett, A. E. Harraway, J. H. Todd, F. A. Kebbell, P. Marshall, E. H. Williams, R. Koch, E. Tanner, C. D. Kennedy, G. J. Gillies, A. P. Chapman, W. F. Anderson, T. H. Rawson, C. D. Brandon, E. Boddington, M. Fenwicke and the champion. The cup was won for the third time by P. C. Fenwicke after meeting Goring, Bennett, C. Gillies, Harman and finally M. Fenwicke. The final between the brothers Fenwicke was a very closely contested match, all five sets having to be played, and it was only the champion's steadiness and perseverance that pulled him through, as the younger brother won the first two sets. Having now won the cup for the third time, it became his absolute property. The finest exhibition of lawn tennis was undoubtedly given by Messrs. Harman and Wilding when they met the brothers Fenwicke in the final of the Championship Doubles. This event was again secured by the champions of the previous year. It was not until some time after this that the running-up game was introduced into New Zealand, and, in their early victories, Harman and Wilding played the now old-fashioned game of one man at the net and one at the back of the court, working together, as a writer once expressed it, like two buckets in a well. For this game they were a peculiarly well suited pair, Harman being very proficient at the back of the court, while Wilding, in addition to being possessed of a wonderful eye, a telescopic reach and cat-like activity, had great powers of anticipation, and volleyed with considerable severity. Possessing the main requisites of a good double player, Wilding shone in this branch of the game, and though in singles he was always hard to beat, he never reached first-class rank, owing, perhaps, to starting the game rather late in life, and not acquiring a correct style of making off-the-ground shots.

Morris, Photo. MINDEN FENWICKE. *Dunedin, N.Z.*

The Ladies' Singles were won by Miss Gordon of Christchurch, who, in company with Miss Hitchings, also won the Ladies' Doubles.

It is interesting to note at this meeting the first appearance of P. Marshall, who played

so brilliantly in the Championship Meeting at Auckland in 1893; the late R. Koch, one of the finest players the the colony has seen, but whose weak constitution prevented him from winning highest honours, and C. E. S. Gillies, the well-known golf player of to-day, who was then a very fair exponent of lawn tennis.

The scene of the next Championship Meeting was in Dunedin, and as has generally been the fortune of meetings held in this

R. D. HARMAN SERVING.

town, the most adverse climatic conditions prevailed. P. C. Fenwicke having left for England, speculation was very rife as to the probable champion, and indeed it seemed difficult to pick the winner from M. Fenwicke, Harman, B. Y. Goring, R. Koch and J. M. Marshall, the latter of whom, though new to championship play, was well known as a strong player.

The new Challenge Cup was won for the first time by Minden Fenwicke, who successively put out Grossmann, Harman, and finally J. M. Marshall, whom he beat by three sets to one. It was undoubtedly M. Fenwicke's year, as he and Jardine also won the Doubles, after beating Koch and Collins, who had previously met and defeated Messrs. Harman and Wilding, the champions of 1888. Miss Gordon again won the Ladies' Singles, whilst the Ladies' Doubles were gained by Misses Gordon and E. Harman.

1890.—With this year began a new era in the history of lawn tennis in New Zealand. It is said that coming events cast their shadows before, but few who witnessed the matches in Dunedin could have imagined that any radical change in the style of play was imminent. The *fons et origo* of this revolution in style was the publication in England of the Badminton Volume on Lawn Tennis, and to explain this it is perhaps necessary to indulge in a little ancient history. When lawn tennis was first introduced, some of the most successful players were those who had been familiar with the royal game of Tennis, and in this game heavy rackets with a great deal of lop on them are used to impart a severe cut to the ball. In England it was not very long before the futility of a heavily cut ball was demonstrated by players who had been proficient at the game of Rackets, but in New Zealand, where innovations could not be easily tested owing to the scarcity of tournaments, the older style in the main prevailed. The drive had, it is true, been tried, but in the absence of a knowledge of the correct method of making the stroke, and of the necessary practice to ensure mechanical precision, it had up to the present time been found wanting. It was conceded, by the majority of players, that *when it came off*, it was a very fine stroke, but the attempts generally resulted in driving the ball out of court, if not out of the ground. They always brought forward the unanswerable argument that Fenwicke played with "cut," and therefore you could not say that "cut" was bad, as Fenwicke had conclusively proved his superiority over all other players in the colony.

J. M. Marshall was the man who was destined to bring about a change so beneficial

to New Zealand lawn tennis. At the meeting in Dunedin Marshall had played with a loosely strung racket, the result being an accurate placing game but quite devoid of pace. During the following year, however, he made an exhaustive study of the principles

HOOPER JUMPING FOR A LOB.

inculcated in the Badminton Volume, and by incessant practice obtained a mastery over the "drive" pure and simple, which had, up to this time, been quite undreamed of, and indeed it may be doubted whether Marshall's execution of this stroke has ever been equalled in the colony.

Of the meeting itself it is unnecessary to write at any great length. Both Fenwicke and Marshall played a weak game in the earlier rounds, and the former would have succumbed to Logan, who won the first two sets and held a lead in the third, but, recognising that Fenwicke would probably improve, he retired at this point, as he was more anxious to see Napier victorious in the final than to win the first round himself. The correctness of Logan's judgment was exemplified in the second round when Fenwicke, playing in his old form, put out Harman. This match proved the excitement of the day, and was watched with great interest. Both men played well, but Fenwicke secured the first two sets. Harman then woke up and, playing brilliantly, took the third set, beating the champion constantly with his famous drive from right to left. It proved to be only a flash in the pan, however, as in the next set Fenwicke soon asserted his superiority, and secured the match by three sets to one. He then qualified for the final by beating Dalziell of Otago.

Marshall began by having a very hard match with E. J. Ross, which nearly ended in the latter's favour, but after winning this his progress to the final was easy.

The final match for the championship of New Zealand was watched with the keenest interest. The Napier men were very confident that Fenwicke would win, and were prepared to give odds on their man, but as from the play hitherto, Marshall's chance did not appear to be rosy, the odds were usually offered in vain. Marshall began very nervously, and lost the first three games. All at once he got into his stroke, and thenceforward beat Fenwicke from start to finish. The champion played well and pluckily, but the pace was too hot for him and the placing too scientific. Marshall hit out at everything, some of his drives being positively terrific. Fenwicke was unable to volley much, and at the back of the court he was helpless against the hard backhanders sent down by Marshall. The latter's services were also very severe, and on many occasions

PARKER TAKES AN AWKWARD BACKHANDER.

the champion could only look at them, so fast did they travel in and out of his court. In the third set Marshall, who had as usual been running round his backhand shots, began to feel the effects of the pace he had himself forced, and slackening somewhat, a ding-dong struggle ensued. He led at 5—3,

but amid intense excitement Fenwicke made it five all. The score then see-sawed to eight all, when Marshall put on a spurt and secured the two following games, the set, and the championship. To the onlookers the victory seemed an easy one, and as far as the actual game was concerned, Fenwicke was outplayed, but few were aware on what a thread the championship was hanging towards the finish. During the latter part of the third set Marshall was thoroughly blown and tired, and a little more placing by Fenwicke might have won it, in which case the ultimate result would have been really doubtful.

This Tournament was also instrumental in bringing to light a very fine lady player in the person of Miss I. Rees, of Ashburton. The final, which was played between her and Miss Gordon, the then champion, proved very exciting, Miss Rees securing the coveted title by the narrow margin of one game. Her style was quite unorthodox, but she had a cheery way of hitting out hard from the elbow, as one hits with a stick at rounders, and the pace she got out of her shots, combined with the activity and determination she displayed, gave promise of a brilliant future, and it was with the deepest regret that the lawn tennis world read of her untimely death about five years ago, when in the zenith of her fame. She was the best lady player New Zealand has yet produced, and in her Miss Nunneley would have found an antagonist, if not quite her equal, at least worthy of her steel.

There is very little to say with regard to the Doubles. In the Men's Event Messrs. Harman and Wilding again proved themselves the best pair in New Zealand, while the Ladies' Doubles, that intensely uninteresting event with its eternal rallies—or as they should be called "rests"—from the baseline, were won for the third time by Misses E. Harman and Gordon.

REV. J. M. MARSHALL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Wrigglesworth & Binns, WASHING DAY. *Photo., Wellington.*

A Roast Shoulder of Mutton.

By Victor Zeal.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

NOW that you have all told your little romances and tragedies, let me tell mine. It is not romantic, but to my childish mind it was very, very tragical.

My father owned a little farm in one of the wild spots of New Zealand. Day by day he sallied forth, as soon as it was light, to fell the heavy bush, so that in time to come our timber-laden farm would be a paradise of waving grass and fat sheep.

That is what he used to say to us when he came home, worn and tired, at night—yet never too tired to talk to his beloved children when we gathered round his knee for our good-night chat.

For many days we had not tasted meat, for we were poor—dreadfully poor—and only those who have had to do without can realise what a royal feast a roast shoulder of mutton seemed to eight hungry little children on coming in from play one evening.

We did not go to school, our home was hidden too far in the bush for that, so our mother was our teacher.

I remember waking up next morning and

thinking of last evening's tender slice of meat and flowery potato, and wondering when we should enjoy such a feast again.

Hearing the clatter of plates in the kitchen, I jumped out of bed, for, boylike, I never cared to miss a meal.

Breakfast was just finished as I entered the room. My father sat at the head of the table, his lunch in a paper parcel beside him. With a shock of indignation and dismay, I saw the bare bone of last night's shoulder of mutton on a dish before him.

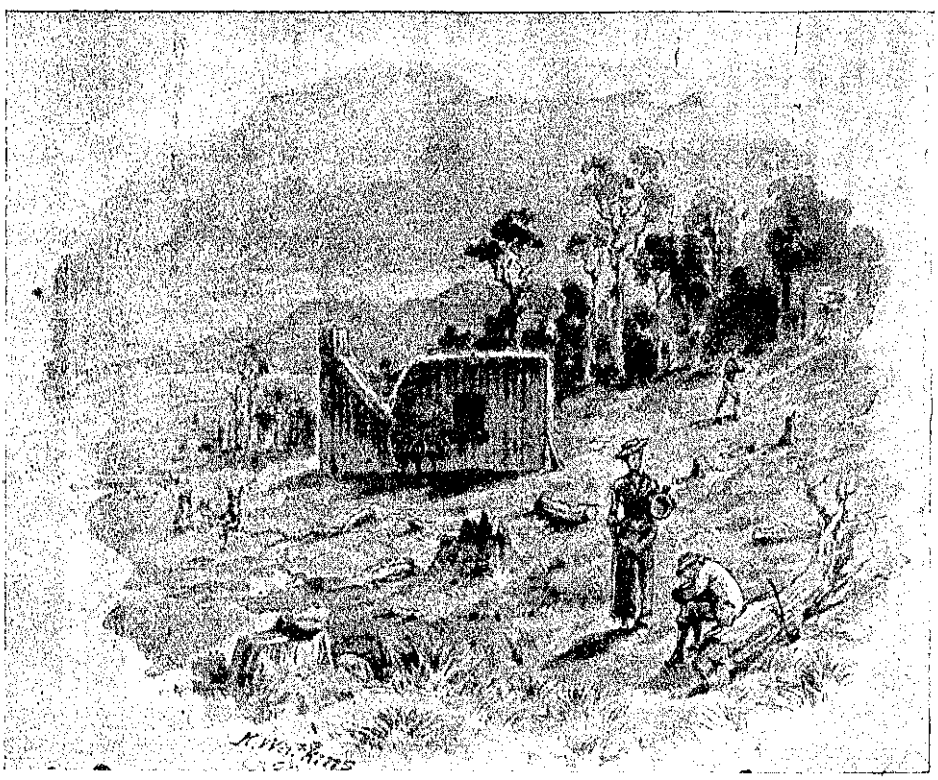
Then *all* the family had had cold meat for breakfast, and none had been kept for me! It was *too* bad. I turned from the basin of bread and milk my mother placed before me, and, well knowing there was none, I asked for meat, saying I was *so* hungry.

My mother's eyes filled with tears as she answered: "Dear child, you know we have no meat."

But my father without a word began to unroll his lunch. Then the truth flashed across my mind. The bone had been bared for my poor hard working father, and my brothers and sisters had breakfasted on what I had first refused—bread and milk!

"Richard," protested my mother, "don't dear!"

But my father took some slices from between the dry bread, and gave them to me, saying: "The boy must not cry for meat while I have it to give him, wife."



I CREPT MISERABLY AWAY TO A LITTLE SEAT I HAD ON A LOG.

Two great tears rolled down my gentle mother's cheeks, and the children gazed at me, red cheeked and reproachful.

I began to eat the meat, not because I wanted it now, but because I did not know what else to do with it.

My father rolled up his lunch again with a sigh, then he kissed my mother, saying: "Cheer up, dear wife, before long, please God, we will have meat for all these hungry

little ones—meat and to spare," and taking up his axe, went forth to his day's work.

I crept miserably away to a little seat I had on a log at the side of the house. Half-an-hour later my mother passed me, her eyes swollen with bitter weeping. She paused for a moment, and looked back at me with a look I shall never forget. Then she said very quietly: "Greedy boy—greedy, greedy boy!"

down the bad character I had gained in the family.

Years passed away—years which, one by one, hailed us with golden promises, and bade good-bye with every one fulfilled. Yet no miracle was performed. The path which led to success was not a golden one, all smooth and shining. Oft-times it was rough and thick with many thorns.

As soon as my elder brothers and I could

WHERE WAS THE HEAVY BUSH? WHERE THE GREAT STUMPS AND BLACKENED LOGS OF YEARS AGO?

I bowed my face in my hands and sobbed. Oh! had I not suffered enough without that look, those words? I longed to rush after her and explain, longed to tell her she was mistaken.

I was *not* the greedy boy she thought me, not so heartless to my dear father! I half rose to follow her, then fell wearily back. It was useless. How could I explain? How would she understand? No, I must hug my sorrow to my own heart, and try and live

wield an axe, we took our part in felling the bush, first the light saplings and then the heavy trees. I used to quake with fear lest my father should have all the big trees felled before I was old enough to help him. Never shall I forget how my heart swelled with pride as, with an almost human scream, a crash and a thud, my first forest giant lay conquered at my feet, and I heard my father's hearty "Bravo!" from where he had been watching, a short distance away.

Even the younger ones were not excepted. With their little slash hooks they helped to clear the thick underscrub, and the girls, led by their mother's brave example, did their best to assist to build up our fortunes. Now they turned the handle of the churn till their little arms ached, then they were dropping potatoes after the plough, and again in the autumn helping to dig and bag up the ripe crop for winter use.

It was a time of beginnings. Here was our first great burn. Oh! how we laughed and clapped our hands as we watched the flames, from a distance, leaping and dancing and roaring amongst the fallen bush which had been drying all the summer!

Then came our first brown loaf made from our own patch of wheat, exultantly threshed by our first little flails, and ground in a hand mill. Then followed our first fifty sheep, and, joy and wonder, the first white lamb that wagged its tail as it ran by its mother's side.

Soon a hundred acres were added to our farm, then a thousand, and thus the years rolled on bringing prosperity in both hands, and showering it upon us as they passed.

Smiles visited my mother's sweet face, and instead of sighing, we heard our father gaily whistling about the farm.

About this time an aunt, in Melbourne, wrote for me to finish my education over there.

Five years later I visited my home again. I hardly knew it. Where was the heavy bush? Where were the great stumps and blackened logs of long ago? Gone, all gone, and in their places were great paddocks of waving grass, where thousands of sheep were being mustered for the shearing. A bell rang for the high tea which was always enjoyed in our home now.

"Come, my son," said my father, drawing my arm through his affectionately. No longer in the kitchen did we take our meals, but in a large well furnished dining-room.

The maid placed before my father a joint of beef, and before me, all crisp and brown and smoking, a roast shoulder of mutton. I started to my feet, my hand pressed to my head.

"Dear boy, are you ill?" cried my mother in alarm.

I made my way to her chair and put my arms around her.

"Oh! little mother, don't you remember? Have you forgotten that evening long ago when we had such a feast? Have you forgotten the morning when I asked for meat, and took my father's lunch? Don't you remember you called me 'greedy,' and you looked—oh, *how* you looked! You never understood that I thought the other children had been given meat, and I had been forgotten."

My father rang the bell and asked for the joint to be removed.

"I understand, my boy," he said, with a smile half quizzical, "and so you find it hard to face a shoulder of mutton on your first evening at home?"

"Hard!" I repeated, smiling at the astonished faces round the table, "I have never seen a shoulder of mutton since without feeling like a thief at the bar of justice—judged and condemned by my mother's eyes!"

"Dear child," said my mother, her heart and eyes very full. "Dear child," and she drew my face down and kissed me.

ROUND THE WORLD.

AMERICA.

THOSE New Zealanders who believe that University education should be made accessible to the poorest resident of the colony, will regard with feelings of mingled pleasure and envy the good fortune which has befallen the State of California. In that State exists already a wonderful example of private munificence in the Stanford University which was founded by the late Leland Stanford, Senator and Railway King, and which received only last year the stupendous gift of about £7,000,000 from his widow. Now, through the generosity of Mrs. Phebe Elizabeth Hearst, widow of the late Senator Hirst, and at an expense of some £70,000, plans have been provided for what will certainly be one of the grandest, if not the grandest, group of buildings yet erected for educational purposes. An international jury consisting of H. Pascal, of Paris, Paul Wallot, of Dresden, R. Norman Shaw, of London, Walter Cook, of New York, and J. B. Reinstein, of San Francisco, was empanelled to decide upon the plan most suitable for the purposes desired, and after long deliberation E. Bénard, 29, Boulevard Pereire, Paris, was adjudged the winner of the first prize. Over a million sterling has already been subscribed towards the erection of the buildings, which are on a magnificent scale, and news comes that other millionaires of the Golden State, such as Major James Phelan and Miss Jessie Hood, will each erect a building, while Mrs. Hearst, in addition to to her already princely gifts, will erect two, one as a memorial of her husband, the other as a reminder of herself. The University has already, apart from private gifts, a State income of some £77,000, and this, it is believed, will be largely increased. It is anticipated that in from twenty-five to thirty years, one person in every twenty-five in the State will be college bred. The extension of University education is viewed by State and people as absolutely essential, in view of the popular character of the franchise. To our legislators and wealthy citizens we can only say, think ye! and act ye in this respect like your compeers of the State of California!

FRANCE.

The pardon in the Dreyfus case is said to have been the result of a compromise, by which the unfortunate Jewish Captain gave up his right to appeal to the Court of Military Revision. This, however, does not prevent his appealing to the Court of Cassation, in the event of fresh evidence being discovered. The pardon was accepted on the advice of the Counsel for Dreyfus, who feared that further detention would mean a speedy death for the victim of the "Honour of the Army." In France the matter is not finished, for Zola is to be prosecuted for libel. This indomitable man, to whose magnetic pen the cause of justice owes so much, declares that the world will, by reason of his trial, gain still further enlightenment of what is, perhaps, the most remarkable case in the history of

modern jurisprudence. Meanwhile the work on the Exposition Building at Paris continues, and, if we are to judge by the latest reports, 1900 will see architectural and engineering feats in no way unworthy of their predecessors. May the success of 1900 help to efface the disgrace of 1899!

SAN DOMINGO.

On July 26 General Ulises Heureaux, President of Republic of San Domingo, was assasinated at Moca. He was a full-blooded negro, and was regarded as the most remarkable coloured man the West Indies have produced since Toussaint L'Ouverture. Though still a young man, he had been President for fifteen years. While San Domingo is nominally a republic, Heureaux was practically a dictator, and persons obnoxious to him were removed by the assassin's hand. Withal, peace and prosperity characterised his reign as it had never done before, and San Domingo occupies the Eastern and larger part of the Island of Haiti in the West Indies. It formed part of the Republic of Haiti from 1803 until 1806, and again from 1822 till 1844, when its present constitution was adopted. There are rumours current to the effect that the United States are thinking of annexing San Domingo. Some colour is given to the rumour by the fact that American warships have been despatched thither. However, this is a step which is not likely to be taken without much protest from the Anti-Expansionists, who are daily growing stronger in the United States.

THE TRANSVAAL.

The war, if that, and not revolution, be the proper term to designate the struggle between the British and the Boers, has commenced in real earnest, and already the War God claims his victims by the thousands. What the ultimate result must be is clear to all who are not of the belief that the Almighty will interfere on behalf of those who regard themselves, like the Israelites of old, as God's chosen people. One feature, however, is of the greatest portent to those who, like the Boers, have failed to recognise the wondrous meaning of the British Empire. Following the example of New South Wales in the Soudan, soldier citizens of many widely-sundered colonies have voluntarily gone forth to manifest to the world the solidarity of that Empire, and to uphold the honour of our flag. Our hearts are with the gallant lads who have just left us to join their brother Britishers in the Cape. That they will bear themselves bravely we know. That they may return safely, we trust.

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