

voice of Ruapehu shall be heard, and the place that knew ye shall know ye no more! Ye have violated the sacred precincts of the dead; ye have placed your fathers in dishonoured graves! And thou, Tamati, son of Wiremi, thou dog born of a man and of a woman—thou shame to thy tribe, I tell thee thou art *makutu* (bewitched), and ere seven suns have set, thou shalt have ceased to breathe!"

For a moment the old chief was silent, pointing solemnly at Tamati, who, with a piercing shriek, fell forward, frothing at the mouth.

they sang in Maori the following words:

"Springtime may come and go,
The tides may ebb and flow,
Bright summer come again,
The moons may wax and wane,
But thou, my friend, Toko,
Wilt ne'er return again!"

As they sang the solemn refrain, "Wilt ne'er return again," the old chief quietly left the meeting-house, and, wearing his tattered blanket with a regal air, sped over hills and gullies, across creeks, straight as the crow flies, towards a sacred cave in which were laid the bones of his ancestors. Unconscious of wounds and bruises, feeling not the



LAY DOWN BY THE BONES OF HIS ANCESTORS—DEAD.

"And ye, my tribesmen," continued the aged warrior, "ye who have longed for my death, yet have made no preparation for it; ye who would not grant me funeral honours, who would bury Toko, the victorious, as a slave—ye shall mourn for me *now*! Ye shall sing me a *pihe* while yet these ears are open!"

And straightway the old chief began chanting a mournful dirge, in which joined the frightened Maoris, compelled by sheer force of will.

High and mournful rose the strain, and the impressionable natives bowed their heads, and wept copiously as, rocking to and fro,

weakness of age, conscious only of the determination to mingle his bones with those of his fathers, rejoicing in the fact that he had not died unhonoured and unsung—he reached at last the sacred cave which, as chief and priest, he had visited in days gone by. In it were the carefully scraped and painted bones of his father. The entrance to the cave was closed by a huge rock, which it was usually the work of two strong men to remove. With the strength born of despair, the aged warrior—last of the Ngatiapu, still greatest among his people—pushed away the stone, entered the cave, and lay down by the bones of his ancestors—*dead*!