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HAWAII NEI.

Study of a Hawaiian Woman *By Allen Hutchinson*

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

By Keron Hale.

Illustrated by W. A. Bowring.

A CALM winter's night beneath the Southern stars. A clear night, glittering with planet jewels, and blue-white, with the shining of a full moon. Motionless toi-toi grass and flax bushes shed sharp-cut cameo shadows on the frozen earth, and the plain, stretching eastward to the horizon, held pale, uncanny reflections in every icy pool and puddle.

Under the shoulder of a white-headed mountain lay a lake. Pukaki and wild duck haunted it in summer time, but on this night the hill-echoes flung back to it the ring of skate, and the laughter of the ordinary human biped.

Neil Fraser, buckling his last skate strap with numbed fingers, stamped, once or twice, to make sure that all was firm, and looked across the lake with much satisfaction. A small and excited crowd, inspired by a concertina, performed extraordinary evolutions in the moonlight; and a slim girlish figure stood apart, shaded by a cabbage-tree. Neil shot away from the clayey bank in the direction of the cabbage-tree, and Joan Kestiven's face grew rosy as he pulled up beside her.

"What are they doing?" he asked. "Is it a haka, or puss-in-the-corner?"

"Kitchen lancers," with a little quaint shrug of depreciation.

"Ye gods! Some people would play a Jew's harp on the last day. Come down to the far end, will you?"

She put her hands in his, and they skated northward in silence, for the loneliness breathed by the great plain and the majesty of the sentinel mountains made ordinary conversation appear too paltry. To Joan Kestiven the world was full of the witchery of many things, newly realised, and she laughed softly out of sheer joy.

"This is a glorious world," she said; "never tell me that it's old, and groaning with sorrow and pain under these very stars, for I won't believe it! Trouble is merely an hallucination."

Neil smiled grimly, and swung her aside from a black totara stump gripped in the ice.

"How does that illustrate your theory? A fair world to look at, but full of half hidden snags to catch one unawares."

"And full of people ready to save, witness the present! There are always plenty of danger signals if you only keep your eyes open."

"It would be a good deal more comfortable to keep 'em shut, sometimes," he said ambiguously, watching the double moon-shadow sliding lazily alongside. "All the good things of this world are ticketed 'don't touch.'"

"That's what makes them good. Didn't you know? But be content with reading the labels, and—listen to the concertina. Won't you join the dance?"

Neil looked at her irresolutely. In the distance the dancers were waking unholy echoes with coon songs, but here, in the bush-shade, was silence and the sweet pungent scent of flax and fern. Even the double shadow had deserted them, and the passing of that silent witness loosed, for Neil, something which he had been holding

in check this month past. He came slowly to a standstill, swung round and looked at the girl's clear-cut profile against the dark manuka scrub.

"This is better than waltzing to a band. It is the most intoxicating thing in the world. Do you know why?"

"No," she said slowly, "unless because it brings a different stratum of feelings uppermost." She was looking past him straight up the gorge, where frozen mountains drew the eye, on and on, in dim illimitable perspective, and a tangle of bush on a lonely spur twinkled where the stars peeped through.

"Or because I have never danced with you, Joan."

Her eyes dropped, and from the far end of the lake, "Susie-oo, I lub you true," obligingly filled up the pause that followed.

Neil was telling himself that he had not meant to say this, but he knew that he had ridden all those miles over the rough road on purpose to say it—and a few other things. And so he said them, leading Joan Kestiven by strange, sweet paths into an undreamed-of paradise.

The moon was paling as he rode homeward along the miles of wire fencing, with a new joy in his heart, and a new trouble to swing the scale level. The morrows, for which he had taken no thought, began to rear their heads and ask unanswerable questions. His horse stumbled heavily through the tussocks, and he began to call himself names to which bit and stirrup clicked a derisive accompaniment.

The gleam of a light in the dining-room window, as he opened the gate, caused an irrelevant word to awaken the shocked night. Humphrey was evidently waiting for him, and Humphrey's keen eyes saw many things which the younger brother would fain have hid.

He looked up through a cloud of smoke as Neil entered bringing with him a rush of cold air, and his rugged face was graver than usual.

"Had a good time, old chap?"

"No—yes. Confound it all! I wish you'd smash that pipe. It smells vile."

"It's mine own familiar friend," returned the other equably, taking stock of the long, lithe back presented to his gaze as Neil leaned his elbows on the mantel-piece. "Anything gone wrong? Who was there to-night?"

Neil kicked the logs into a blaze, desiring much to tell Humphrey to find out for himself, but he bethought him that this night's work must out before long.

"Oh, the usual Summer Hill lot, and—one or two from Wakarewa!"

"Miss Kestiven still at Wakarewa?"

"Yes," sullenly; "inquisition finished, I hope? I'm off to bed."

"Hold on a minute." Humphrey laid down his pipe, feeling much as if he was going to explore the mechanism of a lighted bomb. "I want to speak to you about something."

"Hurry up, then. I'm dog-tired!" His manner was no more encouraging than his words. Humphrey's heart sank as he crossed the room, and he rubbed his slippered foot nervously against the fender.

"Neil," he said, very gravely, "what are you doing? Are you teaching that girl to care for you?"

Neil dropped his head on his folded arms.

"Don't," he said hoarsely. "For Heaven's sake, let me alone, Humphrey! I won't be badgered to-night!"

"You must!" was the stern reply. "You are doing a dastardly thing, and you know it! I thought you had more pluck. The third or fourth generation, Neil; there's no getting away from it. It's old ground, I know. We've dug it to dust, and we've tramped it to flint, but it always pans out the same. Our grandfather died mad, so did his ancestors, *ad infinitum*, so may we. It's not a pretty story, but it's true, and we have got to face it. But you know we vowed to face it alone, old boy—you and I, and we came to the uttermost ends of the earth to do it!"

Neil moved restlessly.

"Curse the vow!" he said in a stifled tone. "I didn't know her then." He lifted his

JOAN KESTIVEN'S FACE GREW ROSY AS HE PULLED UP BESIDE HER.

head and looked at Humphrey, half-appealingly. "You don't know what she is to me, Humphrey! I could sooner forget that I had an immortal soul than I could think of life without her, now! You can't understand, she is my——," he looked away, biting his lip. Her presence was very near to him, and he knew he must keep cool if he hoped to win this battle.

Humphrey winced. He, too, had strayed into that part of nature's workshop where cupid barbs his arrows, but he had never told what he found there.

"Marriage is not for you or me," he said curtly. "We knew that long ago. This must go no further."

"By George, it shall then!" Neil blazed into sudden fury. "You may worship your own Quixotic notions of right and wrong, if you like, but you needn't expect me to do likewise! I'm not going to spoil my life for a scruple that may never come to anything—nor her's either!"

Humphrey caught him by the shoulder.

"What!" he cried; "you havn't dared—"

Neil shook him off, and his grey eyes darkened.

"I told her to-night that I loved her," he said, breathing short. "I couldn't help it—and I'm glad of it! And she loves me. You can say what you like, but you can't take that from me. You are so confoundedly pessimistic, and you've polished up that family skeleton till you can't get along without it. I tell you, I don't believe in it! But, even if I do suffer, I'll chance it for what comes first."

Humphrey leaned heavily against the mantel, and his face went grey.

"You will suffer, sure enough," he said slowly. "And, by Jove, you'll deserve all you'll get, you young coward! But we'll keep a third person out of this. Neil, you must go down to Wakarewa, and put an end to it."

"I'll be shot if I do!" Neil paced the room quickly with his free impatient step, trying to crush down his rising fury, and the elder man watched him with desperate resolve growing on his strong face. Then he spoke steadily.

"Neil, since your own code of honour does not tell you what to do, I must take this into my own hands. I have the power to prevent your marriage, and I swear I'll use that power if you drive me to it!"

Neil swung round, towering above short sturdy Humphrey, and his face was not good to see.

"What do you mean?" he hissed between his teeth. "If you——"

"Neil," said Humphrey brokenly, "old man, I've always dreaded having to tell you this—I'd give my life not to. But I must, and you must listen. You—you don't know yourself. You don't see yourself as outsiders see you—and they havn't seen what I have. When you get one of your bad fits, its—its not temper——" he faltered before the tense look on the face opposite him.

Neil caught his breath sharply.

"Go on," he said.

"Old man, you're not safe, and—and you're getting worse. You can't help it, and I would have hidden it from you as long as I could, but I must think of her first. I—I couldn't let you marry, Neil. If you persist in this, I'll have to—have to—don't make me say it——"

But it was an unaccustomed choking in his throat that silenced him, for Neil made no sign.

Humphrey gazed vacantly at the dying ashes in the grate, and the room was very still.

Then the long, quivering cry of a weka sounded through the quiet night, like the wail of a lost soul, and Neil turned away abruptly, dropping into a chair, and laying his head on the table.

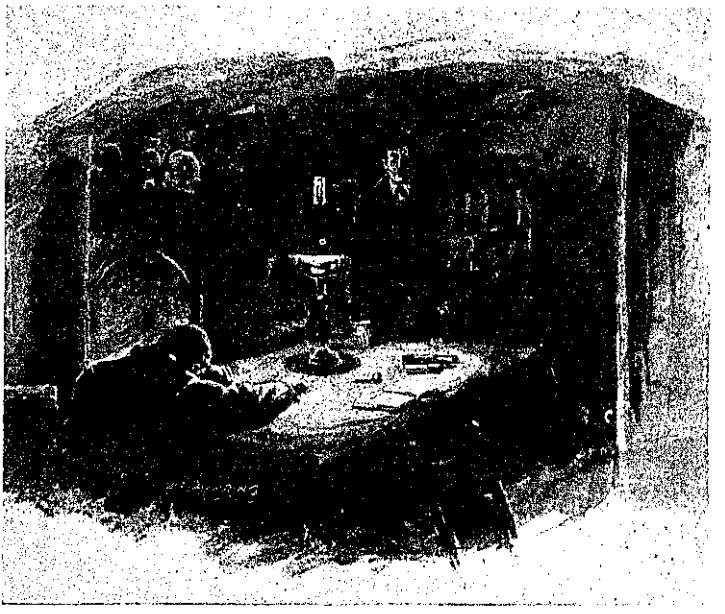
Humphrey remembered the attitude well. Neil had always borne punishment thus in the old days, when comfort had lain in hard-bake and peg-tops. But the punishment was different, now, and this Gehenna must be fought through alone. And Humphrey, knowing this, went silently away.

When the first fingers of the pale dawn slid past the blind, they touched Neil's face, and he rose, flinging up the window with an indefinable longing for something—he knew not what.

The world was empty and unresponsive. Day was not yet, and the last stars had gone out before the sickly light in the east. A white mist seethed over the plains and along the hills, blotting out all the familiar landmarks, and bringing to him a curious certainty that nothing was tangible or real. The earth was dead and very silent, and he —what was it he had read somewhere, very long ago? "God allows long aches, but only short agonies." Was this an agony or an ache? How long had it lasted? When was it that Humphrey had told him—*that!* echoing down to the creek, and a solemn more-pork flew to cover, abashed at being up so late.

Neil gripped the window-ledge with a half-stifled cry as the boisterous new day chased the numbness from his brain.

"Joan," he said, "Joan, I can't face it—dearest, I *can't!* It—it frightens me. Old Humphrey called me a coward, but—he's a bit hard sometimes, and no one ever told him——" He stared vacantly at the stable-yard, where the men were watering the horses, and joking loudly as they smashed



THIS GEHENNA MUST BE FOUGHT THROUGH ALONE.

His brain was playing a game of cross questions and crooked answers, and it was not funny, only unutterably stupid.

Then the sun sprang up, rolling the heavy mist along the mountain bases. The yellow tussocks flamed where the level rays caught them, and the dark bush climbing the long low spurs sent back glittering flashes from glossy broad-leaf and matapo. And the mountains came into being, one by one, until, far away to southward, they circled in purpling haze to the sea.

A sleepy note from a moko-moko in the clematis was the signal for a rollicking chorus

the ice on the drinking-pond.

Humphrey, waiting in his room for Neil's step, heard it at last, coming slowly round the house. Then he pulled on his boots and followed it stable-wards.

Neil was curry-combing his hunter when Humphrey's broad form blocked the doorway, and he did not look up.

"Going to the meet to-day?" Neil vaguely noted surprise in the tone.

"Yes," he said, laconically.

"And—will you go to Wakarewa too?"

"Yes. Stand over!" Neil slapped the Ace's quarter and resumed his work energetically.

Humphrey watched him ride out of the yard an hour later, with mingled pity and relief.

"Poor old boy. It was a bad day's work when he started that blessed skating. But he doesn't look as bad as I thought he would. He'll ride the devil out of himself, and bust up the Ace, and then he will come back—and I'll have a tough time with him. Well, so long as we pull through somehow!"

Neil rode slowly along between the straight lines of gorse fences. His face was very pale, and he shortened a stirrup-leather absently. An arrogant lark overhead filled the sharp air with bright trills and cadences, and a gruff "Come up!" from the paddock beyond, as a plough swung slowly round behind the steaming horses, made the Ace dance excitedly, until he slipped on some ice under the lea of the fence, and Neil spurred him into a gallop.

It was not until he stood on the Wakarewa verandah, and saw Joan Kestiven in the drawing-room with an armful of chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, that he knew what he would say to her.

She, dropping her flowers, and stretching her hands to him across them, realized for one half frightened moment how his grip hurt her.

"We are not playing animal grab," she said saucily, hiding her gladness under cover of a laugh at her feeble joke. "Look, you have made my hands quite red!"

But he was on his guard, now, and aided and abetted her shy, naive chatter about the future with a lightness whereat he vaguely wondered.

"They always said I couldn't act at school," he commented inwardly, with a grim smile.

Joan put a white chrysanthemum and a frond of fern in his buttonhole, patting it carefully into position, then she looked up at him sideways.

"Neil, I think I ought to go back to Dunedin, to-morrow. If—if you knew how horrid it was to have a lot of brothers, you would come down and help me tell them. Couldn't you?"

He winced away from the soft touch of her fingers, and the "Vivian Morell" met death beneath his boot-heel.

"I'll see, dearest. It depends. Good-bye, sweetheart. I'll be late for the meet if I don't hurry. I brought the Ace five miles out of his way to see you, Joan."

Miss Kestiven knew little about horse flesh.

"You can take short cuts," she said. "I suppose he can jump by himself. And I don't see why——"

"What would Mrs. Dalton say if I loafed round here all day? I hear her in the passage now. Good-bye, my——"

"You never said when you would see me again, Neil!"

He met the reproachful blue eyes, and lied bravely for the last time.

"To-night, if I can manage it. If not—Joan, oh, my little girl!" He caught her suddenly to him, and then went away, leaving her to gather up her scattered flowers, and weave sweet dreams in with the ivy and honeysuckle sprays.

There was a little group of horsemen on the sunny side of Harden plantation, and they spared a few crumbs of interest from the huntsman and whip in the girth-high scrub to bestow on Neil Fraser as he rode up.

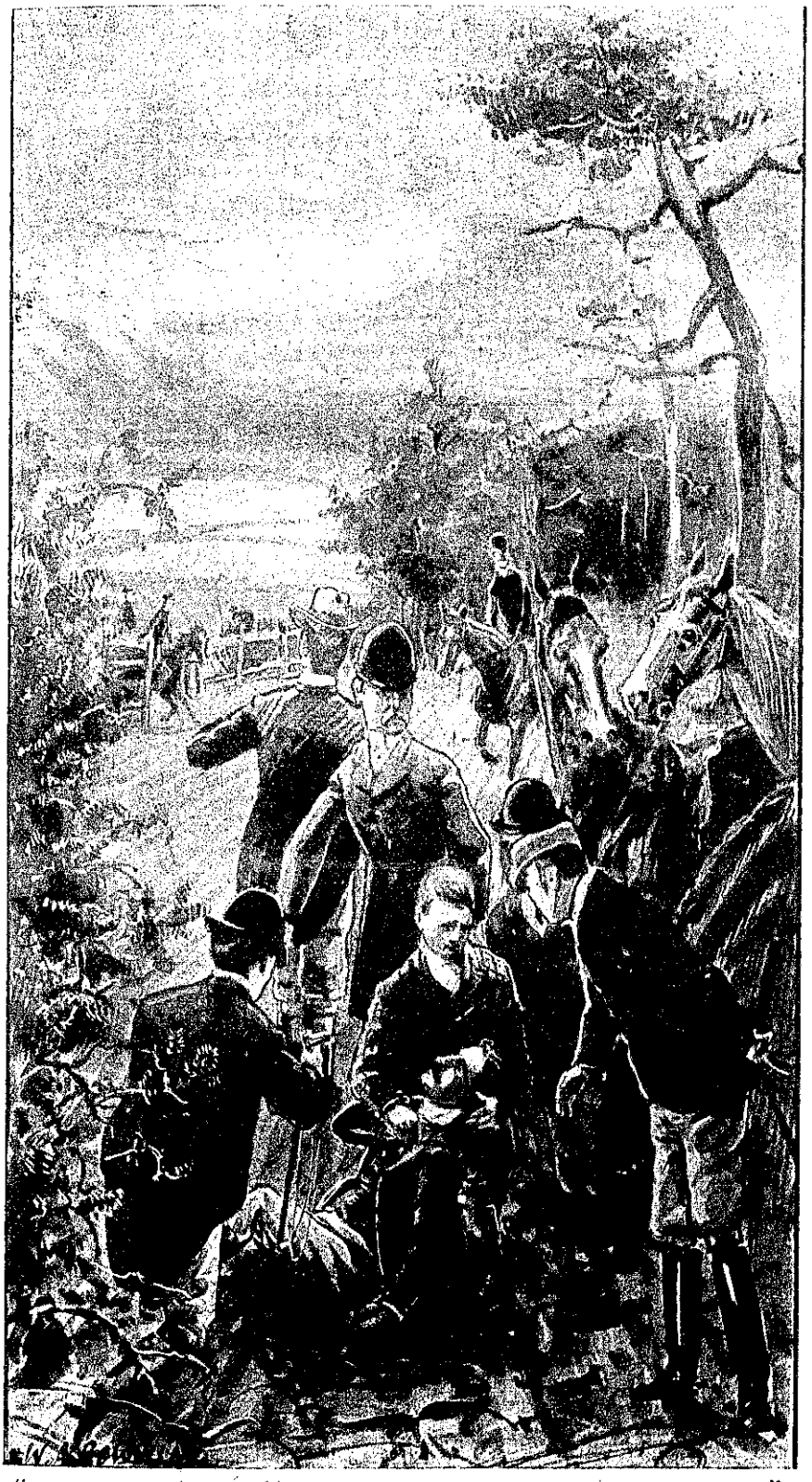
The Ace was in a lather, and Neil's brow hung out a storm signal.

"You'll never get the Ace through a sharp run, to-day. It'll be mighty greasy going with this sudden thaw." Burke eyed the reeking horse with disfavour, and added: "He must be confoundedly out of condition."

"He's all right," returned Neil shortly, moving out of ear shot.

Then Burke remarked to Corbett, the Harden cadet: "I wish Humphrey Fraser would come out and look after Neil. He'll have a royal smash if he goes larking the Ace to-day."

Corbett grunted, and tightened his saddle girths. "It 'ud take a dozen Humphreys to put a drag on Neil. He's not the sort of chap to play 'my brother's keeper' to. Here, come on! They've found," and he swung to the saddle.



"CUT THE GORDIAN KNOT, IT'S THE BEST WAY. HUMPHREY NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT."

The low whimper ran from one nosing hound to another until it swelled to a full-mouthed chorus, and they streamed swiftly out of the scrub, and headed for the open grass land, where a small yellow-brown speck scudded away in the sunlight.

Corbett, endeavouring to steady his mad young colt, and cramming his hat on tightly, saw Neil riding stride for stride with the huntsman, and felt uneasy. This racketty boy had more reason to care for Neil than people knew. He spurred up alongside the other, and possessed his soul in patience until the Ace began to falter. He rapped a low hurdle badly, and Corbett ventured to lift up his voice.

"Can't you tell the poor old beggar's blown, Fraser? Here, pull off that gorse! It has a high barb wire, and a brutal ditch on the far side."

Neil dropped his hands and sent his spurs home, as the others swerved to the left where a white gate gleamed.

"He's mad!" muttered Corbett. "Oh! Great Heavens!"

There was a short slip on the greasy turf, a gallant belated leap, and a long sickening jangle of wire; then it sagged out under the Ace's hindquarters and the two went over headlong into the frozen ditch.

The hounds ran over their trail, picked it up again and went on, leaving half-a-dozen men up against the gorse fence.

It was Corbett who pulled Neil clear of the ditch, where the half-frozen mud was churned into spray by the struggling horse. He lifted the white face to his knee with a half angry desire to tell Neil that he would play the fool once too often, if he didn't look out.

"Any one got any brandy?" demanded the master, stooping over the long, still figure. "Confound it! How does the thing open? Here, Fraser, take some of this! You—you're not hurt, are you?"

Neil opened his eyes on a ring of sobered faces, with a confused medley of shivering, excited horses as a background.

"Cut the Gordian knot," he said, indistinctly, "its the best way. Humphrey never thought of that. Blind old bat, Humphrey! I believe I've done it, first shot, it——"

"He's talking tommy-rot," Burke's wisdom lay in sheep, not books; "give him some more brandy. Who went for the doctor?"

"Heldon. He'll be about six fields back, worse luck! Hope Heldon will get hold of his rein. Lord, what helpless beggars we are! Can't we do anything for him? Fraser, Neil, old man! Do you feel much pain?" Corbett moved to shade the face on his knee, and Neil smiled faintly.

"Not a bit! Pain is only hallucination. Or was it trouble? Yes. It took me a deuce of a time to learn that, dearest, but it's true. Don't forget——"; he gripped Corbett's coat-sleeve and his voice slid off into silence.

The men moved about helplessly, watching the slope to the southward whence the doctor was expected. A three-furrow plough was turning up heavy brown waves, crested with screaming gulls and sea-martins in the distance. An impatient horse jerked back from a crooked elbow with a sharp jangle of steel, but the Ace lay still behind his master, his coat glossy in the sunlight where the mud had not smirched it.

The day was very still and silent, and a hawk, sailing slowly overhead, cast a black shadow before Neil's feet.

Then two hurrying specks came over the scarred rise, and Burke dropped on his knee with a long sigh of thankfulness.

"Here they are at last, Fraser. I say—Oh, my God! He's——" He pulled off his cap with a sudden realisation, and the others uncovered reverently, one by one, in the presence of a greater Physician than the one galloping over the sunny grass-land.

The Story of Lazarus.

As told by Robert Browning, Poet.

THE hereafter of the Spirit, which animates and sustains man, was a source of frequent discussion between the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The latter clung to the ancient faith of their fathers—that in death there is no knowledge, or wisdom, or service; or in the grave any praise or any thought—impressed upon the nation alike by psalmist, preacher, and inspired prophet. But the Pharisees, being of the priesthood, or expounders of the law, believed, or professed to believe, that man's spirit continued to exist after death and the decay of the body. Since apostolic times there has been endless controversy for and against this doctrine or belief; men still differ, and, apart from revealed religion, remain as uncertain on the subject of their speculations as ever. The resurrection of Lazarus is a fruitful source of debate, and affords grounds for both parties to advance their opinions and confirm their convictions.

The silence of Lazarus on all that befel him after death is most remarkable. It strongly confirms the views of one class—that consciousness perishes with the brain, the organ of mind—and gives an assurance to others that he was preternaturally restrained from revealing the secrets of the spirit world. With Tennyson they say:

> Behold a man raised up by Christ!
> The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
> He told it not; for something seal'd
> The lips of that Evangelist.

And if this applies to Lazarus, it would apply with equal force to the saints who came out of their graves after the Resurrection, and appeared to many; as well as to those others cases of the dead being restored to life, recorded in the Scriptures. This must be so, or the intense craving of humanity to learn something of what lies beyond the portals of death would have in some measure been satisfied.

Nothing is known of the life history of Lazarus before the event, beyond that he was a brother of Mary and her sister Martha; nor after the event, except that he was a guest at a feast, at which Jesus also sat; and that afterwards the Jews wanted to kill him—a strange proceeding on the part of men who had so lately seen him raised from the dead and brought to life again.

Browning was moved by none of these considerations, or the mystery surrounding the event. He assumed that the account, as recorded with such circumstantiality and dramatic effect by the writer of the Fourth Gospel, was substantially correct; and he asked himself the question—What effect would the experience of a life beyond the grave have upon the life or actions of a man doomed to re-visit and live again in the world? That was the problem he set himself to consider. A man dead, lying in the grave for four days, his spirit far away in the abodes of the Spirit World, leaving the body to its natural decay; that spirit called back to re-enter the mouldering frame of flesh and blood, with the glow and glory of a heavenly habitation stamped upon it; that spirit bid to re-enter the body, to arise from the grave, and to act again his part upon earth. Truly a stupendous problem! The longer we allow our thoughts to dwell upon it, the more

bewildering does it appear. A man, ever conscious of the awe-inspiring and blissful experience of an unknown world, wandering about amid the evils of this—what would be his conduct towards himself and others?

In a review of Browning's life and works in *Blackwood's Magazine*, shortly after his death, the writer says:—"Those great poems which have slowly, but surely, conquered their place in the mind of the country—by the fact that, in spite of often involved phraseology and halting rhythm, they have in them in many cases the highest poetic insight that has been known since Shakespeare. He descends into the deep places of the soul with that lamp, and lays bare what he sees there—whether the workings of an evil soul elaborately making itself out to itself (the most subtle, yet the most universal of all processes) to be not all evil; or the heavenly exploration of a noble one of its own natural simple impulses, as in 'Guido Franceschini' and 'Caponsacchi'; or those musings of the great spirit which knows itself to be a failure, most pathetic of all things upon earth, like Andrea—or which perceives this in the failing of all followers and friends, like Suria; or the high innocence and passion, the white light of human feeling at its most exalted and purest, as in 'Pompilia.' To see those beings from without is one thing, and a great and noble art; but to see them from within is another—an art more penetrating still, a revelation which is almost too dazzling, and which the ordinary spectator often blenches at, bewildered by the intensity of the light."

This is placing Browning's genius upon the loftiest pinnacle, and, if the estimate is a true one, we see how natural it was for him to view the soul of the man after such an experience as Lazarus had, sorely tried by the ways of this world. But the action of the soul, though laid bare and delineated by genius of a high order, offers no attraction to the ordinary reader. Browning was emphatically the poet of the soul. Hence, his writings are little studied (they require study to be understood) except by those who are capable of appreciating great thoughts.

Browning loved to express himself in the dramatic form. It was characteristic of his genius, and he selected it in preference to all others for most of his writings. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that he adopted it, as most appropriate, in the poem which he has entitled: "An Epistle, Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician."

He imagines that an Arab physician, named Karshish, whilst on his travels, writes frequent letters to Abib, his former master, all sagacious in the medical art of those days, and to whom he is indebted, he says, for such poor skill as he could boast of. Karshish is described as a picker-up of learning's crumbs, and not incurious in God's handiwork. Like his master, he is inquisitive about all that befalls the flesh, and the processes by which (under God) he baffled death. He, the vagrant scholar, has written twenty-one letters previously, with details of his journeys, incidents and accidents of travels, and his observations thereon. He now addresses to the sage at home his twenty-second letter. In that letter he describes the labours he has endured, the dangers he has encountered by the country-side being on fire, by wild beasts, and being waylaid, stripped and beaten by robbers. But in the end he passes over the hill country of Judœ, and reaches Bethany, a sleepy old town, where he has some medical experience, gathers some remedies, and entrusts them all to a Syrian runagate for delivery to Abib.

He is about to close his letter, when a thought strikes him, and he stays his hand. "I half resolved," he continues, "to tell you what set me off a-writing first of all. Yet, I blush to do so. Either the town's barrenness, or something in the man himself, claimed my attention, for his case struck me far more than his worth. He has gone from me just now, whose ailment is the subject of my present discourse. The man—one Lazarus, a Jew—is fifty years of age,

and enjoys robust health in a greater degree than most men. His own firm conviction is that he was dead—in fact, they buried him—and was restored to life by a Nazarene physician of his tribe, whose voice of command his spirit heard, saying, 'Lazarus, come forth, arise!' and he did arise and came forth from the recesses of the silent tomb." Karshish then expressed to his master and friend his own professional view of the case. "'Tis but a case," he says, "of mania, subinduced by epilepsy—a trance prolonged unduly some three days, when by the exhibition of some drug, or spell, exorcization, stroke of art, unknown to me—and which 'twere well to know—the evil thing out-breaking all at once, left the man whole and sound in body indeed, but the soul (just returned from death, and newly established in the body) open to the conceits and fancy scrawls, which entered and became so impressed upon it that they could not subsequently be erased—such cases are diurnal, you will say. Not so this figment, which instead of giving way to time and health, eats itself into the life of life, as saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones and all. For see how he takes up his after life.

Some elders of his tribe (I should premise) led in their friend, obedient as a sheep, to bear my inquisition. This grown man eyes the world now like a child. While they spoke and gave their statement of the case, he listened not—except I spoke to him—but folded his hands and let them talk, watching the flies that buzzed. And that's a sample how his years must go The golden mean is lost to such a one. His fantastic will is the man's law.

Let us say he *has* knowledge increased beyond the fleshy faculty:

> Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
> Earth's forced on a soul's use while seeing Heaven.

The value and proportion of things is lost to such a man. Discourse to him of events happening in the world, whether great or trifling, he is uninterested; and even should his child sicken to death, he continues to exercise the trade by which he earns his daily bread with unabated cheerfulness. But he is impatient at ignorance, carelessness, and sin; while a word, gesture, or gleam from the same child will startle him to an agony of fear. He appears conscious of a glory which he may not enter yet,

> The spiritual life around the earthly life:
> The law of *that* is known to him as *this*,
> His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.

The man is, in consequence, perplexed with impulses. His soul often springs in his face, as if he saw and heard again the Sage who bade him 'Rise!' and he did rise. Then something within would appear to admonish him, and he would become silent, submissive to the heavenly view, waiting patiently for that same death, which must restore the equilibrium of his being."

Karshish then thinks his master Abib would enquire why he had not before sought out the Sage himself, the Nazarene who wrought the cure, and enquire and confer with Him in the frankness that befits the learned. "Alas!" he replies, "it grieveth me to tell you, the learned leech perished in a tumult many years ago, accused—learning's fate—of wizardry, rebellion, the setting up of a rule and creed prodigious—as described to me. His death was wrought by the mad people—that's their wont! Perhaps on a vain appeal for miraculous help. That's their way! The other imputations must be lies; but, take one as a sample, though I loathe to give it thee in mere respect for any good man's fame." ("And, after all," Karshish says in parenthesis, "our patient Lazarus is stark mad. Should we count on what he says? Perhaps not; though in writing to a leech it is well to keep back nothing of a case.) This man, then, Lazarus, so cured regards the curer as—God forgive me!—who, but God Himself, Creator and Sustainer of the world, who came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile. But why write," he continues, "of such trivial matter when things of price call at every moment for remark." He then gives his observations of things likely be of use

to his medical friend, and apologises for dwelling so prolixly on Lazarus' long and tedious case, which, on review, he is unable to discern why it has touched him with such peculiar interest and awe.

Karshish had finished writing, having penned a farewell to his friend. But, whilst preparing his letter for the Syrian who was to carry and deliver it, he suddenly felt the strange power of the new idea, of God, strike upon his heart and brain, and he returned again to the subject—

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So the All-Great, were the All-Loving too.

A gentle voice is heard above the tumult of the world, saying to man,—

Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!
The madman saith He said so. . . . It is strange!

The tendency of all spiritual teaching at the present day—the highest thought of the world—is apparently in one direction. The central point of the universe is held to be not force or energy, but love. "Might is right," said Carlyle, explaining afterwards that he thereby meant the "might of right." So Browning insisted that power and love would in the end be seen as one, and that it would overcome all things. This thought is evidenced and impressed upon his readers by many of his poems.

Some persons feel aggrieved that there is not more light thrown upon the object of our existence here. If, in reality, it is a preparation for a higher and more spiritual state, they think, in their conceit, it had been better if Infinite Wisdom had shown its purpose more clearly to the finite mind, and rendered the nature of the future state more certain. Browning essays to show that if these views prevailed and regulated the world, fuller knowledge on the subject would frustrate the purpose of, and destroy all interest in our present life. The epistle of Karshish is a forcible exposition of these views.

E. A. MACKECHNIE.

NOTE.—In the foregoing paper, Browning's thoughts have, for the most part, been expressed in his own words, but it has not been deemed necessary to keep strictly to the rhythm of his lines. His poems on immortality, religious subjects and ideas, and on the meaning of the soul, have removed doubts, and afforded consolation to many serious and religiously-inclined persons. The good they have effected has prompted this present attempt to make them more generally known, and to extend their usefulness.—E.A.M.

My Mother Sang to Me.

The Homeland voices called to-night,
And would not let me be,
As in the spirit-land, awhile,
My mother sang to me.

I saw the foam upon the flood,
The bloom upon the tree,
The sun blaze on the distant hill,
When mother sang to me.

I saw the clansmen from the glen,
Like eagles wild and free,
Stoop to the plain with dirk and blade,
While mother sang to me.

I heard the march among the crags,
The pibroch on the sea,
The low lament wailed for the dead,
When mother sang to me.

I saw the love-light gleam and glance,
And sweet it was to see,
Within a highland lassie's eyes,
When mother sang to me.

And still tho' other memories fade,
And other fancies flee,
I'll hear the songs of love and war
That mother sang to me.

D. M. ROSS.

A Cathedral Singer.

By F. Carr.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

SEFTON WRIGLE was a child of the gutter, an ignorant, dirty, ugly boy. His father was a disappointed composer, a man who wrote oratorios and grand operas when the market demand was for coster songs and ballet music. He had drunk himself to death fiddling for a living in a music hall orchestra. His mother was a confirmed laudanum drinker.

When Sefton was eleven years old his mother, in an insane wandering fit, took him to the slums of an old cathedral town, and then fell into prison, and left Sefton entirely to his own resources, which were naturally very limited.

He had no money, no friends, and scarcely sufficient clothing to cover his undersized form. He also lacked the smartness and cunning which enable the average gutter boy to beg or steal a living.

Sefton had followed his mother and her guardians to the iron studded door of the prison. He was too timid and foolish to claim relationship with the woman, too quiet and unobtrusive to attract attention.

When the great door had closed with a softness and slowness which marked it unorthodox, Sefton turned helplessly away. He had not the slightest idea of what he should do, or where he should go, but he shuffled along—this helpless waif—until he found himself before a building, such as he had never seen before, though his whole life had been spent amidst buildings. It was the grand old cathedral. In wonder he looked upward at its stately towers and carved pinnacles.

Prowling in the shadow of the dark, high walls, he discovered between two great butresses a deep snug nook—sheltered from the cold north-east wind which had commenced to blow, sheltered even from the cold fine rain which made the city miserable.

He curled himself on the grass in one corner like a cat or a dog, having only their desires at that moment. Soothed into contentment with the comparative warmth and rest, he dozed almost into sleep, when suddenly something—he knew not what—filled his whole being, something that thrilled him, that pleased him, that made him shiver. It was the music of the grand organ—low, sad, yet wonderfully sweet, swelling by degrees into floods of sound that shook the boy's world. The roar of the wind about the great towers, the rush of clouds over the lofty pinnacles, were forgotten. Glorious music had entered the lad's soul. He had risen to an eager, listening attitude. He stood with clenched hands and upturned face, drinking in the melodious sounds. If fate has any hand in directing the course of ragged, dirty, ignorant boys, then Sefton Wrigle had found that nook between the buttresses, under the guidance of that most fickle goddess. He owned a musical soul undeveloped, unconscious, like a perfect violin that has never been played upon, and like the violin, vibrating and thrilling with the notes of the great organ.

Higher, higher, wider and wider, swelled the music, filling the world with splendid sound. The boy's face took fire, his body grew rigid, his mind was awakening into life. Unconciously he vibrated with pride

and ecstasy, low, clear, minor notes, and his soul thrilled with, inexpressible longing, pity, desire. The music died slowly. The boy put forth his hands as if he would have grasped the invisible spirit. Another sound, divine, yet more familiar, came to him as the choir poured forth their anthem.

For a moment, surely only one brief moment, did the delicious pleasure last, then the inspiration left the lad, the delightful sensation faded, Sefton was a beggar again, a hungry, homeless, helpless waif, seeing with animal eyes, feeling with animal senses. He waited patiently for the wondrous joy to come again, and sometimes as the wind caught the carved pinnacles, the sound sent a quiver of expectation through him. But the wind died away, darkness came on, and Sefton was forced to leave the enchanted spot.

He stole noiselessly away and, dog-like, found the road to the den that had sheltered him the night before. Its inhabitants, pitying, gave him food. They knew the fate of his mother, how, robbed of the poison which was her curse, she had fallen near death. They decided amongst themselves to keep the lad, at least until his mother was released by law or death.

Day after day, Sefton visited that nook between the two buttresses, ignorantly believing that to be the only place where the wonderful sensations that thrilled him could be found. There, in the mild spring weather, his artistic soul awoke to life, as the growing warmth of the season brought into life beautiful flowers, so the daily delight in music brought into existence new senses. He told no one of his strange experiences, he had a vague fear that his great pleasure might be taken from him.

One day, whilst the organ pealed forth a simple theme, a new experience dawned on him, the germs of expression developed. Unconciously he echoed with his voice the sounds that reached him. No words—simply notes like those of a bird, open vowel sounds like those of an Italian vocalist. Joy, pride, glory—a joy that he could carry away from the enchanted nook, but dare not. A power to prolong the beautiful sensation.

Soon he learned to echo every wave of sound that reached him, and piped with his childish voice an imitation of the organ's grand notes.

One evening he kept up his echo long after the service had ended, and was suddenly awakened from his trance by—"Boy, who are you?"

A tall grey-headed man stood between the buttresses, and blocked the way of escape. "Tell me who you are, my lad? Why do you sing?"

It was the choir master who asked the question. He might just as well have asked it of a nightingale, for Sefton did not know what singing meant.

Something of this pitiable ignorance was seen by the choir master, so he spoke kindly to the boy, and, questioning him, learnt all that Sefton could tell. It seemed much to the master, who was, in all his being, a musician.

He followed Sefton to the filthy den. He learnt all there was to know of the boy's surroundings, learnt that the laudanum drinking mother was already dead, and buried in a pauper's grave. Then, moved by something more than mere kindness, he took the ragged child by the hand, and led him to his own home—to life, to knowledge.

Sefton became the choir master's protégé. He was made acquainted with cleanliness, suitable clothing, plentiful food, and comfort. He learnt what music was, and took in the rudiments of art as he took in new ideas, new hopes.

The novelty of comfortable surroundings, of warmth, rest, contentment, lasted with Sefton only for a moment. They were forgotten as soon as known, accepted without a thought, for all the boy turned to music. It became his life, his soul. No master ever had such a pupil, such a strong inclination, together with such natural capabilities, for art. And Sefton's patron found a reward for his kindness and generosity in the lad's reverence and passionate affection.

With dawning intelligence and experience, a great desire arose in Sefton's heart. It was to sing in the cathedral. To let his

voice peal out with the grand organ, to express the feelings that struggled for fulfilment. No thought of winning praise, no thought of wooing people by his power, mixed with Sefton's desire to sing. The desire was part of his nature. It was the inclination of genius.

The grey, old bachelor choir master kept his protégé secluded until he had educated him to a certain pitch in musical knowledge, then he introduced him into the choir, and for the first time in his life, Sefton tasted to his fullest capacity—joy.

He would have been quite content to go on mixing his voice with a hundred others, singing just for the sake of singing, but his patron was ambitious for him—he must sing a solo.

It was late in the summer when Sefton made his first attempt. He was not excited. He waited patiently until the time came, then, oblivious to everything else, sang. Clear, liquid, sweet; wonderfully sweet; more than sweet—thrilling. Full of some undefinable charm were his notes. The careless surpliced lads around him were enthralled. The congregation, scattered about the huge building, opened their hearts to the glorious sound, and after the solo, the rush of music from the organ and choir seemed like a flood of icy water.

The bishop's daughter, dreaming in the recesses of her favourite corner, clasped her hands like an adoring saint when the solo began, and uttered a sobbing sigh when it ended. After the service she intercepted the choir master. "Who is he, Mr. Chardon? Who is that boy who took the solo? What a glorious voice!"

GLORIOUS MUSIC PASSED THROUGH THE LAD'S SOUL.

Sefton had thrown off his surplice, and had rushed after his master. He sprang down the steps, passed through the low arched portal and came face to face with a beautiful girl.

"This is the boy," said the choir master quietly. The girl looked at the lad's plain face and angular form. She met the look of his innocent dark eyes, then stretched out

her hand. "You gave me great pleasure," she said, as she touched his fingers. It was much for the bishop's daughter to say, for she was very proud—very proud and very beautiful.

She walked by the side of the choir master, and as Sefton had disappeared, she learnt his history. The choir master, charmed by the young girl's loveliness and gentle manners, told her many of the plans he had made for the boy's future, and she listened with the air of one who does not care much to hear; but afterwards, as she walked across the grass to Bishop's Court, she cried, half aloud: "Ugly—low. Yet, oh, what a voice! I would give up everything to possess such power, to fill the cathedral with such sweet sound, to move the hearts of the people. I could make emperors my servants, and the world should bow to me. I would make passion and pain and triumph speak in living words."

These thoughts came in a wave of anger. Her ambition was very strong, and sullied with girlish vanity, but tinged, too, with a great love for music. She had within her the desire to become famous, and some of the power that would give talent fame. Had she possessed such a voice, she would have been capable of carrying out her ambition.

Sefton, in his pure love for music, won some of the triumphs which the proud girl would have risked so much to gain. People thronged to hear him. Never even in the times of natural calamity or natural rejoicing, not even when the old cathedral echoed the wail for those slain in battle, for the fall of kings, or the triumph of victory, had the sacredness and solemnity of the building seemed so impressive as when filled with the music of that boy's wonderful voice!

The bishop's daughter, with that touch of ecclesiastical fervour which affects the women of church dignitaries, sat with clasped hands through the long services, hearing only one voice, feeling only the emotions that the singer expressed, yet supremely conscious that the power that thrilled her, and thrilled the congregation, proceeded from that pale-faced, dark-eyed boy.

In her own romantic mind, in her exaggerated idea of the power of this expression, she raised the singer to a pedestal to which she, in her vanity, would have raised herself, had she possessed his voice. And the owner, simple, unaffected, a child in innocence and ignorance of the world, sang out his full soul in the ecstasy of his own delight. It was a pity that he could not have gone on singing in that unconsciousness of effect, moving men's hearts to awe and reverence of sacred things, teaching women the humility and sweetness of old saints. Pity that a girl so high born and beautiful, so proud, could not have seen the power for good in the singer, and left him to mould it in the God-given way—that she, in the great vanity of her sex, saw only personal, selfish uses for that divine power. Pity that the bishop's daughter—the high born Elsie Vane, ever entered the cathedral when Sefton Wrigle sang.

Moved by a fascination, which was partly the result of her own ambition, she entered the circle of the singer's life half conscious of the desire to place the power of her own great beauty against the wider power of that wonderful voice. She began in thoughtlessness and selfishness this combat of powers. She looked in Sefton's eyes and smiled, and he thrilled under her smile as he thrilled when the grandest notes of music vibrated through him.

There was something of envy and worship in the best of Miss Vane's feelings toward the singer, but she, with common egotism, ranged her beauty and her high position against his divine gift. Moved by her artistic vein, her admiration almost overleaped the barriers of vain pride.

If the singer had but known. If fate had placed his life in the darker ages when, in the solemn calm of that great cathedral, he could have poured forth in glorious notes the worship of the monk. If he could have made religion his art, and not art his religion, he might have held the glory of high purpose—the calm of unquestioning content.

The world tempted him, and he did not yield. Wealth, fame, power, were held before his eyes. Men with keen eyes and persuasive tongues used all their skill to induce him to go out into the world, and let his voice be heard in the great towns. The favour of kings and queens, the applause of nations, dangled before him as baits, but they could not tempt him.

"I cannot leave my master and the cathedral," he said, and the beautiful girl, hearing this, called him in her heart a fool—despised him for a simplicity, which was a pride, nobler far than her own assurance of rank and birth.

She looked in his eyes, and the singer trembled. She was to him as some saint. He judged her nature by her beauty, and her beauty by his own poetic conception. She saw the worship in his eyes, and felt with that strange feminine intuition that his worship was not for her real self, but for his idea of her. This knowledge hurt her vanity, and roused the spirit of jealousy within her. To be worshipped for qualities she did not possess, seemed like impertinence in that low born singer. Pique, wounded vanity, envy, admiration, pride, struggling together, moved in her a strange desire. The worship of her idealised self—distant and profound enough to magnify it almost to adoration, did not satisfy her. She came near to him as time went by—threw over him the glamour of actual presence, intoxicated him, brought into life the human forces of his nature—then he loved her, as a man poet loves the fairest woman, so passionately, so entirely, that it touched her heart's best depths.

If he had gone out into the world, then, and won such fame as she desired, won wealth and honours, he might have claimed her for his wife, but he was blind. He knew the vastness of his love, but saw in worldly influences no power to aid this love. He was as foolishly unselfish as all high souled poets ever are.

Moved by a sudden irresistible impulse,

ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS SINGING, A SMALL PARTY OF TOURISTS PENETRATED NEAR HIS FASTNESS.

touched into life by some feminine art, the singer told all the greatness and passion of his love. The girl knew that the very nobility and greatness of his love made him unworthy in her sight. She saw with worldly eyes—hated herself, scorned him, and rejected his love with an assumption of pride so vain that she herself shivered at its

folly. She showed him the weakness of her own mind. Showed him how she valued the praise and adulation of multitudes, what value she set on the smiles of the great, on wealth and influence.

To Sefton the confession of his love was a delirium, its reception a revelation. He saw his own soul and hers, and knew, then, that high aims meant sacrifice. In his agony the beautiful faced saint whom he had worshipped, seemed a tempting devil who wished to kill his soul.

The delirium of his love, the shock of the revelation, struck him down senseless, and he raved in fever. When he recovered he learned that his beautiful voice was gone, and that his beloved master was dead.

Then, in weakness, Sefton wished that he, too, could find relief in death, but scorned the wish even in his great sorrow, for to him endurance was duty.

The future looked black, and there seemed no gleam of hope.

To sing in some old church to those whose souls could echo the beautiful, solemn music, to have his old master back in life, were wishes that rose in his mind, but which he rarely indulged. He now saw deeply into life, saw that in pain and bitter disappointment lay the hope of future joy.

His patron had left him a sum of money quite sufficient to supply his simple wants through life. So as soon as he was strong enough, he stole quietly out of the old cathedral town and sailed southward—to the great free English world of the south. He shook off the germs of his past life in the solitude of vast Australian plains, won health and strength in an active physical existence, and gained a manly beauty which his youthful ugliness had never promised. He wandered for years in the southern colonies. Wealth came to him unbidden, he lavished it in doing good, in helping the poor, in encouraging art. This work bred fresh human sympathies, and fresh knowledge of feeble, erring, human nature.

He found his greatest joy, however, in the calm of some wild solitude amidst the grandeur of the New Zealand mountains. The solemnity and beauty of nature, there, moved him to express his feelings in song. Wonderful to relate, his voice came back to him, more sweet and powerful than ever, and he found that, to nature, he could sing what was in his soul. Far away from his fellow creatures, forgetting them in the ecstasy bred by nature's grandeur, he sang, and the deep gorges echoed like organ pipes, and the forests on the slopes repeated and repeated his notes.

Sefton went back to civilization, and tried his voice amongst his fellows, but, though it was far above the average, it was as nothing to that with which he had thrilled the pulses of solitude. Either some effect of the mountain air, or some power bred by the sight of beauty, stimulated that which was dormant amidst mere worldly surroundings.

He built a hut in the secluded place where he had recovered his voice, and spent long periods of time there, revelling in the glories of nature, and putting all his admiration into song.

One day, whilst he was singing, a small party of tourists, adventurous people, penetrated near his fastness, and pitched their tents on the skirt of the hanging forest. Amongst them was a woman, magnificent in beauty, and exceedingly proud. A woman of high birth, whose icy reserve had kept love from her side for long years. She heard this singing, and started as if she had heard the voice of the dead, then stole from the camp and hastened with eager footsteps toward the singer. He sang on, unconscious of her approach. The solemnity of high snow peaks, the glories of crimson sunsets, the calm and peace of solitudes, the steadfastness and purpose of nature, seemed to be expressed by that wondrous voice.

The woman emerged from the trees and stood entranced by the glorious music, then, impelled by some impulse, she moved toward the singer. The voice quavered, broke, and as if under a spell, its owner moved toward the woman, and she held forth her hands in passionate supplication. The man and the woman met, but what they said at meeting shall not be told.

Oyster Dredging in Foveaux Strait.

By H. G. Nevill.

BEFORE describing the modus operandi of putting the Stewart Island oyster on the market, it may probably interest readers of this article to know a little about the life history of this slippery morsel. Few people imagine as it glides along the palate that they are swallowing a piece of machinery (and going at that) greatly more complicated than a watch, but it is so; the oyster possesses representatives of all the most important organs of higher animal life, and is endowed with corresponding functions, and though it, in its adult condition, appears to us a type of dull animal vegetation, yet from its youth up, it passes through the changes and chances of this mortal life, from the time that it is sheltered by the parental roof to that in which it ranges itself as a grave and sedentary member of the oyster community.

I will not go into a scientific description of the genus oyster, as it would probably weary my readers, and, what is perhaps more important, spoil the digestion of the oyster lover, but a few interesting facts cannot fail to interest.

The nervous system of the oyster is but poorly developed, which I have no doubt will be a comfort to those folk who, while loving the piquant flavour, may at the same time have pangs of regret that they are obliged to vivisect and swallow alive their favourites.

A single full grown oyster produces on an average about a million young larvæ. If a glass vessel is filled from the stratum of surface water in which the larvæ swim, it will appear full of minute particles about the hundred and fiftieth part of an inch long, and therefore just visible to the naked eye, which are in active motion. They have much the appearance of the fresh water Rotifers, or wheel animalcules, and have a glossy transparency, they are colourless, except for one or two dark patches, while at one end there is a disc, like the wheel of the Rotifers. The margins of these are in active motion and serve as organs of propulsion. When the organ is moderately active, the larvæ dance up and down in the water with the disc uppermost; but when the action is quicker they swim horizontally with the disc forward. How long the larvæ remain in this locomotive state is unknown, but, sooner or later, they settle down, fix themselves by one side to any solid body, and rapidly take up the character of minute oysters. They look like white dots on the surface of the substance to which they adhere, and are about one-twentieth of an inch in diameter.

The young oysters grow rapidly. In five or six months they attain the size of a threepenny bit, and by the time they are twelve months old, they may reach an inch in diameter. Their age may be told from the shell to a certain extent, much as a cow's age is by the rings on her horn.

The rate of growth is supposed to vary with the different breeds of oysters, and with the conditions to which they are exposed, but it may be roughly calculated that, at two years, the oyster measures two inches across, and, at three years, three inches. After this, the growth is slower and the shell increases in thickness and in circumference. Oysters breed long before they are full grown, probably in their first year, certainly in their second, and appear to be most productive when about five or six years old.

They are supposed to be able to move backwards by shutting their shells sharply and expelling the water, that is, of course, when not attached to any substance. The Stewart Island oyster has deservedly obtained a reputation, as for size and flavour it cannot be beaten anywhere, and consequently demands a ready sale. Foveaux Straits may be said to be dotted with oyster beds according to the nature of the bottom.

When the young larvæ settle on the bottom, if they find a congenial surrounding and something to fix themselves to, they thrive; but if they find themselves in a sandy bottom, they die, consequently the beds are scattered here and there in the Straits, and have to be found by the cutters employed dredging for them. The young larvæ have many natural enemies, before they take to themselves a shell, even then, in the Old Country, the dogwelk manages to introduce himself to their notice by means of a little gimlet he possesses He quietly seats himself on the shell and proceeds to bore his way till he reaches the oyster, much, I imagine, to the astonishment of the latter at finding himself taken in the rear in that fashion.

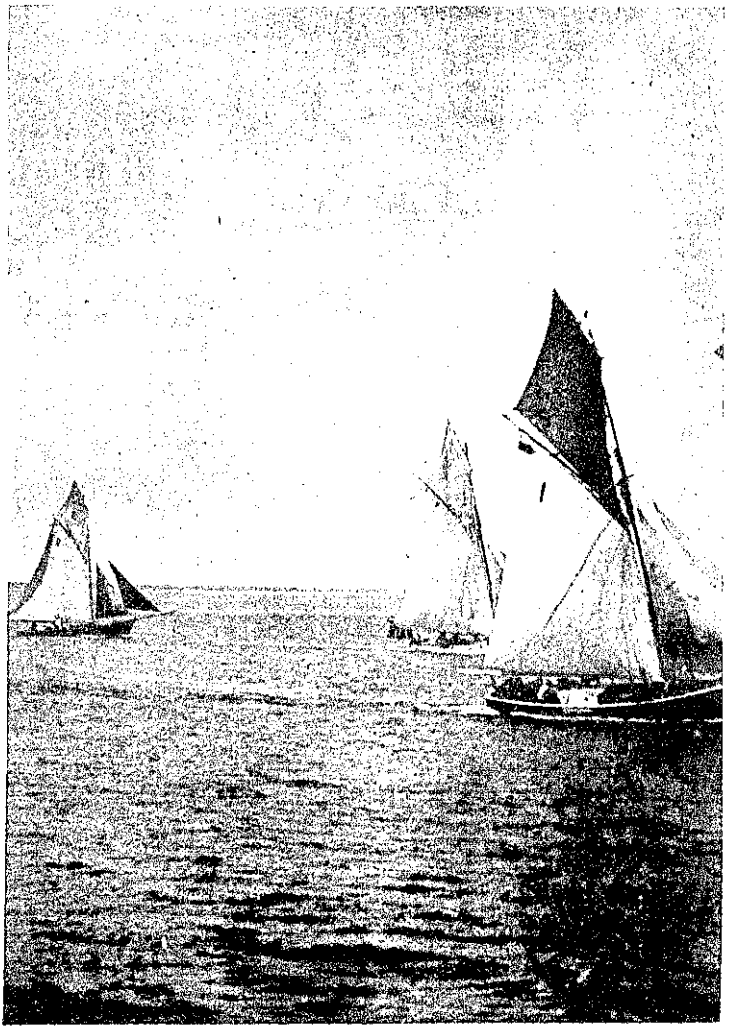
UNDER WEIGH FOR THE OYSTER BEDS.

Oysters have been taken from the Straits for the last thirty-five years, and at present seem as plentiful as ever. They were first found at Port Adventure, in Stewart Island, in the "sixties," and were picked up at low tide. Charles Traill was the first to find them by dredging. He was dredging for shells off Half Moon Bay, and, on pulling up his dredge, he found oysters amongst the shells. A man named Cross, and George Newton, of Ruapuki, took eighty odd baskets to Dunedin in a twelve ton ketch, and sold them for £1 each kit. That started the business; after that, cutters came on the scene, and the industry gradually developed to its present extent. There are nine different beds in the Straits, which have been worked at different times.

There are, at present, about fifteen cutters employed dredging for oysters, and it is a very pretty sight to see the fleet going out. The average catch is from one to two thousand per day in good dredging weather, but often a cutter has to be content with four or five hundred dozen, or even less. Calms and high winds are equally bad for the cuttermen, as, in calm weather, they cannot make their marks, and in high winds, there is generally too much sea, so that, taking the winter through, they have to put up with a lot of broken weather. The cutters leave the Bluff for the Straits, and when they have got their marks for the beds they are going to work, they keep the mainsail up and, if cross-drifting, keep the foresail with bowline to windward. Having got on to the bed, they put the two dredges over first and, in about ten minutes, they start one. As soon as that one is up, they empty it and throw it over again, and directly the line tightens, they start on the

other dredge, and keep on so till they have got to the end of the bed. If the cutter is drifting slowly, they culch out each dredge, (that is, take all the saleable oysters and throw the rubbish overboard) but if the cutter is drifting quickly, they work all the time and culch afterwards. The oysters are then brought to the Bluff, and put in artificial beds to await shipment to their several destinations. The dredges are pulled up by a winch on the cutter, and, by the time the cutter is ready to come in, the men have earned their pay, as it is anything but easy work. The crew generally consist of three.

Captain Scollay, now living at Half Moon Bay, and Capt. Cross, of the Bluff, were amongst the first to dredge for the Stewart Island oyster. Although the amount sold had not then reached its present proportion, the men made better wages, as they were getting sixpence and sevenpence per dozen at the Bluff, now they only get about one penny per dozen, but they can bring in a greater quantity. If a fine spell of weather comes on, the merchants have to knock the cutters off for a time and send them fishing, as the oysters do not keep long on the artificial beds. The season opens on the 1st of February and closes on the last day of September, thus leaving four months closed. The oysters, towards the end of September, begin to be full of "spat." A bad year for "spat" has more to do with the failure of a bed than over dredging. So far, down here, we have not been troubled with a bad year; and I think the present regulations that we have, protect the oyster as much as human foresight can do. There is generally great rivalry in the commencement of the season as to which cutter will be in first with a fair catch. The winning cutter generally keeps a red flag flying all the season. It would be hard to find men better able to sail small craft than some of the men in these cutters, having been born and bred up to their business. If New Zealand is ever engaged in war, she should have plenty of young New Zealand natives of this type to defend her shores.



GOING OUT WITH A BREEZE.

GEORGE'S HOLIDAY.

By H. J. Priestley.

Illustrated by Ashley Hunter.

GEORGE is not exactly gifted with a genius for affairs domestic; but he thinks he is, and that, I suppose, is a comfortable delusion. It is, however, rather a trial to his woman folk, whom he invariably holds responsible for his failures.

The other day Jean was making pan-cakes, turning them over with an egg-lift. She had no difficulty in doing so, but George did not approve.

"The proper way to turn pan-cakes is to throw them up and catch them. Colonials never do make them properly," he ejaculated.

This was by no means the first time that day that George had taken upon himself to teach his grandmother to—— I mean to expound to his wife the mysteries of cooking, and there was a rather dangerous light in Jean's eyes.

"Would you mind showing me how your mother turned them, dear?" she meekly said.

Misguided woman! Benzine is dear, sulphurous language is demoralising, painting masculine burns with white of egg is a thankless task; a mixture of batter, grease, Fox's serge, and profanity, is not inviting in a husband, yet all this Jean brought upon herself in the twinkling of an eye, or, to invent a new metaphor, in the turning of a pan-cake.

It was a large pan-cake; but beards, men's suits, and kitchen hearth-rugs are very absorbent, so we did not get any of it.

I will say that George is not an idle man. Sometimes I wish he were. He hates to see women overworked and attempting things beyond their capacity, and so he follows us round, suggesting all sorts of labour-saving devices.

I was laboriously rubbing up the hall linoleum, George meditatively sauntering behind and watching me. I hate to have men about when I am on all fours—especially George—and I purposely obstructed his path several times, and accidentally tripped him twice.

"Isn't that hard work?" he enquired.

"Very," I answered, viciously dabbing at his feet. Whereupon exit George with a meditative expression upon his handsome countenance, only to return in two minutes with an enormous bundle in his arms, covered with an ancient carriage rug.

"Get up, Kitty!" he cried. "You women have no idea of economizing labour. Look at that, now!" And he rushed up and down the hall, pushing the bundle, his face growing red, his long legs describing ungeometrical figures in the air, his whole figure forming now an acute, now an obtuse, now a right angle, and finally a straight line, as he stretched himself triumphantly, and cried: "Look at *that!* It's done in half the time!"

I did "look at that." Indeed, I had been "looking at that" all the time as I sat on the stairs well out of the way, wondering where the old carriage rug had been to grow so rich in dust, for as George rushed and pounded up and down the hall, he seemed to extract from it the dust of ages.

"That's the way to do it," he exclaimed, "just come and try, Kitty." So I, though scenting danger, obediently descended, grabbed the corners of the bundle, and, at

the risk of bursting a blood-vessel, managed to drag the "labour-saving appliance" a few feet along the hall. However, I was very meek, and humbly suggested that George should hire a man to manipulate the said "appliance."

I HATE TO HAVE MEN ABOUT WHEN I'M ON ALL FOURS.

George was marching off with a majestic air of offended dignity, when I called him back to carry the "appliance" into the kitchen, as to move it further was beyond my strength.

By this time a white powder was settling all over the hall, but, seeing that George was in no mood to answer polite enquiries, I silently followed him into the kitchen, where he flopped down his bundle in the baby's bath, and bounced out of the back door, making, on his way, a few forcible remarks about the ingratitude of women.

"Whatever is that in the bath?" queried Jean, entering with baby on her arm.

I did not know, so we proceeded to investigate. Untying the carriage rug, the dining-room tablecloth, and a sheet, we discovered an enormous bag of flour, which the grocer had deposited in the scullery just

as George went in search of a "labour-saving appliance."

George's vigorous poundings had burst a hole in the bag, and the quality of "Premier Flour" was not likely to be improved by standing in four inches of water.

Like Mrs. John Gilpin, Jean and I have "frugal minds," so we quickly emptied the dry, clean flour, and gazed with dismay at the sticky mess in the bottom of the bag. Then I had an inspiration. "Let us make it into paste, and paper the little room to-day," I cried.

The paper was cut and everything was ready, but (for excellent reasons) we had previously decided to defer the important business of papering until George's holidays were over. However, the messy flour bag overruled these excellent reasons; we prepared for business, and had peacefully and successfully prepared one side of the room before George returned.

"Well, I never! You women have no sense! Why didn't you tell me you wanted this room papered? I'd have done it in a jiffy. Here, get down Kitty, this minute, and give me that length of paper. It isn't safe for a woman to stand on those steps," he cried, grabbing me by the ankles and forcing me to descend. "Give me that paper," and he took it out of my hands, carefully and methodically twisting it around me as he gingerly ascended the steps. "See, Kitty, you stupid girl; you've gone and twisted yourself into the paper! I *do* wish you women would keep out of the way!"

I spread the paste on the next length while George struggled with his first, the pattern of which would not fit because we "women had put the other pieces on in such an idiotic fashion."

While struggling with his second length, George declared that it was not properly pasted, and bade me keep out of the way, and he would paste the next himself.

To "keep out of the way" was just then the height of my ambition, but seeing that I was required at the same time to hold the end of the paper, hand the brush, and steady the steps, I saw no way of realising that ambition.

Length number three George pasted himself, making up for the thinness of the paper by the thickness of the paste.

"Now you shall see the proper way to do it. Hold that end. *Don't drop it*, stupid!" And he ascended the steps, holding the liberally pasted side towards him, and preparing to press the pattern against the wall. I did not mention this little mistake, for George hates women to interfere, and I strive, whenever possible, to follow his precepts.

"The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley," and so did that paper.

It not only went "agley," it went all over poor George, who stood spluttering and muttering, and striving to disentongle himself from his sticky covering, without tearing it.

As he seemed to find a difficulty of utterance, I obligingly offered to swear for him, but he was not at all grateful, and, having freed his face from the paper, though not from the paste, he descended, glaring things unutterable. On the bottom step he stumbled, and fell with his right leg in the bucket containing the remainder of the paste.

When he got up the paste which was not on his trousers, was on the floor. His remarks were few, forcible, and strictly theological—and—*he never finished papering the little room!*

THE MISSION GARDEN.

Fact, Fable, and Fancy.

By Josiah Martin.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

SCENE I.

A RICH and fertile valley in the far north of New Zealand, watered by a beautiful stream—one of the many tributaries of the Hokianga Harbour—and peopled by a dusky race, intelligent and vigorous, but steeped in a revolting cannibalism, cruel and degrading.

Here, in the midst of one of the fairest scenes of these singularly favoured Islands, menaced by fierce and relentless savages, the pioneer missionary and his gentle wife have founded a home of peace and love, braving with heroic courage the dangers and hardships of such a terrible environment, sustained by the hope that it will become a radiating centre of light and life in this region of darkness and dread.

And here, in this wilderness, they have planted a garden, as an object lesson to the fiendish warrior tribes on the blessings of peace and the benefits of civilization.

The wild forest growth of many centuries has been cleared away, the tangled weeds uprooted, and the soil laid bare to the invigorating light of Heaven, whence it derives the sweetness of a new life-giving power.

Here patient, loving hands have planted corn and vegetables for food, a choice and precious vine, and the fruits and flowers so dear to them in their old home.

Soon, the wilderness rejoices, the roses bloom, and the garden smiles in beauty, yielding its rich stores of pleasant food and luscious fruit.

Even the heart of the rough and savage islander is touched, and the way opened and prepared for those deeper lessons of the peaceful life, which these devoted missionaries have come to teach.

Often and often, after many little discouragements, or when down-hearted and depressed at the scenes of atrocious cruelties enacted around him, the missionary returns to this "haven of peace," he is encouraged to hope that, as the wilderness had been converted into a garden of delight, so the deeply degraded Maori may at length respond to the gentle influence of his teachers, and yield the blossom and fruit of a better life.

SCENE II.

Fierce and fanatical war has broken out among the tribes of the North, and all the earnest efforts of the missionaries in the cause of peace seem to have been unavailing. The home among hostile hosts being no longer safe, the missionary is compelled to remove his wife and family to a place of greater security.

Now, with many tears of sorrow and regret, the mission garden is abandoned, and deprived of the care and culture of its creators, the wild weeds re-assert themselves, and endeavour to obliterate all traces of the inroad which civilization has made upon the primeval forest.

SCENE III.

Twenty years later—the gospel of peace has triumphed. Savage feasts and cannibal orgies are now remembered only as the gaunt spectres of a terrible past.

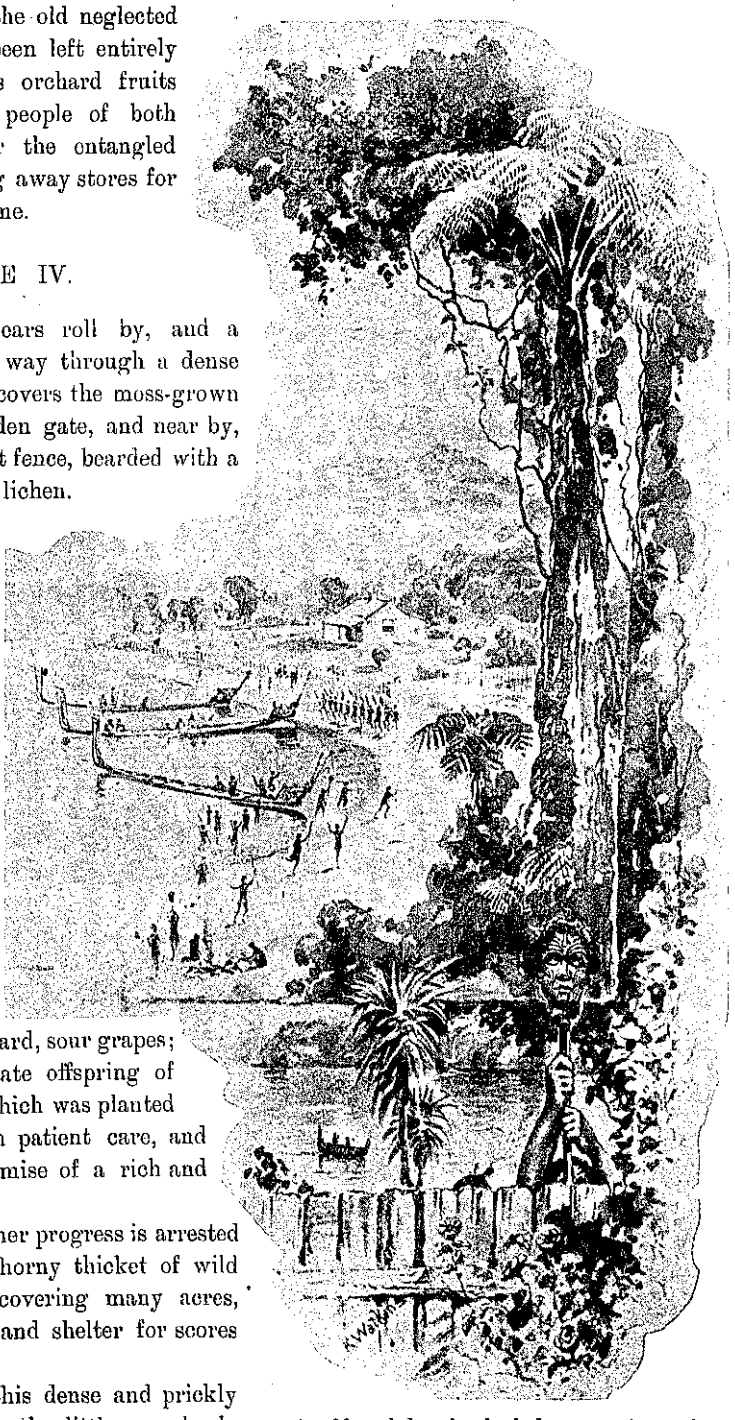
Clothed and in his right mind, the Maori is now received into the Christian Church, and he is seeking to walk in the ways of peace and righteousness.

The white man and the brown are now living side by side, sharing in the blessings of civilization.

During this time, the old neglected garden would have been left entirely to itself, had not its orchard fruits attracted the young people of both races, to feast under the entangled branches, and to bring away stores for the journey or the home.

SCENE IV.

Another twenty years roll by, and a traveller, making his way through a dense forest of manuka, discovers the moss-grown remains of an old garden gate, and near by, the ruins of an ancient fence, bearded with a hoary growth of grey lichen.



Here and there, crumbling into dust, are the gnarled and lichen-covered remains of some of those orchard trees, which, half a century ago, were loaded with an abundance of tempting fruit.

Climbing up the tree trunks and spreading overhead, is a dense leafy canopy of wild and tangled vines, bearing a few tiny bunches of hard, sour grapes; these are the degenerate offspring of that treasured vine which was planted and tended with such patient care, and gave such hopeful promise of a rich and luscious vintage.

The traveller's further progress is arrested by an impenetrable thorny thicket of wild sweet-briar, which, covering many acres, affords a safe retreat and shelter for scores of wild pigs.

Is it possible that this dense and prickly mass has grown from the little rose bush, whose blossoming fragrance brought back to the exiled the sweet remembrances of their dear old English home?

Yes, this choice and delicate beauty, the admiration and delight of all beholders, left to itself and deprived of the attentive culture which, for many years, had been devoted to perfecting its lovely form, has reverted to its original type; and the hardy briar on which it was grafted, has re-asserted itself with all its pristine vigour, unheeded and unhindered,

until in this thorny thicket it has become a hateful curse.

Spreading far and wide, as its seeds are transplanted by browsing cattle, this terrible pest now appears all over the country, wherever new lands are cleared for cultivation, baffling every effort of the settler to eradicate it from the soil.

The Fable of the Rose and the Vine.

To the traveller's vivid imagination, the old deserted garden is haunted by the ghosts of that by-gone age, and as he thinks of those early pioneers who had lived, loved and laboured here, the very plants become eloquent, and appeal to his fancy in a language which may be thus interpreted:—

In the early days, when the garden was tended with such watchful care and skill, the lovely rose had complained bitterly to the vine, of the tyranny of that remorseless monster MAN, by whom her most promising buds were nipped off, and all her efforts at growth cruelly thwarted and checked.

That whenever she put forth a really healthy and vigorous shoot, it was sure to be pruned away.

That her most lovely blossoms were always cut off in their prime.

That the world, alas! was full of pain and suffering, and life was only repression, weariness, and disappointment; because, in short, she was never allowed to do as she liked.

The vine replied in tones of even greater bitterness:

"Oh! what an enemy to our race is MAN! How terribly cruel and vindictive is his nature, and how tormenting are all his ways!

"I want to live the free life to which I was born, and to have my own free will; but instead of being permitted to enjoy life's pleasures and grow into luxurious beauty, I am thwarted and pinched and restricted, and all my cherished plans doomed to disappointment. I am sure that if I only had the opportunity, I could do infinitely more good in the world.

"The birds only mock us when they say: 'Be patient, *man* is a Providence working for your good.' I want to know how that can possibly be good, when every bud I put forth is nipped before it opens, and every shoot I try to grow, is cut off as soon as it appears?

"I want to rise in the world, to climb over all obstructions, and triumphantly assert my natural right, but this tyrant, man, has only brought us here to suffer, and I am sure he glories in our pain, for he smiles with happiness, whenever he checks our dearest desires.

"If man were good and knew everything, as the birds say, why does he check all our natural instincts, repress all our hopes, and take away all our joys? Oh! how earnestly I wish he would only just leave me alone!"

Then the stock of briar, on which the rose was grafted, might have been heard grumbling and growling from below, and this was the burden of her cry:

"Why am I doomed to live down here in the dark, damp earth? Why am I to give all my life and strength to nourish that gaudy foreign beauty, so cruelly grafted on

to my own vigorous nature? Why am I so basely and unjustly treated, and all the shoots I send up into the light cut off directly they appear?

"Why am I always to grovel down here in the darkness when I have as much right to freedom as the proud upstart who lives upon my blood? Oh! to be free from this hateful tyranny! To realise one's aspirations, and to live according to one's own sweet will!"

At last it happened, just as if he heard their prayer for freedom, that the tyrant,

man, left these complaining and rebellious plants alone, free to grow in their own way, and to live according to their own desires. And what was the result?

The rose, that had always bewailed her limitations and repression, was left undisturbed and unchecked to enjoy her freedom, and do just as she liked. Yet, before she could realise her new independence, the discontented briar sent up such a forest of strong suckers into the sunshine, that the poor, proud beauty was completely smothered, and after a few weak attempts to lift her once beautiful crown of blossoms, she struggled and straggled but for a little while, and then most miserably perished.

The briar, meanwhile, grew in strength, strangling and killing all the tender plants that stood in her way. Blossoming in her pride of power, into a profusion of gay flowers, she filled the air with enticing fragrance, and offered an abundant crop of bright, red berries as a tempting banquet for bird and beast.

Rejoicing in her new found freedom, the hardy briar continued to spread until the ground around was covered with its dense and thorny thicket, a curse to the land it should have blessed, and a haunt fit only for pigs and all uncleanness.

And the discontented vine, what became of it?

As soon as it was free from the restraining and guiding hand of man, it sent out a great many new and vigorous shoots, first helplessly creeping, then tenderly clinging to some friendly branch, it lifted itself aloft into the light, rudely asserting itself until it overspread the topmost trees with its leafy canopy, when, stealing the sunshine from its kind supporters, it rejoiced over them as if it were indeed the sovereign lord of the forest.

Its once promising fruit now shrivelled and perished, it gloried in its crown of leaves, and swung its branches from bough to bough, caring not by what means it rose into the light; but remorselessly strangling the friendly stem that helped it upward.

Thus the arrogant parasite flourished in its vanity and selfishness, until with one stroke the bushman's axe cut through its twisting stem, and then the mass of wild and useless leafage withered where it grew, and the famished trees rejoiced in their delivery from their cruel oppressor.

SCENE V.

From the old garden, the traveller now crosses to the opposite side of a stream, where he finds a perfect contrast to the scene he has just quitted, for here an enterprising

vigneron from the Rhine-land, has with patient industry established a little vinery.

With unremitting culture, he has succeeded in acclimatising some very choice specimens from his own Moselle, and in their regular rows, the dwarfed vines look, from a distance, like a regiment of soldiers displayed in military order.

Here all the vine-dresser's skill and attention is constantly exercised in repressing all profuse growth, in stopping back and nipping off all extraneous buds, in selecting with intelligence and care the best fruit-bearing shoots, and in guiding their progress toward maturity. His efforts will never be relaxed until his vines are laden with a crop of luscious grapes, and their heavy clusters become a rich and fitting reward for his earnest labour, and his unwearied patience.

MANUKA SCRUB.

As the winds whisper among the vines, their murmurs become articulate, and to the vivid fancy of the traveller, every scene is vocal with their message to humanity—

"Ye are God's husbandry."

HIS LITERARY DAUGHTER.

By Mabel Holmes.

Illustrated by Olive Tilly.

DORIS MAYNE had always believed that, given opportunity, she would be successful in the literary world. When the need came for her to earn money, she set to work to write with all the energy of her vigorous and enthusiastic temperament. But the getting published was harder work than the writing.

Just as she was beginning to lose heart, a small success set her hoping again. It came in the form of an encouraging reply to a note she had posted with a little sketch to the editor of a weekly paper in a distant town.

He wrote: "'Husband's' is an excellent little sketch, and will be printed and paid for. Can you send us, from time to time, more of the same sort, which we shall be plad to receive, provided they are of equal merit?"

Doris was in ecstasies, fame and wealth seemed close at hand. She wrote a grateful letter to the editor, whose reply took her aback somewhat.

"I should not advise anyone to adopt literature as a profession, it is too precarious and uncertain; but as a pastime you will find it charming and of ever growing interest."

A pastime, when she must live by it!

She wrote again in the discursive fashion of one who does not understand the value of every moment to an editor.

"I am not a bit discouraged by your advice against going in for literature, as something more than a pleasant way of spending my leisure. You will respect my confidence when I tell you that I am compelled to earn my own living, and story-telling is my one talent. I must make it my profession or starve."

The editor had a heart, though many doubt its existence in the species, and that letter pained him, knowing as he did what a long way its writer was from earning even daily bread.

He gathered his scattered sheets, and dabbed them on to one of the brass points edging his table, left a scrawl for his printer, and went out.

He dined with a friend, and they spent the evening at a house he had never entered before. His hostess was charming and host attentive; but Doris Mayne and her doomed hopes came between him and them. At ten o'clock he rose to take leave. His eye fell upon a photo, a full-length figure of a young and lovely woman, which rested upon an easel near the door.

"What a beautiful face!" he exclaimed in genuine admiration; "and clever, too."

"Yes. That is my daughter's chum, Doris Mayne," his hostess replied.

He bent closer to the picture face, more to hide the shock of the words, than to again view that which was already graven upon his consciousness.

That night he slept little. Doris Mayne's future occupied his thoughts, she was cleverer than he had guessed, her face told that, he must find some way of helping her—perhaps ——but it was early days to indulge in dreams of other possibilities for her than an author's struggling life.

He wrote her next day:

"On thinking it over I have changed my opinion, you must not give up writing. My advice to you is to study what is most popular and most read in works of fiction, and carefully set yourself to write in the same strain, without imitation of the actual tale. I will revise your work and give you every assistance in my power, I am always glad to

encourage beginners. By the way, I have a favour to ask. Miss Smith's wedding being out of reach of our lady correspondent, could you send us as full a description as possible? This being an ordered report, will command a small fee."

Doris dashed off a delighted reply, which brought a glow to the editor's cheek. "I shall count you my literary father. If ever I achieve success it will be all due to you."

The report arrived, a fuller one even than he required, but he would not hurt her by cutting it.

The next week she received payment, five guineas. This seemed liberal, but did not surprise her ignorance. It was strange, though, that one post office order should be for ten shillings, and the other for the rest of the amount.

As she held the orders, a vision of the sender came before her mind's eye; a grave, grey-haired, old man, clean-shaven and portly—her literary father!

Meanwhile, that gentleman was musing upon the chances of serving her further, and increasing the now slender bond between himself and his lonely literary daughter.

Had he known it, that bond was in danger of severance. A bombshell exploding in his office could scarcely have shocked him more than her next letter.

"I want you to tell me truly if what I have heard is true. A relative whom I have told of your kindness, hints that it is only because my rich uncle is a director of your paper, that you have taken me up. My uncle has been very cruel to me, and I will not be beholden to him for your favour."

His reply was a new experience for her: "I am not that sort of man, and I sincerely hope your relative knows nothing of me or my work. No director has mentioned your name to me, nor do I know your uncle's. I am disappointed in you, for I had hoped that from similarity of tastes and mutual love of the line of work we have chosen, we might have become friends." Here he had paused, and, softer thoughts intruding, he had added:

"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL FACE!" HE EXCLAIMED.

"But, on consideration, I am certain you wrote hastily, while smarting from the very feeling which now burns in me. Let us forget this unpleasant incident, and resume our former literary relationship."

For two months he had no further word of or from Doris Mayne, but far from dying out, his interest in her grew to love. He invented the most ingenious pretexts for frequently visiting the house where her portrait held his gaze during his stay.

At last came a note. Recognising the hand, he tore it open. The writing was shaky, not bold, as formerly, the words were few, but pointed:

"I have been very ill. My life has been such a hard one, particularly to one of my temperament, which knows no happy medium, but must be either in the highest heaven or elsewhere, that I can completely understand that 'wounds are not healed by the unbinding of the bow that made them.' But you must believe that I wrote to my literary father, forgetting that the editor would read my words from a different point of view. I have hurt you—you are disappointed in me. I grieve that you must say it. I shall come to town on Monday, and will call upon you at two o'clock. If you are not in, I shall know that you do not wish to receive me."

Not in! Great goodness, he would camp in the office from that out, sooner than miss her! The brute that he had been to write that letter! Would she ever feel confidence in him again, and tell him everything, as formerly?

"CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, MADAME?"

Monday came, he was ready and waiting from twelve o'clock. How would she greet him? Her sweet face would be pale from recent illness, but a greater charm and refinement would result. By ten minutes to two he was in a nervous fever, every step, every sound made him start and tremble.

Doris Mayne walked the short distance from the railway station to the Weekly's office, and arrived, nervous and exhausted, at the counter where the clerk directed her to the editor's room. She paused for one second, then tapped timidly upon the door.

"Come in," cried a clear, high pitched voice.

She entered without looking up.

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" asked the editor, offering a chair to the delicate looking, middle-aged lady in widow's morning, who stood before him. "I have an appointment immediately, so I will ask you to be brief."

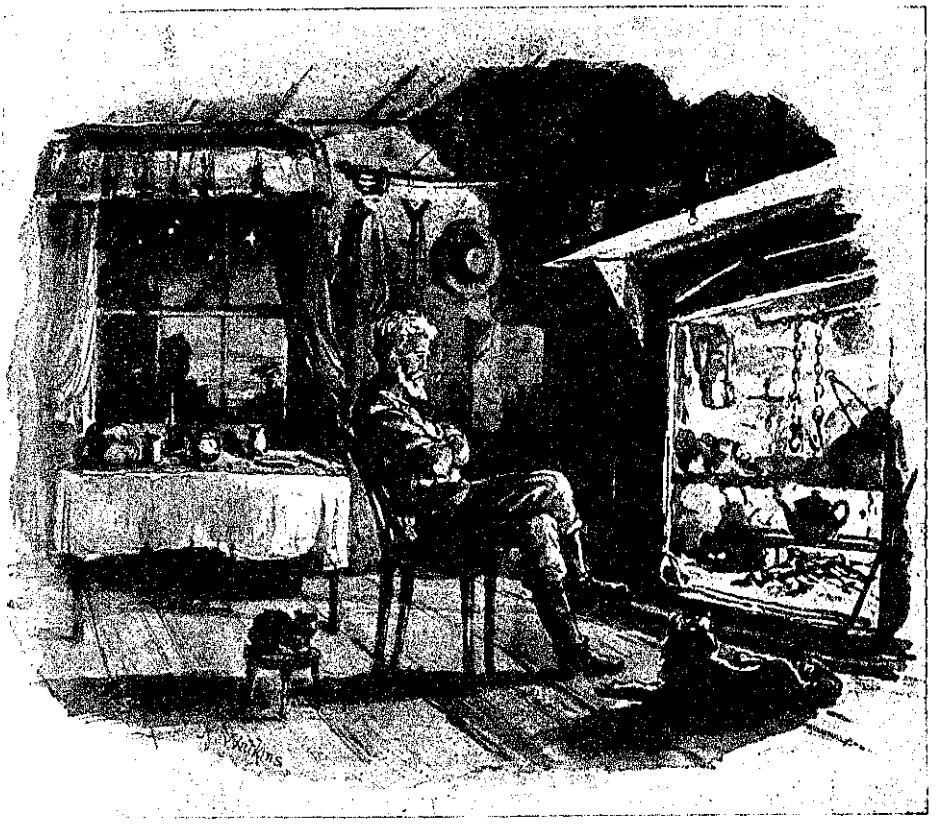
"Am I forgiven?" was her astounding question in reply.

At his sharp ejaculation she looked up, and received a shock also. Was this the literary father of her imagination, this big handsome man, with Jewish features and dark moustache and eyes, still in the bloom of his early thirties?

"Of course; certainly!" he stammered, as her painful blush recalled his ever-ready courtesy to women. "But—but will you tell me—who is that Doris Mayne on the easel by the door in Mrs. Leigh's drawing-room?"

She smiled, reassured.

"My daughter, but you must not call her 'Mayne' now, its unlucky. She was married yesterday!"



"A Bushman's Reverie."

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

THERE's a mopoke grumbling early, and a tui calling late,
And high Venus seems an offspring of the moon;
Down the creek strange cattle mingle, and their lowing at the dusk
Makes me feel as lowing never does at noon.

On the clumsy whare table lie the remnants of a tea,
On the hearth are embers darkling like the west;
And my dog and I draw close to watch them cloud and go—
I to muse on childhood's "Islands of the Blest."

Call to mind (ye once were children) how ye poured out Heaven on Earth,
And the riot ye let imagination run!
Here I live my childhood o'er again—in all its wealth and light—
By my smouldering fire, now day and work are done.

I have seen the shining river, I have felt the silver spray,
Surely traced the angel footprints in the sand;
I have watched the glancing firefly, I have known the orange flower,
And have called the place of palms the "Better Land."

But, to-night, I'll have to sleep (I'll haply dream as I have mused—
Mixing these and those, and Heaven and Earth, in one),
For to-morrow must have labour, and the axe's swing and stroke
Mark a time to which such musings will not run.

* * * * *

Britain needs not world-wide triumph told to bind us to herself—
In our small unheard-of world, we go and come
'Midst our bushlands, where we know not well what Empire's glory means,
But remember still, and love our British home.

If the God of Britain quicken us—prosper His own last isle!—
Rule us with the rule by which Great Britain rose—
If he pardon us for what we spoilt of this well-dowered land—
Feed us on the food by which a people grows.

Then, to-morrow—for to-morrow men may bless the lonely years
That we spend—our floor the hills, our roof the sky—
As we break the solemn wilderness, and raise the voice of man
In the gullies, where the doomed kiwis cry.

I remember twittering swallows, and small fluttering bats at even,
Round an old grey house; a garden with its flowers;
Muffled sounds from stabled horses; kindly breathings from a byre;
And a song that worker's sang in twilight hours.

I have followed old hand-reapers 'long the ranks of heavy corn,
I have tended winter cattle in the stall;
Bird and beast, and flowers and roof-tree, kindred hearts and dreaming days,
All come back to me to-night at memory's call.

Here, my clock is ticking, ticking, while my hearth is growing cold—
Yet I hear the crakes in fields of corn "at Home;"
There, the fields are storing wealth and life beneath an August sun—
Here, the kiwi's wailings pierce the forest gloom.

Here, the bush 'neath winter moonlight looks the picture of a song,
There, the summer opens roses on a wall:
When the rata bloom shall brighten, here, the bush-clad summer hills,
There, the mistletoe shall deck the Christmas hall.

T. McFarlane.

Lawn Tennis in New Zealand.

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

[concluded].

After the form that he had shown at Christchurch, it is not to be wondered at that Marshall was looked upon as a certainty for the Singles at Napier in 1891, and this belief was accentuated by the fact that Fenwicke, considered by many his only dangerous opponent, was beaten at an early stage by R. Koch. Fenwicke did not display his usual accuracy in this match, as he was very short of practice; his judgment was constantly in fault, and Koch continually passed him at the net. The latter played a sterling game, and won the three sets straight. Koch in turn succumbed to R. D. Harman, who was thus left in the final with the champion, and to the surprise of the *cognoscenti*, who anticipated no great difficulty for Marshall, Harman gave a fine and vigorous exposition of the game, winning the three sets straight off the reel. It is only fair to say that Marshall was not in the best of health on the day, but Harman would probably have won in any case. The new champion possessed a very deadly forehand drive from right to left, and this was supplemented by a good backhand and fair volleying powers. Since his brilliant *début* in 1887, he had taken part in every championship, and now reaped the reward of hard practice and experience. As Wilding was unable to attend the meeting, Harman played with Marshall in the Doubles, and partly owing to the exhaustion consequent upon the hard single they had played, and partly to Marshall's inability to play doubles, Fenwicke and Logan simply smothered them in the final, the score reading 6—3, 6—2, 6—0.

Slack HOOPER VOLLEYING A BACKHANDER. *Auckland*

The Ladies' Singles were won by Miss Douslin, of Blenheim, although Mrs Abraham, of Palmerston North, who had learnt her lawn tennis at Home, was probably the best lady player at the Tournament. In her match with Miss Douslin she held a commanding lead in the deciding set, but a nasty fall over a spectator at a critical moment unnerved her and she lost.

The only drawback to the success of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association's Annual Championship Meeting at Dunedin, in 1892, was the disgraceful behaviour of the weather. Players had entered the lists from all parts of the colony, and among the new aspirants for fame was Hooper, the champion of Auckland, who made his first appearance at this meeting. He, however, had the misfortune to draw Harman for the start, and the champion soon put him out of his misery. Hooper's play, nevertheless, created a favourable impression, and he was looked upon as a coming man. The three best players at the Tournament were, as in previous years, Harman, Fenwicke and Marshall, and it began to look as if these three had formed a triumvirate with the object of securing a monopoly of the championship. Without going into details of the matches, it will suffice to say that Harman beat Marshall, who was suffering from an injury to his knee, but, in turn, was beaten in the final by Fenwicke after a protracted struggle, in which the contrasting styles of play were very interesting to watch, both men being in good form. It is worthy of mention that though Fenwicke won three sets to two, yet Harman scored a majority of games, the totals being twenty-eight to twenty-six in his favour. Harman and Wilding added another victory to their list by winning the Championship Doubles, the only pair that pushed them being Macdonald and Koch, of Otago. Miss Rees won the Ladies' Singles, beating Miss Douslin, the previous champion, and Miss Orbell in the penultimate and final rounds respectively.

Auckland was the scene of the Association's meeting at Christmas, 1893, and great excitement prevailed in lawn tennis circles in the Northern City over the coming event. Special articles appeared in the papers describing the strokes and methods of play; interviews with the principal visiting players were published, and no stone was left unturned to make the meeting a successful one. The inability of Harman, Wilding and Collins to attend, was much deplored, but still the gathering was fairly representative so far as the men were concerned.

Fenwicke and P. Marshall, who fought out the final, both had some tough matches before coming through, the former experiencing no little difficulty with F. C. Baddeley, a brother of the well known English champion, while Marshall found that the task of putting out Koch and Ross Gore was not a light one.

Hardie-Shaw, Wellington

H. A. PARKER, SERVING.

It was expected that Fenwicke would win the final, and few were therefore prepared for the splendid start made by Marshall, who won the first set in fine style, outplaying Fenwicke at all points of the game. His powerful forehand drives were very effective, and it looked like a repetition of his brother's victory over the same opponent at Christchurch, in 1890. The champion, however, proved too clever and safe for Marshall, who broke down more than once at critical points, and whose play, moreover,

suffered from carelessness engendered by his easy victory in the first set. Fenwicke thus won the Challenge Cup for the third time, and it now became his own property.

In the absence of that redoubtable pair, Harman and Wilding, the Doubles were won by J. M. and P. Marshall after a very fine match with Fenwicke and Logan in the final. The Marshalls played the old fashioned game of one man at the net, and the other at the back of the court, and, tactically speaking, should have been outclassed, but individual brilliancy pulled them through. The net play in this match was taken almost

Slack, Auckland.

PARKER RUNNING FOR A VOLLEY.

exclusively by E. Marshall, while his brother made the openings by hard drives from the baseline, but, although the Marshalls were peculiarly gifted for this style of game, Fenwicke and Logan's volleying should have met with success. Without detracting from the merit of their win, I may say that the tactics adopted by the Marshalls are now quite obsolete, and to resort to them, now-a-days, would be to court certain defeat.

The Ladies' Singles were only competed for by local players, and Miss Spiers, who emerged as the winner, could not consider herself the best performer in New Zealand in the absence of Misses Rees, Gordon, Lean, and Hitchings. The same remark applies of course to the Ladies' Doubles, which were won by Mrs. Chapman and Miss Nicholson.

Before leaving this meeting, it is only right to refer to the fine display of accurate placing given by Hooper in his match with J. M. Marshall in one of the early rounds. The latter does not appear to have been in his best form, but still Hooper's win must be considered most meritorious, as he was not supposed to have a chance. Against Fenwicke in the next round, he played a very in and out game, and the champion made short work of him.

1894.—The meeting held at Christchurch this year proved fruitful in surprises. Fenwicke, the champion, had signified his intention of retiring from these contests, and J. M. Marshall having left for England, it seemed impossible to select the probable winner. P. Marshall, who played so brilliantly in the final at Auckland, was probably the favourite, closely followed by Harman and Hooper, while Collins was said to be in fine form. The defeat of Marshall by J. W. H. Wood was a great reversal of form, the former was of course supposed to be the better; but Wood's steadiness pulled him through—in fact, he won easily. Harman was also beaten in the most hollow fashion by Collins, and he, in turn, succumbed to H. Gore, of Wellington, who was new to interprovincial play. This was a great surprise, as, after the grand game Collins played against Harman, his chances of ultimate victory seemed very bright. Gore made great use of a sort of chop stroke, and wore Collins down by accurate placing down the sidelines, the latter's condition being none of the best. Gore, who had taken all the steam out of himself in his match with Collins, then fell an easy victim to Parker, another *débutant*, who had previously beaten Borrows and Wilding.

On the other side of the draw Hooper began with a very long match with E. J. Ross, which he only just succeeded in pulling out of the fire. It was one of Ross's "on" days, and it is worthy of note that he scored

more sets against Hooper than anyone else who met him in the Tournament. Ross Gore and Wood both failed from want of condition, and Hooper and Parker were left to play out the final.

The first set was easily won by Parker, whose severe forehand drives often scored outright. After a game or two in the second set, Hooper followed his returns to the net, and thereafter had matters all his own way, particularly as Parker could not stand the running about through lack of training. The coolness, accurate placing, and fine lobbing of the winner, were much admired.

Harman and Wilding won the Doubles for the fifth time, but they were very hard pressed by the Gore Bros. and the Marshall Bros., both these matches running into all five sets.

The Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Hitchings, of Napier, and the Doubles by Misses Lean and E. Black.

The moral to be drawn from this Tournament is the absolute necessity of being in good training. Speaking of Hooper's play, a writer in the *Weekly Press* said: "Above all, he was in excellent condition, a point in which several of his opponents failed conspicuously. It ought to be recognised by this time that it is impossible to keep at full pressure through five, or even three hard sets unless a player is in very fair condition."

In 1895 the Tournament was held at Wellington for the first time, and luckily for its success, "Wellington weather" was conspicuous by its absence. All the best players having entered, some fine matches were expected, and in the main these expectations were realised. Hooper was, unfortunately, not very well at the beginning of the Meeting, but as a set off against this, he had a very easy draw, and reached the final without any difficulty. On the other side of the draw, Collins, P. Marshall, Parker, Harman and H. Gore were clustered together, and Parker had to beat Harman, Gore, and Collins in succession before qualifying for the Final with Hooper. The match between Parker and Collins was probably the finest exhibition given at the Tournament. The latter started in irresistible form and soon rattled off the first set, his superb volleying being the theme of admiration. In the second set Parker got into his drive and passed Collins on several occasions. The latter, being outclassed in baseline play, made desperate efforts to get to the net, and the second and third sets were very closely contested, though Parker just managed to win them both. In the fourth and concluding set Collins seemed tired, and his play lost its sting, Parker winning the last five games in succession.

Slack, A BACKHAND VOLLEY BY PARKER. *Auckland*

In the final Hooper began cautiously, and soon won the first two games. Parker quickly drew level, and after a ding-dong struggle, he won the first set by six games to four. In the second set Parker was at his best, and Hooper could only make two games,

but the third set produced a close struggle, and it was not until 5 all had been called, that Parker won the set and the championship of New Zealand.

Hooper lost through a want of scoring shots. In the previous year his lobbing had been a sufficient protection from the man at the net, but, during the year, Parker had developed the "smash" to an extent that rendered these tactics futile. The winner played with extreme care, and the brilliancy that usually characterises his play was not apparent.

In the Championship Doubles a new rule had been passed compelling players in each province to play together, and this rather crippled the entry, as both Hooper and Parker were unable to find partners, and had to stand out. The only exciting match was in the final, when Harman and Collins of Christchurch met and defeated the brothers Gore, of Wellington. Some of the rests of volleys in the first set evoked loud applause, the shots coming off the rackets like pistol shots. Collins and Harman owed their ultimate victory to their fine volleying from inside the service line.

The Ladies' Singles were won for the first time by Miss Nunneley, a well known English player who had recently settled in New Zealand. Her play was a revelation to all the visitors, and a most unpleasant eye-opener for those ladies who had the misfortune to cross her path in the Singles. She possesses an extremely powerful forehand drive, the most deadly variety being from left to right, which is almost untakeable. She is very active on the court, and has a fairly severe service, while her backhand, though not brilliant, is reliable and accurate. The way Miss Nunneley places her drives is beyond all praise, and if volleying were barred, the men in the colony who could beat her from the baseline, might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. With these qualifications it is little to be wondered that Miss Nicholson, of Auckland, was unable to score a game against her, while in the final Miss Lean, a very good player, only scored one game in two sets.

At a Tournament held at Christchurch at Easter, 1896, it was decided to send a team over to Sydney to compete in the New South Wales Championships early in May. The original intention was to send six men who would compete in the Open Tournament, and also arrange a match against New South Wales during their stay, but as one or two prominent players could not get away, it was

Hardie-Shaw, Wellington

MISS NUNNELEY SERVING.

decided to reduce the number to four, and also send Miss Nunneley. The "Hauroto" was unfortunately put off four days, and the New Zealand representatives only landed in Sydney a day before the Tournament. This was a great pity, as the different Associations had been put to considerable expense in sending the team, whose members were, in the circumstances, unable to do themselves justice. Miss Nunneley was a brilliant exception, and her game improved each day till, at the finish, she was in grand form.

She won both the Championship and Handicap Singles, and with Parker was successful in winning first prize in the "Challenge Pairs," though they failed to wrest the title from the holders, Colquhoun and Miss Shaw, in the Challenge Round.

After the Tournament was over, the team, consisting of Messrs. Parker, Hooper, Collins and H. Gore, arranged a match with New South Wales, which was played on the Sydney Club Ground the day before they left for New Zealand. The courts were barely playable as the rain had rendered them very slippery, but they improved during the day. The match, which consisted of both singles and doubles, was keenly con-

H. A. PARKER Wellington). H. M. GORE (Wellington).

J. A. COLLINS (Christchurch). MISS NUNNELEY (Wellington). J. R. HOOPER (Auckland).

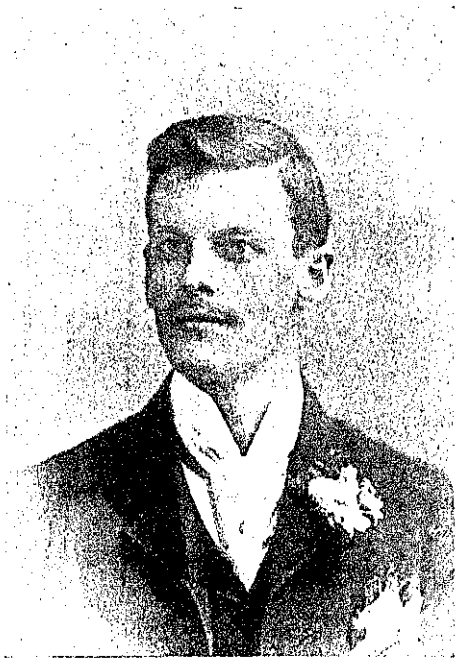
Falk, NEW ZEALAND REPRESENTATIVE TEAM, 1896. *Sydney*

tested right up to the finish, and as the New South Welshmen were the favourites, it was a great triumph for the New Zealanders, who were all in good form and condition, to win the first Intercolonial match by the handsome margin of 18 sets to 10, and New South Wales having defeated both Victoria and Queensland, New Zealand's title to the Intercolonial Championship of 1896 was undoubted.

While in Sydney I had the pleasure of meeting S. F. Diddams, an old Auckland boy, who has done very well at lawn tennis over the other side. Diddams, who represented Victoria at this Tournament, is a good single player, without being of quite first class rank, but in doubles his skill is unquestioned. In company with Dunlop he has represented Victoria on many occasions, almost always with success, and this pair has just succeeded in winning the Doubles Championship of Victoria in three consecutive years, which is a record for that colony. If Diddams has a fault, it is that he occasionally "poaches" shots that might fairly be considered his partners. It is a pity that Diddams was induced to leave this colony, as a performer of his calibre would have greatly strengthened the ranks of New Zealand players.

We learnt many useful wrinkles in style and methods of play, both in singles and doubles, while in Sydney, but unfortunately space will not permit me to discuss them.

In my opinion the Championship Meeting at Nelson, in 1896, was the finest that has ever been held in the colony. The "Brook" courts were absolutely perfect, while the appointments and arrangements for the visitors were excellent. In a small town like Nelson the players live closer together, and there is, therefore, more opportunity of discussing tactics, and fighting old battles again, and this feature is an important factor in the enjoyment of a tournament. There are, of course, corresponding drawbacks such as the ludicrous efforts at reporting, and while speaking of this, I really must quote some tit-bits from the account of the final of the Doubles which appeared in a Nelson paper. The paragraph runs as follows: "Both couples *appeared very fit*, and the match resolved itself into an Inter-provincial contest, Wellington *v.* Canterbury. In the first set the Wellington pair led off strongly with 5—2, the two games to Canterbury being the result of *long reaching* (sic!) by Styche and *effective sweeping corner returns* by Cox. Parker led off in the second set, beating Cox with a fast serve and *puzzling Styche with a big break!* He and Gore soon won the first game, Styche winning the second game of this set chiefly owing to some *loose, fast play* by Gore. The fourth game saw some *fancy net work* between Parker



STANLEY F. DIDDAMS.

and Styche, whilst Gore and Cox contented themselves with (oh, shade of Renshaw!) *back play at the touch line!*"

To comment upon this production is unnecessary. It would be amusing to anyone to notice the curious jumble of horse racing, cricket, football and lawn tennis (?) the reporter has evolved, while to a lawn tennis player its unconscious humour is delicious.

All the best players in the colony were present, and took part in the Singles, with the exception of Collins, who unfortunately sprained his ankle in practice, and had to

act the part of a spectator The Rev. J. M. Marshall, who had returned from England early in the year, won the Singles after two severe matches with Parker and Hooper. Marshall was in splendid form, and both these players underrated his strength, Parker, in particular, very foolishly playing a five set double immediately before his match. Marshall's drive, though not quite so ferocious as in 1890, was both powerful and accurate, while his all-round play had distinctly improved, and there is no doubt that on his form he fully deserved the title of champion. Hooper is a player who shines most on his own courts, and this occasion proved no exception, as his display in the final was, on the whole, disappointing. His strokes lacked life, but this was perhaps due to the hard double he had played in the morning.

The Championship Doubles were won by Parker and C. Gore, who beat Cox and Styche in the final. The real struggles had, however, taken place in the second and third rounds, when they put out H. M. and R. Gore, and Hooper and P. Marshall, respectively. In both these matches Parker and Gore had two sets to one called against them, but by determined play managed to win the rubber on each occasion.

The Ladies' Singles were looked upon as a foregone conclusion, and the event proved this to be a correct surmise, as Miss Nunneley won with consummate ease. Miss Kennedy, of Wellington, who won the All-comers Singles, was the unfortunate wight who opposed her in the Challenge round, and, though she struggled gamely, was hopelessly outclassed by Miss Nunneley. The latter, in partnership with Miss Trimnell, won the Ladies' Doubles without encountering any serious oppositon.

The fruits of the Sydney visit were apparent in the greatly improved backhand style acquired by those fortunate enough to have made this trip. All the best players in Sydney have very telling backhand strokes, and every beginner over the other side picks up a good backhand style as naturally as a duck takes to water.

I cannot conclude the account of this meeting without making some reference to the perfect management. The matches were got off with machine-like regularity, and yet Mr. Charles Green, the ubiquitous Hon. Secretary and General Manager, succeeded in pleasing everyone. The "Brook" Courts, probably the finest in New Zealand, are Mr. Green's own property, and his kindness in placing them at the disposal of the Association has earned him the gratitude of every lover of the game. Mr. Green is one of the greatest

C. C. COX (Present Champion).

enthusiasts in the colony, and is, I understand, eagerly looking forward to the next meeting in "Sleepy Hollow."

When I begin to write of the Auckland Meeting at Christmas, 1897, we are, indeed, approaching modern times. As in 1893, the Tournament again suffered by the non-appearance of any South Island representatives, and the entry for the Singles was only moderate. The weather was all that could be desired, but the courts were on the bumpy side, owing to the scarcity of water. The principal feature of the Tournament was the fine form shown by Hooper, and it

is to be doubted whether he has ever played so well before. In his matches with Fisher, J. M. Marshall and P. Marshall, he was simply irresistible, hardly losing a game, while the exhibitions of placing he gave have probably never been equalled, and certainly never surpassed in the colony. Parker, who was his opponent in the final, was only just recovering from an attack of influenza, and could not do himself justice. I do not think, moreover, that Hooper played quite so well in the final, probably from over-caution or a touch of nervousness. He forced the pace, and won the fourth set by brilliant volleying. In the fifth set 3 all was soon called, then 5—3; Parker and Gore lead. Amid breathless excitement 5 all was reached, then 6 all, each man of the quartette playing all he knew. The tension at this stage was quite painful, and everybody felt relieved when the Wellington pair took the two concluding games. Fisher and Marshall, who got into the final without playing a match, were helpless against Parker and Gore, who won the three sets without being pushed.

W. STYCHE. H. GARCIA.

F. M. B. FISHER (In action). J. PATTERSON. J. STEVENSON
Slack, *Auckland.*

won three sets straight, though the last two were fairly close. Hooper thus achieved the remarkable feat of winning the Championship Singles without the loss of a single set, and I think I am safe in saying this is a record.

The great match of the Championship Doubles was the meeting of Messrs. Parker and Gore, and Hooper and Marshall, which took place on the second day. The play was fairly quiet till the end of the third set, when Hooper and Marshall led by two sets to one. The Wellington men then

In the Ladies' Singles Miss Nunneley showed signs of falling-off in her play of previous years, though still far too good for any other lady player in New Zealand. In speaking of this, I should have mentioned that Miss Nunneley went over to Sydney in May to defend her title, but was unsuccessful, Miss Howitt, the young Victorian, beating her by two sets to one.

Miss Kennedy, who was Miss Nunneley's opponent in the Challenge round, only managed to get one game in two sets, but many of the games were closer than in the

match at Nelson, indicating a slight falling-off in the Lady Champion's powers. These two ladies, playing together, easily secured the Doubles.

A description of this meeting would not be complete without some mention of the brilliant form shown by J. C. Peacock, the rising young Auckland player. His display against Parker, whom he nearly put out in the penultimate round, was very meritorious, and gave promise of greater successes in the near future.

The last Championship Meeting was held at Dunedin for the first time since 1892. For a wonder the weather, with the exception of a drizzling Scotch mist on the first day, was beautiful, and the ground was in very good order, though rather on the slow side. C. C. Cox, of Christchurch, was the bright particular star who pulled off the Singles, and, in partnership with J. U. Collins, the Championship Doubles. It was, of course, a pity that Hooper, the then champion, was unable to attend, but Cox played a very fine game, and his displays against H. A. Parker and J. M. Marshall were of a high order. His volleying was the best I have seen in New Zealand. He has not Collins' reach, but his power of anticipation makes him very difficult to pass. He has a nasty service which keeps to the backhand and bounds high, and this he generally follows up to the net. His driving from the baseline is both accurate and well placed, but is not severe, and herein, I think, lies his vulnerable point. Cox made his first appearance in championships at Nelson in 1896, but was beaten by Hooper in the first round. The final of the Singles, when Cox was opposed by Collins, proved only of moderate interest, as both men were obviously tired, and seemed, moreover, to be afraid of each other. There were occasional flashes of brilliancy, but these were of a very fitful character. Both men played far better lawn tennis in the earlier rounds.

The exhibitions in the Championship Doubles were the feeblest I have ever seen. Everybody seemed out of practice, and, as Cox and Collins were the only pair that could be trusted to put two consecutive balls over the net, they won all their matches in rather hollow fashion. Both are first class double players, and it was a pity they were not extended, as a good double is unquestionably the prettiest thing in lawn tennis.

The Ladies' Singles were, as usual, a gift to Miss Nunneley, who only lost one game in the final, Miss C. Lean, of Christchurch, being her unfortunate opponent. These two ladies competed for the Doubles, and won the event, though Misses Ramsay and Campbell gave them a hard match in the final.

I have now completed this brief account of the Championship Meetings that have been held in New Zealand, and do not intend to enter into any comparisons in this article. I may perhaps go the length of saying that, after carefully weighing everything, and giving the matter full consideration, I am of the opinion that Minden Fenwicke has been the best all-round player in the colony.

Several players have occasionally given exhibitions of the game probably superior to Fenwicke's best, but have not displayed continued excellence in various parts of the colony and under all conditions, and it is this feature in Fenwicke's game, combined with his splendid record, that has influenced me most in this decision.

In the foregoing summary—I can call it no more—I have of necessity hardly mentioned many players whose performances would fairly entitle them to some space were I writing a history of the game in New Zealand. Perhaps at some future date, I may be able to elaborate this sketch, and so place on record matches and incidents that have possibly already passed from the memory of those interested in the game.

"The Prince of the Rata."

By Olive Tilly.

Illustrated by the Authoress.

A Story for Children.

YET again, my children, I have a story to tell you; one of those stories that was told me in the land of long ago. That sweet land and its people grow fainter, day by day, so I will tell you before the stories fade from my memory for ever.

I was sitting by the banks of a great river, the sun was sinking in the crimson west, the voices of the night sighed and whispered among the trees, and I fancied that I could see the fairy folk. As I sat listening to the music of the ripples, I thought I heard a sound of singing, but could see no one. Then the singing grew louder, and a beautiful fairy rose up out of the river. She it was who sang that sweet song, and she came and sat beside me in the soft evening light, and told me a story.

I will not tell you the name of the fairy, nor of the great river, though you may have seen it, for its name means "laughing waters."

"Once beside my home," said the fairy, pointing to a spot on the opposite bank of the river, "there stood a noble tree, and it was the home of a Prince of the Bush. He used to ride on the tree tops in summer in a dress of scarlet rata blossoms, with plumes of the rata in his scarlet cap. You could see him from many a mile away as he danced merrily with the wind.

"Beside the river, in a kowhai tree, lived a little princess. She used to sit among the green leaves, and use the river for a mirror when she twined the white clematis flower in her hair.

"One day the prince in his scarlet dress came down to see her, and said he would take her up into the sunshine on the tree tops, for it was gloomy where she lived.

"The little maiden was delighted, for she longed to get up into the bright sunshine, and look over the world away to the blue hills and the summer sea.

"Now, I have told you that from a very far distance one could see the scarlet dress of the merry Prince.

"It chanced that the Queen of the West Wind, whose home is down in the green depths of the ocean, was riding along the waves in her wonderful car, made of many millions of pearls, and drawn by snow-white horses with long, waving manes and tails and golden shoes.

"She saw the Prince and loved him at once, and said to her fairy maidens: 'I must go up to the Prince to tell him that I love him, and he must come with me to my home beneath the sea.'

"So she alighted from her car, and floated swiftly up to where the Prince was riding in the tree tops.

"She spoke to him very gently, saying:

"'Who are you Prince, whom I have never seen before? Are you the King of the Summer?'

"'No,' said the Prince, 'I live here always, but my scarlet dress is new every summer. It is strange that you have not seen me before. You are that cruel Princess, the Queen of the West Wind. Why do you come here? You are too rough. Go back to your home beneath the sea.'

"The Queen said: 'But I love you, and wish to take you to my home. It is far more beautiful than this place, where everything is green, except your scarlet coat. Come with me, for I have many wonderful treasures, and you shall ride all day over the waves, and play in the sunshine with my sea fairies.'

"But the Prince would not go.

"'No, Princess,' he said, 'I do not love you. I love a gentle little maiden who dwells by the river. I have watched you when you are angry, when you sweep over the sea, and dash the waves against the shore. One can never trust you, beautiful, cruel Queen!'

"Then the Queen grew very angry, and swept away over the bush to the sea and down to her coral home, leaving behind her a track of desolation.

"A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY ROSE UP OUT OF THE RIVER."

"Her fairy maidens met her at the Palace gates, and escorted her through the cool green shadows to her throne, where she threw herself down, saying: 'The Prince must come. Call my soldiers!'

"One of the maidens sounded a trumpet made from a conch shell, and through the halls came many soldiers, clad in armour, black and grey. The armour was not like that which men wear; it was made of something that they weave beneath the sea, and when many soldiers stand together, they look like a mass of black clouds.

"They drew up before the Queen, and she gave them her orders, saying that they were to bring the Prince by force.

"So the soldiers marched up through the sea, across it to the shore, and then up to where the Prince sat among the tree tops.

"They tried to take him, but he fought them all, and the sun came and helped him, driving them all back to the ocean. Some fell wounded into my arms, and I carried them down to the sea.

"Then the West Wind called her whole army, and sent many more soldiers. This time the Prince, who was weary and weakened from the former fight, could hold out no longer, and the sun was away on the other side of the world. They wounded him, and he fell into my arms, so I carried him down to the sea, and gave him to the West Wind who was waiting near the shore.

"When she took him he fell asleep, and as the sun came up in the east, I saw his scarlet plumes disappear.

"The fairy maidens prepared a couch of tiny, pink shells at the foot of the Queen's throne for the Prince to rest on. They carried him down through the sea, and laid him on it, and the Queen was glad.

"After he had slept a long time, the Queen wished to talk to him, and kissed him on the cheek to awaken him; but he slept on. She waited awhile, and then kissed him again, but still he slept.

"Then she said to her fairy maidens who stood near: 'Sing to him, perhaps he will awaken.'

"So they sang wonderful songs, such as only sea-fairies can sing, but he only smiled in his sleep.

"Then the Queen ordered all the grand music of the ocean to play, but still he slept. Nothing could awaken him. Never was such wonderful music heard, but all in vain. Only on the seashore stood a musician and a little child; they heard the singing, and all day long they listened. Then the musician went home, and wrote some beautiful music, calling it the 'Song of the Sea.' He played it, and people came from all over the world to listen.

"'How wonderful! How beautiful!' they said, and wanted him to play on, always. 'What made you think of such wonderful music? Can you not write words that we may sing to it?'

"And the musician answered: 'I heard the music on the seashore, when the storm raged, and I heard a song; but, if I wrote it, you would not understand the words,' and the people laughed, for they did not believe him.

"But the musician would say no more, he only played on, though the little child said:

"'I, too, heard the words, and some day I will write the song.'

"And," continued the river-fairy, "when he came down to the banks of my home, I helped him, for I know the words of the sea-fairies' song. At the bar where I meet the sea, they play all day long in the sunshine, and ride on the white crests of the waves, and they tell me what goes on beneath the sea, and of all the wonderful treasures that lie in the coral halls of the Palace.

"But I have said that the music did not rouse the Prince, and in despair, the West Wind threw herself down at the foot of the couch, and laid her head on her arms; her long brown hair fell about her, and her blue robe trailed over the land.

"Then the fairy maidens tried all manner of ways to waken him, but could not.

"At last the Queen rose up.

"'I love him,' she said. 'Why does my kiss of love not wake him? Will he sleep for ever? I have brought him to my home beneath the sea. Will he never speak to me? What shall I do, maidens?'

"Then one of the fairies said:

"'When you went to him as he sat in the sunshine on the tree tops, he said that he

loved a little Princess who lived by the river. Would not her kiss break his sleep?'

"'Yes; but if I brought her down to my Palace, she, too, would go to sleep for ever. Go, my maidens, go, play on the seashore, and I will watch beside him.' She hid her face in her long, brown hair, and the sea-fairies rose to the top of the ocean, and played among the waves in the sunshine.

and they gathered them all, and played merrily among the breakers till the evening when they dived down to the Palace, taking the golden playthings with them.

"The Queen of the West Wind still lay beside the couch, but when they told her of the wonderful gold things, she raised her head to look at them. Then she sprang up, laughing joyously.

"SO SHE ALIGHTED FROM HER CAR."

"One of them swam up to me, and picked up a tiny gold thing that I was carrying down in my arms, then she returned to her companions.

"'Look!' she cried, 'what a beautiful jewel I have found!'

"And another exclaimed: 'I, too, have found one!'

"Then a great many came floating down,

"'Indeed they are precious jewels!' she said. 'The most precious that you could have brought me'; and seating herself on her throne, she told the fairies to gather round her, and guess what the gold things were.

"They guessed again and again, but not one guessed aright.

"The Queen held them up in her hands and laughed.

"'Guess again,' she said 'guess again, for I will not tell you.'

"At last the little fairy who had found the first jewel said: 'Once, long ago, after you had ridden wildly over the sea with your armies, as I sat in a cave by the seashore I saw many people come down to the sands, and they wept bitterly. But a beautiful fairy moved about among them, and gathered up their tears, and as she touched them, they turned to drops of gold. Then she carried them to a king who dwells in a far off land, and there they were woven into robes and crowns of gold. I do not know what became of the robes and crowns, I only know that the tears turned into drops of gold like these, my Queen.'

"'You are right,' said the Queen. 'These are tears that have been touched by the Angel of Sorrow. But whence come they?'

"'The river bore them down in her arms,' replied the little fairy. 'They are the tears wept by the little Princess when you carried off the Rata Prince.'

"'You have guessed aright,' said the West Wind. 'Now we can awaken the Prince, for, robed in a golden garment of sorrow, the little maiden may leave her home and cross the sea. You must weave a robe of tears, my maidens!'

"So all night long they sat, and wove a dress of a wonderful pattern. Some of the fairies searched among the deep green and purple shadows of the mighty caves, and brought bright heaps of jewels to weave in the robe. But the little fairy said:

"'We must put no jewels on it; for see, they lose their lustre and grow dim when put near the robe. No jewel is as beautiful as a tear of sorrow.'

"So they put no jewels on it, only fastened it at the shoulders with flowers made from the white sea-foam. All the next day they wove the robe, and finished it just before the sun set.

"'Now,' said the Queen, rising from her throne, 'some of you must go and ask the river to bring down the little maiden to the sea. Then you must dress her in the robe, and bring her out to the edge of the ocean, to where its waters kiss the sky. I will carry up the Prince in my arms through the cool green waters to the top of the ocean; for, though the little maiden has on the robe of tears, she can only cross the sea, and rest on the crests of the waves. She cannot live down in the coral palaces. When she has kissed the Prince awake she may go back to her home by the river. I love her not, but I will keep the Prince with me for ever. He will forget her, and learn to love me.'

"So the sea fairies swam to the shore. When I carried the maiden down I sang all the way.

"'Why,' said they, 'are you singing such a sweet song, old river?'

"But I only laughed; I would not tell them. I was glad that they wanted the little Princess. I knew that only she could keep the Prince awake, and I thought that when the Sea Queen found that he slept again, when she took him a second time to the bottom of the sea, that she would tire of trying to wake him, and let him come back to the bush. I missed his merry ways and scarlet plumes.

"So the sea-fairies took the Princess in their arms, throwing the golden robe over her own green one, and they put a wreath of white foam-flowers in her golden hair, and carried her out to the edge of the sea where its waters kiss the sky.

"The robe trailed over the waves, making a golden pathway across them to the shore.

"Then the West Wind carried up the Prince, and, as they rose to the surface, the red colour of his clothes was reflected on the sky, becoming brighter and brighter as they drew near the top, until, when they gained it, his scarlet dress looked like a soft, red cloud against the sky. When the little Princess saw him, she laughed joyously, and, throwing her arms round him, kissed him, and he awoke.

"They lingered together out at the edge of the sea, and the West Wind and her fairies rested on the waves and watched them.

"Then night, the dark sister of the Queen of the West Wind, came up from the back of

the ocean, and the Queen gave the little maiden into her arms; and, though the maiden wept bitterly, she carried her back to her home by the river, while the Queen herself took the Prince to the bottom of the sea. But when she reached her coral Palace she found that he slept again, and she wept in anger and despair.

pink shells, and she sat beside him, singing wonderful songs.

"That happened very long ago, but even now if you listen by the sea you can hear her singing her beautiful, sad songs as she watches, and will watch for many hundreds of years more, beside the sleeping Prince.

"The musician and the little child were

"THEY SAT AND WOVE A DRESS OF A WONDERFUL PATTERN."

"Then the little fairy said: 'We cannot keep him awake under the sea, so let us carry him up at the end of each day, and bring the maiden out to the edge of the ocean, so he shall be awake awhile.'

"The Queen consented, for she knew not what else to do. She would not let him come back to the bush as I had hoped. But all day long, he slept on his couch of little

standing on the sea-shore when the maiden went to meet her lover, and the musician said: 'What a beautiful sunset! See how the crimson sky kisses the golden sea, and look how the golden gleams from the sun trail back over the sea to the shore!'

"I laughed then, for I knew that it was not only a sunset.

"So when the day is done, and the West

Wind is calm and gentle, the sea fairies bring the little Princess out to meet the Prince.

"But it is not always so, for sometimes the West Wind is cruel and angry, and, instead of carrying the Prince to the top of the ocean, she calls her armies in their black and grey armour, and races wildly over the sea, until the dark hue of their armour makes the sky and sea look both dull and black.

"It was many hundreds of years ago that the West Wind carried off the Rata Prince, but every evening it happened as I have said.

"The musician and the little child are dead, but the music and the song live on for ever.

"More Princes in coats of scarlet come every summer to the bush, but none are so merry or so beautiful as the one who sleeps in the West Wind's Palace beneath the sea.

"That is all my story," said the fairy, and she glided away down into the dark waters of her home, leaving me alone in the night.

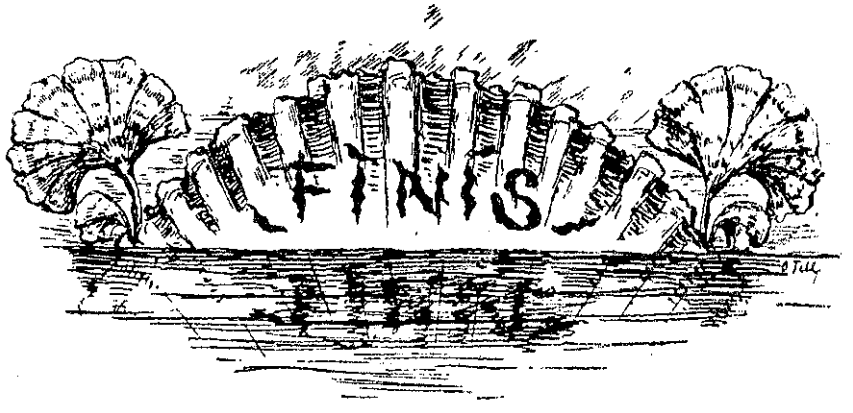
I had asked her what the golden robe was like, but she would not tell me. It was too wonderful, she said.

But I have since seen it, my children, yet I cannot tell you what it is like, except that it is very, very beautiful.

Perhaps some day you will see it, and perhaps you will wear one, too. For many people in this world wear those robes that have been woven by the Angel of Sorrow. But you cannot always see them. They are holy, and the wearer wishes to keep them hidden from all eyes, save the King's, in whose land they were woven.

But on their faces there is a faint, very faint gleam of the gold. Some day you will see it, though as I have told you, you cannot always see the robe itself. If you gain one, you, too, will keep it hidden.

It is not a very wonderful story that I have told you, my children, but it was told me in the Land of Long Ago, and I have forgotten. You, I daresay, often talk with the fairies, and they tell you far more beautiful stories than I can. You dwell in that enchanted land, the Land of Little People, and we big folk have left it long ago. We can only look back across the misty lands of memory, for that Land of Little People is "another world than ours." Do not seek to leave its fields, my children, for you can never return to them. Gather all the sweet flowers now, listen to all the stories that the fairies tell you, for they make bright spots on the dusty road of life, golden gleams in the mists of memory.



Education in New Zealand.

By Joseph Ormond.

III.

A SCIENTIFICALLY-CONCEIVED curriculum is, of course, far from being the only essential of a well-ordered system of education. The point upon which the whole scheme turns is the quality of the teaching; this it is which makes or mars the success of whatever regulations the statecraft and political wisdom of the legislator have formulated. The end of all educational effort, as I have before mentioned, is the formation of character, and it is the teacher, with the parents, and in a less degree the rest of the child's intimate acquaintances, who mould the character of our youth. The method of training our teachers, and the conditions upon which they are employed, therefore, demands the gravest consideration.

The first point to which an aspirant of the teaching profession should give his earnest attention, is an adequate conception of the ends of education. He must, of course, go farther than this; since many men are excellent judges of what constitutes a well-trained mind, but poor shapers of means to that end. No teacher has the slightest chance of succeeding in his work, unless he has clear insight into the latter, unless he can accustom himself to reason concerning the reaction of method upon method, to control the many and various wheels of the complex educational machinery, all cogged and fitted into one another so as to work with the least friction and loss of effort. This implies deep knowledge of the workings of the human mind and soul, since his task is especially to influence existing, and to develop new traits of character, to form mental power and habit. He must not only choose the right methods, but he must apply them at the right times. He must neither anticipate or neglect the chronological appearance of each mental faculty according to the normal growth of the human mind. The forced hothouse type of scholar is as ill fitted to withstand the trying blasts from the world that lies beyond the schoolroom, as the child whose powers are stunted and crabbed. The teacher must watch nature closely, and follow her times and ways in fostering mental growth. Thus only will he take rank as a true moral artist, framing as well as instructing and forcing the world to recognise the importance of his mission.

What other profession has so noble an end? Understand its objects aright, and every other calling seems slight and trivial, so heavily fraught is it with teeming possibilities for the development of the individual and the race. But the nobility of the end allotted it, is equalled by the difficulties besetting the path that leads to that end. What other profession, then, demands more clearly and imperatively thorough preparation for those who are to follow it? The soldier who is to blow the human soul from its tenement, is trained and re-trained, day in, day out; but he who receives that soul almost fresh from its Maker, as yet unspotted by the vices, or uncramped by the prejudices, of the world, who is free to make it what he lists, comes not to his divinely-allotted work after many prayers and fastings, but jauntily confident with the self-centred confidence born of ignorance, even dreaming not of the dread potentialities for good or evil he is called upon to influence—scratching the huge globe of the human intelligence with his educational "culture." Ignorance is a giant to conquer. Why not gird on all the weapons our

centuries old philosophies and religions and our newest science can give from their well stocked intellectual armouries? Why should our teachers be thrust neck and crop into the business of life, with only a cane in one hand, and a set of governmental dry-as-dust regulations in the other, with minds as wooden as the former, and as mechanical as the latter, to solve the hardest problem man has to face?

Let us follow the earlier part of the career of the average New Zealand teacher, and note how terribly inadequate it is as a preparation for the duties of his position. At fifteen or sixteen he is taken generally from some upper standard, and is given the care of some twenty or thirty scholars, frequently of the tenderest age. In most cases he is set to teach for the whole of the school day, receiving only the very scrappy hints that a busy master or mistress can spare him. Some time out of the ordinary school hours he himself is to receive instruction in quite a multiplicity of subjects, with a view to passing the pupil teachers' examination at the end of the school year. Preparation for this necessitates extremely late hours, and by the time he has reached the end of his three or four years' course, the pupil teacher's penchant for the profession, if any such ever existed, has developed into either distaste or disgust. Neither of which, however, is commonly strong enough to overcome the fear of non-employment should he leave the calling a hard fate has placed him in. In the great majority of cases, if he passes his final pupil teacher examination and one of the departmental certificate tests, the lowest grade of which is extremely easy, he becomes a full-fledged teacher, clothed with plenary powers of life and death over the minds of any children, that may come across his professional path.

The pupil teacher system is one of the worst bars to our educational progress. To cite the words of Dr. Allbutt, quoted by Sydney Buxton: "The pupil teacher is a mischief to his scholars, a mischief to his superiors, and a mischief to himself." His mind is immature, and his character, broadly speaking, only in the earliest process of formation. What atom of influence for good can such a person exert on the development of mind? This utter inexperience and lack of culture preclude him from being able to take any general survey of what he is to spend his life in doing; he must work blindly even when he seems to work most intelligently, and the blind leading the blind, we are told, is no inspiriting sight. He can have no clear conception of the ends of education, and still less of the means best calculated to attain them. Most frequently, as I have mentioned, he is straightway set in authority over the younger, and therefore the more impressionable children. It is gross injustice, not only to the pupil teacher, but to the unfortunate children, to subject them to unskilled experimenting, just at the age when they stand most in need of delicate and sympathetic treatment.

The double work, which our pupil teachers are obliged to attempt, is harmful in various ways. Their health and vigour suffer considerably. They are required after a day's arduous work—and few will deny that teaching is most arduous—to spend a night of toil on their own examination work. One branch or the other—in many cases both—inevitably suffers unless with those of most exceptional powers. It was remarked, I think by Mr. Bevan-Brown, at a secondary school conference held some time ago, that pupil teachers with steamboat stewards were far and away the most heavily taxed of colonial workers; they are, in fact, the only human beasts of burden whose load a beneficent state has not lightened.

Cheapness is the only merit that the supporters of the pupil teacher system can really set against its imperfection, and for many years to come this will probably influence the opinion of the taxpayers of the colony; but its cheapness is only another proof of its nastiness, and let us hope it is destined to be superseded by some more reasonable system. Meanwhile, let its evils be minimised by restricting pupil teacher work, to the correction of exercises, keeping of registers, and the delivery of recapitulatory lessons only.

In some educational districts there is an institution termed a Candidate's Examination, regarding which I shall have something to say later on. It is enough to notice here the waste of public money it entails. It is questionable, also, whether the system of exchange which obtains in Auckland, for example, repays its cost. Pupil teachers instead of remaining in the same school for their entire course, as generally in the South, are moved hither and thither like men on a chess board, the travelling expenses being, of course, paid by the Board. The contention, I suppose, is that the pupil teacher thus gains a wider sweep of experience. But it will generally be found that he is too young and careless, too unobservant to make any generalizations regarding his work, and that he merely strikes up a dilettante bowing and scraping acquaintance with two or three systems of school organisation, instead of gaining a sound knowledge of one which, after all, can be easily modified to suit altered circumstances, once the teacher grasps the principles underlying his art; this he will never do roaming the country picking up, promiscuously, here and there, a few blocks of pedagogic learning of irreconcilable shape and size, with which he fondly imagines he can build that tower of intellectual method in which every teacher should entrench himself.

Were those responsible for this system and for the Candidate's Examination, to put by the money thus spent in order to form the nucleus for the establishment of a training or Normal School, some tangible good would result. Nothing strikes the educational expert with greater force than the almost complete absence of any organised training school for teachers in a land vaunting its system of education. All honour to Otago and to North Canterbury, the only districts where such an institution is to be found. In other districts we have efficient government establishments for the rearing of poultry, the training of dairy farmers, the drilling of the thief catcher, but none for the proper equipment of the custodian of our children's minds and souls, for him who, adequately trained, should once for all set the current of their thoughts towards industry and honesty. It would be sheer waste of space and good printer's ink to dwell upon, or even to mention, the advantages of training colleges, so obvious must they appear to the meanest intelligence. It is a matter of common knowledge that the best New Zealand teachers are those of Otago and North Canterbury, from whom many, nay, the majority of the other districts have draughted a great number of their most successful teachers. Hawke's Bay, Wellington, Wanganui, Southland and South Canterbury, are notable instances.

There should be at least four Training Colleges in the colony, two in each Island. To these such pupil teachers, as are recommended by the Inspectors, should proceed at the expiry of their apprenticeship, and spend at least one year, devoting the time to study of the art and science of teaching under skilled instructors, and to a broad cultivation of the faculties of their minds. Were Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin chosen, much of the tutorial work could undoubtedly be done by the Professors of the University Colleges in the ordinary discharge of their duties, the Normal School students being allowed to attend the University College lectures. On leaving the school, each student should receive a certificate bearing the record of his work there, and in course of time no person should be allowed to teach, unless he had such evidence of a Normal School training. It would always be desirable to limit the number of pupil teachers entering the school each year to just that number, which could reasonably hope to find employment the following year. It is philanthropy woefully misplaced that trains a man for a profession, and then refuses him work. Once started on his career, the teacher should depend for promotion chiefly upon the reports of the Inspectors in his district. The evil of canvassing committees to secure an appointment should be universally repressed. Until the teacher ranks as a civil servant, all vacancies should be publicly advertised, and every teacher should be allowed to apply, if

he wishes, as his certificate undoubtedly confers that right upon him. As regards promotion for endorsement upon his certificate, the present system is peculiarly unsatisfactory. The certificates are classed as A, B, C, D and E, denoting scholastic power in the descending scale from that of a first or second class University honours man to that of a man with attainments scarcely above the level of a sixth standard boy. There are further classes marked by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, which are used to denote teaching power in a descending scale. The marks, which determine the figure class, to which a teacher is referred, are awarded by the different district Inspectors, and not by the central authority, so that there is absolutely no uniformity of standard. Every June a list of our teachers is gazetted; but there is absolutely no guarantee that equal certificates denote equal merit.

Many critics have cried shame upon the scholastic attainments of many of our teachers; but they must remember that as matters stand at present a teacher's career offers too little pecuniary reward, and too many worries to attract very many of the best intellects. The standard of the E examination should certainly be raised; but there is little fault to be found with the others; in fact, our standard compares very favourably with that of any nation; but the method of examination, especially in modern languages, might well be changed; since for many years, for example, the French test for the D examination has been almost wholly one of grammar.

The question then arises—what parts of our educational system should be under the control of the Central Department, and what of the local Education Boards? When Mr. Bowen introduced the Education Bill in 1877, he advocated local control in order to create such a spirit of rivalry and emulation between the different districts as would tend to develop and perfect our system. In the infancy of the system such rivalry tending to create a different tone, as it were, in the different districts, might have had such an effect, if the Inspector-General had personally visited the various districts and gleaned from each what was good, and embodied his observations in an annual report. But in New Zealand the Inspector-General has such a multiplicity of duties, that he has no opportunity of weaving the incongruous threads of the system into a homogeneous fabric; he has to perform much routine work as Secretary to the Education Department, prepare and supervise the printing of Parliamentary returns connected with University Colleges, Secondary Schools, Primary Schools, Technical Schools, Industrial Schools and Native Schools, and conduct generally the extensive correspondence of the Department. In addition he has to make yearly a hurried inspection of the various secondary schools. Such a variety of routine work has he to perform, that he has no time to study the methods in vogue in the different districts, and by a process of comparison and contrast evolve a national system.

Before we can make our system what it professes to be—national—it is necessary that the Central Department should control the Inspectorate, examination of teachers and pupil teachers, scholarship examinations, and regulate the salaries of teachers.

The Education Department now contributes £4000 towards the cost of inspection; but the Inspectors are at present appointed and controlled by the local Education Boards. The result is that different standards of education and efficiency obtain in the different districts. It was long maintained that the Wanganui Inspectors exacted a much higher standard of efficiency than the Taranaki and Marlborough Inspectors; and, indeed, than the Inspectors in the bigger educational districts. Inspector Petrie, too, has of late introduced innovations in the Auckland district, which certainly tend to impair the efficiency of the instruction given in that province. A few years ago he issued a regulation that teachers were to prepare a list of from 12 to 20 subjects that had been given to the classes for composition during the year; the teacher accordingly dictated the 12 or 20 compositions to their classes as models; the effect was to destroy all intelli-

gent teaching of the subject, and to convert the children into mere automata for reproducing the teacher's words and sentences. The same Inspector has of recent years, as I have already pointed out, issued a regulation permitting children who have *failed in one of the pass subjects prescribed by the Department* to be promoted to a higher standard. The consequence is that poor results in arithmetic have been obtained in the higher standards; the Inspector has frequently complained in his reports of the poor quality of the arithmetic in Standards V. and VI., but has failed to see that it is due to his own foolish innovation. I give these instances to show that, while a certain syllabus is prescribed by the Central Department, the Inspectors have so much licence to depart from it, that the quality of the teaching and the consequent efficiency of the pupils vary in the various educational districts.

If the Inspectors were brought under the control of the Central Department, and if the Inspector-General were relieved of the mass of routine work, which at present leaves him little leisure to plan reforms, much less to test the quality of the work done in the colony, I feel confident that the much needed educational reform would be successfully consummated.

If the Inspector-General is to be anything more than a name, he should generally direct the work of the Inspectors, and he can learn the nature of the work done in the different districts only by making personal visitations. He should allot Inspectors periodically to the different districts, and they should meet at least once a year to prepare an annual report, and discuss any changes that the advances in educational thought and method demand.

At present the examination of teachers for certificates is under the Central Department; but the appointment and examination of pupil teachers is left to the local Boards, with the result that different methods of appointment and different standards of efficiency prevail in the various districts. In Auckland an examination of candidates for employment has been held for many years, and such an examination has recently been established in Wellington; those who pass successfully are permitted to teach on probation for a month or three months at the caprice of the Board, and if there are vacancies in the service, some few of these, who show the greatest promise, are apprenticed. The rest, after vainly waiting for employment, finally realise their disappointment, and seek other fields of employment. In Taranaki, Wanganui, North Canterbury and other districts, pupil teachers are appointed to schools, as vacancies occur, generally on the recommendation of the head master. This system works well: it is to the head master's own interest to recommend for employment only those who are likely to do him credit: no personal influence or parental friendship is likely to induce him to recommend a dolt for employment, and thereby impair the efficiency of his school. If this system were generally adopted, the best selections would be made, and the expense of local examinations saved.

But the pupil teacher system should be national and not provincial: pupil teacher regulations should be drafted by the Inspector-General, assisted by the Inspectors: they, too, should prescribe the course of study to be pursued, and conduct the examination of pupil teachers in the various grades.

The scholarships, too, should be national: the papers should be set by the Central Department, and should be of such a nature that they will test the original rather than the receptive powers of the candidates; for when one considers the number of scholarship holders who fail to give a remunerative return for the expenditure incurred by the State on their behalf, one is forced to the conclusion that while the examination undoubtedly picks out some few of the brightest pupils attending our schools who are likely to profit by the higher education provided, and justify the State expenditure by their subsequent successful career, it also provides a nominal higher education for boys and girls who are mechanically crammed with a lot of knowledge they cannot assimilate, and who, after unsuccessful careers at public

schools, drop into the ranks of clerks, shopmen and other callings that do not require even average talents. I have been told by teachers who have had experience of scholarship holders in Secondary Schools that many who come out high in the scholarship examination prove utter failures, and that only a small minority of them profit in the manner anticipated by the higher education afforded them.

Of all the scholarship regulations in the colony, perhaps those prescribed for the Queen's Scholarship, tenable at the Victoria University College, are the most ridiculous. They are framed with the object of providing secondary and University education for the successful competitors. Now all who have had any experience of scholarship holders, know that the large majority of those who gain scholarships from the primary schools prove utter failures at secondary schools, and though they may succed in passing the Matriculation Examination—by no means a severe test—they have not the ability requisite for a successful University career. Thus the Victoria University will have to educate at the public expense many whose secondary school careers fail to justify such expenditure.

If our system is to be national, it is only right and just that there should be a colonial scale of salaries; that is, teachers throughout the colony should be paid according to their attainments, efficiency, and the responsibility attached to their work. At present the inequalities in the different districts are so great that a teacher with a B1 certificate in Auckland is receiving £190 per annum for doing work for which a teacher in Napier with a C2 certificate (three grades lower) receives £300 per annum. The salaries at present depend upon the nature of the districts: the Department grants a capitation of £3 15s. per annum for each unit of the average daily attendance of pupils. Out of this grant the Boards have to pay the teachers, maintain schools and supplement the grant for building and inspection. In a thinly peopled and scattered district like Taranaki, a number of small schools, with an average attendance of less than 20, have to be maintained, and consequently, as the expense is increased in proportion to the number of small schools, the salaries paid in the district are extremely small. The same applies to Nelson, Marlborough, Westland, and to some extent to Auckland. The late Inspector-General, the Rev. W. J. Habens, B.A., drafted a colonial scheme of salaries, and while it is admitted to improve the position of the assistants in town schools, it is condemned as being unjust to many of the country teachers; it is, however, an acknowledgment of the present inequalities that exist, and will doubtless prove the basis of the much needed reform.

If the administration of our system is to be healthy and vigorous, it is essential that local interest in it should be maintained. And, while I maintain that several functions now administered by the local Boards should be transferred to the Central Department, I admit that many of their powers should still be retained. They should control the Training Colleges—but the Central Department should prescribe the course of study to be pursued, and conduct the examination of students; they should have the sole power of appointing teachers unfettered by the recommendations of committees; but there should be a proviso in the regulations to the effect that the Chief Inspector of each district should be consulted by the Board in the case of every appointment made. Too frequently under the present system are the claims of an efficient teacher overlooked, because the Committee insist upon the appointment of one who has brought personal influence to bear. Even in large country schools the influential committeemen are illiterate and ignorant, and quite incapable of judging the merits of a teacher. The following testimonial obtained from the Chairman of the Committee of a school with 100 average attendance will serve to emphasise their incapacity in this respect:

"The —— district school Committee Certify that Mr A.B. passd through is four years pupilship with generel satisfaction, and is recomened for admission to the normal School passing each

exam with *Credit*, So that the master Mr C.D. and Committee have gt pleasure in giveing Mr A. B. a good *Caracter*.

E.F., CHAIRMAN."

[N.B.—The italics are the Chairman's own.]

This is a type of the men who at are present consulted in the appointment of teachers. The annexed copy of a testimonial is in itself a demand for the reform I suggest.

The Committees, too, should retain some power in the administration of the Education Act. At present the Boards make grants to Committees for cleaning, fuel, repair, and other expenses incidental to the maintenance of schools. They have a voice in the appointment of teachers; they control the school libraries, where any exist, and are allowed to administer the compulsory clauses of the Act. The question of the appointment of teachers often leads to serious friction between the Board and Committee, and in many cases teachers, who have relations and friends on the Committee, are appointed over the heads of those who have had more experience, proved themselves more efficient, and hold higher certificates. If, as I suggest, the appointments were made by the Board, after consulation with the Chief Inspector, this evil would be overcome.

Every effort should be made by Education Boards to stimulate the interest of School Committees in developing our educational system, and should make liberal grants to supplement the money raised locally for the purpose of establishing school libraries. The Committees should rigidly enforce the compulsory clauses of the Act, and issue certificates for regular attendance.

The School Committee elections are at present conducted in the most perfunctory manner, and one little calculated to secure the services of the best men. A meeting is called for a certain evening, on which nominations are received, and the election carried out.

If nominations were received, say, a fortnight in advance, and the nominations published, the electors would have some time to reflect on the merits of the candidates, and the personnel of Committees would then be improved.

The present method of electing Education Boards is one that demands serious attention. It is unjust that a remote country Committee, controlling a school of twenty children, should have the same voice in the election of a member as a large town Committee controlling five schools with an attendance of about 3,000. In districts like Wanganui, where most of the chief centres have railway communication with the town where the Board meets, the members are, as a rule, elected from all parts of the district, and, consequently, the wants of all parts are likely to be advocated and considered. In a scattered district like Auckland, the Board consists almost entirely of town members. Capable men, resident in some of the outlying townships, frequently seek election, but they are so little known outside their own sparsely peopled district that, though many of them would make valuable members, they have no chance of success against the lawyers and prominent business men in town, whose names are made known in the remote parts of the Province through the medium of the daily and weekly press. Before anything like perfect representation is obtained, each educational district should be subdivided for the purpose of Education Board elections as far as possible on a population basis. Until this is done country aspirants can have no chance of election, though by their services on Committees, and their knowledge of local wants, they are eminently fitted to do good service to the cause of education.

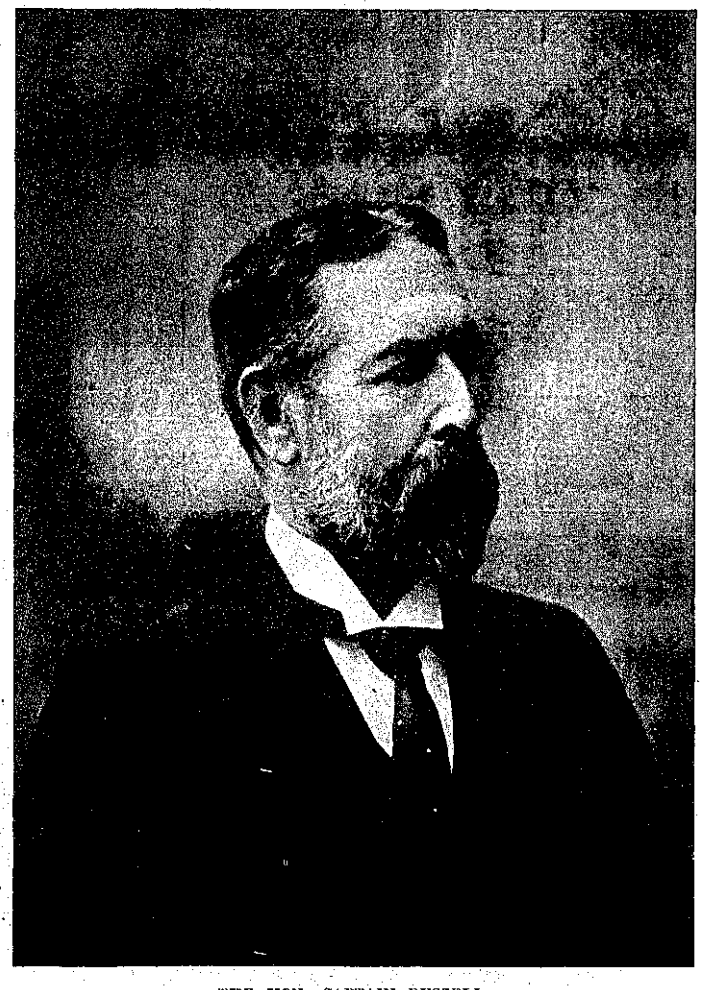
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE PREMIER

THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, P.C., is big physically, big intellectually, and big in human sympathies. His bright sparkling eye indicates at once humour and penetration. The secret of his power lies in his life. Denied in his youth the educational advantages of the present day young colonials, whose destines he controls, he has, nevertheless, learnt enduring lessons of wisdom from the best of all schoolmasters—experience of life. His early struggles have developed a virility of character that even his political opponents cannot but admire, while his precarious life on the goldfields has generated in him a resource that enables him easily to outwit the most educated, and the most designing adversaries. His gradual ascent up the ladder of fame has brought him into touch with men of every grade of society, and made him familiar with every phase of colonial thought—he has thereby gained such an intimate and accurate knowledge of New Zealanders, their wants and aspirations, as to fit him pre-eminently for the position of social reformer. His many-sided character displays itself in diverse ways. When moving "That a Contingent be sent to the Transvaal," his glowing eloquence—that truly reflects his genuine patriotism—places him on a pinnacle far above his contemporary orators. When the miners were entombed at Brunnerton, the burly and muscular Premier took off his coat, and toiled with the coal-heavers, like a brother, in the noble work of rescuing the lives of his fellow-men. No matter what

THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, P.C.

the function is, or who the speakers are, Dick, as his countrymen fondly call him, always manages to make himself "the cynosure of every eye." At a convivial meeting he lightly casts aside worries of politics and formal parliamentary dignity, and brings down the house with "The Wearing of the Green."



THE HON. CAPTAIN RUSSELL.

The greatest tribute to his genius is that the other Australian colonies are following in the wake of his "experimental legislation," by introducing Old Age Pensions, Lands for Settlement, Advances to Settlers, and Female Franchise Bills.

As a public speaker the right hon. gentleman has a magnetism, a power of sustaining the interest and enlisting the sympathies of his audience, that ensure him an enthusiastic reception wherever he goes.

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

THE HON. CAPTAIN RUSSELL is physically long, intellectually refined, and restricted somewhat in his sympathies. He has a "lean and hungry look," his eye is dull, and lacks the humorous sparkle and penetrating keenness of his rival the Premier's. He is, however, the most generous and tolerant of political opponents, as even his bitterest enemies will readily admit. The son of an army officer, educated for the army, and the heir to a large and rich estate, his life has been necessarily confined to a narrow sphere—he has not been able to get that wide experience, or to cultivate that broad human sympathy which can only come from intercourse with life in all its phases.

His distinctly subordinate position, as Leader of the Opposition, does not afford him the same opportunities of winning the applause of the multitude. But one could hardly imagine the aristocratic and scholarly Captain arousing enthusiasm by singing "The Wearing of the Green," while the spectacle of the tall military gentleman taking up his spade, and working, side by side, with the coal-heaver, would only appeal to his countrymen's sense of humour. I have no doubt, however, that the Captain could give Digger Dick a big handicap in a tennis set, and some good tips about the New Zealand Cup, and the Grand National Hurdles.

The Captain is a hard-working farmer, and a member of an Oddfellows' Lodge,

"not an ornamental member, but an active working one." He can hardly be called a Tory, for he promises to continue, with pure administration, the policy which, he claims, his party would have adopted had they not been forestalled by the wily Premier Dick.

As a speaker Captain Russell is fluent, polished and scholarly, but he lacks that magnetism which attracts and holds the interest and attention of men. He is too aristocratic a gentleman to lead the country in these democratic days; but he will be elevated to power when culture and refinement are abroad in the land, and when *bonhommie* is not the most valued qualification for high political honours.

HON. H. J. MILLER, M.L.C.

No one, glancing at the burly form that fills the Speaker's Chair in the Legislative Council, could disconnect it from the idea of great bodily strength and endurance. Nor is it surprising to hear that he was the first freshman who ever won the skulls at a 'Varsity boat-race. That he could simply walk through a town and gown row with only one fear at his heart—as he himself admitted—that if he hit with all his might, he might kill his man. Any one who has shaken hands with the veteran, and felt, in this way, the size of his fist and the strength of his grip, could easily credit the above statement. The honourable gentleman's voice, when he gives his ruling, is one of great volume. No one was ever heard to ask him to speak louder. On a recent visit to the scene of his early aquatic triumphs at Eton, feeling, doubtless, a boy again, he was on the river bank cheering a contesting crew with all his might and main. When an old caretaker, who had not seen him since his school-boy days, exclaimed: "That's Mr. Miller, I know it is! There's not another man alive who can make so much row!" Possessing these physical characteristics, and mental ones of no mean order, he was a man who was sure to make his mark in a new country, and little likely to be satisfied with the humdrum life in an old one.

Arriving in Otago from Sydney in 1860, he devoted himself to carving his name in fair and enduring characters on the rich tussock plains around Oamaru. Not content with pastoral pursuits only, he took a great interest in the development of the Westport Coal Company, and is still Chairman of Directors of that valuable property. In his political character Mr. Miller has experienced many changes, and

HON. H. J. MILLER, M.L.C.

his characteristic bluntness and grip of the ever-varying situations, have made themselves felt in each step of his career. In the old Provincial days he represented Oamaru in the Otago Council. For two years he acted as Secretary of Public Works. As a member of the Fox-Vogel Government, he held a seat in the Elective Council in 1872, and at the death of the late Hon. Sir Harry Atkinson, in 1892, he was elected Speaker in his stead, a post which he has since held with honour to himself, and satisfaction to his colleagues.

SIR MAURICE O'RORKE, K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D.

THE gifted orator who occupies the Speaker's Chair in the House of Representatives, is most aptly described as a bland old man. Sir Maurice is at his blandest when he is called upon to deliver a public oration, and his beautiful periods are rounded off by a quotation from the classics and a beaming smile. In measured tones and slow, he calls the unruly member to order and his determined words and looks invariably subdue the disorderly. But there have been occasions when no amount of his rhetoric could quell the unruly students, who dared to profane his refined ears with the tune of Killalloo —he hadn't a list of precedents and a sergeant-at-arms to back up his ruling.

Sir Maurice is a Parliamentarian first, and an educationalist second. He rules the governing bodies of the Auckland College and Grammar School, and the Auckland University College, both of which institutions owe much of their success to his wise and able guidance.

The best criterion we have of Sir Maurice's high abilities and superior judgment is the great deference paid to him by his colleagues on both these bodies. If Sir Maurice is absent from a meeting through illness or on a visit to the country, no important business is transacted by either body; and so dwarfed are the members of the University Council by his commanding personality, that even the opening of the new Auckland University College buildings has to be postponed till the chairman's return from Wellington.

Sir Maurice is perhaps the best advocate of her wants that Auckland has; even our astute Premier, the Right Hon. Richard, succumbs to his eloquence, and concedes his demands. Without Sir Maurice O'Rorke, Auckland would be as devoid of educational endowments, and Onehunga of cemeteries, as the province generally is of railways and roads.

The comparative decorum that characterises the debates in the New Zealand Legislature is due to Sir Maurice's wise yet firm controlling influence, and his name stands highest on the roll of colonial Parliamentary speakers.

A few years ago, Sir Maurice returned to the scenes of his youth, and his Alma Mater, Trinity College, Dublin, recognised his distinguished parliamentary services by conferring on him the degree of LL.D.

SIR MAURICE O'RORKE, K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D.

Rauparaha's South Island Raids

(CAPTURE AND RE-CAPTURE OF TUTURAU PA).

By R. O. Carrick.

"MATAURA," an open column corespondent in the *Otago Daily Times*, September 12th, puts certain pertinent questions regarding the above, and invites further information on the subject. By way of credential, permit me to say, I was many years employed as amanuensis to an ex-native minister, and in that capacity recorded a large amount of Native Land Court evidence, and other inquiry dealing with the early history of the tribes. Although the Southern invasion effected no permanent change in the vested rights of parties, it was so closely allied thereto that the enterprise had, from beginning to end, to be carefully sifted. Probably, you will consider this gives me a right to claim accuracy for the version now rendered, and in giving it, I will confine myself as closely as may be to evidence elicited as above.

Central figure in the engagement was one Te Pauhi, nephew of Te Rauparaha. The point is not clearly established, but the weight of evidence tends to show that Te Pauhi was the son of Te Pehi, treacherously slain by the Nga-tahu at Kaiapoi. The latter was Te Rauparaha's trusted counsellor, and we may fitly conclude, the son inherited a fair share of the mental calibre which advanced his sire in the estimation of this noted chief. That may, to some extent, account for a mission, demanding bravery and address, being entrusted to him.

Although historically named the Southern invasion, it would be more apt to limit the appellative to that of an important branch thereof. Te Rauparaha had made more than one inroad from Kapiti, his island home in the North, and had learned enough to convince him that an invasion of the South, conducted on these lines, would be long and tedious, if not interminable. To shorten the process, and bring it within measurable distance, strategy was resorted to, and the Pauhi expedition devised. A force planted in the extreme South, co-operating with Te Rauparaha himself from the North, would place the invaded tribes between two fires, and in that way they would be more readily consumed. Moreover, the step in itself was bold and daring enough to strike terror into the minds of the Southerners, and lead them to believe the decrees of fate were against them. In that respect the Maori mind is singularly complex. To such an extent is he the victim of circumstances that, once he makes up his mind the fates are antagonistic, he gives himself over to despair, nay, even to death. Accordingly Te Pauhi, in command of a *taua*, or fighting force, numbering seventy chosen men, crossed Cook Straits for the South, proceeding thence by way of the West Coast. They were accompanied by five of women. It is worthy of note—Paturau, one of the women, was the last survivor of the expedition. She died at Tumuki (Temuka), Canterbury, in 1862.

Between Ngatitoa, to which Te Rauparaha belonged, and Ngati-wai-rangi, then a numerous tribe inhabiting the West Coast, commercial relations existed. The latter trafficked largely with their neighbours in that valuable commodity, the *pounamu* (greenstone). It was to information supplied by Ngati-wai-rangi, Te Rauparaha was indebted for the knowledge of a through pass, leading from the West to the East Coasts, and it was on their guidance Te Pauhi depended for finding the way. Their headquarters were the mouth of the Hoki-tika, so that this renowned locality has honourable traditions, ancient as well as modern.

Arriving there, Te Pauhi unfolded his designs to the West Coast natives. Contrary to expectation, Ngati-wai-rangi did

not approve of them, and attempted to dissuade him from their prosecution, assuring him that Ngati-mamoe, then inhabiting the extreme South, was a fierce warlike race, and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to gain a footing. Although Te Pauhi persisted in his designs, this information had the effect of deterring some of his men, who abandoned the project, and returned to their home in the Straits.

Ngati-wai-rangi, nevertheless, contributed a few recruits to the enterprise, and when he again set out, Te Pauhi's numbers were increased by at least one hundred Under guidance of these allies, he landed at Awarua, now named Haast River, and fossicked a way through the pass to Lake Wanaka. There they encountered a Ngati-mamoe eeling party, whom they handled roughly, but who did not allow them to have it all their own way. The Ngati-mamoe survivors of this party fled into the Fiords' country, and, losing themselves, gave rise to the story, so long current, of a lost tribe, living and roaming amidst these fastnesses. Proceeding upon their journey, the invaders crossed the Matau, now known as the Upper Clutha or Mokio. From thence they pursued their journey down through Pounamu country (Wakatipu), crossing the Upper Nevis and Dome Pass to the Mataura, which they followed until their arrival at Tuturau.

Long, long ago, in the days when "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," in the land o' the Gael, the brother Scot—a land intimately associated with the colonization of New Zealand South—the native lords of the soil were a race of giants, anent whom it is written: "They strode over hills and dales, stepping from peak to peak, and slaking their thirst by swallowing up streams and rivers of water."

It militates against our implicit confidence in the authenticity of these fine strapping fellows to be told they had to cede possession to the Waitaha, who were eventually superseded by the Ngati-mamoe, whom we know from personal contact are men of like physique with ourselves. Tuturau pa is a relic of these shadowy times, and as such falls to be rated an ancient and honourable land-mark to the South.

Under Ngati-mamoe occupation, it dwindled down from its high estate. It was superseded by Parangiaio, the island fortress of Ruapuke, and, at the date of which we write, it was used for no higher purpose that of a food supply station.

The great Southern chief, Whakatapunga, had departed this life, and the supreme control vested in his nephew Tuhawaiki (Bloody Jack of the whalers' vocabulary), and the Karetai. The latter resided at Otakou (Otago Heads), the other at Ruapuke, the home of his ancestors.

Both were on the alert for the threatened invasion. It is even said they had concerted a system of signals similar to that of the Crian Tarigh, or fiery cross of the Celt, so as to apprise each other of the approach of danger. They do not seem to have thought danger from the interior possible, as precautions in that direction were wholly neglected.

Two food supply parties were at work when Te Pauhi reached Tuturau. One was bird-snaring at Tapanui (Blue Mountain Range), the other eeling on the river at Tuturau. So sudden was the attack on the latter that practically no resistance could be offered, and Te Pauhi concluded he had killed every soul about the place. It was the security born of that belief which led to his ruin. Wearied and dilapidated by his long and toilsome journey, he and his followers gave themselves up to rest and recuperation. It proved a mere fancied security, and, as the sequel shows, lulled them to their ruin.

In the general massacre a lad belonging to the eeling party was overlooked by the invaders, and, concealing himself behind a rock on the river bank, he saw all that occurred. Under cover of night he left his hiding place, and, making all haste for Tapanui, apprised the bird-snaring party. They immediately struck camp, and skulking through Waikahu (Waikaia) Gorge, round the flanks of the Hokonuio, made the

Aparima. From thence they journeyed to Awarua (Bluff Harbour), and alarmed the shore whaling station. The object was to get tidings conveyed as speedily as possible to Tuhawaiki, who, with his fighting force, was lying in wait at Ruapuke.

Living, as the whalers did, under the protection of Tuhawaiki, we can understand they would be only too eager for the fray. It is remembered a European, Claus Ross, whose name subsequently became famous in connection with the Keeling or Coca Islands, then a whaler at the Bluff, was the man selected for conveying the information.

It is illustrative of the prudent reserve of the old Ngati-mamoe chief, to say no one knew better than he how to comport himself in a sudden emergency. Tuhawaiki's conduct on this occasion supplies a capital representation. No sooner was the whaleboat descried approaching the island than he, suspecting important intelligence, gave orders the visitor should at once be brought to him. This was done, and a close confab ensued. Tuhawaiki made no announcement to the tribe as to the nature of the intelligence, but merely issued orders that his fighting men, fully armed, should be ready to embark for the mainland at daybreak. His reticence was due to the fact that had the nature and extent of the calamity been made known, the islanders would have been so overwhelmed that no consideration, not even the emergencies of the case, would have roused them to immediate action. In that way valuable time would have been lost, and the enemy fortified in the position he had gained. It was not until the armament had been completed that the massacre was made known, so that, while the forepart of this eventful night was taken up with the pomp and circumstance of war, the afterpart, all through the early hours of morning, was occupied in the plaintive wails and lamentations of the Maori cronach, or tangi, for their dead. It was the Noche Triste, or melancholy night of the Mexican conquistadors, and, as such, its traditions are preserved by the islanders.

Shut up in a cavern opening out to the beach beneath the island fortress, the tribal tohunga, or spirit medium, spent the entire night in exorcisms. The precise nature of these is now of little moment, but from the characters of the incantations following, they must have been on the parallel of extreme unction. The *Koangumu*, or spell for weakening the enemy, was cast, and the *Kitao*, or invocation of the spear, on the eve of battle, was spoken. These were performed in presence of the multitude just as the *taua* embarked for the mainland. What gives them their chief historical interest is that this was the last occasion upon which their ghostly offices were brought into requisition in the South. That, of course, is due partly to European intercourse, but mainly to the Christian catechists, whose advent occurred shortly afterwards.

The first faint gleam heralding the orb of day found the *taua* afloat in their canoes. The *whakahirihiri*, or incantation chants, were kept up by the islanders until they were well out to sea, as, also, *hakas*, war-whoops, and songs of defiance, peculiar to the occasion. These, and other traditionary items, go to prove the issue of events was looked forward to with grave apprehension. I go a step further, and say it was an event of paramount importance to none more than the European. Had Te Rauparaha and his turbulent northern tribes gained a footing in the South, instead of the peaceful occupation obtained a few years later, we should have had a repetition of the turmoil, trouble, and expenditure in treasure and blood encountered by European settlement in the North. We praise and magnify the names of such men as Cargill, Burns, and Macandrew, oblivous of the fact that we are resting under a debt of gratitude to Tuhawaiki, the island chief.

Arriving at the mainland, they landed at the mouth of the Mataura, probably on the site of the rising township of Fortrose. Scouts were sent out along the track leading to Tuturau. The report brought in was that the country was quiet. The army then

marched forward as far as the scouting had proceeded, where they camped over night. A similar precautionary movement was made next day, and the day after, the force arrived in the vicinity of the pa. They concealed themselves in the bush until nightfall. Tuhawaiki and some of his principal men made their way stealthily along the ridge overlooking the pa. Their reconnoitrings convinced them that Te Pauhi and his people had no idea of their proximity. During the night the attacking force was so disposed as to operate to the best advantage. With their intimate knowledge of the pa, that disposal was made on the very best terms.

Just as day had broken, one of the pa dogs set up a long, piercing howl. The howl was taken up by the others, and a terrific chorus ensued. This brought Te Pauhi himself to the door of his hut, and he was in the act of chastising one of the canine offenders, when a bullet, fired from a spot overlooking the pa, reached him, and he dropped dead. Taiaroa, father of a Legislative Councillor of that ilk, with a few chosen men, was posted at this spot as a reserve, while the main body led the attack from an opposite direction. The shot, it would appear, was fired in contravention of the order of attack decided upon, but proving successful, it was not, as it otherwise would have been, rated a breach of discipline.

The occupants of the pa were now alarmed, and they rushed pell-mell in the direction from which the shot came. This gave Tuhawaiki the desired opportunity. He and his men were enabled to get in over the palisading unopposed. In that way the inmates of the pa were cooped up helplessly in a corner, before they realised what had actually occurred.

Te Pauhi and some thirty of his people were slain, or afterwards died of their wounds. The others, including the women, were taken prisoners, and carried to Ruapuke, where they were kept in bondage.

As the Kings Rode Home.

THE Holy Three Kings were riding
Homeward through night and day.
They kept them from Herod's madness
By passing a different way.

They spoke not of child or worship,
For these were the secret things
(They deemed) to be told by sages
Only to seers and kings.

Yet gladly they rode, and carried
A troubled gladness abroad.
The Ash tree bowed and the Cedar
To eyes that had seen the Lord.

The Olive heeded their coming,
The birds flew near with the morn;
A strange sad fragrance floated
From thickets of Noble Thorn.

And why did the blossoms tremble,
Those blossoms so pale to see
(One day they must stain to purple)
That hung on the Judas Tree?

The Shepherd where flocks were feeding
Had lifted a watchful eye;
He gazed with a dumb new longing
As the Three Kings passed him by.

"Strange, as these courtly riders
Drew near, I could almost say
They rode to hallow my dwelling
With tidings from far away."

Spoke to his feres right cheerly
The fisherman Zebedee,
As the Three Kings followed the stony road
By the Lake of Galilee.

"My hut holds babes this dawning;
But soothly it may be
They too shall see great Kings go by
While drawing the nets with me."

The Holy Three Kings spoke never;
They rode to their own far land;
But Olive and Cedar and Noble Thorn
Had Knowledge to understand.

MARY COLBORNE-VEEL.

MOSTLY LONGITUDINAL.

An Episode in the Twentieth Century.

By Bertha V. Goring.

Illustrated by W. A. Bowring.

A SNUG smoking room with a roaring wood fire before which an elderly man sits smoking, and, from the depths of his easy chair, conversing with—a Voice only. Yet there is nothing in his looks to make one think that he is holding intercourse with the Spirit World, nor if we listen to the conversation, shall we hear anything but what is distinctly material.

Place aux dames, so let the Voice begin. It is eminently feminine, and sweet and merry withal.

"Then, Daddy, you are quite determined, now the projectors are in working order, that we are not to use them until Christmas Day, and that, then, you will dine with us?"

"Yes, yes," rather testily; "I have told you so before. Why will you keep harping upon it?"

"Because I know we shall all be too excited to even think of a meal, and, also, I'm so afraid that dining at eight o'clock in the morning may put you out."

"Eight in the morning! What are you talking about?" then, starting from his chair and excitedly running his hands through his grey hair till it stood on end, he exclaimed: "Eh! What? I believe its that confounded longitude of yours again!"

"Of course, you dear old man, that's exactly what it is. But its your longitude as well as mine that gives the trouble."

"Damn the longitude, whoever it belongs to!" growled her father, as he strode up and down the room. "What are we to do, Nell?"

"I'll tell you if you'll sit down calmly, and not rage about the room looking like an irate hedgehog with your hair on end. Isn't that what your doing now?"

"Leave me and my hair alone, Madam Pert, and tell me what's to be done with this damnable longitude!"

"Poor, harmless, necessary longitude!" laughed the Voice. "Well, if you persist in our having our Christmas feed together, I suggest that you good people have your dinner as you intended, about eight o'clock on the evening of Christmas Day, and we shall be having our breakfast on the morning following. Will that do?"

"I suppose it will have to," grumbled Mr. Malcolm, "but all the same its most annoying and upsetting."

"Never mind, you old dear, you'll see it will all turn out as jolly as possible. But, look here Dad, you'll tell the Mum beforehand? Don't spring us suddenly upon her, or she'll think we're a lot of spooks, and be in an awful fright. There will only be you, and she, and Harry, will there? No one else?"

"No, nobody else. But, I say, you have a girl staying with you, haven't you? Won't she be in the way in a family party? Can't you pack her off?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that! She and Harry can amuse each other. She's an awfully good sort, and quite lovely. You'll see Master Hal won't want her sent packing!"

"Very well. Now I'm off to the stables, and must send you packing. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye and good-night, you dear old Dad!"

To such perfection has the electrophone been brought that we see now that these two have been conversing across the Hemispheres

as if they were sitting in the same room, and if we have a little patience, we shall further see that the newer invention of the projectors brings their counterfeit presentments together. Truly the inventors have been strong Imperialists to contrive such a knitting together of the Empire.

Before travelling across the world to see into what form the Voice crystallizes, and where its habitat may be, let us peep from Mr. Malcolm's window and see what it is we are leaving.

A white world in the strong grip of frost, with the morning sun bringing out the myriad sparkles of the snow crystals. Every leaf and twig have been touched with the same fairy wand, and one realises the intense cold on seeing Mr. Malcolm emerge from the house to go stamping down the drive leading to the stables, with his hands plunged deep in the pockets of his thick coat, and his breath making a steamy plume in front of him.

But what a change when we join his daughter! In place of an English winter morning, we find a New Zealand summer night. Again a white world, but here is no mantle of snow, only a flood of silvery moonlight, while the soft, warm air is filled with the rich scent of flowers and the shrill chirpings of the field-crickets. At the open French window of a prettily furnished drawing-room stands Nelly Cunliffe watching her husband crossing the lawn that lies in front of the wide verandah. She has a sweet face to match the voice to which we have been listening, with soft dark hair and eyes, and merry dimples in her rosy cheeks. Not a beauty, but a charming little women. Her slight figure is set off by a graceful tea-gown of white crepon, with the foam of white lace upon it. Her husband is a big fair man, and they make a personable couple as they stand together looking out at the lovely scene before them.

"The old Dad has been in a fine to-do, Alan, over the longitude; as we thought, he had entirely forgotten about it, and is much aggrieved."

"Ah! ha! and some language flying about, eh?"

"A little; but I calmed him down, and we arranged it all as you and I had agreed will be best."

"Oh! I'm so impatient to see the dear old people, and feel as if Christmas would never be here! Fancy seeing lovely old Beanlands, too, and a patch of bonny Cumberland through its windows!"

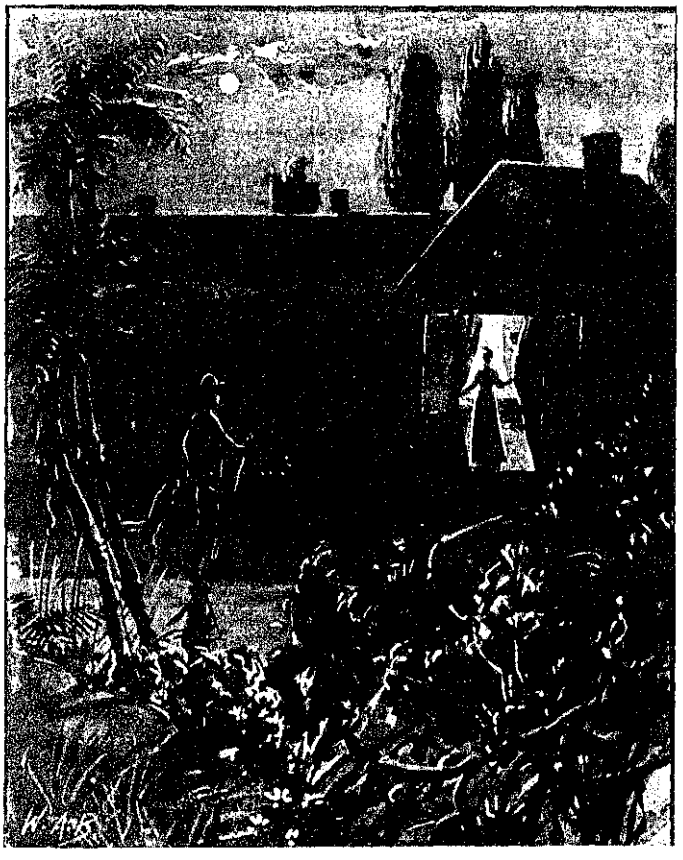
"ONE REALIZES THE INTENSE COLD."

CHAPTER II.

The momentous morning has dawned, and we find ourselves in Cunliffe's dining-room on Boxing Day. Here is our little friend, Nelly, looking fresh and sweet in a dainty pink cambric frock, and trying to keep down the excitement that shines out from her dark eyes as the expected moment approaches. Her husband is not much calmer, as they both listen anxiously for the warning bell from Mr. Malcolm. Squatted on the floor, and absorbed by the heap of toys that surround him, is Alan, minor, a sturdy young urchin of three. Watching him stands tall Betty

Hammond, a beauty of the golden-haired, blue-eyed type, who looks deserving of the good character given her by Nell. She wears a creamy-coloured gown with a spray of pink roses near her white throat.

Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell which has started so many thousand miles away, and Mr. Malcom's excited voice inquires, "All ready?" Nelly is past doing anything, becoming more astonished looking than ever as he restlessly runs his fingers through it. His wife, like his daughter, is speechless with the excitement of the moment. Excepting the small boy, whose horizon is at present bounded by his toys, Harry Malcolm is the coolest of the family. He is a tall fellow, with an alert and active figure, and a good honest, though plain, face. He is



IN PLACE OF AN ENGLISH WINTER MORNING WE FIND A NEW ZEALAND SUMMER NIGHT.

but gazes, with hands tightly clasped together, at the opposite wall, so her husband answers the signal, and they both breathlessly watch as one side of the room appears to melt away, and a scene with moving figures occupies its place.

They see a massively-furnished dining-room, with dinner laid under the bright electric light, and a blazing fire. Mr. Malcolm is striding about the room, his hair the first to break the silence, and relieve the tension with his hearty:

"Well, Nell, old girl, you *are* looking fit; and Alan, too. Going strong, old man?"

He then pats his mother affectionately on the shoulder, telling her to cheer up, that there is nothing to cry about.

"But, Hal, after not seeing Nell for over four years, now she is here, and I can't kiss her!"

"Never mind, old lady, think you kissed her the moment she was visible, and you'll find its all right."

"But its not a bit the same thing," remonstrated his mother, tearfully.

"Oh, you only want a good imagination; that's all."

Mr. Malcolm was now vociferous in his praises of the wonderful projectors, and took so much credit to himself over his Christmas present to his wife and daughter that you would think he had invented, as well as bought it.

After a little they quieted down somewhat. The Malcolms were introduced to, and duly admired, their grandson, Harry made the acquaintance of the fair Betty, and they began to look about them.

"Why, Nelly, you extravagant girl," exclaimed her mother, "fancy having strawberries and peaches on Christmas Day, and what lovely roses!"

"That's only her swagger, mother, just put on for the occasion. What price strawberries to-day, Nell, half-a-crown a bite?"

"You goose," answered his sister, "why the garden is full of them at this time of the year. I wish I could hand them across."

"Yes, its a case of 'so near and yet so far,' ain't it? But your summer frocks, open windows, and daylight, should have reminded us that we are having a peep into almost another world. One can't realise it all at once."

"I wish," said his father, "that with all their fine inventions, travelling was quicker than it is. Its most tantalizing to see Nell and her youngster, and know that only to touch them is a matter of weeks."

"The scientific Johnnies don't go the right way to work," said Harry, with an air of great wisdom, "they only invent quick methods of getting over the earth's surface, while what they ought to do is to make old Mother Earth do the travelling for us."

"What *do* you mean," said his sister.

"Simplest thing in the world, my dear—invent a way of shooting us up outside her 'sphere of influence,' and keep us there until the place one wants to go to turns uppermost, and down you flop. Grand idea, ain't it? I might take a patent out for it."

"Have a sort of monster hotel up there," laughed his sister, "and keep dropping or shooting travellers down to earth again. But how would you keep it fixed?"

"Oh, that's not part of my business; the scientific blokes must settle the details, I only give them the broad idea. They could fasten their guy-ropes to the nearest fixed stars. But I'm jolly hungry, what does everyone say to food? What a mercy servants are 'off' now-a-days, and we haven't them prancing round and spoiling our talk."

With his lively rattle of nonsense, Harry had now got them all into a more equable frame of mind, and when the meals were over there was a 'change of venue," and they passed a merry happy time in their respective drawing-rooms, until sleepiness drove the English section to bed. Just at last Harry switched on their dining room again to show his brother-in-law the painting of his famous cob, winner of so many prizes, some of which, in the shape of silver cups, adorned the sideboard; then he, too, went off to bed.

Some hours later, as Alan and Betty were in the middle of a hard fought set at lawn-tennis, Nelly came running out, calling, "Alan, Alan, come quick, there's a burglar in the Beaulands dining room stealing the silver!"

"Who told you?" cries her husband, throwing down his racquet and running to her.

"Nobody, I can see him myself; don't you remember when Harry went to bed, he forgot their dining room, and left it in our drawing room?"

"Why, you talk as if he carried the rooms about in his pockets, and strewed them over other people's houses."

"Oh! Hush! There he is, don't you see him?" whispered his wife nervously, and trying to pull her husband behind a door.

"Why, you silly little goose, he can't see or hear us, but you must keep an eye on him while I go and ring up Harry; call me if he looks like going."

"But you're not going to leave me, alone with that dreadful man, Alan? Yes, I know he's not really there,—but—don't be long *please*."

"The burglar was going to work in the most leisurely and methodical way, collecting the valuables and packing them carefully in a sack. Nell partly forgot her fears in the fascination of watching him, but felt

THEY BOTH BREATHLESSLY WATCH AS ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM APPEARS TO MELT AWAY, AND A SCENE WITH MOVING FIGURES OCCUPIES ITS PLACE.

relieved when Betty joined her. Alan returned full of a plan he and Harry had made to nab their man, and got them to help him darken the room and place a high screen before the wall, on which the projector threw its picture, with just room for him to stand in front of it.

"All's ready now, and be quiet as mice, for Harry is going to turn on the electrophone so that the man may hear me when I want him to."

He remained in shadow, concealing the light he had in one hand, and carrying a revolver in the other, keeping a smart watch on the thief the while. Suddenly the man turned with a sharp movement to the window, so Alan, fearing Harry must have betrayed himself in coming up to it, promptly stepped in front of the screen, and drew the man's attention by firing his revolver. Like lightning the man whipped his own out of his pocket, and got in two shots at Alan, who, of course, appeared to him to be only a few yards off, before Harry had him pinned from behind. After some struggling he was lying on the floor securely tied, and looking as helpless as a trussed fowl.

"Had he no accomplices?" asked Alan.

"I don't think so," panted Harry, breathless with his exertions in securing his man, "the grooms are outside watching this window, and have seen no one. I think he is playing a lone hand. What a blundering ass I was to make that noise getting in at the window, when he had left it wide open."

"Ah! I thought he heard you, and I felt pretty safe in drawing his fire on myself," chuckled Alan, "but here's poor Nell in a terrible fright, and she still thinks I ran most danger, don't you?" drawing her towards him.

"I don't know what I think, but I'm glad its all well over."

All this time the cause of the turmoil was lying watching the speakers with a more and more puzzled expression, at last, able to contain his curiosity no longer, he blurted out, "Who are those people?"

"My sister, with her husband and friend, at this moment in New Zealand, do you wish to be introduced?"

"After pondering some moments, the man muttered, disgustedly, "Well, I'm blowed! Copped by a bit of bluff with a blooming revolver fifty thousand miles away," which showed his perceptions to be of a higher order than his knowledge of geography.

While the others were laughing over this, the door opened cautiously, and Mr. Malcolm appeared, armed to the teeth with a large poker and a dumb-bell. On seeing the queerly assorted party, he remained staring in amazement. Soon all was explained, and then came the question, what to do with their prisoner until morning, or rather, until daylight. "Leave him where he is," suggested Alan, "one of us will be always in the room, and can hunt you up if he looks like getting loose, but I think Hal's knots are too business-like for that."

"But, Alan," aside to him, for fear of hurting the man's feelings, "am I to have afternoon tea with a burglar," adding with feminine inconsistency, "I shan't be able to give the poor thing a cup of it either."

In spite of Nell's timid objections, this was considered the best solution of the difficulty, and in due course the intruder was delivered up to the hands of justice.

Before, however, the Malcolms had gone back to their beds to finish their broken night, Nell couldn't refrain from saying triumphantly to her father, "What about our longitude now? If we had all been in bed like you, your lovely cups and things would be on the way to the melting-pot by this time."

CHAPTER III.

(A month or so later).

Harry, gloomily and emphatically, "Yes, you were right mother, it *is* beastly."

"But I'm sure I never said anything of the kind, and what is—what you say?"

"Why, not being able to kiss a person in the projector."

"I thought you said imagination was enough, isn't it?"

"No, not nearly enough."

CHAPTER IV.

(Later still).

"I'm going to New Zealand next week."

"My dear boy, what for?"

"To kiss Betty."

THE END.

THE SOWER

On the far edge of Earth, when darkness stole
Like an insetting tide upon the day,
Full in the flicker of the sun's last ray,
That glinted back from ice-cliffs of the Pole,
I saw a Sower stand. Upon the whole
Wide empty sky-space, turned to ashen-gray,
He gazed, the while his mantle fell away
And he stood forth, a disembodied Soul.

From out a casket at his side he drew
A host of stars, and sowed the sullen Night,
Until its grayness changed to kindly blue,
Bespangled with a million points of light.
And then the Sower, smiling, passed from view,
And Heaven blazed superbly into sight.

D. M. Ross.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

How doth time fly apace. I'm getting old!
But to be young again—so some folks say.
Could I but believe this—
Not that I disbelieve it;
But doubt will come, dispelling that quiet certitude
By which we feel the truth.
'Tis vexing to the mind, yet so this doubt
May be truth's own harbinger
Founding, building, garnishing a throne,
On which the soul may sit at ease.
I've heard the thunder roll among the hills,
And watched the lightning flash athwart the trees;
I've seen the dark cloud shadow all the deep,
And heard the waters moan and storming rise;
And yet from out a long and darksome day,
All tempests overpassed, and storms at rest,
I've known a glorious eve arise
Before the night, as born of it,
When nature smiled, and turned unto the sun,
Before he hid his face;
When ocean placid, rippled like a flowing brook,
And every tree dripped wet with liquid gem,
And every flower did glisten in the light,
As waking mirth which follows fear,
That sweetest laughter borne of tears.
'Tis evening with me now, sweet evening bright,
After life's day of stormy night.
For night it is to me, this past, whose memory
I dread more than the future's mystery;
And, yet, throughout that dark distressing woof
In searching for the pattern hidden deep,
One golden thread appears, and never lost to sight,
Gives calm unto the mind, and works within the heart
Sweet comfort of a Providence that slumbers not,
An Eye upon our life, an Heart without our heart,
Wisdom, unbounded Power of Love, All-loving, Infinite!

JAMES MILNE.

A Sculptor and Traveller.

By Danvers Hamber.

IT is not often that a follower of what has been called the "Simplest Art" is one who has travelled over many countries. Those early Egyptian

ALLEN HUTCHINSON.

modellers, whose art was held in bondage to religion, certainly had no opportunities of receiving foreign impressions, and though the symbolism and regularity of moulding created a certain style, not much headway was made with the art until the refined and artistic sense of the Athenians developed Grecian sculpture in a marked degree. Still, we cannot suppose that Pericles, Phidias, or Praxiteles, moved very far away from home, nor do we know of a verity that Donnatello, Andrea Verrochio, Leonardo da Vinci, or even the great Michael Angelo, ever travelled a thousand miles in search of studies. Foreign influence is apparent in the examples of early French sculpture to be seen in the cathedrals of that country, but whether the result is due to sojourning in strange lands, one cannot tell; it would be safer, however, to assume that the first Parisian workers relied upon their reading and upon their artistic imagination. Albert Durer, the German master, was too much the mechanic to be a traveller, nor could one believe that the famous Rauch, Durer's successor many years after, was the sort of man to tramp, with his knapsack upon his back, in foreign climes looking for models upon which to exercise his wonderful genius. In the days when Flaxman could have travelled, he was busily engaged in the Staffordshire Pottery, designing rare and delicate patterns for Wedgewood, and it is more than likely that Grinling Gibbons, Banks, and Alfred Stevens were also indoor students. The French school of the present day contains some men who have travelled, while the English sculptors of the last thirty years have also gone beyond their studios for inspiration.

One of the latter is Mr Allen Hutchinson, who has just commenced a prolonged visit to New Zealand, his chief object being an artistic study of the Maori. This is not the

STUDY OF A HEAD.

first time Mr. Hutchinson has been in the colony, for early in the seventies he travelled through both islands, and spent over twelve

SIR ALFRED STEPHEN.

months in the Chatham Islands. Since then he has visited many countries for his especial purpose—that is, the study of racial types. As Mr. Hutchinson is a sculptor first and a traveller afterwards, it will be as well to say something about his work before telling of the journeys he has undertaken. He first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1883, when he showed a "Study of a Head" in relief. A photograph of the work is re-produced with this sketch, and, like all the other photographs of the artist's work, it betokens that felicity of expression, that gentleness of feeling, and that knowledge of anatomy, so essential to the true artist. In 1884, Mr. Hutchinson exhibited in relief the head of New Zealand's Bishop Selwyn. In 1885 his principal work at the Academy was "A Royal Tiger," and the succeeding year he was represented by two fine studies, "A Rogue Elephant" and "A St. Bernard Dog." At the end of 1886 Mr. Hutchinson left for Canada, and spent some time in studying the Red Indians. He afterwards travelled through British Columbia, California, and other States. Leaving America, he journeyed to Honolulu, and stayed there until 1896, visiting the Islands, and making studies of the native race at the four ages—of childhood, puberty, adult, and old age. During his visit to the Hawaiian Islands Mr. Hutchinson did a large amount of work for the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, besides sending work home to his London studio. In 1894 he found time to forward to the Royal Academy the head of "A Chinese Doctor," while in 1895 he exhibited at the New Gallery, Regent Street, his well-known portrait bust of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. This was taken from life, and the sculptor believes it to be the only one for which the deceased author ever sat. The sittings were given when Stevenson paid his

"OLD PILOT" STUDY.

last visit to Honolulu, in November, 1893. Anxious to obtain another counterfeit presentment of the lamented and talented

writer, arrangements were made for a visit to Stevenson in his own home, and the sculptor was about to start when he was met with the sad news of the death of his host. Of Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Hutchinson speaks as so many other friends have done. He was a terrible sufferer, but despite all his physical disabilities, a delightful and charming companion. Of the artist's work at Hawaii there are excellent illustrations in this number. The frontispiece, "Hawaii Nei," is a beautiful subject of the sculptor's art. The "Old Man" and "Old Women" studies show a great conception which is just as apparent in "The Old Pilot," a very life-like study of an old American sailor at Honolulu.

From Hawaii Mr. Hutchinson journeyed to Sydney, and making that city his headquarters, he executed for the Sydney National Art Gallery a marble bust of the

HEAD OF CHILD.

first President, Sir Alfred Stephen. A re-production of a photograph of this bust is also given here, and this work well exemplifies the artist's treatment. The Sydney Museum authorities were so taken with the models of Hawaiian industrial life

"OSETSU"—JAP. GIRL.

that they purchased two groups, and they will form one of the attractions of the new addition to the museum now being erected. While in Sydney, Mr. Hutchinson made an elaborate study of Jersey cattle, and one example, a fine quarter life size model of a Jersey bull, was exhibited at the Sydney Society of Artists' Exhibition this year. Mr. Hutchinson, of course, became a member of the Sydney Society of Artists, and he speaks in terms of praise of Mr. Julian Ashton and Mr. Sid Long, who greeted the wandering Bohemian most warmly. Perhaps, to call Mr. Hutchinson a Bohemian is not altogether correct. He is, and he is not, and yet, perhaps, there is more of the "is" about him than the negative. Be that as it may, one finds that he is a very entertaining man, apart from his art. He has many interesting stories about the people he has met in his travels. He

has been in India and South Africa, in addition to the other countries I have mentioned. Look at "Osetsu," the charming picture of his bust of a little Jap girl. It is full of character, and the archness of expression is typical and enchanting. There are two other pictures, one of a boy child of four years of age—a white boy—and the other a photograph of the sculptor and traveller himself. Mr. Hutchinson proposes to pay a visit to the Maori King, Mahuta, at the beginning of the New Year. He will then devote himself to the study of the Maori in his pristine vigour, and amid his natural environments. The illustrations of Mr. Hutchinson's work need no comment further than this: they are sufficient to show that his work amongst the Maoris will be decidedly interesting, and of inestimable importance to future generations of New Zealanders, as well as to those far beyond the limits of our shores.

OLD MAN HAWAIIAN TYPES. OLD WOMAN.

INSPIRATION.

Goddess and god am I,
Who from the sky
Speak to the pilgrim soul;
Out of the great Beyond
Come I with magic wand,
Pointing the higher goal.

When on some soul I cry,
And empty winds reply,
Sadly my way I fare;
When in a heart of grace
Find I a welcome place,
Gladly I enter there.

O mortal, brief is life
To waste in earthly strife
Thy fastly fleeting days!
O mortal, life is long,
Would'st thou but raise thy song
To His eternal praise!

E. V. HALL.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN his Maoriland and other verses published by *The Bulletin* Newspaper Company, Sydney, Mr. Arthur H. Adams has redeemed New Zealand from the reproach of stolid freezing silence at a time whem Australia can boast of her O'Haras and Hebblethwaites, her Ogilvies and Pattersons, her Daleys and Brennans. We have in this dainty volume, we do not hesitate to say, as promising work as any other Southern poet has shown in the earlier period of his literary career. Mr. Adams is only twenty-eight years of age, and is assuredly, a writer whom time will ripen. Judged by the absolute standard of criticism —the only one that is just alike to poet and audience—these verses surprise us by their wealth of true poetry. There is genuine poetic imagination in his lyrics like "The Goal," and in many of the sonnets—notably the two entitled "Reminiscence;" and "Love and Life," and in all the longer poems. This imaginative faculty manifests itself in apt and luminous figures. Here are some examples taken almost at random:

"And the nights wedge in the narrow day
Like the walls of an open grave!"

Stars are

"The idle spray God's prow flings in its sweep
Through wider waters."

In the stillness and mysterious light of dawn

"A timid new-born breeze
Stirs through the grasses, petulant—her eyes
Half blinded by the clinging scarves of mist."

Our poet, too, has ideas that are well worth clothing in the richest dress the poetic art can weave. "The Minstrel,"—an incident in one act—"The Question," "The Goal," and "To You," abound in striking thought. Even in his lighter verse there is much to arrest the attention. This is a stanza from "A Song of Failure." The fighter in life's battle who "faltered and quailed" addresses those whom the world acclaims heroes.

"We that lie dumb in your scorning
Made you the heroes you are,
Built you a road to the morning
Taught you to reach for a star;
We have had sight of the glory,
Pointed it clear to the blind;
Yours is the conquerors' story,
Ours is the vision you find."

Many of the shorter poems deal with the elemental feelings, and show that the author possesses that essential of the poet—a broad and palpitating human sympathy. Maternal love, the beauty and simplicity of a child's innocence, the passionate longing for a love that shall ennoble, are the subjects of some of the best lyrics in the book. The following stanzas from "The Epitaph" will perhaps show clearly how strong a grip upon our emotions Mr. Adams can succeed in getting and retaining.

The earth speaks:

"Hush! he drowses, drowses deep,
While my quiet arms I keep
Close about him in his sleep.

Once he glanced at me aghast,
Shuddered from my kiss, and passed—
But I hold him here at last.

He had frenzied thoughts of fame,
Piteous strivings for a name—
But I called him and he came.

Called him with the mother-call
That shall on the weary fall,
Whispering Home to all, to all.

Fair white skin he looked upon;
Eyes in his with passion shone;
But my patient love has won.

* * * * *

When his trump God's angel blows,
When he shudders, wakens, knows,
I shall hold him close, so close!

He will feel life's aching pain,
Turn his lips to me, and then
Sink to dreamless sleep again.

So for aye my love I keep
Here upon my breast asleep—
Hush!—he drowses—drowses—deep!"

Quotation, of course, cannot convey any adequate idea of the force of some of the best poems. "The Question" is a powerful treatment of the old, old story of the deserted wife and the paramour. They meet over the body of the man, and the question for answer is, to whom does he rightfully belong?

"All had sinned, for the husband had killed by his clutch
Rough-handed, the fruit of a love that had dropped at his touch;
One woman's great sin was not loving, his wife's was in loving too much."

There is a distinctly patriotic tone sounding in most of the verse inspired by New Zealand subjects; but it is disappointing to find that the attempts at description show too much conscious effort, and fail to leave any distinct impression on the mind. Yet there is considerable promise in the sonnet entitled "My Land," and a generous measure of fulfilment in "The Brave Days to Be," a dream of New Zealand's mercifully exerted power when Britain's might shall be spent.

"Her old frame enervated with the pangs
Of bearing progenies of giant men,
Who shackled the careering centuries
To one small Island's name!"

This is the Utopia pictured by Mr. Adams, to which we suppose the approaching elections will advance us a giant step:

"This was the time
When all were children of a mother State,
And for the common weal did common work;
And all had freedom, for no man was free
In thought or deed to do his neighbour scathe.
This was the culminating noon, the crown
Of time to which our leaders, rudely husked,
But kernelled with a rich humanity—
Had won their way."

Mr. Adams is one of the few Australasian poets who have tried blank verse, and his handling of it is extremely pleasing. "The Coming of Te Rauparaha" is another locally inspired poem written in this measure. The rhythm and metre of these poems are remarkable for their grace and limpidity. There is, however, in the shorter pieces one fault that is almost a mannerism; this is the use of rhymes like page is, ages; ranges, change is; forest, evermore rest; mist as, vistas; shut rose is, encloses. The phrasing is sometimes weak, and thoughts which are quite obvious are given far too much importance, as in the second stanza of "Afterwards." Sometimes the poet states a paradox that he cannot prove; in "A Woman's Farewell" he makes the farewell the result of the man's lapse of love, and in succeeding lines the probable cause of it. A poet's thought must, within certain limits, be as logical and as clearly conceived as that of a prose-writer. There is a poem on "Myself,"—perhaps the least pleasing in the book; it is a jumble of irreconcilable thoughts, some of them of surprising superficiality, considering how much Mr. Adams has really done well in this his first publication. If he had omitted a few of the verses in the earlier part of the book, the poetry would have been uniformly good. It is unfortunate that "Maoriland," the poem chosen to give the title to the book, is by no means the best, and that its first stanza is remarkably weak and trivial. Some of the other Maoriland verses, too, "On the Plains," for example, have nothing to recommend them but their skilful versification, and, here and there, some felicity of diction; they are evidently more experiments, and should have been kept from the public eye. This, however, is the only fault that we have to find, and we all know that a poet is not the best judge of his own works. We hope we have made it sufficiently clear that there are in this volume poems of genuine worth, thoughts to be read and re-read, the digestion of which will be accompanied by a most pleasurable and profitable increase and strengthening of our mental and spiritual health. We welcome

Arthur H. Adams as a man worthy of our deepest attention, and claim for him a right to be heard as the most promising of all New Zealand poets.

"A MAORI MAID," by H. B. Vogel—Macmillan's Colonial Library—is a novel that should appeal strongly to the colonial public by its fresh and vivid description of back-country life and scenes. It has much genuine human interest, too, and though there is some attempt at a treatment of the sex problem, the moral of the tale is distinctly healthy. The plot has tragic possibilities that the author has by no means neglected, and the characters, notably that of the heroine, and of her foster father, are conceived with considerable artistic power. The book abounds in romantic incident, and in one or two scenes is almost idyllic. There is a certain conscious attempt at smart writing in the more philosophical parts, but it is not too obtrusive, and one is left with a pleasurable expectation of Mr. Vogel's next novel. Judging, however, from some of the criticisms passed upon "My Dear Sir! A Tale of a Duchess, a Marquis, and a Mere Tutor," his second long work will disappoint readers of "A Maori Maid." Mr. Vogel has deserted our fertilely romantic pastures; he has chosen, presumably, to enter into competition with the romantico-historical novelists of the day, and has produced, according to *The Athenæum*, a harmless and common-place love story, crowded with titled persons, and with little that is striking in thought.

"CROSS TRAILS," by Victor Waite—Methuen and Co.—is another attempt at a representation of New Zealand life. Considerably more than half of the action is laid in the northern part of the North Island. There is almost a total absence of constructive power, the plot being of the thinnest kind, and meandering woefully through the two books. There are some good points made in characterisation; the reader is interested in the hero, a weak-kneed drunkard, with the suspicion of murder hanging over him, almost throughout the story, and in the delineation of the traits of the half-caste girl who helps to ruin him. But one can less grudgingly praise the scattered pictures of bush, and farm, and township life. The Argentine part of the novel paints customs and characters so foreign to those with which we are acquainted, that it cannot but have a keen interest for us; and if there is the same fidelity and naturalness that there is in the scenes from New Zealand life, it must be accepted as a reliable transcript of the habits and characteristic thoughts of the Argentine plainsmen.

WE note that *The Bulletin Newspaper Co., Ltd.*, which has already done such good work in the publication of Australian literature, promises "A Rose of Regret," by James Hebblethwaite, the nature-loving Tasmanian poet, whose genuinely inspired work has found so much favour of late from Australian admirers of true poetry.

AMERICA.

The attitude adopted by the United States during the present Transvaal difficulty is what might have been expected; still, the spontaneous manner in which that country has proferred its moral support to Great Britain is an exemplification of the maxmim that "blood is thicker than water," and is also an evidence of the gratitude for the position which England took up during the Spanish-American War. The position of America during that war was very similar to the position of England at the present time. There was no question of the ultimate result of a contest between Spain and America, as there is no question of the final issue between Great Britain and the Boers. The only danger was the possibility of foreign interference, either during the struggle, or when it came to the final settlement of terms between the conqueror and conquered. As a friendly, but neutral nation, England said to the other Powers: "Hands off! you must not interfere"; and at the present time America officially, through her most prominent men, says the same thing. President McKinley has declared that his Consuls shall protect British interests in the Transvaal, despite any protest of President Kruger; and Admiral Dewey, who is just now the idol of the American nation, on being interviewed with reference to the war, is reported to have said: "If England requires the United States Navy to give the balance of Europe a lesson to mind its own business, the sentiment of this country would give it to her. I should like to be in command on such an occasion." Utterances of this character from men in high positions are indicative of the cordial relations existing between the two countries, and give colour to the whispered report that a secret Anglo-Saxon Alliance is really in existence.

FRANCE.

From Paris come the news that the Chamber of Deputies has voted a sum of sixty million francs for the purposes of providing additional means of defence for the coasts of France and for putting the defences of that country's colonies in proper order. The amount is a fairly large one for France to spend in such a way, but it is not nearly sufficient to carry out the proposed improvements in a fit and proper manner. The Duchesse d'Uzés, who attained some notoriety and great unpopularity by her participation in the Boulanger craze, has once again put herself in an unenviable position. This wealthy and eccentric lady has raised a legion in New York composed of followers of President Kruger. The palm-greased enthusiasts will, it is understood, leave America unarmed, and they are to be supplied by the Duchesse with more

money and the necessary lethal weapons upon arrival within the borders of the Transvaal. As the British Government has been informed of the formation of this awe-inspiring legion, it is possible that the Krugerites will never reach their proposed destination. It is eminently satisfactory to note that *Le Debats*, the leading Parisian journal, has deprecated the attacks made by a certain section of the French Press upon Queen Victoria and the British empire. It is quite time that some such stricture on the dastardly and objectionable attacks was passed, and this semi-official denouncement should do a great deal to smooth the feelings of those who have felt that France was degrading herself by allowing the use of the insulting language referred to.

THE SOUDAN.

THE victory of the Egyptian Army, under Sir Francis Wingate, over the Dervishes, led by the Khalifa, at Gelid, on the Blue Nile, should result in the complete tranquilizing of the Soudan. The battle was decisive in character, for the Khalifa Abdallah was killed, in company with hundreds of his fanatical followers, and many thousands of prisoners were taken. That wary old agitator and capable soldier, Osman Digna, escaped once more, but his forces are so depleted and broken up that he cannot long be a cause of trouble. He will find it very hard to rally the tribes again, and still more difficult to invest them with the belief that he can defeat the British-led Egyptians. Even the Soudanese, who know no fear, have come to the conclusion that it is of no use to fight against the British soldier. The latter always wins in the long run, and Dervishes are, after all, only human. This last crushing defeat should convince them that under no leader can they prevail. So confident is the Government about the future that they have declared the Soudan to be open to trade.

THE TRANSVAAL.

DURING the past month Britain's war with the Boers has almost monopolised attention. The arrival of General Sir Redvers Buller, his assistant generals, and his staff, and the steady stream of British reinforcements travelling to South Africa has allayed the feeling of insecurity that was apparent shortly after the outbreak of hostilities. General Buller has now a sufficient force at his command to effectually carry out his plan of campaign, and though some time may elapse before President Kruger sees the wisdom of submitting to the inevitable, the end of the war can be predicted with certainty. There must be more hardly-won battles, with more terrible loss of life, before the fighting farmers of the Transvaal are finally subjected. That they must be overwhelmingly defeated in the end has always been perfectly clear. The safety of Kimberley may be regarded with a great degree of assurance, for General Lord Methuen, who is marching to the relief of the beleagured garrison, is already in heliographic communication with the besieged inhabitants, after defeating the enemy at Belmont. The Boers, however, hold the Modder Bridge, and should they determine to destroy this only means of crossing the Modder River, there may be some difficulty in relieving Kimberley with despatch. At this season the river is bound to be in flood, and the Boers could undoubtedly make the task of the attacking army a hazardous and dangerous one if they should decide to do away with the bridge. In Natal, the British troops are now very strong. Lieutenant-General Clery is moving towards Ladysmith with a force of ten thousand men. He marches *via* Colenso, and should he encounter General Joubert's army, he will have the assistance of Major-General Hildyard's army corps. The New South Wales Lancers have been the first of the Colonial troops to cross swords with the enemy, and in the engagement at Grass Pan, near Belmont, a detachment did excellent work in charging the retreating Boers. A portion of the New Zealand contingent has started for De Aar.