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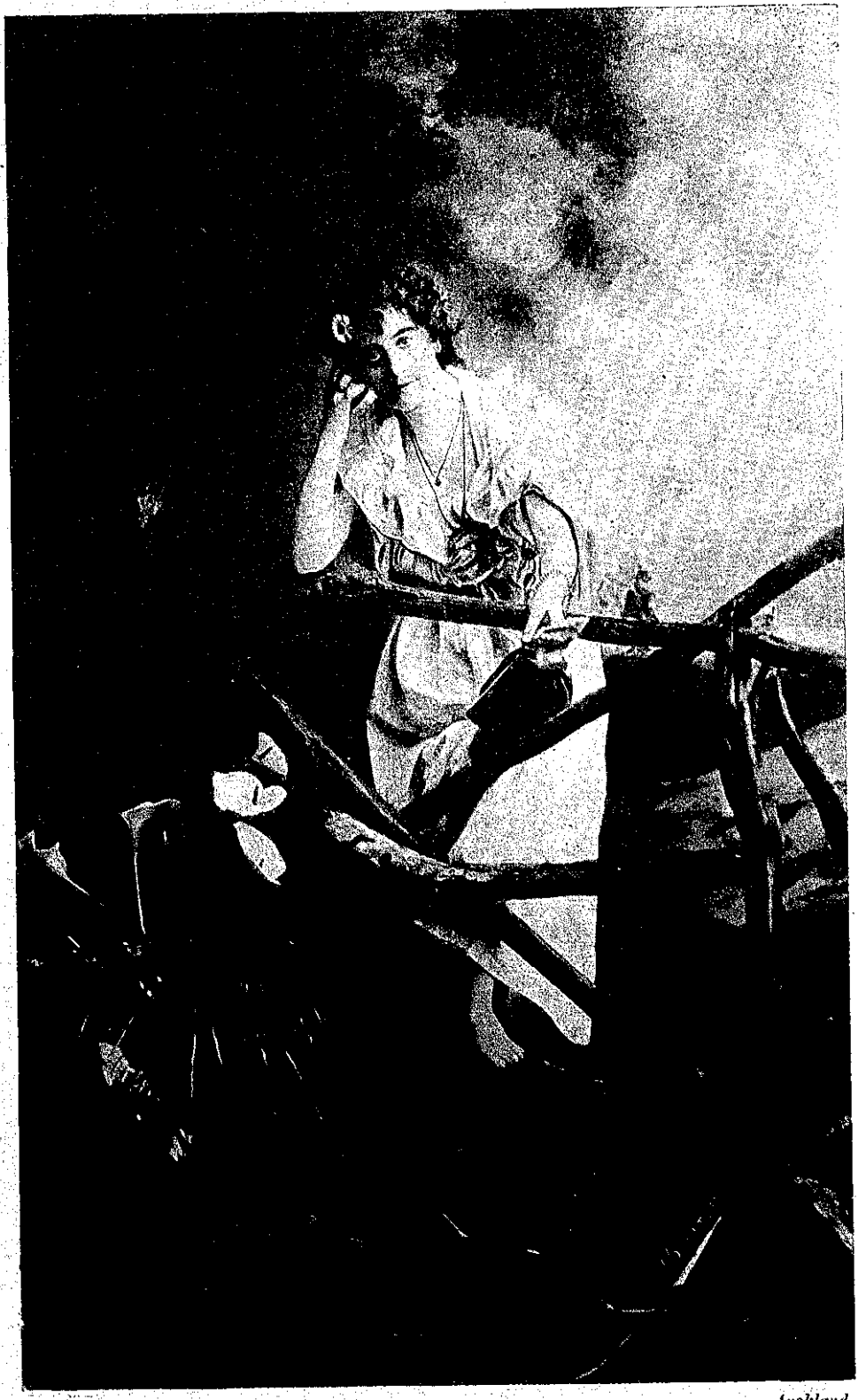


Bartlett, Photo., "WAITING." *Auckland.*

"Townsley, Traitor."

By Frank Hedley.

Illustrated by H. E. Taylor.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLES SNELGROVE was in his office on the morning of the 14th January, 1897, and his clerk had just handed him a card with a name on it that made him jump up in his chair.

"Show Mr. Pearson in, please, Dixon," and he added in a whisper, "send the boy off for Detective Smart."

The visitor was shown in, and Mr. Snelgrove looked at him so long before offering him a seat that Mr. Pearson showed annoyance.

"I really beg your pardon," said Snelgrove, at length, "pray take a seat. The fact is I was wondering how a man, usually so far-sighted, should cable me to hang on to Knock-me-downs."

"What!" cried the visitor, starting up, "Do you mean to say you haven't sold?"

"Oh! it's Ormuz," murmured Selgrove to himself. Then he said aloud, "I beg your pardon; I thought you were Cevic—I mean—have you any means of identifying yourself?"

"Well, really, Mr. Snelgrove, I began to wonder whether you had been in the sun. But your last question is a rational one. Yes, I have your letter asking for a description of myself. I have also brought all the correspondence for the last six months, both with yourself and with the S. Pacific Bank. As far as my description goes——"

"Your personal appearance has already been described to us, Mr. Pearson."

"Oh, has it?" replied that gentleman. "By whom?"

"By your Bank."

"Then I trust I answer to the description."

"Perfectly."

"That's very satisfactory," replied Mr. Pearson, with evident relief. "But you haven't held on to the shares, have you?"

"No, I sold."

"How much?" said Mr. Pearson, eagerly.

"£30,000," replied the broker.

"Well done. Then we can settle up at once."

"May I look at the correspondence you mentioned," asked Snelgrove.

"Well, really, this is very annoying; but here you are, you'll find all your letters from the time you bought for me till your last letter, dated 26th October. I'll read the paper if you don't mind, while you're looking through them."

Mr. Snelgrove bowed, and the two sat down to their separate occupations.

The sharp, young broker had by this time begun to have an unpleasant feeling that he was making a fool of himself, a feeling that increased as he read through the letters, which were undeniably in his own handwriting. But £30,000 were at stake, and he intended to use every precaution.

He read very slowly to gain time, for he was determined to do nothing until the detective came. He was conscious of the fact that Mr. Pearson was looking at him over the newspaper while he was reading the letters.

Presently Mr. Snelgrove's face cleared, for

he heard a well-known voice in the outer office, and then Mr. Smart walked in, giving Mr. Pearson a searching glance before greeting the broker.

"Mr. Pearson," said Mr. Snelgrove, "I have looked through these letters, and I must say I have no room to doubt you are my client, Mr. George Pearson; but I should just like to state my reasons for what you might consider over caution."

Mr. Snelgrove then spoke of the contradictory messages received from the other man, of his shipping from Liverpool under the name of Courtenay, and of the identical description cabled from Colombo and New York, and wound up by apologising for his caution, which he had merely exercised in the interests of his client.

Mr. Pearson sat with his eyes fixed on Mr. Snelgrove while he was speaking, although he was aware Mr. Smart's keen eyes were watching every expression of his face.

When Mr. Snelgrove had finished, he said: "This is a most extraordinary story. It is very apparent that some clever swindler is attempting to personate me. There was a man named Courtenay living at the same boarding-house with me, but he was such a simpleton, that I can hardly think it's the man."

"It is, then," said the detective, speaking for the first time.

"Well, you surprise me! Did you say he was expected by the 'Alameda'?"

"The 'Alameda' is in, said the detective," and Mr. Pearson is safe in the lock-up."

"Mr. Courtenay, you mean," said Mr. Pearson, smiling.

"Mr. Courtenay, then."

"Well, Mr. Snelgrove, this doesn't bring me any nearer my money. Let us get to business."

The broker looked at the detective as if for advice.

"Well," said Mr. Smart, "the fact is the prisoner still maintains that he is Mr. Pearson; and I should advise you to wait, Mr. Snelgrove, till this gentleman has proved in a court of law that he is the genuine Mr. Pearson. It's merely a matter of form, as he seems to have abundant proof of his identity. It's only a question of waiting a day or two, Mr. Pearson."

"Well," said that gentleman, rising, "you have the pull on me, so I must seek advice in other quarters. The letters, please, Mr. Snelgrove. Thank you. Can you recommend me to a good lawyer?"

"Wills and Ledger, 10, Queen Street," replied Snelgrove.

"Already engaged by the other side!" said the detective, sharply. "Long, Halter and Scraggs are the best criminal lawyers."

"Oh! thank you, Mr. ——, I didn't catch your name."

"Smart, detective."

"Thank you, Mr. Smart, detective."

"Good day, Mr. Snelgrove. I think you'll find before this business is finished that you've made a very nice little mess of it."

With these words Mr. Pearson left the room.

Snelgrove and the detective remained silent till they heard the door of the outer office close. Then the dective said: "Queerest case I ever had anything to do with. They're as like as two peas. If this man isn't Pearson, I'll swear he's not the man the London fellows say he is. There's a certain mark about the man they want that this man hasn't got, because I looked carefully. Now the other man has got this mark, and yet I could almost swear he isn't the man they want either. This man has the correspondence, which is certainly in his favour, but the other one declares he has convincing proof that he isn't Pearson. Do you know what I think?"

"What?"

"Neither of them's Pearson."

CHAPTER IV.

The Court was crowded to suffocation, for the interest in the Pearson case had quickly travelled from the Stock Exchange, and the whole city was alive with excitement.

The young brokers were there in full force, and all eyes were turned towards the table, where Mr. Ormuz Pearson was laughing and

chatting with Mr. Scraggs, who was conducting his case.

The business of the Court had not yet begun, for the judge was finishing his cigar in his private room. But the crowd found plenty of amusement in watching every movement of the plaintiff, and the backers of Cevic looked in vain for some evidence of disguise.

"Oh! well, I won't refuse a certainty," said one young fellow, laughing. "Put me down."

"And me—and me," cried eight or nine voices, and Snelgrove hastily booked the wagers.

He had hardly written the last name when there was a cry of "Silence in the Court!" and the judge entered and took his seat.

MR SNELGROVE LOOKED AT HIM SO LONG BEFORE OFFERING HIM A SEAT THAT MR PEARSON LOOKED ANNOYED.

"No good, old man!" said half a dozen young fellows to Snelgrove, who stood to lose £500.

"My book is not yet full," said that gentleman, doggedly.

"You don't mean to say—"

"I mean to say that I'll take as many as you like at three to one in tens."

"You must be mad."

"Mad or not, I'll do it," and Snelgrove took out his pocket-book.

"Pearson v. Courtenay," said the Clerk of the Court, who explained that the defendant was a prisoner awaiting his trial on another charge.

The prisoner was now brought in, and a buzz of astonishment ran through the Court when it was seen how exactly, even absurdly, he was the counterpart of the plaintiff.

While Mr. Scraggs gathered up his papers, preparatory to opening the case, the defendant riveted his gaze on the plaintiff with

such a puzzled expression on his face that Snelgrove, who was watching him, was half inclined to think that the detective's theory was right.

Mr. Scraggs now rose: "In opening the case, my Lord, I may state that the plaintiff, Mr. George Pearson, has, or had, certain shares in a gold mine at Taratahi, near Auckland, called the Knock-me-down. Mr. Pearson bought these shares in Sydney, and commissioned Mr. Snelgrove, of this city, sharebroker, to transact the business for him. Since that time Mr. Snelgrove has acted as agent for Mr. Pearson, who immediately afterwards went to England, where he has resided ever since. Now Mr. Pearson has never been in New Zealand, and had never seen Mr. Snelgrove, who, without a description of his client, would naturally be at a loss to identify him if he came out to New Zealand. On the 26th of November Mr. Pearson, who resided at No. 0, Brunswick Square, received a letter from New Zealand, or rather this letter came to the above address while Mr. Pearson was away on the Continent. This letter contained important news concerning the rise in the price of Knock-me-down scrip, and also contained a request from Mr. Snelgrove for a description of Mr. Pearson. Now, this letter was opened on its arrival by a boarder named Pawson, who had arrived at No. 0, Brunswick Square, while Mr. Pearson was away on the Continent. He had previously confided to a fellow boarder, named Courtenay, that he expected a letter. He had also publicly stated that nobody would know him in Auckland. This man Courtenay left the boarding-house on the same day as Mr. Pearson left for the Continent. Mr. Pawson appeared two days afterwards, and we have evidence to prove that Pawson was no other than Courtenay in disguise, who had wormed out secrets from the plaintiff. Beyond this we have only one witness, Mr. Snelgrove, who will presently swear that the correspondence, which the plaintiff has with him is genuine. This correspondence deals with the Knock-me-down shares from the time they were bought till Mr. Snelgrove received instructions to sell out. The plaintiff has also letters relating to money matters with the Bank, and also a cablegram received to-day from the S. Pacific Bank that they hold certain deeds which Mr. Pearson deposited with them, according to his custom, before starting for New Zealand. The plaintiff has made it a practise for years never to carry letters about his person. All important letters he keeps under lock and key in this cash-box which lies before me. All unimportant correspondence he destroys. The plaintiff, as your Lordship will presently see, answers in every detail to the various descriptions of Mr. G. Pearson, which have been cabled to Mr. Snelgrove and to the police. We have thought it best to give a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, which speak for themselves. We withhold nothing, for the genuineness of our client's claim is too apparent for even caution. I now sit down, puzzled to know what possible proofs or arguments the defendant can put forward in the face of such overwhelming evidence as I have presented to the Court."

Mr. Scraggs sat down with a beaming countenance quite foreign to his naturally shifty expression.

He had, for many years, habitually fought on the shady side, and now he quite basked in the sunshine of a clear case.

There was suppressed applause when Mr. Scraggs had finished, and Snelgrove and other backers of Cevic felt their chances were hopeless.

Mr. Snelgrove was then called, and gave evidence concerning the cablegrams.

Mr. Ledger, acting on behalf of the defendant, declined to cross-examine, and this being the only witness for the prosecution, the witnesses for the defendant were brought forward.

Charles Henderson was sworn in.

Mr. Ledger: "Your name, please?"

Witness: "Charles Henderson."

Mr. Ledger: "You are the Inspector of Police for this district?"

Witness: "Yes."

Mr Ledger: "Have you received instructions from the Home authorities about this case?"

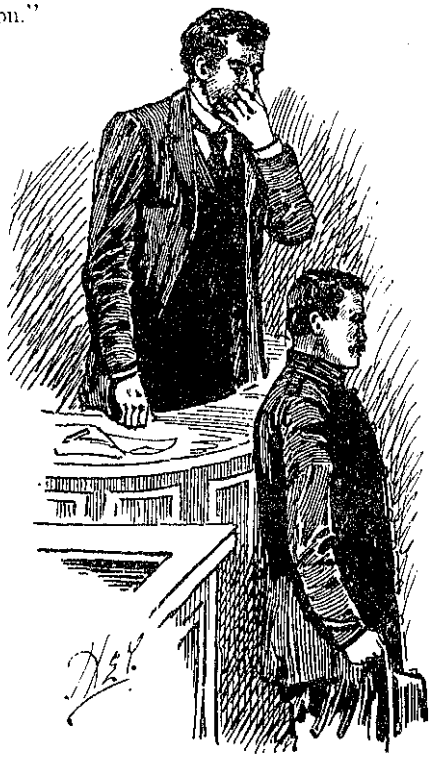
Witness: "I have."

Mr. Ledger: "Will you please state them to the Court?"

Witness: "I received instructions to arrest the defendant on a charge of obtaining £500 from the S. Pacific Bank by means of a forged cheque."

Mr. Ledger: "Whom do you believe the defendant to be?"

Witness: "An ex-convict, who has lately been known to us as Courtenay, *alias* Pawson."



THE TOP OF HIS MIDDLE FINGER WAS WANTING.

Mr. Ledger: "What was his last offence?"

Witness: "Ten years ago, he was sentenced for three years for personation."

Mr. Ledger: "A similar case to this?"

Witness: "Yes."

Mr. Ledger: "What was the name of this man?"

Witness: "Charles Townsley."

Mr. Ledger: "Has he any marks about his body that would lead to identification?"

Witness: "He has lost the top joint of one finger."

Mr. Ledger: "Which finger?"

Witness: "The middle finger."

Mr. Ledger: "On which hand?"

Witness: "The left hand."

There was a sensation in Court at this juncture. For the prisoner was ostentatiously stroking his face with his left hand, and the top of his middle finger was wanting."

The plaintiff, too, was visibly surprised, and sat staring for some seconds at the prisoner, but the attention of the Court being transferred to him, he performed the same movement with his hand, and—his finger was intact.

It was now the prisoner's turn to be astonished, and the open-mouthed wonder with which he regarded the plaintiff created a laugh amongst the audience.

"By Jove," thought Snelgrove, "Neither is the man. At least I shall lose nothing in that case."

The examination was continued:

Mr. Ledger: "Is it possible to have an artificial joint so skilfully attached to the finger as to appear at a distance to be the natural finger joint?"

Witness: "Well, I suppose so."

Mr. Ledger: "Thank you, Mr. Henderson, that will do."

The next witness called was Henry Wigan.

Mr. Ledger: "Your name is Henry Wigan?"

Witness: "That is my name."

Mr. Ledger: "What is your profession?"

Witness; "Doctor of medicine."

Mr. Ledger: "Have you ever met Mr. Pearson?"

Witness: "Yes."

Mr. Ledger: "Where?"

Witness: "In Charter's Towers, Queensland."

Mr. Ledger: "Was he a patient of yours?"

Witness: "Yes."

Mr. Ledger: "What for?"

Witness: "Cataract."

Mr. Ledger: "Was it successful?"

Witness: "Yes."

Mr. Ledger: "Have you examined the prisoner's eyes?"

Witness: "Yes, in conjunction with Dr. Greene."

Mr. Ledger: "What did you find?"

Witness: "We found distinct traces of a former operation for cataract."

Mr. Ledger: "When you performed that operation, did you notice that Mr. Pearson had any peculiarity about his left hand?"

Witness: "Yes, he put up his left hand while the operation was being performed, and I noticed that he had lost the top joint of his middle finger."

Mr. Ledger: Will you swear to this?"

Witness: "Yes."

Mr. Ledger: "Thank you. That will do."

After the examination of this witness the whole Court was so interested that not a sound could be heard when the next witness entered the box.

Mr. Ledger: "What is your name?"

Witness: "William James Shepperd."

Mr. Ledger: "What is your profession?"

Witness: "Doctor of medicine."

Mr. Ledger: "Where do you practise?"

Witness: "In Sydney."

Mr. Ledger: What brought you to Auckland?"

Witness: "I came in answer to a letter from Mr. Pearson."

Mr. Ledger: "Where did the letter come from?"

Witness: "The heading and post-mark were both Liverpool."

Mr. Ledger: "And the date of the letter?"

Witness: "6th December"

Mr. Ledger: "Is Mr. Pearson a friend of yours?"

Witness: "Yes."

The people in the body of the Court noticed that the witness never looked at the plaintiff, who, on the other hand, regarded the witness with absorbing interest, and seemed to hang on every word he said.

Mr. Ledger: "Did you have reason to believe the letter was genuine?"

Witness: "Yes, it was certainly Mr. Pearson's handwriting, and contained private matters only known to Mr. Pearson and myself."

Mr. Ledger: "Did the defendant explain why he was coming out to New Zealand?"

Witness: "Yes. He wrote and told me he had taken the name of Courtenay because he was afraid the police would stop him if he shipped in his own name. He asked me to come over to Auckland to identify him. He said he couldn't enter into particulars."

Mr. Ledger: "Did you not think there was something wrong?"

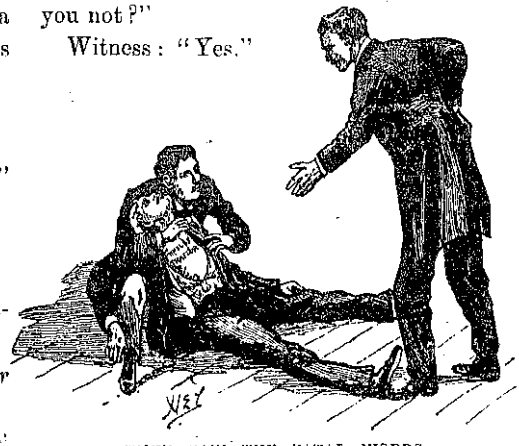
Witness: "Not about him."

Mr. Ledger: "Why not?"

Witness: "Because Mr. Pearson is a great friend of mine. I have known him too long to suspect him of anything shady."

Mr. Ledger: "You once had a peculiar case under your notice in Melbourne, did you not?"

Witness: "Yes."



THEY SAW THE FATAL WORDS.

Mr. Ledger: "Will you explain it to the Court?"

Mr. Ledger now looked round, and smacked his lips as if the bonne bouche were now coming.

Witness: "A man was one day brought into the hospital suffering with a severe case of fever. We had to use force to undress him, and we found that he had been tattooed. We found out afterwards, through an anonymous letter, that this had been done by his mates out of revenge in order that he might be known again. He had been tied down, and his struggles, combined with the rough way in which the operation had been performed, had induced high fever in which he was brought to the hospital."

Mr. Ledger: "Where was the man tattooed?"

Witness: "On his chest."

Mr. Ledger: "What was tattooed?"

The whole Court was worked up to fever heat, for the defendant had exposed his chest, which bore no sign whatever of having at any time been tattooed.

Witness: "The words were tattooed in large letters—'TOWNSLEY TRAITOR.'"

As the witness said these words the whole Court rose to their feet. The plaintiff had fallen down in a dead faint, and when they tore open his shirt, they saw the fatal words —"TOWNSLEY TRAITOR"—in broad letters on his chest.

Mr. Snelgrove netted eleven hundred pounds. [FINIS.]

EX ANIMO.

Oh! do not urge
So many reasons why 'tis best to part;
How, loved you ever, have you now the heart
To offer reasons where they cannot live?
None for your love you'd give,
Then why one now?—
O bitterness of the most voiceless surge
That peace will not allow.

It is enough
To say that now you love not, who have loved;
To say that now I move not, who have moved
Your heart to bend round mine and clasp it near.
It is enough, that here
Is not your place.
But why, oh! why such cruel, cold rebuff,
Such blow on love's dear face?

Might I but ask
If love too gladly given is too cold?
And yet you wooed me in those days of old
As fearful as you dreaded I were lost:
Too great?—too slight?—the cost,
Do I fall short?
Oh! set me any labour, any task
To please you as I ought.

I would subdue
My heart its dearest wish to please your eye,
Yet, lost love; then the hope for you must die,
Since that is yet the dearest that I hold!
To my breast I'd enfold
The viper ghast,—
Ah! might I know 'twould lift me up to you,
Again loved at the last.

But do not plead
Such bare cold reasons for the death of love.
Yours vows to quieten him did hotly move
And breathed swift life into his very bones:
Into the cold dead stones
He will not sink:
His broken cry is there no heart to heed,
Tottering on the brink?

If dark before
His sleep was, ere awakened by your voice
To throbbing life, scarcely his own of choice,
How dark the gloom he now must stumble thro',
Guided thereto by you—
Too all alone.
It breaks my heart to think that nevermore
My soul may know its own.

. . . . . .

Yet, go thy way.
Thy path would be no smoother laid by mine;
My own, its course I cannot well divine.
Thy lips can only swear the truth away,—
Oh! sweet-voiced once were they;
All is undone.
Come, come! O heart, my heart!—how sweet you say
That doubt and love are one!

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

The Ancient Wisdom of the Maori.

By John St. Clair.

MUCH of what Theosophists have learnt since they began the study of the secret doctrine was known to the ancient Maori and their tohungas, or priests initiate, who claim this secret wisdom as their birthright, and carefully guard it from the profane. This wisdom was taught to the chosen few in the Wharekura, or school of initiation, mangaimangai, or mouth to ear, under the vow of silence, and despite the confusion which the missionary has caused the tohungas, and the great effort to brand the ancient religion of the Maori as Paganism and idolatry, the scattered brands of their ancient fires are bursting once again into flames, and the few tohungas who are left recognise in Theosophy their lost heritage. Another proof that it is the Divine wisdom underlying every ancient system of religion and philosophy. In days of old, when this now fallen race was at its zenith, long before its migration to New Zealand, it occupied part of a vast continent to the west of New Zealand, stretching towards India, now sunk beneath the waves. A remnant of this continent was called Hawaiki, which was a large island that sank at a later period. This is not generally known even to the bulk of the Maoris themselves, and half informed Europeans jump at conclusions, and try to reconcile the name Hawaiki with Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Group, regardless of the fact that in all the legends and poems the story of the migration points to the fact that Kupe directed the canoes to sail for a land towards the rising sun; that is they were to go east, not west, as they would have to have done if they came from the Sandwich Islands. Besides this, the Polynesian legends confirm the idea that the canoes went to the east. But to return to our subject. When the race was at its zenith in Hawaiki, it had its schools of philosophy, in which the ancient mysteries were taught by tohungas, or priest adepts. These mysteries, as in ancient Egypt and Greece, had for their object the initiation of the candidate into the mysteries of man and the universe. They were taught the necessity of the solidarity of the human race, the brotherhood of mankind, man's relation to himself and to his fellow beings, and to all that lived, his origin and destiny, the story of creation, or the building of the Kosmos, such as it is stated in the secret doctrine.

At Parihaka, about forty-five miles from New Plymouth, on the west coast of the North Island of New Zealand, lives an ancient tohunga, named Te Whiti, who has been much persecuted and laughed at by ignorant Europeans. He is a born mystic, and a grand man, and Europeans know not what they are despising when they talk lightly of Te Whiti, and style him a fanatic and other such names. Te Whiti has restored the three ancient schools of philosophy, viz., the Whare-Maire, or school of the apprentice degree of initiation; the Whare-ahurewa, or fellow craft, in which the more matured candidate, after having qualified in the lower school in astronomy, meditation, poetry, etc., was further tested, and, as he merited it, was taught by degrees Karakias (mantrams) and how to use them, who he was, where he came from, his object in being

on earth, the influence of the planets and the cycles of time, the figures of which are almost identical with those given out by H. P. Blavatsky to her pupils, and partially given out in the secret doctrine. The candidate was gradually tested as to his power to keep his vow of secrecy. All the boys and girls in the village were set to try and worm his secrets out of him, and woe betide him if he betrayed such secrets. If he passed these tests successfully he became ripe for the Whare-Kura, or highest school of initiation, and was attached as a pupil to some old tohunga, who gradually, step by step, completed his initiation into the mysteries, and he eventually became a tohunga or initiate.

The tohunga is one who has risen above and overcome all his lower passions and appetities; is indifferent to pleasure or pain, and works only for the good of his race and fellow beings. And this is the reason why Te Whiti entertains everybody, whether European or Maori, who go to Parihaka. He was once told what a great place the Queen of England's palace was, and about her royal pomp and state; also about England's navy, etc. He was silent for some time, and then, in his truly mysterious manner said, "This may all be good, but she has not got four thousand pannikins, and so all the grandeur of King Solomon is of no avail." He meant by this that he had at Parihaka four thousand pannikins, out of which he could provide tea for as many guests who, whether they were rich or poor, were treated as brothers, and showed a practical lesson in brotherhood.

Hawaiki, the land that sank, was a large place, and the Maori there was a very numerous people, who, whilst they listened to their teachers and lived at peace with all, cultivated their lands communistically, and by their united and unselfish efforts became a great people, and a very prosperous and powerful race. Their three schools mentioned above flourished, and the more advanced of the race qualified and became initiates. As in schools of Masonry, silence and secrecy were insisted on, and the secrets of initiation were never betrayed.

Initiation meant much to the true tohunga. He attained great occult powers, and could look back on his past lives and those of his people, advising them how to live, so as to avoid the errors of previous existences. This power was called "Te-kanohi-o-te-tupuna" (lit the eye of the ancestor), and corresponds to the third eye spoken of in the secret doctrine. In some of their oldest poems they call this eye "the eye that never dies." The tohungas also knew the history of the long-forgotten past. His sacred incantations, chanted with accurate regard to the correlation to number, sound, and colour, produced magical effects. His poems and waiatas (songs), taught with great accuracy (an error being fatal), told him in mystic language what the secret doctrine teaches those who can understand it. Under the veil of mystic allegory he could discover the secret history of the past of the planet and man.

In the sacred waiata of "Te kawau-a-toru," the kawau or sacred bird (a huge bird of the comorant tribe, brought by Kupe from Hawaiki and said to be immortal, and like the phœnix) laments when he is dying, through the efforts of superior taniwhas (monsters of the astral world) that the history of the past is perishing with him, and calls upon the powers to witness that he is imperishable, and will again restore a knowledge of the various cataclysms which have overtaken the planet, how the earth has been afflicted with snow and ice or glacial epochs, with periods of flood and fire, and how the earth suddenly inclined, using the words of Job and of Noah, who both cried out that the earth had suddenly inclined, and that he should be surely lost. The wondrous bird, in expiring, refers to those bright stars Nga-tokorua-a-tangahue, who were once bright suns, but who, through "Ture," *i.e.*, the law (karma) are now slaves, but who in ages to come may again be regents in the heavens. If the reader will compare this with page 37 of "The Voice of the Silence (the Two Paths)," New York edition, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, beginning "Behold Migmar (Mars), as in

his crimson veil, his 'eye' sweeps over slumbering earth," etc., he will find a most remarkable coincidence of mystic wisdom well worth following further, but perhaps best not to be written.

The tohunga knows, but will not name, the sacred whetu (star) in Te Matariki (the Pleiades), which is the source of life and movement of our planetary system, and round which the sun is circling. He has completely mapped out the stars, and can tell by the positions of certain of them what sort of season it will be, when to plant to avoid floods and drought. Puanga (Rigel) tells him much of this, also Rehua (the dog star), the same dog star of which Horace sings that it is hateful to the husbandman.

Reincarnation is a fact with the Maori, but many have become confused by the modern teaching of the missionary. The tohunga taught that the cause of the fall of the Maori race is due to the law of Karma. "Te ture putake me te whakaotinga"—the law of cause and effect. When they lived in Hawaiki, many of the race, says one of their still living tohungas, rose to a stage of progress, in which their existence as Maoris was no longer necessary, and they passed on to a higher race. The lazy ones were left behind, as they were too busy eating and drinking and gratifying their passions to listen to the advice of their teachers; they were absorbed in hiahia (desire). This caused them to contend and strive amongst themselves. They became "kaipono" (selfish), and fought for the possession of land and women. Their tohunga became sad, and retired until the race should see the error of its way. The people formed themselves into tribes and hapus to fight other combinations, and bloodshed filled the land. Children were born weak and sickly, their bodies became diseased through vice, and trouble filled the land. The troubles led a part of the race, which was not altogether degraded, to appeal to Kupe, an all-powerful tohunga, who caused a section of the race to migrate, as he saw that Hawaiki and its people were doomed to destruction by the sea. They came in canoes to New Zealand, but brought strife with them; moreover, they learnt to eat the flesh of their foes killed in battle, and to use karakias for evil purposes, and those who could not do this were called "tohunga-makutu" (experts at bewitching). Black magic and witchcraft filled the land, and the tohunga-makutu took the place of the tohunga-matau (white adept, or master of the right path).

The tohunga-makutu could kill his victim by projecting his will, and there are many instances of makutu well authenticated, even at the present time. Europeans, ignorant of the facts and the powers invoked, laugh at the idea, and say the victim must have died of some disease. If the tohunga-makutu failed in his effort to kill or injure, as sometimes happened, the spell, like a boomerang, would recoil on him, and he would die or suffer instead of his victim. If he made a mistake in his incantation (karakia), such as not properly pronouncing a word, or giving a wrong number of beats in time, he might fail, and the powers he had evoked to slay his victim would recoil on himself, and he would perish in frightful pain and torture. Europeans who don't know of these matters, and ignore the forces of the unseen, may laugh at the above, but they are facts, nevertheless; and makutu exists among the Maori to-day, and is still a terrible and dangerous power against which the well-wisher of the Maori will have great difficulty in contending.

By Isabel Elmhirst.

Illustrated by Miss F. Hodgkins.

He: "Ah, I'm glad to see you here to-night!"

She: "Where is Hilda?"

He: "Hilda! Oh, she has a cold. Rather glad of the excuse to stop at home, I fancy. Says she means to give up going out."

She: "And you?"

He: "Oh, I don't care about it either, as a rule. Shouldn't have come to-night, only Hilda made me. Said she thought they would be offended if I didn't. Never thought to find you here."

She: "Why?"

He: "Didn't know you knew them. Glad I came now. We'll sit out together and have a good old yarn."

She: "Will we?"

He: "Of course! Why not?"

She: "Do you know what I heard to-day?"

He: "How should I? But that's no answer to my question."

She: "I rather think it is. Mrs. Somebody told Mrs. Somebody Else that my making such a fuss with Hilda and pretending to be her friend, was all very fine; anyone with half an eye could see through that, etc., etc. And Mrs. Somebody Else told Miss So-and-So, and Miss So-and-So repeated it to me."

He: "What the deuce did they mean?"

She: "Being a man, I suppose it would never occur to you that Mrs. Somebody's eloquence arose from the fact of her having met us on more than one occasion strolling home by the river."

He: "Confound Mrs. Somebody! What business is it of hers?"

She: "None whatever, and yet I cannot help thinking that she has only acted as ninety-nine humans out of a hundred, ourselves included, would have done in a like case."

He: "No, I'm hanged if we would! What makes you say that?"

She: "Would you or I be proof against the spectacle of a married man and a single girl strolling, at least once a week, along a woodland path which would eventually lead them to the girl's home, but by the longest way? Is our belief in human nature sufficiently strong to warrant our thinking no evil under such circumstances?"

He: "Oh, but look here, Noel, it's absurd of you to talk like that! Whatever is there wrong between you and me? If I do walk home with you, now and then, Hilda and

"GOOD-NIGHT! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH A PRIG!"

your people know it, and don't seem to see any harm."

She: "Hilda and my people are too simple-minded, and have too great trust in us both, at present, to disapprove of such an apparently innocent proceeding."

He: "Why do you say 'at present' and 'apparently innocent proceeding'?"

She: "Because I can't help wondering how their confidence and love would have been affected if Miss So-and-So had taken it into her head to repeat that speech of Mrs. Somebody's to Hilda, or my mother, instead of to myself. Why I said 'apparently innocent proceeding,' I will tell you later on."

He: "But, hang it all, do you mean to say that Hilda or your mother would be likely to attach any importance to a canard like that? Why, if I know anything of them they would treat it as an excellent joke!"

She: "They might and they might not. Iago found Othello an easy dupe, and Othello was a man of the world."

He: "Othello was a fool!"

She: "Say rather intensely human, only, unfortunately, in his time there was less legal necessity for self-control than in ours."

He: "But you surely are not going to compare Hilda or your mother to Othello!"

She: "I have no intention of making any comparisons at all. I merely wish to point out that human nature has been the same in all ages, and that it is wonderful how much evil we can often see through the eyes of a second person to which our own would have remained obstinately blind."

He: "Then is all our pleasant intercourse to cease just because Mrs. Somebody and Mrs. Somebody Else are a pair of gossiping, evil-minded old cats?"

She: "Gently, gently, if you please! Yes, I shall continue to meet you in your own house in the company of your wife, but I shall walk and talk alone with you no longer."

He: "Well, upon my soul, Noel, I gave you credit for more common sense!"

She: "Thank you! I must return the compliment, and ask you something at the same time. Who comes first in your affections, Hilda or I?"

He: "What a question! Why, there is no comparison, Hilda's my wife——"

She: "And you love her?"

He: "Of course! And you are my friend, my chum——"

She: "Say rather Hilda's! I knew her before I knew you."

He: "Well then, say the friend of us both, and my feeling for you is—is——"

She: "Platonic?"

He: "Of course!"

She: "Then for the sake of a platonic friendship would you run the risk of losing the love and confidence of your wife?"

He! "You are talking nonsense, Noel; my wife isn't likely to ask me to make such a sacrifice."

She: "I shouldn't advise you to wait to be asked, if you value your future happiness; and if these little walks of ours have become so necessary to you that it actually entails a sacrifice to give them up, I think it is high time they were discontinued; and I am extremely grateful to Mrs. Somebody and her friends for having brought the fact home to me so soon."

He: "Good-night! I never thought you were such a prig! Hilda has more sense than that. She trusts me if you don't!"

She (alone): "And yet I doubt if Hilda loves him better than I do. Thank God and Mrs. Somebody that I have discovered it before he did! Gossips and scandalmongers are of some use in the world after all!"

Leading Article from "Le Gaulois," March 19, 1899.

By Joseph Montet.

Translated by Bertha V. Goring.

The Conquering Rail.

"YOUNG Parisian, for whom the world is contained between the 'Variétés' and the 'Pavillon Chinois,' it is with you that I am concerned."

"I beg your pardon, but——"

"Yes, I know it is half-past six o'clock. You have just time to dine, and rush off to the only place in Paris where you will find this evening Parisian movement. This, to me, is a matter of indifference. Send away your coiffeur. You are only going to see the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' at the Opera after a dressing from me. Before M. Jourdain's prose lesson, your lesson in geography. You can improve the bow of your cravat by-and-bye. Turn this way, and look what I have just pinned to your wall."

"What is it?"

"The map of Africa, my boy!"

"What for?"

"To teach you your duty as a man, if there is yet time. You see this red line here to the right, which cuts the face of the Dark Continent from top to bottom? That is the railway which will, in a short time, unite the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, the line of which Cecil Rhodes conversed yesterday with the Emperor William II., and which will soon be made, now that these two are agreed. That interests you. True, William II. and Cecil Rhodes are in the business; and that I may complete your conquest, reflect that this locomotive is a sort of 'automobile,' an automobile on rails, that is all—but an automobile all the same. There! You are quite conquered, so I will continue.

"This red line is symbolic. It signifies England's grasp on the Continent of Africa. When a traveller, disembarking from an English steamboat in the port of Alexandria, can journey from thence to the Cape upon English rails, it will require a large dose of Chauvinism to maintain that since the battle of the Pyramids French influence in Egypt and other places adjacent has not suffered some loss. From this time forward one must render to England this homage, that, by uniting the extremities of a world reputed inaccessible, she will have accomplished a feat beyond the ordinary. True patriotism consists, without doubt, in regretting that we are not capable of doing so much. Why are we not capable? It is above all to you, young Parisian, that I address the question. You are the quintessence of Paris, which is itself the quintessence of France, and give the *ton* in a country where everything is done by *ton* and *mode*, in a Republic where 'snobbism' is king. You know what the word means, since it was you that brought it from England. I do not reproach you with that. I reproach you for only having brought words and habits, not one serious idea, and of being, up till now, content to play this double part of monkey and parrot.

"I beg your pardon. You have also brought from England something very important—some games. How many? I cannot count. Cricket, football, lawn-tennis, polo. I leave it to you to complete the list. Those games have become part of your social life. I will even say that they almost constitute it, for, when you have eaten, drunk, and slept in French fashion, because you can scarcely do otherwise, I see you are hardly capable of doing anything but play at lawn-tennis or polo, if it is not to 'tub' yourself in the morning, which is nearly as admirable as to 'shower-bath' yourself; or to loiter away the evening at whist or poker until the hour when you feel it an imperative necessity to clean with your sleeves the polished

mahogany bar, where a barmaid will serve the fiery cocktail which you must drown in a glass of whisky and soda. Having done which, my young Parisian, you will feel you have fulfilled your duty as an accomplished gentleman.

"You are mistaken. Your model does otherwise. His muscles, strengthened and made supple by exercises, the names of which you are so pleased at having cribbed from him, serve him to conquer the world with. And, except for a few fools, of which no country can pride itself upon having the monopoly, you would surprise our neighbours across the Channel if you expressed the idea to them that, after a day so occupied, the aim of your life should be to indefinitely continue it.

"Observe the men you meet momentarily in London, in the salons of the Café-Royal or the ante-rooms of the Clubs. Note the clear eye with hard blue pupil, and the determined breadth of close-shaved chin. This is the creature of action and of prey, all the more formidable because civilisation has given him an extra weapon, the coolness with which he can make, when necessary, a suavity and a diplomacy that disconcert your inherent lack of expansion and reliance. Beware! This occasional companion of the pleasures with which your simplicity loiters, is the worst enemy you can encounter. You will meet him everywhere. At Shanghai, where he will openly set you at defiance; at Muscat, where he will jeer at you covertly; in Egypt, where he will establish himself a little more firmly each time you suggest that he should leave; at Fashoda, where the heroism of one of your countrymen only serves to accentuate your own weakness.

"For it is in vain, poor old fellow, that you have your linen washed in London. I do not expect to see you often figure in a drawing-room next season, where they will recount bluntly with what nonchalance and ease the Sirdar Kitchener, in the twinkling of an eye, disembarrassed himself of Captain Marchand. Remember that Fashoda affair, my friend. It is applicable above all others. It is the type of adventure that awaits you everywhere. The race to which you belong is generous and brave, capable of strokes of audacity that stun the world, but whose daring remains barren when the world does not turn against it. Traversing a continent like a cannon-ball is not everything. You must, upon arriving at the proposed goal, be able to remain there, because the country in whose name you have marched is able to maintain you there. Now, whenever it pleases England that we should not remain, we must leave.

"Why? A well-informed politician told you, yesterday. Because we have for twenty-five years expended on our navy as much as England—*in order to have no navy*. That is rough. What do you think?

"And whose fault is it? The public appeals to its Ministers; the Ministers, having no escape, appeal to their Bureau; and as they have not yet found a Minister able to dictate to his Bureau, there seems no reason why this state of affairs should not continue for centuries. Cry with me, my good fellow, against the Government, against the Ministers. At first you will follow the French tradition, which likes one always to cry out against the Government. Also, it will prove that you begin to take an interest in things that, up to now, you have too much neglected. By crying 'Fire!' you will perhaps end by going to it.

"I have an idea that you would not repent it. I know your opinion upon the life you lead; you find it deadly. The Grand-Seize might be twice as large, yet you would be weary of seeking in its mirrors the phantoms of the figures with mutton-chop whiskers and corkscrew ringlets who formerly reflected themselves therein.

"Then, what? You ought to follow a little the example of Grosclaude. It would have mightily surprised me, ten years ago, when I used to cling to Grosclaude's arm, to prevent him entering the baccarat-room, if I had been told that a day would come when I should uphold him to the young Parisian generation for anything but his wit. Grosclaude, transformed into a traveller,

not content with consigning his views upon Madagascar to a book of depth and weight, has just published an article on the African railways, from which *Le Gaulois* of yesterday published some interesting extracts. He ought to know better than anyone how our natural temperament needs altering, and how much easier it is for a Parisian to find a thousand louis to put in the bank than fifty to buy an explorer's kit.

"This must be changed if we don't want to be excluded from the new European concert, which is being prepared, and of which the interview between William II. and Cecil Rhodes seems to mark the approach. Is it not, in fact, the point of departure of a new international policy, this conversation between the chief of the German army and the man who recently pronounced, with a marked emphasis, the following words: 'I am for the construction of railways, however costly they may be, and against the extension of armaments. Is it not better to give £10,000,000 for a railway which will open up an entire continent, create new markets, and utilise a great amount of labour, than to grant £14,000,000 worth of ironclads, which will rust in inaction and never return a penny.'

"Thus spoke recently he who is surnamed the 'Napoleon of the Cape.' The most curious thing in this case is to see this purely business man in accord with those whom the other Napoleon called the idealists. These know really, that in order for the mind to triumph, a material route must be traced for it. Alone, it can only climb by marvellous but barren effort the cold heights of the absolute. Confucius reflects; Buddha dreams; Socrates seeks and finds the soul. During this time what becomes of humanity? The Attilas of all the ages trample it beneath the feet of their horses.

To-day, enslaved matter lends wings to thought. Steam circulates knowledge. Electricity makes a thunderbolt of the voice. People speak to each other across the ocean; and by conversing with each other they will end by understanding each other. But you listen no longer, young Parisian. You look furtively at the clock. Tie your cravat then; but down there, between the acts, find a minute to ponder upon my 'razor-stroke,' and try that in speaking of us, the world may cease to say, 'A Frenchman—young or old—a traveller who never arrives!'"

1900.

Comes the New Year with its aims and aspirations,
With its hope of joys unnumbered to record,
May the harvest of your bright anticipations
Give you stores of garnished pleasures for reward.

Dawns the New Year with its sorrow and its gladness,
Calmly go ye out to meet it without fear;
For our Father sends the joy, and knows the sadness,
And His Angels count the cost of every tear.

Flies the New Year with a swift and sure progression,
May it leave a hope with you which shall abide,
And become a restful, sure and dear possession
That will give you peace and joy at eventide.

Rhoda Arney.

"TOKO."

By H. J. Priestley.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

TOKO was dying. His bed was a couple of sacks on the hard, cold ground, his covering a tattered blanket. His head was pillowed on his arms, and Toko groaned, for Death was terribly long in taking him.

Old Mai, who brought him food twice daily, had long been impatient with Toko for being indecently slow in shuffling off this mortal coil. The pigs grunted round him, pushing their noses under his sacks and into his face in search of scraps of food.

Toko was more than eighty years old, and Mai was his daughter. Rangi, his grandson, was past forty, and also very resentful at Toko's want of proper feeling in continuing to live after strength and mental powers had waned.

Some English settlers living near frequently sent down dishes of food for Toko. They were taken by Rangi, who invariably picked out the choice bits, and passed the dish on to Mai. She ate what she wanted, and if anything happened to be left, gave it to Toko, from whom the pigs often took it.

Toko had long been weak and hungry, and knew that it was time for him to join the spirits of his ancestors. Had he been bewitched or stricken with fever, he would have died quickly; but even a Maori dies slowly when the only complaint is old age.

Toko had been a great man in his day. Long, long ago, when the face of the *pakeha* was rarely seen in the land, Toko, with other youths of his tribe, had been baptised a warrior. It seemed but yesterday that the company of naked youths stood on the banks of the Waikato, while the great priest dipped a branch in the river and sprinkled them with the water thereof, solemnly chanting and adjuring them.

"I baptise ye warriors. Be ye brave, be ye strong. Ye are men, be ye powerful; go forth and conquer! And thou, Toko, son of Rangi, thou shalt be great among thy people; thou shalt quaff the warm life blood of thine enemies: thou shalt dwell long in the land of thy fore-fathers! Thou shalt see thy sons die, and thy sons' sons, and shalt still be greatest among thy people!"

And all these things had come to pass, but part of the priest's blessing had proved a curse.

He *had* dwelt long in the land of his fore-fathers—too long, alas! He had lived to see his race degraded, weak, clinging, miserable! The men would even take by stealth; they had no longer courage to bear upon their bodies the tattooing which had distinguished chiefs and brave men among their ancestors. Their women had become the playthings of the *pakeha*. Neither honour nor dignity was left.

Until within the last two years, Toko had retained the keenness of his intellect, and his brilliant oratorical powers had commanded the respect of his tribe; but now all that was gone, and Toko lay like a log, though conscious of what was passing around him.

It did not grieve him that his meals were becoming fewer and scantier, or that old Mai threw them to him as to a dog; but he knew that death was very near, and he saw no preparations for a *tangi*. Surely for one so famed as he had been there would be a great wailing, his tribesmen would assemble from far and near, and for many days there would be feasting and mourning. Yet, though his sands of life were almost run, no invitations had been sent, no stores of food were being prepared, and Toko began to fear unhonoured death.

When his father died there had been mourning and feasting for many days, and

after a year had passed, his bones had been dug up, scraped, and laid with much ceremony in the sacred cave of Whanga.

Horror seized upon Toko. What if his body should be treated as that of old Wiremi, who died when last the pohutukawa was in bloom! Wiremi also had died of old age and starvation, and when his body was scarcely cold, his son Tamati had carried it wrapped in a sack to the burying ground, dug a grave, and buried it carelessly, as if it had been a dog! *And nothing had happened to Tamati!*

In olden days the dead were *tapu*, and anyone handling disrespectfully the body of a friend or relation, was struck dead on the spot for sacrilege.

Old Wiremi's spirit must have died with his body, or had it fled away in shame ere it had time to avenge the indignity with which the body was treated?

Were the gods dead? No, for within him Toko felt the spirit of his youth, around him the spirits of his ancestors. And the old warrior arose and walked erect to the long, low meeting house, where the men were arguing about a disputed boundary line.

The old man stooped and entered the low doorway, and a woman exclaimed: "It is Toko!" Then all gazed upon him, for it was long since Toko had risen from his bed, and he was believed to be at the point of death.

"Yes, it is Toko!" cried the old man, and his voice rang out clear and strong as in the days when Toko was renowned far and wide as the greatest orator of his tribe. "It is Toko, the last of the Ngatiapu—almost the last of the Maoris. Eighty seasons has he seen the pohutukawa bloom; a thousand moons has he seen wax and wane. He has seen his people, mighty in battle, go forth to conquer. He has seen their enemies flee

"THOU, TOKO, SON OF RANGI, THOU SHALT BE GREAT AMONG THY PEOPLE."

before them as the chaff before the wind; he has seen their boundaries extended from sea to sea. He has quaffed the life blood of his enemies, he has eaten the left eye of a mighty chief, he has seen—nay, he *sees*——" and the voice of the old chief rose to a wailing shriek—"he sees the mighty fallen! The kauri is gone from the forest, the puriri also, and the totara will soon be no more, and there are no men left among the people. Slaves! Women! All of ye! There is no manhood in ye! Think ye the gods are dead? Nay, I tell ye they do but wait! Once more Tongariro shall speak; again the

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!*

IN LAKELAND.

By Alton C. Richards, F.C.A.

TO the dwellers in great cities, nothing can give relaxation of so pleasureable a kind from the arduous toil of daily life in the city, as to dwell for a time amidst the glorious in nature, where all is grandeur and sublimity, and where cabs and tram-cars are not. One beautiful evening in late September, I embarked on one of the comfortable little steamers of the Lake Wakatipu Steamshipping Company at Kingston, and after a preliminary whistle, the staunch little vessel started on her way for Queenstown. It was one of those suberb evenings when the lake lay calm and smooth, scarcely a ripple disturbing the mirror-like water, when mountains, rocks, and snow, were reproduced in the dark blue water, and the moon, almost at the full, shed a pale, refulgent light over the scene. As we rounded the point, seeing in front the glorious panorama of the Southern Arm, expressions of wonder and delight were heard from all on board. The scene was fairyland. On our left, almost within a stone's throw, Mount Dick reared its lofty, gleaming head, the tangled shrubberies on its lower slopes and in the deep ravines, supplying a contrast to the pure white of the snow overhead, and the silvery glisten of a beautiful waterfall as it dashed into the calm waters of the lake, completed the scene. Soon we reached Halfway Bay, where in the dark background of the inlet, the beach gleamed white in the moonlight; far back, towering up to the sky, were the magnificent Eyre Peaks guarding, like grim sentinels of the night, the valley of the Lochy River; further on, the rugged battlements of the Bayonet Peaks, and the succession of striking summits with their serrated rocks showing through the gleaming snow, like steps in a giant staircase, leading to the mightier peaks above. Across the lake, on our right, was the jagged skyline of the world-famed Remarkables, and truly such a scene of remarkable yet weird grandeur seldom falls to the lot of man to see. The great, rugged mass culminating in the Double Cone nigh 8,000 feet high, with wreaths of snow in the distance, looking like lacework, stepping back from the water, pile upon pile, battlement upon battlement, the whole reproduced with wonderful detail in the blue depths of the the lake, formed a scene of magnificent and awful grandeur.

The steamer ploughed her way steadily through the calm waters, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and soon we rounded majestic Mount Cecil on our left, and entered the middle arm of the lake, seeing as we did so the gleaming slopes of the giant Walter and Afton Peaks along the middle arm. In front of us, across Queenstown Bay, Ben Lomond reared its beautiful spire, flanked by its lesser brother, Bowen Peak. Passing the Frankton Arm, and rounding the romantic Queenstown Park, we came into view of lovely Alpine Queenstown—the City of the Lakes—nestling amongst the great mountains, and looking like a fairy city in the moonlight. A few minutes and the steamer was berthed beside the wharf, where a large crowd had gathered to see the new arrivals, the event of the day in this beautiful spot, where nature bids "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

I speedily made my way up Rees Street, and was soon being welcomed by mine host of the Mountaineer, which comfortable and well-appointed hostelry yields little in pride of place to some of the finest hotels in the colony. After satisfying the wants of the inner man, I strolled up the terrace, there to feast mine eyes on the glorious scene in front. The moonlight was flooding mountain and lake with pallid glory, breaking into silvery points of light where the white beaches

caught the beams, or where, far out, the dark waters quivered in their vast profundity, and sent a ripple along the calm surface. The panorama spread out in front was the perfection of scenic beauty. In the background, the Remarkables, silent, grim, and eternal, their clear lines subdued by the soft moonlight and the sheen of the snow; underneath, the stupendous peaks, the silver streak of the Frankton Arm and the dark foliage of the trees in the park; to the right, the great lake, stretching away amongst the mountains; to the left, the precipices of the famous Shotover Gorge, and in the foreground, the beautiful bay and the lovely town in its setting of mighty peaks. From the Garrison Hall floated the strains of the band, playing the soft dreamlike "Blue Danube," and the scene was complete.

BEN LOMOND.

Leaving Queenstown one clear, beautiful morning before sunrise, I started with the intention of making an ascent of Ben Lomond Peak. As I walked along the road by the shore of the lake, I had a foretaste of the glorious sight I was to behold in the beautiful scene spread out before me. In the foreground the great lake stretched in all directions, lying grey and cold, with scarcely a ripple on the vast expanse except where, out beyond the buoy, it heaved in a long, gentle swell, waiting till touched to life and light by the rising sun. Within the bay the water was beautifully calm and clear, reflecting the steamers at their moorings, every rope, every spar, with wonderful detail. To the left lay the town, still in deep shadow, and in the background, those great, bleak mountains the Remarkables, their topmost peaks just tinted by a crimson flush. A few minutes more, and the range was a blaze of colour, the jagged pinnacles catching the rosy light, and reflecting it from point to point in a glorious play of light and shade. Over the dark ravines the light lingered lovingly, tinting the snow in all colours, from crimson to gold and gold to grey. A few fleecy clouds floated in misty adoration round the Double Cone, and the lower part of the range was still in deep shadow. Starting up the Ben Lomond track, I was soon well on the way between Ben Lomond and the Bowen Peak. Hearing the steamer for Kingston whistle, I looked down and saw her ploughing her way through the dark waters, looking like a white seabird on their calm surface, and gradually getting smaller and smaller till she disappeared altogether behind Mount Cecil. On reaching the saddle (4,300 feet) the magnificent panorama of scenery unfolded to my eyes caused a subdued feeling of awe and wonder. Alone amidst the awful grandeur, the sense of one's littleness was overwhelming. The Richardson Range, in front, was covered with snow, a great forest of glistening peaks; and Ben Lomond, also wrapped in a snowy mantle, reared its gleaming head close by on the left. After a brief rest I started to scale the peak. I was unfamiliar with the track, this being my first visit to the mountains, and indeed, if there was a track, it was hidden by the snow on this occasion, and the prospect in front of me appeared almost like the side of a house. The wind from the Richardson Range was bitterly cold, and caught the snow and swirled it over me. At last I reached the summit (5,747 feet), and I could not help but acknowledge to myself that the magnificent sight well repaid the climb. Since climbing Ben Lomond I have stood on the summits of many famous mountains in different parts of the colony, and the view from them, though sometimes on a grander scale, to my mind could not present such a pleasing scene of completeness and harmonious blending of mountains and lakes, of sky and snow, as the prospect from Ben Lomond. Far down below, winding like a serpent round the mountain slopes the old track to the Moonlight Diggings could just be distinguished. At the foot of the mountain, Moke Lake and Lake Dispute show like two great sapphires. To the eastward lay Lake Hayes, near Arrowtown, the famous Crown Terrace, and the Shotover, famed for the golden metal that has been dragged from its bed. Away in the distance near Clyde, on the Clutha, the Dunstan mountains

intersected the sky line, the great Leaning Rock showing up conspicuously. Due north, shining in the sun like a vast cathedral spire, Mount Aspiring (9,960 feet) pointed into heaven's blue. Away in the dim distance, as far as eye could reach, hoary old Earnslaw (9,200 feet), the father of mountains, towered in all its majesty. The mountains along the north arm of the lake were magnificent, Mount Turnbull, Mount Nicholas, Afton Peak, and Walter Peak, rising sheer from the beautiful blue of the lake, and giving but a faint conception of what the depth of the water must be. Away behind these peaks the mountain tops surrounding the Mavora Lakes bounded the view. To the westward the great Richardson Ranges stretched in a continuous forest of jagged peaks from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high, looking superb in the wonderful, mysterious light which hangs over them, for which this district is famous. Mounts Aurum and Larkins were also easily distinguishable.

For upwards of an hour I gazed over the pleasing prospect, watching the changing lights on the mountains and the fleecy clouds drifting over the forests of peaks, and then, starting on the downward track, I made all haste for Queenstown, reaching it in time for lunch. The physical exertion of mountain climbing having resulted in a slight stiffness in the nether limbs, I looked round for something to see which would not mean a tax on the wearied muscles, and found the object of my search in the reservoir and falls. The track winds above the valley between Ben Lomond and Bowen Peak, traversing lovely birch bush through which glimpses of the lakes can be obtained. Presently the falls come into view, a great torrent of water rushing down over the rocks, and then leaping over the ledges to the pool below, churning into foam like drifted snow. Further up the valley are many other falls, each with a beauty of its own.

As I neared the town again, the clouds

Burton Bros., Photo., QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU. *Dunedin.*

had clothed the peaks with a mantle of mist, and a new beauty was added to the scenery. Ere sunset the mist had lifted, and the warm crimson light of the afterglow bathed the scene in varied tints. Queenstown rejoices in one of the healthiest climates in the world. Invalids come to it, as Arthur to Arulion, to be cured of the grievous wound of some disease, and a sense of rest and peace seems to pervade the atmosphere, which to travellers after the worry and bustle of life in colonial cities is as a refuge to a bruised and wounded spirit.

LAKE WANAKA.

Starting out on the road to Arrowtown, accompanied by a friend from Hobart, we found the Shotover road an excellent one for our pneumatic steeds. The way winds through the great, gloomy Shotover Gorge, a silent, everlasting witness to nature's handiwork, and a study for geologists. Passing the road to the famous Big Beach, where the Sew Hoy dredges were at work, we came into view of the foaming Shotover roaring over its rocky bed. A little further on was the Arthur's Point Hotel, the gold offices, and the Shotover Bridge Standing on the bridge, a view can be obtained of the river gorge extending far up amongst the mountains. The yellow torrent seethed and boiled over the rocks a hundred feet below on its way to join the Molyneaux. Passing Thurlby Domain, with its beautiful orchards, we reached the mining centre of Arrowtown, where we stayed the night at that comfortable hostelry the New Orleans Hotel. Next morning we were early on the road, and about 7 a.m. started up the Crown Range. About half-way up the range is a level terrace of considerable extent, known as the Crown Terrace, where miners and farmers alike seek their fortunes.

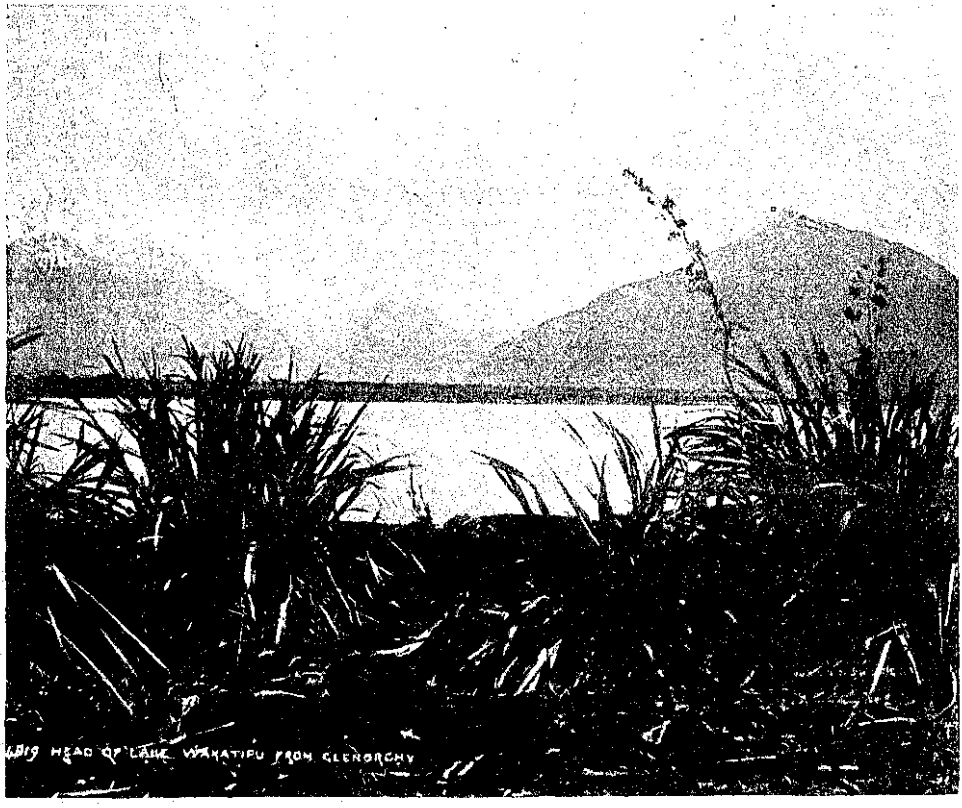
From the saddle we obtained a magnificent view of Wakatipu, far behind us, with the Remarkables standing up sharp and clear, where the Kawarau Falls, the outlet of the lake, rush down to join the Molyneaux. Turning towards Wanaka, Mount Criffel, the highest goldfield in New Zealand, was a picture of grandeur with its snow-capped summit, standing high and clear against the sky. Reaching Cardrona, a typical goldfield settlement, and once the abode of an army of miners of all nations, we halted for lunch. Resuming our journey we came into view of Mount Aspiring, the Matterhorn of the Southern Alps, with its miles of snow and ice-fields glistening in the sunlight, and a little further on lay Pembroke and Lake Wanaka. How gloriously beautiful, was our first thought on seeing the lovely lake reposing majestically amidst its setting of wooded slopes and lofty mountains. We found the good cheer of the Wanaka Hotel very acceptable after our ride, and when evening came bringing a superb calm, we rowed far out into the still waters till we rested on our oars beneath the shadow of the mighty, snow-clad peaks. The moonlight, glorified with its transforming radiance, the pure snowfields, the huge rocks, the dark forest, and the quivering waters. Over all was spread the delicious calm of a perfect night, when all nature rests, content in her own perfection, and turns the thoughts of the beholder to higher things, compelling him to read the lesson of perfection and completion she teaches. Life and its petty affairs fade before the contemplation of the perfect works of God; the mysteries of life and death pass away in the presence of the solemn, mysterious feeling that we stand in the sight of the Creator, and the solitude—impressive, wonderful, vast—steals to the soul with a sense of the immensity of eternity, and the great hereafter hidden from us by the curtains of death.

Next morning we boarded the steamer at Pembroke wharf, and were soon steaming up the lake. On either side the luxuriant foliage of the birch forest stretched down to the water's edge, with here and there a deep ravine, where gleamed the silvery spray of a waterfall, and the tiny leaflets of the maiden-hair, the plumed fronds of the double crape, and the graceful palm-like leaves of the tree-fern bent over the rushing stream; where the thrush and robin joined together in a chorus of song in the scented shade,

and all nature seemed to call to the weary traveller to come and rest.

Reaching Manuka Island, we climbed up through the beautiful shrubbery to the side of the little lakelet in the middle of the island. This beautiful little sheet of water, 480 feet above the level of the lake below, is one of nature's mysteries, for its origin and its depth are alike unknown. Standing by its edge and looking out through a foreground of noble trees, we were at a loss to find words to express our wonder and delight. Beneath us the great lake stretched away amongst the mountain fastnesses, in front the forest-clad slopes of Mount Alta, while above the dark bush, the white snowfields of this glorious peak caught and reflected the sunbeams with dazzling brilliancy. The two other giants of the Buchanan Range —Black Peak and Niger Peak—reared their noble spires to the left. Further up the lake appeared the mighty battlements of the Minaret and Twin Peaks, and the Makawa Mountains, and in the distance, on the right, Sentinel Peak towered in all its majesty. Turning round, we could distinguish the magnificent head of Mount Grandview at the south of Lake Hawea, and nearer at hand, between the two lakes, Mount Burke and Mount Gold.

Resuming our journey and passing close to Isthmus Peak, we halted opposite Estuary River, and landing on the isthmus between the two lakes, sought a point of vantage where to the right and left stretched Lake Hawea, and in front appeared the beautiful Corner Peak. Time, however, was limited, and taking a last look at romantic Hawea Lake, we boarded the steamer again, and steamed up past the slopes of Sentinel Peak till we reached the head of the lake at the outlet of the Makarora River. Here we were in the midst of magnificent mountain scenery, with Mount Albert and Turret Peaks on the west, and the McKerrow Range, Triplet Mountain, and Terrace Peak



Burton Bros., Photo. HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU, FROM GLENORCHY. *Dunedin.*

to the eastward; and it was with a feeling that we were leaving a charmed world that we saw the steamer turned on the return journey to Pembroke.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—MOUNT ASPIRING.

To the dwellers on the plains and in the cities, the clouds present but little variation in shade or forms of beauty. Perhaps at sunrise, flushed by the fiery glow of the dawn, and piled up in gleaming masses of crimson and gold, or at sunset appearing in many hues in the soft, subdued lights of the afterglow, they may bid the beholder pause and wonder. The thunderstorm, too, has an awful grandeur of its own, but far up on the mountain tops, above the clouds, there is the magic world, there is the glory of cloud beauty, a wonderful scene, ever varying, and once seen never to be forgotten. I had been on the slope of Mount Aspiring all night, my companion had elected to visit Gladstone and the Great Rock at Hawea, and when the first light of dawn appeared in the east, I started up the mountain side for the higher slopes. It was a toilsome climb, over great rocks, through drifted snow, but the thought of the enchanted region of cloudland spurred me on. Above me, creeping round the mountain like a living but shapeless form, hung the grey curtain in sombre folds reaching far and wide, and seeming to dare the sacrilegious intruder to venture into its misty embrace. Step by step I toiled up the weary path, and at last passed into the semi-darkness of the cloud-belt—

> "Through that strange and silent world,
> To the mighty presence led,
> While round me thronged the spirits
> Of the long since dead."

Groping for the path, I stumbled blindly on, through the cold, clammy mist, and at last emerged in the clear light above the clouds. Spread out in front as far as the eye could reach, was a vast sea of grey mist, billowing in its great profundity, sometimes rising in mighty columns as though in wrath; anon, rippling along as softly as the silver wave of a summer sea; then, as though impelled by the agency of a spirit of evil, rising up in weird and ghostly forms. Presently came a soft, sobbing sound like a summer breeze stirring the leaves of a tropical forest, and the first beams of the rising sun shot over the silent sea of mist. The transformation scene had commenced. The vast expanse was no longer grey, but bathed in colours so bizarre, so wonderful, that no description would adequately convey a full conception of its brilliant glory. Waves of cloud arose from the main body, gleaming like silver and gold, the top edges tinted crimson and pink, then noiselessly fell back and faded away. Little cloudlets like birds of passage with gorgeous plumage floated above the rest, casting fleeting shadows over the silent sea of crimson and gold. Then the sun appeared in full glory; the great ocean of cloud reflected the bright light, the deep grey in the centre of the masses gave way to a soft, fleecy white, the pink tinge of the outer edges increased to a fiery glow, and the huge column of mist assumed the appearance of flames of fire tinted with violet and purple. The dull sullen glow in the far east seemed to leap with gladness, and change into a flaming sea of carmine; then, as though gathering strength for a fresh effort, the great expanse became calm and smooth, stretching out in all directions like the surface of a tranquil lake. A slight breeze arose, and instantly, as though obeying some mighty omnipotent will, strange unearthly forms rose from the ocean of cloud. The great masses heaved and tossed in sudden anger; troops of spectral horses fled along the surface; beautiful fountains, besides which the world-famed marble fountains of the Alto Uccello would appear commonplace, spouted forth their silver spray; mighty armies appeard and vanished; splendid cities grew, then faded as instantly away; great masses of dark mist warred with their rainbow-tinted brethren as though the spirits of heaven and the legions of hell fought for the possession of a world; ghastly spectres glided

over the vast battlefield, and great ships sailed on their silent way.

Forms and shapes beyond description grew in an instant, then disappeared back into the mother of all—the cloud sea. Over all rested the ghostly sense of perfect silence; no sound reached the ear in that dead world far from the haunts of men. Far down below, shut off from view, was the world of civilisation; cities, the abode of men intent on the race for gold, storehouses of widened, and the surrounding country came into view.

Across the shoulder of the mountain the beautiful Glacier Dome glistened in the warm sunlight; far down below the valley of the Matukituki River, with its graceful wooded slopes, and the shallow stream wandering over its white sands; further over was the Matatapu, a tributary of the Matukituki; and close to the mountain the dark mass of immense forest at the head of the valley.

Burton Bros., Photo., GLEN DHU, LAKE WANAKA. *Dunedin.*

all that is beautiful, yet not one contained ought to compare with the glorious beauty of the scene above the clouds. The call to arms might be sounding, or the tocsin of a revolution; thrones might be overturned or nations annihilated, but above the clouds was silence, awe, and beauty. The breeze drove the clouds against the mountain, silently they swept along, grim, intangible forms like denizens of a dead and silent world. Presently rifts appeared, then Beautiful waterfalls with their silvery spray were shown in strong relief by the dark green of the forest trees; great ravines scored the mountain side, tracks of the dreaded avalanche; while far up above the everlasting glaciers and icefields the pure white of the snow contrasted with the dark shade of the solid ice. The clouds were rapidly drifting away, their beautiful forms and colouring gone, as I descended to the lower levels on the road to civilisation at Pembroke.

HEAD OF WAKATIPU AND LAKE HARRIS.

Our Wanaka tour having by no means satiated our desire for magnificent scenery, we boarded the steamer "Mountaineer" one fine morning and were soon passing out of the Queenstown Bay on the way to Kinloch. Behind us the pretty little town looked the perfection of situation, and seemed to say, "Here is Eden once lost, but found again." On the right the noble spire of Ben Lomond, on the left the peninsula with the dark foliage of the park, and the Remarkables overshadowing the Kingston Arm, and in front the noble expanse of water stretching away toward the Head. Along the middle arm, Mount Cecil, Afton Peak, Walter Peak, and Mount Nicholas, snow-capped and rugged, were reflected in the calm waters. Passing Five Mile and Wilson's Bay, a favourite resort of picnic parties from Queenstown, White's Point, and the valley of the Von river, the magnificent scenery of the head of the lake came into view. The great lake lay out far in front in an unruffled calm reflecting the mighty peaks on its surface. In the background Earnslaw towered above all others, its great glacier shining in the sunlight like burnished silver; in the centre, Mount Alfred covered with dark birch forest, and to the right and left, the great ranges, with here and there a fleecy cloud floating round their gleaming heads. To the left, the valley of the Greenstone River appeared between the mountains o'ershadowed by the jagged Tooth Peaks. Further on, the great Humbolt Range, the chief peak of which is Mount Boupland (8,100 feet), rising sheer above Kinloch, and to the left of Mount Alfred; and above the Dart River, the rugged Cosmos darken nigh eight thousand feet of heaven's blue. To the right the Richardson Range bounds the river, with its chief point, Stone Peak (7,220 feet) shining in the sun like a mountain of gold, the great quantities of mica contained in its rocks giving to this mountain its dazzling appearance. Passing the romantic Pigeon Island and the Greenstone Gorge, we steamed close to the forest-clad Humboldt, and soon reached the little village of Kinloch, where we sought the good cheer of the Glacier Hotel.

Next morning we started for the Lake Harris Saddle. For some distance the way lay along a bush tramway, and in the early morning light the forest trees looked very beautiful, while birds of all descriptions were hailing the advent of a new day with a chorus of song. Further on, the stream from the Bryant Glacier crossed the track, and from here a splendid view of the snowfields of Earnslaw was obtained. The path followed the Dart River for some distance, and then emerged into the open. Here we could but stand and admire the splendid view. Far out in front reached the beautiful Dart valley, surrounded by lofty peaks all capped with snow, and tinted with roseate hues in the morning light; the rugged Cosmos Peaks in their magnificent grandeur; the barren Forbes Range frowned down silent, grim and awful, and the icefields of Mount Aspiring, which rivals Aorangi, the cloud-piercer itself, supplied a fitting contrast to the pure white of the snow.

On reaching the crossing of the Routeburn, we saw one of the prettiest spots in the district. In the foreground, beautiful shrubberies of mountain undergrowth, backed by magnificent birch forest; to the left, the river and mountain peaks, and above the bush, the unique hidden fall, its spray shining like silver against the dark shades of the solid rock, issues from the mountain side, and after falling about 700 feet disappears as mysteriously as it appeared.

After some hard climbing we reached the tourists hut at nightfall, and found the keen mountain air had given us an insatiable appetite for the meal laid before us. After supper the smoke of the soothing weed curled into the air in multitudinous rings from our briars, while we recalled scenes of life in other lands.

Next morning, after breakfast, we started up the slope through the bush as dawn appeared. After a long and tedious climb, we reached the great rock which bars the path at the high level, and here a halt was made

for rest and refreshment, after which we soon reached Lake Harris and started up the steep slope to the saddle (4,900 feet). While on the way up we could look down into the gloomy waters surrounded by bleak rocks, a weird and ghostly scene.

On reaching the summit a glorious vision of magnificent scenery burst on our wondering gaze, causing us to stand in silent awe. Nearly 5,000 feet below was the silver streak of the Hollyford River, winding its way towards the sea at Martin's Bay, where we could see the whole line of surf breaking on the coast. Away behind was Mount Aspiring, its miles of glaciers showing up conspicuously; inland from the blue of the ocean was Lake McKerrow, and on the right Lake Alabaster and Pyke's River, set like jewels amidst the surrounding scenery. Near the sea the giant peak Tutoko, at Milford Sound, stood boldly against the sky, its highest point wreathed in mist, and from thence inland a confusion of peaks, glaciers, forests, and winding streams met the view. Glory on glory everywhere, surely the perfection of scenic grandeur, Alpine scenery mingled with lovely forest views and lofty peaks. Of the many beautiful glaciers shining in all directions the grandest of all was the Serpent, which lay in its great basin like a mass of silver, and a faint bluish light hung lovingly over the ice monster. To the left we could distinguish Lake Gunn and the Eglington River on its way to Lake Te Anau, through the park-like Dunton forest; and further away still the Greenstone saddle of the Ailsa mountains, while the stupendous pile, Mount Christina, barred the river of the Clutha valley and Mount Anau. Wherever the eye turned there was a picture on a scale so magnificent that the affairs of life seemed petty in comparison. The mountaineer who stands on the slope of Aorangi will not see a panorama to equal that visible from Lake Harris saddle, and here the eye turning from the awful grandeur of mighty peaks may rest on verdant forest, beautiful rivers and lakes, and the wide Pacific, "boundless, endless, and sublime."

After a good rest we started down the slope, turning every few yards to take another look on the wonderful picture. We arrived at the Glacier Hotel next day at noon, with aching limbs, but with a deep sense of satisfaction with all we had seen.

Little Karaka Blossom.

By J. Harris.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST MATCH.

THE crimson sunset rays were fading slowly over the purpling hills in the distance, and that peculiar stillness that strikes the ear with a sense of solitude fell broodingly over Nature, as a young man, billy in hand, and swag on back, emerged from the dense bush of the ranges, and stood in the track that led away to a distant settlement, known as Parawai, near the Thames township.

It was a Maori settlement, the place of plenteous *kumara* and potato fields, peach groves and maize plots, where he knew he could be sure of a kindly welcome, and he looked longingly towards it, as only a weary, hungry wanderer can look.

If he could only reach the hospitable whare of Anderson, a *pakeha* Maori whom he knew, he would find both food and shelter; but his limbs trembled beneath him, his head swam with the prolonged nerve strain he had undergone, a feeling of faintness, which he had wrestled with for hours, sickened his heart; for Ralph Clanmore had been five days wandering in the bush, almost without food, five nights had he lain him down beneath the trees, only praying that to-morrow's sun would lead him to the habitations of men.

He must have been travelling in a circle, he thought, as he surveyed the scene before him, for yonder, surely, was the winding river that led to Ohinemuri, its calm waters glistening in the sunset glow.

"I will just rest here awhile," he thought, "a smoke will refresh me." So feeling in his tattered pocket, he found his last scrap of tobacco, and his cherished pipe; then sat him down on a fallen log to fill it, thinking the while what an unlucky fellow he was, how tired of rolling about the world, gathering no moss, and wondering when and how his fortunes were going to mend.

On opening his tin match box, however, poor Ralph made a sad discovery—it was empty! Do not think him weak, reader, when I say that the tears gathered in his eyes, a dry sob rose in his throat, and he felt like one forsaken by his last trusted friend.

He thought of the home in the Old Country, that he had left with such golden dreams of fortune; and then all the world seemed to grow dark around him, as he lay on the ground, too faint and sick to struggle further. How long he lay there he did not know, but when he awoke to consciousness, a faint moon was struggling behind a cloud, and the stars were shining.

The track ran along the top of the ridge, then zig-zagged down to the valley below, where a small creek tumbled carelessly over the stones, gleaming like a silver line in the moonbeams. Tall karaka trees formed a shelter from the light breeze, and Ralph loosened his swag from his shoulder, in order to spread his blanket for one more night.

"Surely help must come in the morning," he thought. "Had he not heard his mother say something like that in the old days? Yes, 'in the morning' help would come. But oh, if he only had a match, just one, for that last smoke!"

The sleep of exhausted nature fell on him as he lay down again, a sleep too deep for dreams, till the hour grew late. And away in the homes of the people, the little children

were dreaming of Santa Claus, and how mysteriously those little stockings would be filled with Christmas joys, for it was Christmas Eve.

Midnight had passed when Ralph awoke, raised himself to a listening attitude, and with an unknown dread and foreboding of evil, which he felt powerless to prevent. Yes, there were voices, muffled and uncertain, and he *must* hear what they said, if he could.

His senses were quickened to an extent he had never before realised; the murmur of

THEN THE TWO LOWERED THEIR BURDEN DOWN THE DEEP SHAFT.

waited as though afraid to move lest he should break a spell. Had he dreamt it, or were those really human voices he had heard? Were not those the sounds of stealthy footsteps, and a presence boding no good?

A cold, clammy dew lay on his forehead, his hands trembled, his limbs were paralysed the creek below seemed like the rumble of a coming storm, the faint flutter of the karaka leaves like threats of deadly danger. Yet above all these, Ralph heard the cautious tread of footsteps, the murmur of voices. Almost like a whisper in his ear, came the words:

"Mate, wasn't it somewhere hereabouts there was supposed to be an old shaft that would suit our purpose?"

"Whist, Jack!" replied a voice. "You shouldn't be thinking aloud like that, how's we to know there may'nt be somebody about?"

"It would be a bad job for that somebody as would hinder us now, that's all I can say!" returned his mate, half savagely, with a muttered oath; and Ralph crouched silently closer in shelter, yet straining his ears to catch the next words.

"Well, it must be along here, it were sunk long ago, and abandoned. It ain't likely ever to be disturbed; its safe enough, I reckon, and even the river might tell tales."

"Here it is, here's the very place!" exclaimed Jack. "Let's put a mark here, so's to know it," and suiting the action to the word, he hastily notched a tree near the spot with his pocket knife; it seemed to Ralph as though the knife was in his own brain.

"All right then, come along to the hut, and let's carry our swag carefully, and get all done before daybreak," replied the other. "Then for the Auckland boat, and ship straight home with our luck, eh, mate?"

"Aye; but mind, we goes equal shares, no crying off! I'm running no risk for nothin', not I!" cried Jack.

"Oh, all right, old boy, that's understood; ain't we pals?"

With a satisfied grunt, he seemed to turn in an opposite direction, for the voices grew more and more indistinct, until Ralph heard them no more.

Then he rose softly and painfully, creeping quietly on hands and knees nearer to the direction from which the voices had come, until he felt quite sure he was near the spot, then with a great effort he got on his feet, and there sure enough was the notch cut in the tree. At first he thought of creeping under the shelter of the tall bracken around him, then he decided that would be hardly safe, as they might trample over him.

After a brief search he found a hollow tree, into which he crushed himself safely out of view, but within sound of their voices if they returned.

It seemed a much longer time to Ralph, but in less than an hour the men returned. He could hear their muffled voices and careful tread as they neared his hiding place.

"Steady, mate; rest a bit, he's a heavy 'un!" said Jack. "I'm near blown; it's no easy work, this!"

"Well, now, the moon's nearly down, we must get it done," replied the other. "Then we can rest when we'er sure of the job."

They appeared to be carrying a heavy burden between them, and lucky indeed was it for him that Ralph had chosen another hiding place; for no sooner had they laid down their load, than Jack said:

"I'm for making his resting place easy for him, mate, and throwing in some of this fern here; it won't seem such a heavy thud, you know. I don't half like this job. I can't help thinking of the little lass."

"Oh, you chicken-hearted youngster, you're always drawing back! Well, if you're afraid of him falling too heavy, why didn't you let me put him out altogether; you're a milk-and-water sort to have for a mate, anyhow!"

Jack took no notice of his mate's muttered reproaches, but quickly throwing down bundles of bracken, proceeded to fasten a long rope round the drugged form of his victim, while the other swore at such useless waste of time.

"Well, it's for her sake," muttered Jack. "She were awful fond on him, and would'nt like him hurt. He'll sleep better maybe, and I feel beastly mean, somehow!"

Then the two lowered their burden down the deep shaft, and having covered the mouth of it with branches of fallen trees, and waited a little to assure themselves they were unwatched, they turned away, and were soon lost from view.

"Now here's a go!" said Ralph to himself, cautiously emerging from his hiding place. "There's a bloke down that shaft, as sure as I'm alive, that's been put to sleep, as Jack says; and I believe these fellows have made off with his swag of gold! They said

something about a little lass; I suppose, then, he has a child. Well, I must see about this, anyhow, if there's any chance of saving him."

Cramped and stiff, weak and feverish, Ralph looked anxiously around him. Day was just breaking; he knew the boat for Auckland sailed at 4 a.m.; so doubtless these two worthies were already on board the little "Enterprise" with their ill-gotten booty.

He must go and report matters, set the telegraph in motion, and get help and a rope, for the man down the shaft. As he strove to think it all out, a deadly faintness stole over him, he staggered, and fell unconscious to the ground. . . . . Was it all a troubled dream, the creation of hunger and weakness, or had he really witnessed that Christmas tragedy?

The bright hours of early morning sped; far away the bells rang out a merry peal, and happy worshippers sang praises to the Christ child, the herald of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

* * * * *

The Christmas sun shone brightly on the many clusters of tents that at this time formed, for the most part, the township of Thames; a tiny church, a small hospital, and a few hotels completing the list; while here and there a whare with thatched roof, boarded floor, and log sides relieved the monotony of canvas.

To-day the digger's nail-can fires burned merrily, for Christmas duff was in preparation. Some not engaged in cooking, found their way to the little church, whose solitary bell reminded them of home, and home Christmas joys.

In a little thatched whare near the Karaka Creek a fair haired child of singular beauty waited the coming of her "daddy," as she called him; for he had promised to return from his prospecting trip in time for Christmas, and the child had hung up her stocking in faithful expectation of his coming to share her pleasure. But though a gingerbread man, some lollies, and best of all, a wondrous wooden doll, singularly ugly, bought at Morgan's little store at a remarkable price, were found, no "daddy" came to admire them. So the child wept and waited, as the day wore on, and digger Joe, across the way, took her over to his tent, to share his Christmas pudding.

AND THERE, SURE ENOUGH, LAY A YOUNG MAN, QUITE INSENSIBLE.

The half-caste woman in whose care she

had been left, declared that "she knew there was something in it." She had heard the mopokes cry three times between the night and the day.

The child only watched the more earnestly, as the hours went by, until at last she slept, with her wooden treasure clasped closely in her arms. And the Christmas stars shone on.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT ALICE'S STORY.

"Auntie, won't you tell us a story while we rest here?" cried a young girl, caressingly nestling at the feet of a tall, fair lady, surrounded by a group of tired players, just returned from an exciting game of rounders in the adjoining paddock.

It was Christmas Day, and they had been such a merry party, for "Auntie Alice" had the reputation of being a famous hand at a picnic. The young folks from far and near gave her that title. It seemed dearer, or as little "Thelma" would say, "made her belong to them more," than just Miss Rogers.

"Well," said the lady, "if you want a rest, I'll try to think of a Christmas tale. Shall it be a true one?"

"Yes, yes, please!" clamoured a dozen voices at once, as the owners settled themselves on the spacious verandah, from which they could watch the glowing sunset.

"It was just such an evening as this, about thirty years ago," said Aunt Alice, "that a party of young folks were returning from a long bush picnic. They were thirteen, all mounted, one leading a pack horse laden with tent, rugs, kits, billy cans, etc.; they had wreathed their hats with ferns and wild flowers, and were carrying bush treasures, for they were a party from Auckland on a visit to their relative, the resident magistrate at the Thames. They had with them two faithful collies, which were ever skirmishing about, disturbing the wild fowl and rabbits from their lairs. We, for my brother and I were of the party, had been standing on the hill summit, watching just such a sunset as this, when all at once one of the dogs showed signs of violent agitation, and commenced barking and howling dismally.

"My brother followed the faithful animal's lead, and there, sure enough, just on the edge of a frightful precipice, lay a young man, quite insensible.

"At first we thought he was dead, it being no uncommon thing in those days for poor fellows to be lost in the bush. Very way-worn was his appearance, his clothes torn, his boots nearly off his feet, and he himself emaciated evidently by long fasting. A loud coo-ee quickly summoned the others to our aid, and the fortunate possessor of a brandy flask applied it instantly to the poor fellow's lips.

"He soon showed signs of reviving, but was quite unable to stand on his feet. When he spoke, it became evident that he was a gentleman; his whole appearance denoted misfortune, the too common fate of the early prospector.

"'He's down there, down the old shaft!'" were his first barely articulate words, but he was too weak at present to explain his meaning.

"We found his swag and billy lying near, and quickly kindling a fire, made warm tea, and offered him food, of which he feebly partook. Then he lifted great, hollow-looking eyes to my brother's face, saying:

"'There's a man down there, they have tried to murder him!'"

"They placed him on horseback, and one on each side supporting him, took him in the direction indicated, until they came to a notched tree, near which after some searching, an old shaft was found. They hallooed loudly, and were answered by a feeble voice from the depths below.

"'Hold on!'" shouted my brother, "'we'll get help. You are saved!'"

"Then he galloped away to the nearest settlement for ropes and help, leaving us to take our 'find,' as we termed him, to the nearest house, which happened to be my uncle's, where he was put into a comfortable bed, and kindly tended.

"But Ralph Clanmore, that was his name, had passed through too much strain of mind and body to easily recover; brain fever held him in its iron grasp for several weary days,

during which he would call piteously for 'just one match,' and cry out for help for a man down a shaft, or 'a little lass.'

"Meanwhile the man had been rescued from his perilous position, though almost mad with fright and want of water. He was taken to the hospital, and as soon as he gathered strength, he told his story.

"His name was Jim Firth, and he had been out prospecting with two mates, new arrivals on the field of whom he knew nothing. They had made a lucky hit, and it seems the two scoundrels had determined to make off with the gold, disposing of him as we have seen.

"The meeting between him and his little lass was very pathetic, the child being brought to the hospital to see him. He held her like a recovered treasure in his arms, while she flung her arms round his neck, crying 'Daddy, Daddy, you did'nt come home to Christmas!'

"She soon understood what had befallen him, and then asked to be taken to the 'good, good man who had saved her daddy.' When Ralph had sufficiently recovered, this request was granted, and little 'karaka blossom,' as Jim called her, came with her wooden doll in her arms to see him. She looked at him, her sweet face quivering with emotion, her large brown eyes filling with tears; then, unable to control her feelings, she cried out, 'You are good, you are good; I love you, and I will ask my Jesus to love you always.'

"There was silence, as Ralph held the little creature fast, and kissed her brow, cheek, and lips reverently, as if some holy thought were in his mind, and ever after they were firm friends.

Iles, Photo., HE EMPLOYED HANDS TO PUT IN A DRIVE AND TEST ITS VALUE, *Auckland.*
AND A GOOD FIND WAS THE RESULT.

"'Our find,' as we still termed Ralph, became quite a hero among us. My uncle declared there was grit in the lad, and employed him as clerk in his office, thus insuring him against the vicissitudes of prospecting, of which he was entirely weary. Jim Frith presented him with a handsome cheque, which little 'karaka blossom' brought in an envelope as a token of gratitude for saving 'daddy.'

"We all loved that child. We had her portrait taken, and I tried to paint her picture; but no one could do justice to that sweet little face, with its pathetic eyes, which seemed always to be mutely asking for love and sympathy.

"Her father, as we called him, never seemed quite so strong after his tragic experience. He never actively engaged in mining again, but would watch the workmen erecting buildings and batteries, as the months rolled on, bringing a golden harvest from many a rich claim. He visited the scene of his night's adventure, and indications induced him to peg it out as a claim, calling it the 'Karaka Blossom.' He employed hands to put in a drive and test its value, and, strange to say, a good find was the result. Of his dastardly mates he never heard more; doubtless they escaped to America or England.

"My brother and I returned to our Auckland home, and saw no more of them for some time, but when Ralph came to town on business, he always visited us.

"'Blossom,' or Hilda, that was her real name, was about twelve years old when 'daddy' died. We all spoke of him so, because Ralph did, and we all sorrowed for his loss. He had built a pretty cottage, and Blossom had her heart's desire, a garden full of flowers to love and tend.

"It was winter time, and the creeks were much swollen; a new bridge had been erected near his dwelling, but 'daddy,' with a strange perversity common to him since his trouble, persisted in striving to cross the narrow plank that was only a few yards nearer, and hardly safe in rough weather. A strange swimming in the eyes, a giddy reel, and he lost his hold.

"The torrent was fierce; the boulders against which he was dashed raggedly cruel. A man who saw him fall rushed to his aid, and found him, bruised and bleeding from a terrible gash in his head. He was carried home, and Ralph, sent for in haste, stood by his bed.

"'It's all over, my lad,' said he, 'and like many other things in my life, it's my own fault; look to Blossom, lad, I leave her to you,' and taking the child's hand, he laid it in Ralph's. 'There's gold, my lad, for her, in the old—waterhole.'

"Then he fell back, and never spoke again.

"Blossom grieved bitterly for him, as did Ralph, for there had sprung up a genuine affection between them, and he determined to carry out 'daddy's' wishes to the letter. On searching the place described, Ralph found a small iron box containing valuable papers, and a considerable amount of gold, together with his written statement concerning Blossom.

"Herein lay the story of a life. A bundle of old letters revealed the fact that some twenty years previous he had been engaged to a young girl named Hilda Swan. For her sake he had toiled hard, and at length secured a position of trust in Australia. Her portrait lay among the letters, showing the face of a lovely girl; but, alas! not so noble as her fond lover believed her. She had evidently listened to the addresses of a young gentleman far above her in social rank, and trusted his promises, writing Jim a curt little note which, crumpled, yellow, and soiled, lay there now, stating that she was sorry to disappoint him, but that she had never really loved him, and was about to wed the only one she could ever love.

"Thus by a broken troth, another life was wrecked, and the evil did not end here. To her sorrow, poor Hilda found out too soon the fickle nature of her handsome lover, who having inveigled her into what proved an illegal marriage, deserted her and returned to England. All this she had told in a sorrowful, repentant letter to Jim, declaring her intention of leaving Melbourne with her

little child, and seeking employment in New Zealand. This she did, dressed as a widow she obtained a situation as governess on a farm in the Waikato. She was allowed to take her little child, on consideration of reduced salary. Here she found a safe haven until the outbreak of the Maori war, when the country became extremely dangerous. After a while the peril came nearer. Our troops were repulsed in an engagement, the entire settlement consigned to flames, and women and children massacred without mercy, by that terrible chief Rewi and his cruel warriors. Jim had written it all down, in his own methodically neat hand, and labelled the papers 'For my Karaka Blossom, when I am gone.'

"When he heard that Hilda had gone to New Zealand he determined to follow her, and his reckless love of adventure being attracted by reports of the Maori rebellion, he joined the Armed Constabulary, and was one of the brave fellows who followed Major Mair through the Waikato campaign.

"Shortly after he joined, a dreadful tragedy had been enacted, and ruthless slaughter committed by the rebel Maoris. The troops swept down in awful revenge upon a native pa. John's company was sent to rescue any pakehas who might have hidden and escaped that fearful night.

"Where once had been fruitful fields and orchards, only blackened stubble remained; where yesterday a happy home had stood, there lay nought but a heap of debris. Some mutilated victims were found, and given decent burial, and a few survivors came forth from the bush half frenzied by their loss and sufferings. Amongst all this horror Jim's notice was attracted by the mewing of a black cat near a barn, part of which still smouldered. Entering, he found the tomahawked body of a young woman, the beautiful head nearly severed by a cruel blow. To his horror he recognised it as that of his beloved Hilda. Overcome for a moment by emotion, he then bethought him of her child. Where was it? Had it also met the same fate? Poor puss still rubbed against his legs, mewing piteously. Could the animal help him, he wondered? Yes, it trotted off to a sheltered corner, where behind some piles of lumber lay a little child, fast asleep. Quickly Jim carried her to a place of safety, puss still following him, and from that day the poor animal became the pet of the company. Then Jim buried his dead love, and bore her child away to the charge of a worthy couple in the nearest township, where he left her until the war was over. When some time after he went to the Thames in search of

SHE LOOKED AT IT LONG AND TENDERLY.

gold (only for her sake) he took the child with him, and allowed all his love to centre upon this one treasure.

"She returned his affection fully, and filled his lonely life with brightness, her beauty and winsomeness continually reminding him of her slain mother. He had, therefore, made his will in her favour, with the exception of a small legacy to Ralph, whom he appointed her guardian, desiring him to see that she was properly educated, and placed

with some good woman who would bring her up wisely and well, so that she might be protected from evil.

"So Ralph came to us in Auckland, and asked my mother to take charge of Blossom, and educate her as a gentlewoman, which she readily consented to do, for the child was as loveable as she was lovely. After this we saw more of Ralph, and all became sincerely attached to him, while Blossom regarded him as the noblest and best of men. He had been very successful financially; indeed he often remarked that 'fortune had been kind to him ever since that Christmas night when he had laid him down to die for want of a match.'

"Blossom grew as beautiful in soul as in person, and it surprised no one that when she was eighteen Ralph Clanmore asked her to accompany him to England on a honeymoon trip, to which question she had only one answer to give him, 'she had always loved him.' So they were married one bright Christmas morning."

* * * * *

But the postscript is this. When the Christmas moon was shining that night over the old hills that have been so riddled and undermined for gold, precious gold, Aunt Alice stood in her room, by the window, holding an old photograph in her hand. It was the portrait of a noble looking man about thirty, and on the back of it was written, in a bold hand, "To dear Alice, from Ralph." She looked at it long and tenderly, till her eyes grew dewy, as they often would when she thought of him, and she murmured softly, "Ralph, dear Ralph, you will know some day how I loved you, but I could not let our little Blossom fade; my darling, may you always be as happy as I pray you may be."

Yes, that was Aunt Alice's own story, but no one remembered it save God and the angels.

And the Christmas stars were shining.

The Love of the Stars.

The sun went to sleep o'er the hill,
The stars came to kiss him good-night,
The winds and the waters grew still,
To list to the footfall of night.

The sun thought nought of the sorrow
That dimmed the bright gleam of their eyes,
As the stars sadly whispered, "To-morrow,
Oh! surely the sun will arise!"

So they watched thro' the night for the sun,
With their love-glinting silvery light,
Till the heavens grew ashen and dun,
And they fled from the sky in affright.

They were timid with thought of their love,
They were dumb at the sound of his tread,
And the men in the planets above
Said, "Surely, the stars are all dead!"

They hid where his rays could not reach,
As in beauty and glory he passed;
But, at gloaming, each whispered to each,
"We surely will kiss him at last!"

So as days and their morrows went by,
They ran to the rim of the west,
And their tears were like gems in the sky,
Where they wept on the blue of its breast.

Thus they loved and they wept thro' the years,
But Night treasured up each bright gem,
And promised them joy for their tears,
And the cross is her pledge unto them.

D. M. Ross.

How to Commence Bee Keeping.

By A. J. Osborne.

THE keeping of bees is an industry which might, with advantage, be far more widely pursued than it is at present. Few, if any, occupations require so little capital, and afford so much interest to the lover of nature, while the addition of such a welcome and wholesome delicacy to the table, as a plentiful supply of golden honey in the comb, is a material advantage which cannot easily be overestimated. The labour attached to it is so light (with the exception, perhaps, of the treefalling necessary to obtain bush hives, described herein), that one marvels why ladies, who have time on their hands, do not utilise it in such a profitable and interesting pursuit.

One reason which has been given why bees are not more extensively kept, is that a good deal of ignorance prevails on the subject, and it is in some slight way to dispel that ignorance that I am induced to pen these lines, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, are intended solely for the novice, who knows absolutely nothing about bee-keeping.

Another reason which prevents ladies from keeping bees is doubtless the fear of stings. With ordinary care, however, these can be in a great measure avoided, and the application of honey or damp earth to the part affected will at once give relief, and cause a sting to be regarded, at all events, as but a minor annoyance.

I remember, in my novitiate days, before such a convenience as a "Bingham's Cold-blast Smoker" was known, getting severely stung while taking forty pounds of bush-honey out of a tree, with a "companion in distress." Not knowing what to apply to the sting, I allowed the poison to work, and have not yet forgotten the peculiar manner in which it chilled my blood even when standing before a bush fire, and rotating like a roasting-jack. But, with the present day conveniences and careful handling, the novice has no cause to experience any such alarming inconvenience.

I will suppose that my novice lives in the country, and as very few places, if any, will not support one hive, the first thing to be done is to select a warm, sheltered situation, facing anyway between N.W. and N.E. It should be out of the way of ordinary garden work, as bees do not like to be disturbed. A bare spot is best for the bees, as it can harbour no enemies. For the same reason I do not care, myself, about bee-sheds, preferring to have my hives in the open, using temporary covering, to protect them from the summer heat. If convenient, by placing your hives under trees of open foliage, you can attain this object even more easily, but in any case look well after your hives, and destroy all spiders and other enemies.

Having determined the position of your hive, or hives, drive strong pegs of durable wood into the ground for them to rest on, and be particular that they are exactly level. A spirit-level will be useful for this, but in default of one, a plumb-line is equally effective. By plumbing the corners of your hive you ensure it being level. If you have sufficient mechanical skill you will not find it a difficult matter to make your own hives, but failing this, buy Langstroth ones, which are very reasonable. Do not on any con-

sideration commence with the old make-shift box hives, because you will require to control your bees, and to do this you must keep to one pattern of frame-hives, so that you can exchange combs at any time if required.

Having selected or completed your hive with its frames, the next step is to obtain some comb-foundation. This is really an artificial backbone upon which the bees will work out their cells. It costs 2s. 3d. per lb., but the novice will soon be able to reduce the cost of this materially by getting his own wax made into cell-foundation by those who have machines for the purpose. This they will do at about sixpence per pound, with say a penny extra for carriage. Having procured your foundation, proceed to cut strips three-quarters of an inch wide, and fasten them to the frames with hot beeswax. Place these prepared frames in your hives, and put in, also, a square of clean sacking just large enough to cover the frames, and prevent bees rising into the lid and making a mess, by fixing the cover tight, and you will now be ready for the swarm. Bear in mind particularly that bees love cleanliness, and cannot bear dirty smelling hives.

There are two ways of getting your swarm. The town or suburban novice may have to purchase, but in the country, especially in bush districts, you may easily find a swarm. If you purchase, do not, on any consideration, get a swarm of less than 5 lb. weight, or 8 lb. is better, and a heavier one still is preferable. An 8 lb. swarm should be obtained for 1s. per lb., a smaller one, less in proportion, and a larger one, rather more. It is easy to ascertain the weight by weighing the box first, and subtracting the weight of it from what it weighs when occupied.

It will be well here to describe the swarm-box, which is a convenience that will always be found useful. It must be large enough to hold the largest swarm you are likely to have. In fact, it is better to be too large than too small, as bees quickly prespire and get overheated, dying rapidly when put in too small a box. Eighteen inches by twelve, and twelve inches deep is a good size. It should be of light wood, without any cracks or holes, and have a sliding lid with an extra secure fastening. You can cut as many holes as you like in the lid and sides, using rather coarse perforated zinc to cover them on the inside, or tin with holes punched in it, keeping the rough side away from the bees. This will give ventilation, of which you cannot have too much.

Having secured your swarm in this box, and carried it to your hive, which is ready to receive it, your best way will be to get the queen-bee and place her in the hive; you then put the partly opened swarm-box close to the mouth of the hive, and the bees will swarm in after her. By this means the bees settle down more readily.

Another plan is to uncover the hive and remove a few frames, pushing the remainder close to the sides. All being ready, thump your swarm-box smartly on the ground, draw the lid away altogether, and then shake the bees into the open space of your hive, replacing the frames, mat, and cover. Act quickly but steadily, with no fuss. Learn to go deliberately about your work, quickly but quietly. A few puffs of smoke from your smoker will help in case the bees are inclined to be nasty. Your bees will soon settle down to work, and your hive being level, they will build their combs in the frames just where they are wanted.

The country novice, as I have said, will probably not require to purchase his swarms, especially in bush districts; he will, with a little patience and perseverance, be able to find a bush hive, and by taking it supply his own hive with occupants.

In order to find a hive in the bush you require to get your eyes into training by following bees in their flight. If they are busy on any flowers, watch them rise and follow their flight; your first lesson will then be learnt. If you find bees drinking, you may be sure their home is not far off, because, being sensible insects, they do not care to carry the comparatively large quantity of water they use any further than is necessary. This habit is sure to give their residence away to the careful observer.

There is another point to be observed; avoid a windy day, and have your back to the sun while watching bees in flight. The sun shining on them will show their flight, and you will soon see them pass each other frequently. An old hand can tell at a glance which are the loaded bees going home, by their straight, business-like flight, as distinguished from the easier, and generally higher, flight of light bees going in search of honey. Before long you will see the bees crossing each other in their flight, which is caused by circular flight of both outward and inward-bound insects, as they seldom, if ever, either leave or enter home in a perfectly straight line. The hive will be now at your mercy.

Another method of finding bees is to steadily work out a section of the bush and look the trees over, assisted by the flight. Watching is very effective, and many hives are often found quite close together, not infrequently two in the same tree.

Having found the hive, the next business is to secure it. This often entails cutting down the tree. You should have with you your axe, swarming-box, smoker, a pannikin, and a small ventilated box about the size of a tin matchbox, to put the queen-bee in. A tin matchbox will do if well cleaned. A bucket will also be required for the honey. The novice may also like to have a bee-net on to protect the face and neck.

After the tree is fallen, the smoke should be used freely around the mouth of the hive. Then cut the tree across, and after using the smoker split out the pieces so as to have the comb exposed. Then cut out the honey first, or as much of it as possible, keeping a sharp look out for the queen-bee, which you cannot mistake, as she is longer in the body than any of the others. Directly you see her, follow her up, and secure her in the small box with half a dozen other bees to keep her company. She rarely stings, so it is easy to catch her. Be most careful not to hurt her, or your labour will be practically lost. When you have her safe, hang the little box inside the swarm-box, leaving the lid a little open, and you will have secured your swarm, as the bees will go to their queen. As you proceed the bees will cluster, and you can carefully scoop these up with your pannikin, and empty them into the swarm-box. If you have not previously secured the queen-bee, you may, by chance, put her in with these without knowing it. But if you do you will soon find it out by the way the bees crowd in after her. But until they go in, and remain there, you may be sure the queen is outside still, and must be sought for until you find her. Use your smoker freely to smoke them out of crannies. Wherever the bees cluster she is sure to be, and either by pannikin or fingers you must secure her, for without her your swarm is a useless one. Your swarm-box should be open about six inches, and tilted up to allow the bees to go uphill to the back part of it.

The bees themselves will tell you when their queen is with them in the box by humming constantly, whereas without her they make a grating or rasping sound. You should, however, as before stated, make a point of knowing the queen quickly, and securing her in the queen-box, suspending it by a string inside the swarm-box. This string will enable you to get the box out when you get home to your hive.

After getting your bees into your new hive, after the manner described, inspect the hive for a day or two, but do not interfere in any way with the occupants. They will begin to work at once, especially if you have been able to domicile them before dark. If you had not time to do so, get the work done at daylight next morning.

You can add to your apiary either by subdivision, or getting other bush hives, or by the slower way of bees swarming naturally. Should they, at any time, have swarmed unknown to you, you can always rely on finding the swarm to leeward of their hive. Your number of hives must depend on the amount of bee forage within one mile.

The following hints it would be well for the novice to bear well in mind: Bees particularly appreciate cleanliness. They require water, and must be in a position

where they can get it. They will not thrive in a damp place. If exposed to great heat they will at once show it by clustering in masses outside. The combs also are liable to melt and fall down, therefore always protect them from the midday heat of summer by a false cover, with plenty of air space under it. Look from time to time, and if you see more than one egg in a cell there is need of attention. Your hive may require a new queen. If you see no eggs at all, or very few, get a new queen as soon as possible. Young queens always make a strong hive, and old queens the reverse. A good handbook on bees should be procured, which will show you, amongst other things, how new queens are artificially made, in a sense, and also how bees can be made to swarm independently of nature's mode of proceeding.

I will now bring this article to a close, trusting that it may attain its object, which is to induce the novice to embark in a pursuit that is at the same time profitable and an exceedingly interesting study in natural history, and to start him or her on the right track.

The Worldlings

A Nation's Litany.

We have given our span to the gods of our hand,
To the gods of the world and the flesh;
We have wrought our gods of human sods,
And champ to create them afresh.
They come and go as the streams that flow
And the future glides to the past;
For man shall not keep what the gods would reap
When they gather their great repast.

Two thousand years we have paid to our gods
Since the chariots rolled in Rome;
And a hundred years in joy and tears
Since we called Old England Home.
Cycle, olympiad, lustre, days of a year we know,
But we look to a far horizon a hundred years ago.
And thus, and thus, for ever will the world of man roll on,
As it was in the days of our fathers, as it was in the ages gone.

Oh, the sapped and sated hung'rers!
Oh, the unsated hungering scores!
That have taken their part in the triumphs,
That strive in the worldly wars.
We have given our span to the gods of our hand,
To the gods of the selfish flesh;
We have paid our price to the world and vice—
We shall pay for our life afresh.

Guy H. Scholefield.

"Their Introduction."

By H. G. Fodor.

Illustrated by Francis Hodgkins.

For the Children.

A GIRL, with a short frock and very long hair, was leisurely sauntering down a garden path, and looking about on all sides of her. She had a bright, intelligent face, with a mouth ready to laugh at the smallest opportunity. One could see, by a glance at her dainty form, and the poise of her fair head, that here was the bud of a most charming, wayward woman. Dossie Maydew, as she continued her dawdling way, and glanced casually about her, might have deceived any mere male observer into thinking that here was a bright little girl, who was aimlessly wandering about a well-kept garden because she had nothing better to do. But another woman, at least one of half Dossie's intelligence, would have known that she was looking for somebody, and, moreover, that she did not wish that somebody to know that he or she was being sought. So, at least, thought Dossie's mother, who was watching her daughter from an upper window, with a half-anxious, half-amused look.

Mrs. Love, lately Mrs. Maydew, had been a charming widow with one little daughter, and she had, only a few weeks before my story opens, married Mr. Tom Love, a widower with one boy. Mrs. Love was deeply attached to her husband, as he was to her, but at the time of her marriage she had wondered with some anxiety how her wayward spoilt girl and her husband's equally spoilt boy were going to agree. Mr. Love had not troubled much about the children. He was fond of his boy, and to him Dossie was a sweet little maiden, who could not fail to be good and agreeable because she was so like her mother. He forgot that Master Roderick had been staying with two maiden aunts, who spoiled him in every way, and he did not know what a great dislike they had to his marrying at all, and that they had hinted to the boy that step-mothers were usually unkind, and that his step-sister would be put before him in everything.

Dossie went on her way with the little determined set of head that her mother knew so well. The child was tired of being by herself this first day of her arrival in her new home, and she was really diligently seeking the new brother whose existence was of great interest to her, and who had vanished as soon as she had arrived. At length the mother lost sight of her daughter as she disappeared into the vegetable garden.

The step-brother, Derrick, as he was called, was standing by his fowl-house, with one elbow leaning against the corner of it In appearance he was a healthy, freckled, clear-eyed, colonial boy, with an ordinary face, inclined to appear more sulky than he felt if things went wrong with him. He

caught sight of Dossie, ambling towards him, but, in his own language, he did not "let on."

The girl came quite close, and leant up against the other corner of the fowl-house, and the two children stared at one another silently. Dossie had been accustomed to be made much of, and she wondered what sort of a boy this was, who could stand and look at her so steadily without speaking a word. She would not speak first, she thought. But

"And I s'pose you are Derrick. Why don't you speak?" Then, in a conciliatory tone, "Are these your fowls? Can't I see them?"

Derrick turned rapidly, and closed the wooden shutter—his own make—which covered the wire-wetting, the only part of his hen-house which exposed his fowls to view, and said, rudely:

"They're prize fowls; you wouldn't know anything about them." There was a con-

SHE FOUND HIM STANDING BY HIS FOWL-HOUSE.

Derrick had perfect command of his features, gained by much practice in staring other boys out of countenance, and Dossie could not keep the sunny smiles from her bright face. So when Derrick actually shifted his elbow to a lower part of the woodwork, and stood on his other leg, still staring at her, Dossie thought this great, silent boy so funny that she burst out laughing, and then had to speak, as an excuse.

"Don't you know me? I'm Dossie."

"Yes, I s'pose you are," kicking vigorously at a stone.

temptuous "only a girl" tone in his voice, at which Dossie took fire at once, though she was clever enough not to show it. She would pay this cross boy out, she thought.

"Oh, it don't matter," she said, airily. "If they're prize fowls I don't want to see them. I saw ever so much better ones than you can have, at the Show. Uncle took me, and he knows all about them."

So saying, she tripped away, as if Derrick were no more worth her notice, and proceeded to examine the best points of the vegetable garden, with a dreamy look, as if

there was no one but herself in the garden, and Derrick had entirely passed out of her mind.

Alas for Master Love, that he should be so easily taken in by the wiles of the fair sex, taken in by a slip of a girl who, all the time her eyes appeared to be wandering over currant bushes, or rows of peas, lost nothing of her companion's movements. Immediately he was taken no notice of, Derrick felt interested, and kept his fair enemy in sight. This fact was noted by the lady, who carelessly, and by easy stages, led him into the house. Then a sound of afternoon tea-cups lured two healthy, hungry children into the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Love were alone, and their conversation came to an abrupt end as first Dossie entered, and later Derrick.

"Ah, here you are, my boy," said Mr. Love, in a tone of satisfaction. "We have been looking for you to introduce you to your new sister here. You two must be friends, you know. Come and kiss each other, as a brother and sister should."

But Derrick shook his head defiantly, and I am ashamed to say his father did not rebuke him for his want of manners.

Then, to make matters worse, Mrs. Love, whose anxiety to have the children friends, blunted her usual common sense, said to her little daughter, "Dorothy, go at once and kiss your new brother, Derrick."

Dossie hung back, but her mother, usually so indulgent, meant to be obeyed when she said "Dorothy." There was nothing else for it. The poor child knew she had to do as she was told. With flushed cheek and downcast eyes, Dossie came forward and gave her step-brother a little "peck" of a kiss on his cheek. Derrick did not return the salute, and Mrs. Love looked at her husband. But he said nothing, and had not noticed that the kiss was one-sided. She gave a little sigh of sympathy, as Dossie, with her cheeks flaming, rushed from the room.

Derrick stood looking uncomfortable. Now he had had his way, and been as disagreeable as possible, he wanted to get away from the grown-ups. Besides, he had a return taunt to fling at Dossie now, and she interested him, unknown even to himself. He was only conscious that he wanted to find her. So as soon as he conveniently

HE BEHELD DOSSIE, PERCHED ON A HIGH BRANCH OF A WILD FUCHSIA.

could, he left the room and began a search. She was not in the house, or in the garden, or anywhere round about. At last he crossed the road and plunged into the bush. He wandered about, when suddenly he heard a

little defiant laugh above him. He looked up, and beheld Dossie perched on a high branch of a wild fuchsia. So, although only a girl, she could climb, then. That was a pity. He could scarcely do better himself. But he had something ready for her. He swung himself up the same tree on to the branch near her. She seemed to have got over her mortification.

"I say," said Derrick, "You kissed me, you know. I didn't kiss you, see? I wouldn't for anything. Pooh!"

This was too much. Dossie's eyes opened wide, and sudden passion surged into them.

"You rude, mean, ungentlemanly boy," she cried; and with that she gave him a push. Derrick had not been expecting retaliation of this kind. He was taken unawares, and, to Dossie's horror, he fell. Down, down he went, with a heavy fall to the ground, and to him, as he looked upwards, it seemed that Dossie fluttered down after him like a bird. There was a look of horror and misery in her eyes that suddenly touched something in the boy that had never been touched before. She leant over him, and began to sob violently.

"Oh, Derrick, Derrick, I've killed you!"

"Don't cry, Dossie, I'm all right, and he actually patted her head. Then he tried to get up, and sat suddenly on the ground again.

"I think it's only a sprained ankle, or something. My leg's bad; but it was all my fault, Dossie. Don't cry so. It's all my fault, and I am a horrid wretch, and I'm sorry. Dossie, awfully, real sorry. Oh, do leave off! I'd rather do anything than hear you cry so. Go and fetch someone, Dossie; and mind, I did it myself—and do stop crying!"

* * * * *

"Yes, it was pretty bad," said Mrs. Love, "that Derrick should have had that accident on the very first day of our home-coming. But it was a mercy in disguise, for without it, I don't know how our two spoilt children would ever have become friends."

MAID ALICE.

Birds were twittering in the trees,
Rustling softly in the breeze,
Lightly ruffling up the hair
Of Maid Alice, tall and fair.

Flowers were swaying to and fro,
Nodding gently, whispering low,
As the summer twilight grew,
And the moon dim shadows threw.

O'er the garden, old and quaint,
Where the odours sweet and faint
Of the flowers nodding there,
Filled with fragrance all the air.

Twittering birds and gentle breeze
In the softly sighing trees,
Flowers swaying to and fro,
See you how the shadows grow?

By the rose bush near the wall
Stands Maid Alice, fair and tall,
But her shadow, straight and true,
With the rose bush maketh two.

Tell me then, O birds and flowers,
Lovers of her childish hours—
Tell me then, how can it be
That the shadows now are three?

Trilled the birds and sighed the flowers,
Gone are Alice's childish hours,
Evermore for good or ill
Greater love her soul doth fill.

Rhoda Arney.

Education in New Zealand.

By Joseph Ormond.

V.—THE NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY.

OUR University holds high rank among the Universities of the British Empire, thanks to its democratic spirit and to the high standard of knowledge, exacted from those who aspire to possess its degrees. The maintenance of this prestige is in great part due to the peculiar constitution of our University. There are four affiliated Colleges in different centres, with widely different characteristics in people, climate and country. Each of these Colleges has a distinct professional staff, and is subject only to local government. The rivalry naturally engendered by this system has spurred each College, comparatively speaking, to great and sustained effort, and has prevented any particular one from falling in all its faculties to a low level, whilst it has saved the system from the sameness of spirit which marks many of the Universities that are situated in one confined spot.

Our University system has been reproached with the great expense the sporadic nature of its constitution entails. But we must look to the future when each of the four great centres of our nation will have, as a consequence of our present system, an institution for the imparting of highest education in full working order, and developing naturally with its own expansion. The Board of Governors set over each of our Colleges has full power over the buildings, the revenue and expenditure, the course of instruction, and the professional staff of the College, though the nature of the two last is, of course, largely determined by the statutes of the University, a corporate body composed of nominees of the Sovereign, and representatives of its own graduates, and having the power to hold examinations and grant degrees that shall be recognised throughout the British Empire.

The University draws most of its students from the secondary schools, and the adaptation of its curriculum to that of these schools is a most important matter. The matriculation examination is the entrance door to the University, and is commonly used as a leading examination by the secondary schools. At present, however, no one who has given it a moment's thought, can deny that it is eminently unfitted for this, and that its low standard has a decidedly restrictive influence on secondary school work. The Headmaster of the Auckland College and Grammar School, the largest secondary school in the colony, in his annual report for 1898, says: "It (the matriculation examination) should serve as the one examination for entrance into the Civil Service, and should cover both Medical Preliminary and Solicitors' General Knowledge, a saving to parents of many guineas, and to pupils of the worry of incessant examination. As things stand, the boys and girls of our Fifth Forms (the highest but one of the secondary school standards) need plenty of spur to keep them interested in work which is far beyond the scope of the examination they are looking forward to; and the University, on the other hand, overlaps the Grammar Schools just half-way, with the result that the Professors in the Colleges have to spend their energies on pupils who have completed only rather more than half the course of the Grammar Schools." Here we have a clear and convincing statement from one best qualified to express an opinion. The matriculation examination is far too low, it should be made practically the same as the Senior Civil Service examination, and should serve as the

entrance examination to the University, the Civil Service and the learned professions, pedagogy, medicine, law and engineering.

There are various matters of detail affecting the matriculation examination that I should like to notice. In the first place, there should be a definite standard for each subject, and not one left to the caprice of the examiner. The examiners for this particular examination have several times laid themselves open to very serious charges, which it is just as well the general public should know. For the purpose of illustration, I shall take the examination of December, 1899. The University Senate, last year, adopted a new syllabus in matriculation English, yet one sixth of the examiner's paper was distinctly outside of that syllabus, whilst branches of the subject that were specifically mentioned for examination, *e.g.*, the setting of unpunctuated passages to be punctuated, were not included in the examination paper. There was no parsing exercise, and the examinee, too, was asked in a twelve-question, three-hour paper to write an essay of *three or four* pages.

When we turn to the English History paper, the effect—tragic for the poor examinee—is nothing less than ludicrous to one acquainted with the first principles of examining. For the most part, the questions are put in the most general form, and some of them have absolutely no meaning for a boy or girl. Nothing more need be said of this paper than that a comparison of it with the 1899 B.A. degree paper, set by Dr. Gardiner, one of the greatest of living historians, brings into relief its difficulty, its obscurity and the inexperience of the examiner. A woman examiner has been employed before by our University, and with a like result. It is probably not the sex of the examiner that is wholly to blame, though the difference in breadth of view and in power of judgment, between man and woman, may account for much; it is to the comparatively limited or non-existent teaching, training and experience, that this serious evil is chiefly to be ascribed. It is to be hoped that, henceforth, the University will employ only those examiners who have had actual experience of the teaching and faculties of pupils of about the same age as those they are to examine. Space forbids lengthy enumeration of such abuses. I propose to notice only one other eccentricity on the part of an examiner. The first question of the French paper must have puzzled and disconcerted many a candidate, since the examiner calls the two little words on which the question depends *adverbs*, when they are never by any chance other than *prepositions*. One naturally expects an examiner to be able to parse. The only cause to which the anomaly can be set down is carelessness. It must be admitted, however, that the present French examiner's papers are generally marked by plenty of wisdom, and are far in advance, as thorough and wisely-planned tests of a knowledge of the subject, of the French examination papers of earlier years.

There are other examples of carelessness on the part of examiners, to which the attention of the University should be called. In almost all the language papers there are many and serious misprints. Surely it is not too much to ask an examiner to correct his proof thoroughly before finally passing it, especially when the consequences are so serious.

The examination papers should all be printed in Wellington, or some other centre, and the printing should be done with the strictest secrecy. The writer knows as a fact that, in a small town, a few years ago, the proof of one of the examination papers was seen by a candidate before it was printed. Strict enquiries should also be made regarding candidates sitting away from their usual place of residence, as impersonation of a candidate is so easy. Here again the writer can speak from his own experience, as he was, some years ago, offered a substantial bribe to impersonate a candidate at a public examination.

The Junior University Scholarship Examination is the highest test applied to the secondary education of the colony, and damands a high standard of knowledge. But

much depends on the examiners, and the examination papers of 1899 show that the Senate should scrupulously exact strict adherence to the terms of the syllabus. The English papers of 1899 were absurd. Let my readers themselves judge. The composition and literature paper consisted of six questions; two of these, one third of the paper, were on figures of speech; one was on classical and foreign allusions; one on the explanation of certain idioms, one a paraphrase of easy, well-known passages, and the last an essay. Having set such a paper, can an experienced examiner conscientiously say that he has done his best to test a knowledge of English composition, and to estimate literary taste? The English examination papers were quite inadequate, old fashioned, pedantic, and showed traces of careless and hurried compilation.

The examiner in Latin makes the fatal mistake of imagining that candidates from secondary schools have the same knowledge as honours students at the University Colleges, who have specialised for some time in Latin philology and antiquities. A boy who has read enough to write an intelligent "critical estimate of the works of Lucretius," or to "discuss the conventions of the early Latin comedy and its relations to the Greek drama," would be fitted for the M.A. examination rather than the Junior University Scholarship examination. Such questions as were set this year fail to test the candidate's ability, and tend to foster the pernicious system of cram.

There is one reform sadly needed in the Junior Scholarship syllabus, and that is the elimination of historical English. It is quite unnecessary to teach this in a secondary school. Its study is entered upon with most advantage at the University; our best English philological scholars are generally those who have not begun the study till after school life. Its retention in our secondary school course cramps teaching, inasmuch as it is a practically inexhaustible subject, demanding much time that should be given to the cultivation of literary taste and power, far more important qualities to the average secondary school pupil who, as a rule, will not proceed to the University, and should be taught to use his mother tongue, and appreciate its capabilities and its literature whilst his presence at school gives the opportunity.

Sir Robert Stout recently asserted, and his opinion is endorsed by all educationalists who have an intimate knowledge of the requirements of the different Universities in the British Empire, that the standard for the New Zealand B.A. degree is higher than that enacted at Oxford and Cambridge. He might have gone further, and said that, except in Latin and Greek, the Honours or M.A. examination is as high as in those ancient seats of learning. The New Zealand University, however, has been one of the first to recognise the value of the study of our mother tongue, and while the conservative academies of the Old Country still sacrifice it to the idol of classicism and antiquarianism, the New Zealand University demands for its English Honours examination a far higher standard than obtains in any Australian University; in English, indeed, our New Zealand standard is as high as at Dublin and London, where this subject receives its due recognition.

The question has often been discussed whether the value of our University training, and the value of our B.A. degree, could not be further increased by reducing the number of subjects from six to four, but raising the standard required in each. In several of the B.A. pass subjects, the standard is still low; and to an average Sixth Form boy of our secondary schools it is sheer waste of time to attend the pass lectures in mathematics, whereas an elevation of the standard would afford him mental training of the highest order, and make him much more proficient and expert in the lower branches of the subject. The range of the average pass student's reading in Latin Literature is very limited and scrappy, but with the reduction in the number of subjects, which I suggest, it could be considerably extended, and perhaps the much neglected subject of Roman History might be included in the

syllabus. In French again, the same will be found to hold true. Many of our undergraduates drop this subject for two years after leaving the secondary schools, and then cram it up in one year for their final B.A. examination. The period of literature prescribed results in unmitigated cram. The lives of authors and a catalogue of their works, which have not been read, and criticisms thereon, are religiously committed to memory, only to sink into oblivion a month after the examination is over. The same is true of English and German literature. If the period of literature were cut off the syllabus, and double or treble the number of prescribed books substituted in its place, our University students would be sent into the world much better versed in the literatures of their own and other countries; and if their studies have been intelligently directed, with a greater taste for literature and a more highly developed critical acumen. Such a pass degree as I suggest would, from an educational and a commercial point of view, be much more valuable than the present M.A. degree, while an Honours graduate would be equipped with all the qualifications essential to success in the highest branches of the profession he had in view, when he began to specialize. Certainly there would be fewer graduates every year if this proposal were carried into effect, but in a country where people of poor abilities are mechanically crammed for professions in which they are doomed to ignominious failure, it would be a blessing rather than an evil, both from their own and the country's points of view.

Our University is liberally endowed by the Government, and a good number—fourteen scholarships—are open for competition every year. Of late years, however, a number of the successful candidates have resigned their scholarships, and declined to avail themselves of the University education which their tenure involved; the reasons for this I shall discuss in a subsequent part of this paper. In New Zealand, however, few scholarships have been endowed by private individuals, whereas in the Australian Universities, the liberality of private citizens has been remarkable, the total endowments, in the three Universities of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, from private sources, amounting to nearly £1,000,000. If our wealthy citizens had only recognised the value of our University education in a corresponding degree, many of our brightest intellectual flowers that are now languishing on an inhospitable soil, might have been so cultivated and nurtured as to shed their fragrance on all New Zealanders, and become sources of refinement, inspiration and wisdom.

The New Zealand University, in its infancy and adolescence, like similar institutions in the other colonies, had to depend upon the seats of learning in Great Britain for its professional and teaching staff. But though it has now been established for thirty years, so little confidence have the governing bodies of the University and its affiliated Colleges in themselves and their graduates that, until last year, they not only debarred colonials from holding chairs, but also entrusted to a committee of men in England the duty of selecting scholars to fill the professional vacancies that occasionally occur. Last year the Canterbury College Board of Governors were the first to abandon this rule; they were taught wisdom by the hopeless failure of one of the professors who had been appointed two years previously to one of the most important chairs at that College. His testimonials and recommendations led the students and the public to expect an educational Nestor, but imagine their disappointment when he proceeded to deliver lectures which bored even raw matriculated students, by their crudeness and purility. A number of colonials applied for the vacant chair, and two New Zealand graduates were thought worthy of being considered in the final selection. The new Victoria College Council at Wellington followed the good example set by Canterbury, and all the appointments were made by the Council itself in Wellington, although only one New Zealander, Mr. R. C. McLaurin, M.A., LL.M., who had had a brilliant scholastic career at Cambridge, was appointed to a chair. The

growing tendency to recognise the claims of colonial applicants was, however, evidenced by the fact that one New Zealand graduate, Dr. Don, was in the final ballot for the chair of Chemistry and Physics.

We are slower than Australia in giving our most distinguished graduates the recognition which their abilities merit; for while many professional chairs in Australia are held by local graduates, the New Zealand University Colleges will appoint their graduates only to those poorly-paid lectureships which fail to attract outside talent. The attitude of the University in this policy is merely one aspect of the colonial antipathy to things colonial, which is so characteristic an anomaly in this ultra-democratic country. Even the Premier is tainted with this prejudice. On the eve of the election his big sympathetic heart is moved to pity for those bright and promising pupils, who are compelled to leave school just after passing the fourth standard; he declares that it is the duty of the State to spoonfeed them till they have passed the sixth and seventh standards, obtained scholarships, and finally taken their places in the higher professions for which nature intended them, and from which they would be excluded but for the beneficent intercession of an all wise and paternal State. Yet this high-souled democrat so far forgets the existence of our national system of education, and of four University Colleges, where work of the highest order is done—he so far forgets his obvious duty to those bright and energetic youths who, after many years' struggle with poverty and adversity, have finally won the highest honours our University can confer, as to send to England for a Parliamentary libarian at a salary of £400 per annum. Such a policy cannot be defended on the ground that colonials are incompetent for such posts. Of our graduates who have gone to the Home Universities, some have become wranglers, many have won the highest honours in the medical schools, others occupy positions as lecturers and tutors at Oxford and Cambridge, two have secured the highest places in the Indian Civil Service examinations, and two at least to my knowledge have been appointed professors in other colonial Universities. Of such a record any University might be proud, and when we consider how many graduates of the greatest ability and the highest promise are debarred through penury from going abroad and securing the recognition which is denied to them in their own country, we cannot but sympathise with them when we know that the only reward for their toil and scholastic distinctions is a miserable pittance in the lowest grades of the teaching profession.

In some cases, too, students have to obtain from New Zealand graduates tuition which the professors, either from want of energy or from want of knowledge, fail to give them. It is well known that at one of the New Zealand University Colleges all the Honours candidates in Latin have been for years prepared by a local graduate: the Professor in question draws a big salary, the "coach" in whom the students have evidently more confidence, only the poor fees that such arduous work brings in. I know of many cases, too, where University students, who foresaw failure looming ahead if they depended on the inadequate lectures of some of our professors in English, have had to seek coaching from New Zealand graduates, whose tuition has secured them the success they coveted; whereas dependence on the guidance of a high salaried professor with a carpet-bag full of English, aye, and Scotch testimonials, would have resulted in undoubted disaster.

These and many other instances which I could adduce, did space permit, of cases where one man received the salary, and another does the work, make one wish for the introduction of the German system of *Privat Docent*. Under this system any graduate is permitted to hold degree classes in the University building in the subject or subjects in which he is a specialist. The students are not slow to find out who gives the best lectures: the weaker drop out of the contest one by one; the principle of the survival of the fittest obtains, and ultimately the most capable become established in the

professional chairs, till they, in their turn, are ousted by more capable men. Many of Germany's most distinguished professors owe their positions to this system, and I venture to predict that, if New Zealand adopted it, in less than two years several who now hold high salaried positions in our Colleges, would be deposed by more capable graduates of our own University. I go further and say, that if the system had been in vogue, it would not have taken one of our Colleges twenty years to find out the incompetency of a professor. At present there is no check on the work of our professors, but under the scheme which I have just been describing, a professor would have to retain his students' confidence by conscientious work of the highest order, or he would speedily meet his nemesis in the shape of loss of office.

The same antipathy to things colonial is seen in the appointments to our secondary schools. During the last few years the highest positions have been given to English graduates imported from abroad, while many men capable of filling them with credit and success, were to be found in the colony. In one case an English graduate of no very high attainments, who had been for some years a private tutor, was appointed over the heads of many experienced New Zealand graduates. Who can wonder that under such a state of things the demand for University education is not increasing, and that in some centres there has been a marked falling off? Many of the successful pupils resign University Scholarships every year; nor can we blame them for doing so, when we reflect that at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three they would be thrown on the world equipped with a store of learning, but debarred from holding the positions for which their training has fitted them.

There are many more inducements for our youth in mercantile careers, for which an English experience and an English commercial training are not essential pre-requisites. In such a career ability and energy meet with their due reward, but what position in life is more deplorable than that of the poor scholar?

Kosmos: Chaos.

A finite world cast in the infinite;
A single wavlet on the wave-crowned sea;
A tiny atom rushing on thro' space,
Fast speeding on the never-ending race
Whose course is all that was and is to be.

Man, too, is but a glimmer in the void
On parent atom borne thro' wintry blast.
Look where he will, he sees beyond his ken,
Nor sees beyond the inner fringe, nor then
Can more than speculate the outer vast.

Man, earth—infinitude! Lone fragments we
Of the great ever-circling cosmic flight:
A broken chord snatched from a mighty swell
Of praise that perished when the angels fell,
And lost itself forever in the night.

ERNEST V. HALL.

A Coward's Revenge.

By Annie Bower Poynter.

Illustrated by Clara Singer Poynter.

IN the fresh, early hours of a midsummer day, before the sun had awakened, or the grasshoppers had commenced to stir, two figures, a man's and a child's, emerged from a rude, unpretentious hut, nestling at the head of a wild gully in the midst of a rugged range of mountains, beautiful to look upon, as all New Zealand mountains are, but rough to dwell amongst. The man shut the door, and fastened it securely, for rude though the little dwelling was, it contained one or two treasures he would not care to lose, worthless things in themselves, but rendered sacred to him by tender memories of the one woman whom he had loved with all the passion of a fierce, but self-contained nature.

The little girl watched his movements with absorbing interest, and smiled up at him as her hand caught his when they turned to leave.

"If anybody comes along, and tries to break in while we are away," she remarked, complacently, "my word, we'll make it hot for him when we come back, won't we, dad?"

"You bet," he answered, returning her smile with a tenderness that softened his whole face, "if he got me on to him, with my little mate here to lend a hand, there would'nt be much of that chap left."

The child laughed, a merry, ringing laugh, and her feet took to dancing down the rough, uneven track, heedless of her father's warning that they had a long tramp before them, and the day was only beginning. When they had left the hills behind them, however, she sobered down somewhat, the man accommodating his strides to her short steps.

They were a strangely assorted pair; the child, fair-haired and blue-eyed, a sweet little thing of five summers, overflowing with the joy and lightheartedness of childhood; the man, swarthy, black-browed, and grave almost to moroseness, seemed the very antithesis of all she embodied, yet he was her hourly companion, and the dark, hard face that repelled strangers, was ever soft to her, and his lips that rarely wore a smile for his acquaintances, never failed to respond to her merry sallies.

Half a score of years had passed since the day when John Kelman had steadfastly, though silently, set himself the task of winning the affections of sweet Mary Foster. He was a strapping young fellow then, of five or six and twenty, with a waggon and the best team of bullocks to be found for miles round; and she was the prettiest girl in the township, and the best. Her father had a small farm on the outskirts of the township, and on Sundays, as the little community gossiped home from church, the father or daughter, noting Kelman's silent ways, and strange aloofness from all his fellows, often asked him to come and have a "bit of dinner" with them, and walking home by Mary's side, his passion was fanned to a devouring flame by every

word and gesture, or even the merest glance from her soft blue eyes.

But two years slipped away, and still the word that was to make or mar his happiness remained unspoken. In her presence he felt tongue-tied, she was so sweet and fresh, to his rough mind it appeared almost sacrilege to break the spell. So he dallied with the passing hours until suddenly, and with the weight of a crushing blow, he awoke to the fact that he had tarried too long, and the spell had been broken by another.

He had undertaken a big carting contract, and had been absent from the township for a couple of months. His return, mentally rehearsed a dozen times a day, as he plodded along the rough roads, or sat at midnight with the silent stars above him, smoking his pipe by his camp-fire, and idly listening to the mournful cry of the mopokes and wekas moving stealthily to and fro in the dark bush about him, saw his hopes shattered, and his life, so fondly planned, stretching black and hopeless before him. For Mary—his Mary, as he always tenderly thought of her—was his no longer. Gilbert Morton, a recent arrival at the township, walked by her side, and claimed her happy smile as he bent to whisper soft words for her ear alone. During these two months he had won her heart from her, and she had promised to be his.

By trade a painter and paperhanger, he had already done remarkably well in the township, and little was thought of the fact that the nights he did not spend at Foster's farm were passed in the questionable company of those men who habitually congregated at the public-house. With his handsome face, and dashing air, to poor, innocent, romantic Mary, his gallant words appeared all that was chivalrous and brave, and she little dreamt that beneath the gay exterior there beat the heart of a cowardly blackguard.

Kelman, helpless in his bitter fury, stalked about his work, a dark, malignant-looking figure, repulsing with scowling brow and savage eyes all attempted commiseration, either in words or looks, and the neighbours openly declared that Mary was well rid of him. He uttered no word of reproach to her, for he had not spoken, and her radiant eyes and blushing cheek proclaimed her happiness, and held him dumb. He cursed himself for a fool for staying about the place at all, eating his heart out, and hating every soul about him, but somehow he hoped against hope that something would intervene. But when her marriage became a certainty

THEY HAD A LONG TRAMP BEFORE THEM.

in the near future, he suddenly relinquished his work, sold his team, and became a reckless wanderer upon the face of the earth.

For the space of nearly two years he roamed about from place to place, trying to drown recollection in the search for gold; but the woman whose image he sought to cast out of his life ever haunted him like a persistent dream. Her voice seemed to call him in every sigh of the wind across the yellow tussocks; and in the dusk of night,

her smiling lips and beckoning hands challenged him to blot her from his memory, until at last, sick with a fierce longing to behold her again, at whatever cost to his future peace of mind, he appeared in the little township once more.

His old neighbours looked at him askance, and said that Morton had better mend his ways now Kelman had come back to the place; but he did not question them, and it was no business of theirs to tell him that Mary's life was a hell upon earth—he was an ugly-tempered chap to deal with.

The cottage where Mary lived was pointed out to him by a passing stranger, a new-comer since his day, a lonely little place set back in a pretty garden, where the straggling street and the dusty highway met. But the neighbours were curious, and he made no attempt to go near it till friendly darkness should shield his movements somewhat. Then, in the shadow of the trees opposite, he waited and watched. Perhaps she might come out, and he could look upon her even if he did not speak. His heart beat thick and fast with the mere thought.

What happened next was burnt for ever upon his brain. Swiftly the door opened and closed, and a weeping woman—weeping silently, but in the abandonment of bitter despair, ran like a hunted thing down the garden path between the rows of white Madonna lilies that stood erect and motionless in the pale moonlight of a warm summer night. And the weeping form was Mary's! He was dreaming—surely he must be dreaming—such a monstrous crime could never come to pass! Yet, even as the thought surged through his brain, he leapt across the road, and with a stifled cry, she saw and recognised him even as his arms closed about her.

"Mary!" he cried, hoarsely, "Mary, what ails you, dear lass?"

And she clung to him; he never forgot that, and the touch of her hands was a passionate appeal.

"John!" she whispered, brokenly, "dear John, have you come back again? Oh, why did you ever go away?"

And in that moment John Kelman knew what the end would be. He urged her to come with him then, to leave the home of her misery that night, and turn her back on it for ever. But his words terrified her, and she shrank back aghast at the downward step she had already taken. Yet the result was inevitable; for this pale, heart-broken woman he had found in place of the laughing girl he had fondly loved, seemed to grip him by the heart, and fire his brain. And for Mary—love and tenderness lay before, and behind—naught but cruel blackness since the day her father died, and the coward she called husband knew there was none left to resent his deeds.

But he had not counted upon Kelman's reappearance, and his acquaintances said the reckoning was no more than he deserved, when he was severely thrashed in the open streets, and called to his face the cowardly blackguard that he was.

That same night Mary's new life began, when Kelman drew from her hand the symbol of her bondage, and ground it fiercely beneath his heel in the white dust of the road.

And upon the man who had humiliated him twofold, Morton swore he would be revenged even if he had to follow him to the ends of the earth. But he did not follow, for his craven spirit failed him, and so he bided his time.

Divorce would have been easy, but this step he would not take—knowing he would thereby be playing into their hands—until his fancy, caught by a new face that marriage alone could bring within his reach, he made the move for his own ends.

So six months from the night she fled from him, Mary was once more free, and the only blot upon her peaceful happiness was removed when she and John Kelman knelt together, in the sight of God and man, and became man and wife. Within six months she had breathed her last, and her dying words had been a prayer for her new-born child.

"Promise me, John," she had whispered feebly, "you will never part from her; as

long as you live you must watch over her, for a life such as mine has been, she must never know."

He promised, and the sacred trust had never been betrayed. He obtained steady employment in the little settlement where his wife was buried, that the fragile life committed to his care might be tended by a woman's practised hand; and when, after two years, he threw up his work and returned to his old roving life the child went with him. She grew apace, the cherished idol of her father's heart, and the pet and plaything of all the rough but kindly inhabitants of the various mining districts into which the quest for gold led them. The lonely hut among the hills had been their home for close upon a year; an occasional tramp into the little township, fifteen miles away, alone breaking the monotony of an almost too happy existence. Kelman worked unceasingly, but the gold he had struck was good, and beside him was ever the dancing, childish figure that, bare-footed, waded in and out of the creeks, throwing up her small shovel of gravel, and commenting on the wash-up with all the critical precision of an expert miner.

By an arrangement with the storekeeper of the township, provisions were left for them within a mile of their home whenever a cart happened to pass along the little-used mountain road; but this time the cart had been long in coming, and want of good food had made the long walk on a midsummer day a necessity. So taking advantage of the early morning hours, they made steady progress before the sun became oppressively hot. But when the child's footsteps lagged a little as the day advanced, her father, fearful lest he should overtire her, made frequent halts, their simple mid-day meal being hailed as a privileged hour of rest. Little Mary found it so indeed, for nestled in the heart of a large red tussock, she dropped asleep, her father meanwhile lounging on the grass beside her, smoking his pipe, and endeavouring to shield her from the tireless insects that danced incessantly in the hot air.

When they started upon their way once more, the child, refreshed and buoyant as ever, looked eagerly forward with queries as to how long it would be till the township was reached.

"And you are going to buy me a new pink frock, ain't you, dad?" she asked, "and a pink sunbonnet at Mrs. Wilson's. My word, I'll be a swell, and no mistake!"

"Flash will be no name for it," her father answered, smiling down on her expectant little face. "I shouldn't wonder if I passed you in the street, thinking you was some grand lady."

"No fear!" she returned, laughing at the bare idea. "That's rich, anyhow! If I saw you passin' me in the street, by golly! I'd holla at you till you'd soon know where your little mate had got to!"

And Kelman laughed again at her pretty air of grim determination.

The sun, still hot, though steadily sinking towards the western horizon, streamed down impartially upon the dusty street that formed the chief thoroughfare of the small but flourishing township, and the brightly-painted shops on either hand, as little Mary and her father turned from its glare, and entered a general store that proclaimed by its windows the miscellaneous nature of its wares. The very medley delighted the child, as did the mingled odour of onions and smoked herrings, leather boots, and new print. A burly, rough-bearded man moved to the counter with a nod of recognition and a friendly word of greeting, and at the same moment a glass-door leading into the living-room beyond was opened, and a brisk, kindly-looking woman came forward, the white work she had been engaged upon still in her hand.

"Now, don't tell me," she exclaimed, "you've never walked all those miles on this hot day!" adding, as she looked at the child with anxious concern, "What with the sun and the dust, I should think the little gel was only fit for her bed straight away."

But little Mary answered for herself, and her decision was final.

"I ain't a bit tired, Mrs. Wilson," she cried, eagerly. "I bet we were out and

peggin' along the road before a blessed man-jack of you was out of your beds, so we've done it pretty easy. I slep' ever so long, too, after we had eaten our tucker, besides plenty of rests, and dad give me a jolly good ride on his shoulder as well. I want you to fix me up with a new pink frock, and a sun-bonnet, like you had ready-made las' time we was down, and then I'd like to have a look at all them things you've gotten round the walls."

Nothing could be more emphatic, and Mrs. Wilson laughingly took her under her wing to work the required transformation, while Kelman settled his store account after ordering what provisions were necessary for their return journey. Wilson purchased the remainder of his gold, as the closing hour of the local bank had long since gone by, and he wished to get away in the cool of the morning. Then crossing the street to the public-house opposite to obtain a wash after the heat of the day, and secure a room for the night, followed by a visit to the barber's, he strolled leisurely back to the store, where he had promised to join the hospitable owners at their evening meal.

SAT IN THE GLOW OF THE BURNING WOOD.

As he entered, a little pink-robed and pink-bonneted figure softly emerged from the next room, the smiling Mrs. Wilson close behind, fresh from the necessary alterations.

"You will be wondering who this smart little gel is, Mr. Kelman," she remarked, satisfaction beaming from her alert eyes,

while Mary stood with her rosebud mouth pursed into prim repose, awaiting his words of astonishment at all her finery. Her father eyed her with an air of satisfaction.

"I could ha' sworn," he said, slowly, "that I heard my little mate laughing as I come in just now, but blest if I can see her anywhere about! This is some young lady friend of your's, I suppose, Mrs. Wilson?"

He was not allowed to proceed any further, however, for throwing her sober dignity to the winds, little Mary sprang into his arms, crushing her bonnet frills against his breast, as she hugged and shook him in one embrace.

"Get along with you, dad!" she exclaimed, "if I didn't know you was just taking a rise out of me, my word, I'd give you what for!"

"And serve me right, too," he rejoined, "if I didn't know the prettiest and best little lass in the township for my own!"

The tea-table was a very merry one, for though Kelman said little himself, his general air of forbidding reserve almost entirely disappeared under Mrs. Wilson's tactful measures, her quick wit discovering early in their acquaintance that the father was most easily drawn out by the magnetism of his child's happiness. And little Mary was supremely happy, laughing and chatting for the whole party.

After the meal was ended, Wilson, an old mining hand himself, called Kelman into the store to inspect a new assortment of mining tools he had opened out the previous week, and Little Mary, wandering about at her own sweet will, presently found her way out into the street, pausing close to the doorway to watch with eager interest the figures passing to and fro as, their day's work over, the inhabitants of the place strolled out to meet their neighbours, and breathe the evening air.

They stood in idle knots at the street corners, chatting and smoking, or loitered round the public-house if their inclinations led them in that direction. Through the midst of the last-named group a man passed out from the hotel bar, and joining several men who were already leaving, they crossed the street in a body to the store upon the other side.

This man, a comparative stranger to the district, the rank coarseness of whose evil life was deeply stamped upon his face, laughed and jested freely with the whole party, until, his glance falling upon the little figure by Wilson's door, he broke off abruptly, and pausing before her, suddenly enquired her name.

"Mary Kelman," she answered, fearlessly.

"Thought so," he remarked with a sinister smile, adding, as he glanced about him to make sure Kelman was not in sight, "There is no need to ask who was the cub's mother, the face proves that. I knew them both a sight too well."

He then proceeded, for the edification of the group about him, to give his version of the events that culminated in the flight of his wife with the man whom, by ready falsehood, he turned into the scoundrel he was himself, and robbed the dead mother of the bewildered child in their midst, of all that a true woman holds most sacred. Little Mary, in her innocence, could not comprehend the words that branded her with dishonour, but the listeners on either side, swelled to a considerable crowd as every idler paused, brought to a standstill by the prospect of a little amusement, understood only too well. But, glancing from one face to another, to give greater effect to his dastardly lies, he lost sight of the fact that though Kelman was not visible when he commenced his tale, his appearance at any moment was not at all improbable. Little Mary, as she faced the street, was unaware of her father's approach, as he halted in the doorway, arrested by the instant recognition of Gilbert Morton; but it was several moments before he grasped the significance of the words that fell upon his ears, and realised that it was the name of the woman, whom he still loved with unabated tenderness though death stood between them, that was being thus foully dragged through the mire, and that it was his child who was the butt of all those curious glances.

At the same instant, with a sudden sense of impending peril, Morton looked up. His skin assumed an ashen hue as he caught sight of the swarthy face of Kelman, black with raging passion, as he leapt upon him and gripped him by the throat.

For one brief second e'er they met, he gazed wildly round, hoping in flight to evade his enemy—the coward's refuge from every danger—but the men gathered round him, hemmed him in on every side, and he was borne to the ground with overwhelming force. Desperately, with a strength born of despair, he struggled under the iron hand that, with fixed intent, was choking the life out of his writhing body. But his efforts were as unavailing as the shouts of the by-standers, which served but to bring others running to the spot, while the man to whom they were addressed heeded them no more than the passing wind.

To the onlookers it appeared like years, yet before they had collected their scattered wits sufficiently to intervene, the whole thing was over, for sharp and clear, above all the uproar, rose a child's sudden, piteous cry—a terror-stricken wail that went straight to the father's heart. By sheer brute force he dragged the scoundrel beneath him to his feet, and hurling him against the wall, turned to comfort the sobbing little figure that threw herself into his arms.

"There, there!" he cried, soothingly, dropping on one knee in the dusty street, and placing her upon the other, patting her gently to allay her fears as he held her close to him. He sought to assume his natural tones, but his voice was hoarse with pent-up wrath, and the arm that held her quivered with the fierce rage that possessed him. "My plucky, little lass ain't crying, is she? You wouldn't think nothing of a bit of a shindy like that, surely!"

With wide-open eyes the child gazed up into his twitching face, the tears streaming down her soft cheeks, as with the skirt of the new pink frock she had sported so gaily, she wiped away the blood that trickled from his mouth down over his short dark beard, the result of the one wild blow Morton had struck in his vain attempt to prove he was still a man.

"By golly, dad!" she gasped, between her sobs, "I thought the darned rat was going to kill you!"

And as he leant against the wall, his face yet livid from his close contact with death, while his breath came and went with an ominous rattle, Gilbert Morton furtively watched the man he feared, even more than he hated, if that were possible, his shifty eyes taking in every detail as, with infinite tenderness, Kelman bent over his weeping child, and as he looked, the most infamous plot to which his blackguard brain ever gave birth, was taking shape and form.

Many a woman's face was now peering through the crowd, and Kelman at length became aware that, though spoken in guarded tones, words were not wanting as the bystanders looked at them askance. Then one addressed him direct:

"It's lucky for you, Kelman," he remarked, "that the constable's out of the township, or you'd be cooling your heels in the lockup, to-night."

With little Mary still in his arms, Kelman rose to his feet, and swung round upon them once more, those nearest him involuntarily stepping back as though in anticipation of a blow, as they met the savage eyes that scowled at them from under his lowering brows. He spoke with difficulty, for to him it appeared almost a profanity to mention his dead wife in the midst of such a group; but for the sake of her fair name, and that of her child, he could not leave the spot without repudiating the damning words he had overheard.

"If," he cried, his fierce voice challenging every soul among them, "you believe the infernal lies of that damned scoundrel yonder, as there is a God above, you will have to answer for it, every one of you! If he had got his deservings, his guilty carcass would have been rotting now, and his soul kicked out o' hell for fouling the name of the best woman that ever breathed, and who was as truly my wife when she died, as she had before been his—God help her!"

He broke off with startling abruptness, and for a moment no one uttered a word. Then the crowd, quick to appreciate, as crowds invariably do, any display of manliness, however repellent the form, muttered their approval. His words, even the threat hurled against themselves, rang true, and they had been moved, perhaps, more than they would have owned by the unexpected glimpse they had obtained of the deep love

THEY HAD FALLEN UPON A RICH PATCH.

that existed between him and the child who, clinging to his neck, seemed by the very gesture that sought his protection, to claim her right to shield him from the disapproval of the whole world if need be. If the tale they had listened to was indeed false, the cowering cur by the wall richly deserved the rough handling he had received, and every woman standing by felt raised not only in her own estimation, but in the eyes of the whole group, for his wrathful vindication of his dead wife's name seemed, somehow, to place the whole sex upon a higher plane.

Kelman wanted none of their sympathy, however. An overwhelming hatred against them all ran riot in his heart, and the look he cast upon them strangled the demonstration in his favour almost in the moment of its birth. His mind was already made up, and catching sight of Wilson's burly form in the crowd, he curtly announced his intention of taking the stores he had ordered at once.

Wilson stood for a moment irresolute; he was slow of speech, and he doubted the wisdom of protesting against the miner's sudden resolution, he was therefore relieved when his wife spoke in his stead. The scene outside had visibly upset her, and a note of nervous anxiety trembled in her pleasant voice as she addressed Kelman from the doorway:

"Surely," Mr. Kelman, she remonstrated in shocked accents, "you are never thinking of setting your little girl on the tramp again to-night? It would be downright sinful, and her little legs done all them miles already. Let me put her to bed, do—poor lamb, she must be quite wore out!"

"No," he answered. "though I won't forget the kindness you would ha' shown her, Mrs. Wilson; but the same township shall never hold my little lass and that foul-mouthed blackguard there, and had it been winter instead of a fine summer night, the air on the road would ha' been fitter her breathing than any in this place, polluted by him. She's made o' good stuff," he added, "and ain't knocked out yet, and it won't be the first time we'll ha' camped in the open."

He stepped into the shop, Wilson following at his back, and when he emerged once more, the crowd that still hung about to behold the last act of the drama they had so unexpectedly witnessed, fell back on either side to let him pass through, and down the lane thus formed he strode without a word. They as silently watched him as he set his face towards the open road, his muscular frame apparently finding little weight in the

not inconsiderable swag he carried upon his shoulder. Little Mary, holding fast by his hand, walked sturdily by his side, giving the smoke-blackened billy she held a vigorous half-defiant swing as though to denote their utter indifference to all they left behind. And the sneaking coward, who had seized the first opportunity to slink away, stood in the shadow of an adjacent wall, and also watched with malignant gaze the figures outlined against the evening sky—watched till a turning of the dusty highway hid them from view, his eyes lingering upon the little form of the pink-robed child.

"I bet that chap's a hard case, eh, dad?" little Mary remarked presently, but a fierce imprecation was her father's only answer, and glancing up at his face, still black with impotent rage, she, with a wisdom beyond her years, determined to refer to the subject no more.

"He's a bloomin' bad egg, that's what he is," she observed, with a decision that entirely dismissed him. "We'll give him best, won't we, and talk of something a jolly sight better?"

And following out her resolution, she tried by various devices to rouse him from his deep abstraction, until, little by little, her flow of words ceased, and her flagging footsteps tried to keep pace with his. She battled bravely against the weariness that so insidiously crept over her, but her tired eyelids would drop, and her feet tripped over every obstacle in their path, however slight. Then her voice broke the silence once more.

"Dad, dear," she said, giving his coat a gentle pull—and there was a tremulous softness about the pleading tone—"ain't we got to a good camping place yet? My blessed legs have gone to sleep, I think, and you'll get a dashed fright when you find you've left your little mate behind you on the road."

In a moment her father's arms were about her, and he held her close with words of deep remorse and bitter self-reproach. In the intensity of his suddenly aroused passions he had forgotten the child who was dependent upon him for her smallest need. Leaving the road, he sought among the tussocks for a spot where they might comfortably pass the night, and placing his swag on the ground, he gently laid the already sleeping child beside it while he kindled a fire from some scrub close by, fearing, midsummer night though it was, that she might feel it chilly; then, gathering her up in his arms once more, he sat in the glow of the burning wood, mechanically throwing on a few sticks when needful, thus feeding the flames that played upon his hard, still face, as again lost in brooding thought, he forgot the present in the past. The glamour the child's companionship had cast over his life had been rudely rent asunder, and his wife's shattered life rose before him once more, banishing sleep from his eyes, and leaving him cold and pitiless, a prey to deadly hate.

Then, with a clinging movement, the child nestled close to him, her arms unconsciously seeking his neck, a mute appeal that lept straight to his heart, and as a thread snaps, the spell was broken. In a sudden overwhelming love he bent over her, holding her so close to him that she was half-aroused from sleep, and returned his caresses she knew not why.

"My little lass," he whispered, "my pure-hearted little lass. While your father lives, not a breath of ill shall come nigh you."

And wrapping his coat about her, he stretched himself upon the ground where, pillowed upon his encircling arm, little Mary slept till the first faint streaks in the east warned them that the day was breaking.

Small and rough though it was, the little hut among the hills was home, and toiling up the steep ascent they greeted it as a dear, familiar friend, and the following morning they were deep in the old life once more.

The forenoon was far advanced, and the sun beat down from a cloudless sky, but down in the gully little Mary and her father worked, heedless of its rays. They had fallen upon a rich patch, and the child's exclamation of delight whenever a colour appeared, mingled subtly with the incessant murmur of the running water.

Presently Kelman paused, saying they

must knock off for dinner, but little Mary would not hear of it.

"Do another lot yet, dad," she urged, "we ain't had such a catch as this since I don't know when. I'll run up and put the billy on now, and be back in two shakes."

"Go along with you," her father answered, catching her up at once, "it'll be a sight more like four!"

"What'll you bet?" she retorted, turning upon him with expectant eyes, arrested in her flight.

"A hug, and a bloomin' big kiss," he returned, "to be paid slap-down whenever you get back."

"Done!" she cried. "By golly, dad, I'll make you pay!" and, like a sunbeam, she darted up the hill, her father's eyes following her tenderly till she disappeared from view.

Bending to his work again, a minute passed, perhaps two, then sudden and clear through the hush of the summer day, a shot rang out, followed instantly by a bitter cry of agony, the two mingling as one.

Kelman bounded as though he had himself been struck, and e'er the echoes had died away among the hills, he was far up the track, clearing the ground with almost superhuman strength, a wild fear catching him by the heart and throat.

Gaining the top, he saw before him their little hut, peaceful against the intense blue of the noonday sky, and in the space between, face downwards on the yellow tussocks, lay his only child. No other sign of human life was visible.

A hoarse cry broke from his lips, as leaping forward he dropped on his knees beside her. He trembled like a man with the ague, his hands almost refusing the work before them. Even as he searched he knew what he would find, but when blood appeared upon his hands—her blood—his whole soul seemed to shrink and wither as though seared with a red-hot iron.

That the world held two men, scoundrels and cowards enough for such a deed, Kelman felt, even in that first wild moment of his blinding sorrow, was an impossibility, and springing to his feet once more, he turned to seek and lay his hands upon the vile blackguard who had thus taken his revenge. One thought alone filled his heart, and reeled through his brain—if he could only reach him—if but once again he held him within his grasp—he could not have gone far yet, and none should part them this time!

But the hand of death was withheld a second time, by the voice of the stricken child. A moan of returning consciousness brought her father to her side once more, and bending over her, he gathered her, with hands gentle and pitying as a woman's, to his breast.

"My little lass!" was his agonised cry. "My little lass!"

The child, however, with undaunted pluck, strove bravely to reassure him.

"Don't you get scared dad," she said. "Your little mate ain't done for yet. If we could only get back to the township again, and see the doctor, he'd jus' clap on a bit of plaster, or give me a black draught, I bet that's what he'd do, and have me right again in no time."

Her father, with the eagerness of despair, clutched at the straw held out to him. They would go at once, not a moment must be lost; every second seemed a lifetime of delay, and they had fifteen miles to traverse before the township could be reached.

In the hut he bound up her wound with strips of rag torn from an old cotton shirt. That, he reasoned, must be done before they started, but after that, one thought had gained possession of his soul—he must get help before it was too late.

Fifteen miles! and the road lay like a bleached serpent quivering in the blazing sun. Yet no other course was open to him, for the only other alternative, leaving the child behind in the shelter of the hut while he went alone for assistance, was not to be thought of for a moment, for added to the dreadful fear that she might die in his absence, was the still more appalling thought that the villain who had struck her once might return a second time.

Down the steep, uneven track to the open

road Kelman strode, instinctively picking his steps that the descent might be felt as little as possible by the helpless figure in his arms, but consciously he saw nothing of the road before him. The drawn look of suffering on the little face upon his arm cut into his heart with an agony that rendered his mental state more pitiable than her physical pain. Little Mary, indeed, it was who again attempted to assume a cheerful tone, making light of her own trouble in order to comfort him, displaying in her tender solicitude a courage almost incredible in so young a child. But presently her sentences became broken, and she turned her head restlessly with a little moan.

"If we only had a moke, dad," she said, "we'd have got over the ground quick enough then, and you wouldn't have to carry me such a jolly long way, eh, dad?"

Bending over her, he kissed her with inarticulate words of love.

The midday sun beat down upon them mercilessly, and along the empty road the hot air danced sickeningly before them, and the heat was fast telling upon the child.

"Ain't there no water about, dad?" she asked, the words falling with an effort, and her father's ear caught at once the exhaustion in her voice. "The sun's a blazer, and no mistake; my throat's terrible dry, and I feel hotted right through."

There was water further along, he assured her; they would come to it soon, and she should have as much as she wanted. She lay patiently for a little way, but the water she craved seemed a long way off.

"Ain't we reached it yet, dad?" she asked, once more. "I wish the blessed sun would go down; ain't it about time?"

Another silence followed, to be broken suddenly by the same cry, breaking down in a piteous wail:

"Dad, dear, I feel terrible bad—can't you help me, no-how?"

And he—O moment of bitterest agony—heard it and was helpless!

"My little lass!" he cried, hoarsely, "my little lass, if love could do it—God knows, if love could only do it!"

With a look of wild despair he gazed along the sun-baked road, but no sign of human life was visible anywhere, and with a face of deadly pallor, haggard and old, he bent once more over his child. A strange gray shade was creeping over her face, and she lay more heavily in his arms, and the awful truth throbbed persistingly through his brain. But, by and bye, she roused herself from her

HE RAISED HIS FACE TO THE QUIET SKY.

lethargy, and started into consciousness once more.

"Dad," she asked, in an awe-struck whisper, feeble and indistict, as she groped blindly for his face, "you ain't *crying*, are you? By golly, I never seen the likes of that before! I ain't as bad as all that—and—and—dad, dear, don't—your little mate—can't bear it!"

The husky voice died away, and a moment after she murmured, tremulously:

"I can't see you, dad; the sun's gone

down now, sure enough—and it's terrible cold!"

The burning rays no longer warmed her; a clammy coldness had taken possession of her frame, and her father had not even his coat to wrap about her, for he had set out upon their journey coatless, as when he made his first wild rush to his child's rescue.

Then, suddenly, she struggled into a sitting posture, fought wildly for breath, and with a gasping cry, the red blood passed her lips!

Alone and desolate, under the hot, pitiless sky, crouching low in the dusty road, a strong man wept—heartrending, scalding tears that brought no relief, the agony of which only a strong man knows—a father weeping over his lifeless child.

* * * * *

When the day was drawing to a close, Kelman, with hard, set face, and unseeing eyes, turned into the township once more. Little Mary lay in his arms, but the father she had known and loved was dead as she. His outward signs of grief were ended. No power on earth could give him back his child, but life held something for him yet. Deep in his heart, hidden from human sight, blazed an unquenchable, deadly fire that one thing, and one alone, could appease—blood for blood—a life for a life! Outwardly he was turned to stone; his thoughts could find no outlet, for they were unspeakable!

"He takes it wonderful," Wilson remarked to his wife, as, reverently closing the door of the room where little Mary lay awaiting her simple burial, she joined him after performing the last sad office.

"He takes it terrible," she answered, wringing her hands as the tears streamed down her face. "I dread to think what it means—and the villain that did it! Oh, how could he?—to the sweet little gel—the dear, pretty, little gel!"

* * * * *

Not the constables alone, but the whole country-side, turned out to search for the vile murderer fleeing from the hand of justice. But one sought with a deadlier purpose, and like a ruthless bloodhound, he did not err.

From the dark flax-bushes, on the banks of a swiftly-flowing river, a man stepped forth into the waning moonlight, and behind him lay a corpse, the blackened face upturned to the sky, and livid marks upon the throat, bearing witness to the death he had died. Fate had withheld her hand for a moment, but retribution had followed him relentlessly, and when in that lonely spot the two met, face to face, he cried for mercy, but there was none!

For a moment the man paused on the edge of the water, and his dark, stern face evinced the brooding struggle within him. Below death called him, and for the sake of his wife and child he looked it calmly in the face. Two roads lay before him, and he gazed steadily down both—along one he took his own life, along the other he would meet his wife, branded a convicted criminal. But the first he scorned as a coward's act, the second therefore must be his.

"Mary," he said, beseechingly, and it was the wife he entreated as he raised his face to the quiet sky, "Mary, dear wife, even if the rope be round my neck, you will not change!"

When the first faint flush of a crimson dawn moved softly in the east, he stood immovably before the door that marked the abode of the local constable. He only awaited an answer to his summons. For the last time John Kelman turned as a free man, and gazed across the sleeping world.

How soon would it be over—one brief space
Of pain; and then——oblivion!
To quiet depths and darkness of the tomb,
The poisoned bowl or keen-edged blade invites me.
Why in the struggles of this weary world,
Do we so toil, and moil, and sweat with anguish,
When but a sudden moment of resolve
Would put an end to all our sorrows?

. . . . . .

There is a veil which hides from erring mortals,
That state which men call the "hereafter,"
And in the progress of thy wayward life,
Pause but an instant,——in the air to hear
The voice of Him that rules the highest Heavens,
And in whose likeness thou wert made a man,
To live allotted time, with joy and sadness mingled
Nor by rash stroke and impious endeavour,
Seek to cut short the predestin-ed space,
Of thine existence,—but proclaim thyself
A faithful servant of thy Master, and attempt
To live a life so noble on this earth,
That when in the hereafter thou dost rest,
Men's praises will re-echo but thy name.

C. Brasil.

Possibilities of New Zealand Literature.

By Hilda Keane.

Read at a Meeting of the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association, Auckland.

THE accusation has been brought against us that we of New Zealand make no strides forward in the literary world. In a letter published a short time ago in one of our local papers, referring to our young men and maidens, I read that "unfortunately, the sumptuous upholstery of the sky, the richly-jewelled heavens above, the iridescent loveliness of her diversified landscapes around, fail to awaken within their minds those noble responses, high resolves, good pursuits and aspirations which all true friends of the colony would rejoice to behold. Out of the ranks there rise but few botanists, naturalists, geologists, moralists, poets or astronomers."

Such is only one out of the many inferences drawn by superficial observers in different parts of the colony, and it is for this Society to show the injustice of imputations, which, if allowed to continue, may tend to sap the vigour of our youth, and make them what they are credited with being.

In the first place, we are too apt to forget the tender age of our land. It is only a child struggling to create for itself recognition from the mother countries of the world. The victory cannot be won in a day. How many centuries did it take the British race to create a handful of writers and scientists? It may be argued that we started on a better footing, that our civilisation was worked out for us by our past and gone British ancestors. But in answer to this, I say that even though we were civilised, yet we were not without vast difficulties.

The pioneers had to fight battles with fire, forest and flood, and to make for themselves habitations. Hard, unremitting toil was theirs; and where incessant manual labour is a necessity of existence, there must be, until the day of conquest, an apparent neglect of the fine arts. The struggle did not end with one generation, and we, the grand-children of buried veterans, have only just begun to realise that we bear in our veins the blood of adventurous spirit, of resolute will, of indomitable perseverance, which those grand types of manhood and womanhood brought into the new country. We are just getting time to look around us, to perceive our opportunities, and to gain leisure to use them. Peace and undisturbed repose are not ours, nor do we need these always. We have still continual turmoil, social, political, religious; we are in the midst of experiments, all of which cannot be successful, but all of which are conducive to education and experience. But we can so far count our repose—that we are reaping the fruit of much of the seed sown in the fallow, and that we have a multitude of gifts for which to be grateful.

We are slowly, but as surely, massing into a nation; the time has not yet come for us to rest on our oars, but it is approaching nearer and nearer, and some day we shall awake to the knowledge that we possess as many poets and philosophers as any nation had at a similar period of its history.

Having called your attention to the youth of the colony, I must now remind you of the maxim laid down by a certain author—that no man should write till he is forty years of age. This may account for our apparent unproductiveness. A young writer is sensitive of criticism, and hesitates before exposing his tender children to the jeers of an unappreciative public. And, in this respect, I may remark, by the way, that this Association is doing excellent work by giving its young members the benefit of that criticism and

advice which they so often need. The reading public of New Zealand are, speaking generally, not enthusiastic towards their own countrymen. They prefer something with the hall-mark of London popularity. Recognising this, the young writer prefers to keep, unpublished, his early work, and in silence develops his powers until his independence one day asserts itself; and fearless of criticism, he stakes his all.

Nor must we forget, in dealing with this subject, that many of our cleverest students of nature and of books, travel to the Homeland for the facilities to be obtained there, for the training in a wider field, for the kudos that the average New Zealander is chary of giving, unless he knows that the aspirant is an arrival from Europe.

And, stimulated by the encouragement given to a young virile writer, that writer is apt to forget that he owes his very virility to his native land; and taking advantage of the larger reading public, of the opportunities of publication given to the successful, of the companionship of numbers of similar aspirants for literary honours, he remains where he is, and becomes, to all intents and purposes, a Londoner. But assuredly, since he is of our soil, of our education, he is of *our school;* and we claim him as being one of us, even though he is no longer with us.

This brings me to what I consider the most important feature in our literary education—our surroundings. We are too apt to blame our climate for not always being perfection, and to act, or rather *not* to act, upon the groundless assumption. We forget that occasional days do not make a whole year, and even if, for the sake of argument, we grant that the climate of Auckland is enervating, even then we have said nothing about all the rest of New Zealand. Probably no other country has so wide a range of climate, and that, too, of temperate climate.

Between the semi-tropical summer of its most northern point and the cold winter of its southern province, there is an endless diversity of temperature. We have a land clothed by nature from mountain to sea-beach with magnificent verdure, glorious scapes of sea and land, exquisitely-tinted skies, and around us breezes that sing to us of freedom and happiness.

Everything about us is conducive to pleasure, to love of life, to freedom of action, to independence of thought. We are casting from us many of the shackles of conventionality obtaining in the Mother Country, we are developing types, we are feeling our power. For the meditative philosopher there is food for reflection, for the merry there is abundance of pleasure, for the athletic there is training, for the artist there are uncounted beauty spots.

To warm temperate climates we are accustomed to look for vivid colouring in art and literature. Wait till the artists and poets of New Zealand have realised their powers, and then luxuriance will blossom forth all the richer for the delay. By such a climate as ours, the finer feelings are stimulated and cultured. The emotional spirit is vivified and intensified; and some day encouragement, which has been wanting in the past, will develop it into a glorious birth.

Unconsciously the influences of beauty work their spell upon the mechanism of the human mind, subtly elevating and purifying it; but assimilation is slow. Some day, like the tiny spring, bubbling and losing itself among the mountain rocks, and, in time, suddenly gushing forth from the hillside a purling stream, all the more powerful for its restraint under ground, there will leap forth into recognition those whose minds have, by the delay and consequent introspection, gained culture, and control, and strength.

It has been often remarked that our scenery is monotonous in colouring, and that this produced an undesirable effect upon the artistic mind. I can scarcely credit this, for no one who looks for variety can fail to find it. I ask you to go further afield than your own immediate neighbourhood.

From the myrtle green of the puriri with its scarlet berries, from the yellow of the kowhai, from the crimson of the pohutukawa, and the graceful falling of the rimu, cast

your eyes to the South, and in the months of May and June, you may see all the picturesque effects of an English winter scene.

We are adding to our natural wealth of beauty by surrounding ourselves with English trees with their delicate blossoms and their dainty pale greenery, as they bud forth in their exquisite beauty. Stand on the bridge that hangs over Cemetry Gully, for instance, and on the one hand you will see distinctive New Zealand colouring, the sombre green of the trees relieved by stately, graceful, spreading ferns, expanding their lighter tints to the sunlight. On the other hand, again, is a clump of tall aspen poplar trees, now bare with a multitude of interlacing twigs, now faintly tinged with fairy green, now glimmering white in the summer sun, now fluttering yellow like dancing fays in the autumn breeze. Near them are willow trees, behind a wild luxuriance of arums and other plants and shrubs, and beyond in the far distance is a peep of the glorious sea. No fairer scene ever inspired English poet to sing his odes and lyrical lays. Or again, stand in autumn on the hill which faces the northern slope of the Auckland Domain, planted thickly with imported trees, and if you are not entranced with the beauty of their varying tints, then you deserve to live in a desert.

Surely in such a combination of native loveliness there is everything that can stimulate us to patriotism; and out of that humane feeling must spring its natural expression. We take things now too much as a matter of course, "the veil of familiarity" obscures our view: we need to travel, and to return with eyes longing for our beautiful pictures, and dwelling on them with affection and pride.

Though we are insular, we are not insulated, every year the facilities of travelling, of receiving intelligence, of comfort, are increased. Out of these must arise a healthy spirit of emulation, a wider scope for our intelligence, and for the same reason, new inspirations. Even now some of our papers and other publications can compare very favourably with those of an older and larger world. The breezes from our ocean boundary are pure, and fresh, and stimulating to the imagination. We have not hanging over our cities the dull fogs or gloomy smoke of English manufacturing towns; and yet we have enough city life to enable us to realise something of the bustle of civilisation, and something of the struggle for existence.

If we tire of it, we have acres of beautiful country at our backs, where there is rest for the weary hand, peace for the weary brain. And if we still need stimulant for our thought, what of the store to be gathered from Maori tradition, the wealth of romance that lies waiting exploration? This is a source of literature in which we are richer far than European writers. We need not dusty tomes to tell us of a by-gone race; we have the remnants of the race itself to study for ourselves.

Then in such a country as ours, where life is not necessarily agricultural or commercial, where men dig the ground in quest of riches, where men still make solitary homes amid fallen bush, where men can yet be free to choose their occupations, surely here is an untold mine of wealth for the romance seeker!

Again the very infusion of new blood among the British-born colonists brings us new life. Education is to be had for the asking, intellect will gain admission for the poorest. Our democratic upbringing is fast breaking down barriers of caste; we have loosened the bonds of tradition, and though that link is broken, self-respect still remains for our guidance. We have libraries, art galleries, gardens and recreation grounds. We have an environment such as no other country can boast; it is ours to love and preserve it; it is ours to assist those institutions in their growth, not to decry them for similar ones in the Old World. If we have slept, that is no reason why we should continue to do so. We must be up and doing, and the conquest will have begun.

Greg says: "Every sort of beauty has been lavished on our allotted home, beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy

every taste, forms the noblest and the loveliest, colours the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odours the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring; the sunny glories of the day, the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primrose, the forest and the boundless ocean, 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets, the sublimity of storms; everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence. . . . The provision made for our sensuous enjoyment is in overflowing abundance, so is that for the other elements of our complex nature. . . . . If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom He loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here."

I quote this to show that all the author claims as pertaining to the world in general, we can boast in the small compass of our island world, and how much prouder we should be of her! Emerson, speaking on intellect, tells us that "it is long ere we discover how rich we are. Our history, we are sure, is quite tame, we have nothing to write, nothing to infer. . . . . Until, by and by, we begin to suspect that the biography of the one foolish person we know is, in reality, nothing less than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred volumes of universal history."

And may not we take the same view of ourselves as a nation? We have all the necessary conditions for thought and action, we are developing an intense national spirit; our education and our experience are such as to enable us to understand and appropriate the knowledge of the Old World, and to combine it with our own researches; we have sufficient freedom and peace to give security and time for reflection; and with all the untold advantages of our race, we should be able to show in the future such a culmination of literary talent as will turn the eyes of older countries towards our Island home with wonder and astonishment.

The Ray Eternal.

At the break of the day,
When the blush has crept over the hill,
And the lark from the clay
Has arisen with carolling shrill,
Then through the shattered darkness,
And out of the East it is flamed:
The Light that no painter has painted
Nor ever a poet has named.

Like the shade of a shade
It flashes and flickers and goes—
Like the blush of a maid,
Or the halo that covers the rose—
Ere the golden glory burneth,
Its lustral mission is done:
To the father beam it returned,
Ere the peep of the new-born sun.

I have seen in a dream
The light that o'er Bethlehem shone,
And I know 'tis the beam
That still heralds the incoming dawn.
I have seen it once o'er the green-grey deep,
Where the fleecy storm-bird flies,
Where the angry waters crash and leap—
And once in a woman's eyes.

At the break of the day,
When the blush has crept over the hill
And the lark from the clay
Has arisen with carolling shrill,
Then through the shattered darkness,
And out of the East it is flung:
The Light that no painter has painted,
The light that no poet has sung.

Ernest V. Hall.

Amateur Swimming in New Zealand.

By Roland St. Clair (President N.Z.A.S.A., Reg.).

COMPARED with its predecessors, the fourth season (1892-93) discloses no abatement in the general interest accorded to swimming by the New Zealand public. Formerly the permances in the two dominant provinces of Auckland and Canterbury were all that came under review; but now a pleasant departure is permitted, a strong club having been formed at the Spit, Napier, in the provincial district of Hawke's Bay—the Port Ahuriri Club. In its formation many obstacles had to be surmounted by the founder, Mr. Walter McCarthy. The first sports gathering took place on the 13th December, 1892, at half-past six in the evening, in the presence of about one thousand people, to the inspiriting strains of the Garrison Band, imported from Napier to grace the occasion. The success of this performance induced a repetition, and on the 16th March, 1893, the "Ahuriris" again held an aquatic tournament. The event of the day was the Club Championship, of 350 yards, for which five swimmers started. The course was the length of the "Iron Pot" and back. W. Simmonds won with four lengths to spare, in advance of W. Dugleby, the other three competitors retiring after the first fifty-five yards had been traversed.

At Gisborne, a swimming gala takes place every year, in the Waimata River, at Harris' Bend. The third annual contest, under the auspices of the Gisborne S.C., was held on the 27th December, 1892, to a larger gathering of the public than on either of the previous occasions, showing the increased interest taken there in this beautiful sport. Some of the contests were very close, notably the quarter-mile handicap, which T. Hay won on the post from C. Taylor, and the 150 yards handicap, in which E. K. Murphy and Ward Thomson, starting from scratch, kept abreast until near the goal, when Thomson forged ahead winning by one yard only. Both Murphy and Thomson have subsequently upheld their reputations for good swimming.

The Hamilton Annual Gala-Regatta was held as usual in the Lake on Anniversary Day, the 29th January, 1893. The forenoon and the earlier part of the afternoon was beautifully fine, tempting out a large crowd, there being 900 on the ground about three o'clock, when a storm arrived, speedily dispersing the attendance. The Lake is a very lovely place for a gala, and between the races, the writer could not resist seizing the opportunity of circumnavigating it in a small shallop. Lake Takapuna, with the Christmas tree in bloom and its marine prospect, is perhaps the only other location in the colony which can vie with the Hamilton Lake in regard to attractiveness and suitability for a gala gathering. After bath competions and the sills of graving docks, it is a pleasant variation to leisurely witness the disposal of events under umbrageous trees on the margin of a picturesque waterscape. But this is a digression. The two principal events for decision were (1) the Championship of the Waikato, 200 yards, which was secured by J. H. Hume, an easy winner, in 4 minutes 21½ seconds, with Aho Pihama second; and (2) the 100 yards Championship of New Zealand for which a field of four started, including H. Bailey, the all-distance champion of the colony. An indifferent start was effected by gun from a raft close to the shore. Hume was first in the water, but Scott at once assumed a commanding lead, followed by Hedges and Bailey, with Hume last. Scott increased his lead until the first fifty yards were covered, when Hedges and Bailey had got on terms with Scott. A few yards further on, Scott ceased swimming,

thinking he had reached the post, and Hedges, continuing on, beat Bailey by about a length. Before this event could be decided the storm broke, torrents of rain fell, and the marks for this race must have got altered, which resulted in a further distance being swum than the prescribed 100 yards. The time was approximated at about 80 seconds.

In Auckland City there were not many new features to report upon. Professor other swimmers, chartered a ferry steamer which was crowded with fares, and swam the greater part of the way between Auckland and Northcote, to "the music of the band." A side show was given in mid-harbour. This advertisement was the prelude to the annual gala, which took place under Association permit in the Graving Dock, on St. Patrick's Day, to a good attendance. The Grammar School held their

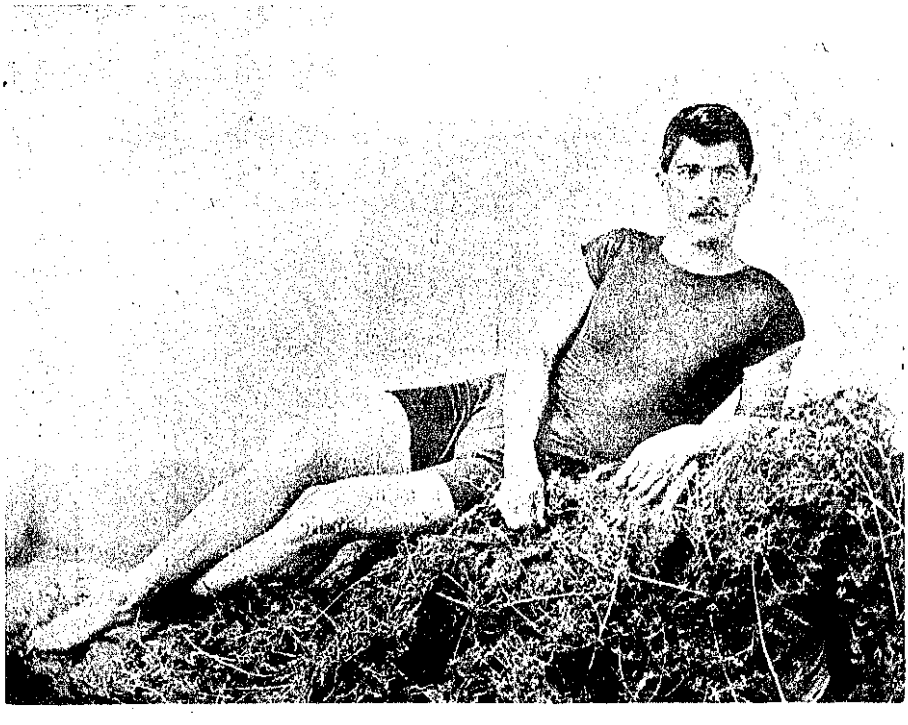
A GROUP OF LADY SWIMMERS, RICHMOND SWIMMING CLUB.

E. Cavill, an Australian, had an aquatic carnival in the Graving Dock on the 11th March, but it did not receive the support anticipated from the prominence the professor had attained in swimming circles on the other side. A new luminary appeared on this occasion in the person of H. Hoey, a Whangarei swimmer, whose powerful stroke captivated the fancy of many. On the 15th March, Professor Pannell, accompanied by his dog "Rover" and many sports in the dock on the 16th, and St. John's College theirs at the Tamaki. Queen's College, Auckland, also had races. The Waiuku sports went off very well. Owing to floods in the noble Waikato, the Mercer gala was omitted.

The Auckland Swimming Club held their first meeting of the season at the Calliope Dock on Saturday, the 17th December, 1892, when a good programme of twelve events was gone through. There was only a

moderate attendance of the public owing to the Judges Bay Regatta, a strong counter attraction. The racing was generally interesting, and in the College Handicap, a 250 yards swim, there was a splendid finish, the judges deciding that the result was a dead-heat between Cossar and Upton, who afterwards swam over the course again, when Cossar won by about eight yards. The proceedings were enlivened by the presence of the Artillery Band.

Test races were held to decide who should go South to compete for championship honours. The 220 yards test was swum off on the 27th February, 1893, Bailey, Nicholson, Upton, and Scott competing. Bailey won, as expected; time, 3min. 11 3-5secs. The 440 yards test came off the following evening, with the same entrants, Bailey again winning, with Nicholson second, and Upton a close third. Upton swam splendidly, and received an ovation when finishing just a length behind Nicholson. Bailey was therefore selected to proceed South, where he distinguished himself by winning all championship events entered for, viz.: Half-mile at Ashburton, 8th March, 1893; 220 yards in the Gloucester Street Baths, Christchurch, 9th March; and the quarter-mile in the Graving Dock, Lyttelton, on the 11th March. An evening entertainment by the Auckland Swimming Club was given in the Britannia Baths on the 16th March, intended as a "welcome home" for the champion Bailey, a club member, but his journey was altered, and the programme had to be proceeded with all the same. The Welcome Handicap was won by Victor Lindberg, who has since travelled to the Old Country as an Australian representative.



L. LEO, CHAMPION OF N.Z., 1897. NOW RESIDENT AT BULUWAYO.

Elsewhere in the North Island competitions were held by various unaffiliated institutions. The Wanganui College sports were decided on Lake Wereton on the 14th March, and the Wellington rowing clubs arranged competitions for their members. The province of Taranaki received an acquisition in the person of Mr. Stratton, a sometime

London champion, who then located himself near New Plymouth. Later on Mr. Stratton removed to Christchurch; his swimming performances there and abroad will receive notice hereafter.

South Island swimmers were much more active this season than those in the North, but very few clubs have placed their transactions properly on record. A tournament was arranged at Ravensbourne (Otago) on the 14th January, when a variety programme of some twelve events was got through in an

Standish & Preece, Christchurch.
F. W. JOHNSTON.
Some time Captain E. Christchurch S.C.

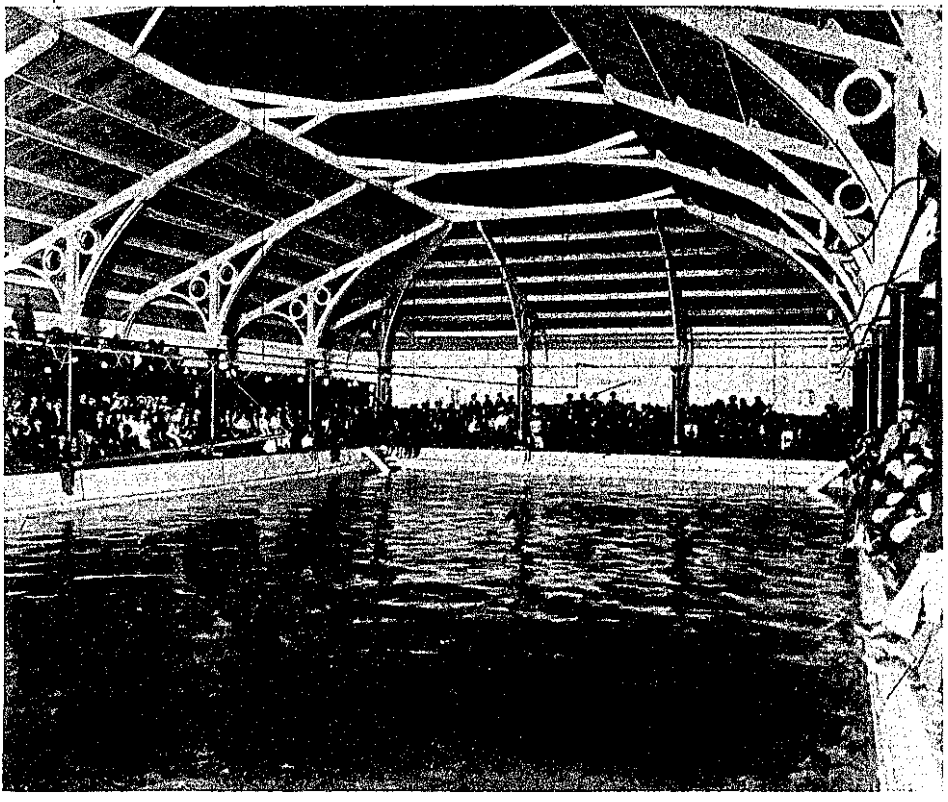
expeditious manner. The following Saturday, 21st January, 1893, the annual St. Clair Swimming Tournament took place at the baths there, under Association permit. Although the day was fine, a strong land breeze prevailed, and before half the events were over, the surf came rolling into the baths, greatly interfering with the evenness of the programme, which consisting of thirteen events, was reduced to eleven. There were three local championship races, viz.: 100 yards, won by W. Crow, in 1min. 22secs.; 200 yards, by R. Grimmett, in 3min. 2½secs.; and 400 yards, by W. Crow, in 8min. 50secs. Two clubs were formed at Nelson, but expired from inanition, and a like fate apparently befell the Blenheim club. To meet such cases a special resuscitation drill will require to be prepared.

Last in order of notice, but all important, is the Canterbury province, from which district the accounts for this season are, unfortunately, very meagre. New clubs sprang up at Rakaia, St. Alban's, Sydenham, and Richmond. The second annual races of the Lyttelton A.S.C. were brought off to general satisfaction. Large fields faced the starter in each event, an excellent compliment to the handicapping of Messrs. A. Francis and J. H. Collins. Most of the races were inter-club. The 200 yards scratch race resulted in a close and exciting finish, S. L. Partridge winning in 3min. 8secs. The sports were held in the Lyttelton Graving Dock. The Ashburton Club continued the even tenor of its career; the St. Alban's indulged its members with a few handicap competitions; while the young and vigorous Richmond Club placed on record an emphatically successful season, although the operations were only begun at an advanced stage of the season. In the first heat of the second 50 yards handicap, on the 17th March, only three inches separated the three placed men. In this race Mr. J. G. Daley registered the fair time of 36secs.

The East Christchurch Club, then having the largest roll of membership in New Zealand, held their third annual Sports in the East Christchurch School Bath on the 3rd of December. There were nine events, and numerous entries. Most of the events were open to neighbouring clubs, and were swum off in heats. The finishes were all close, many of the swimmers only securing "pride of place" by a few inches.

Last, but certainly not least, comes the "Pioneer Club"—the Christchurch Amateur Swimming Club, which held its thirteenth annual gathering on the 4th March in the West Christchurch School Bath. The conditions were highly favourable for a successful competition, the attendance good,

the bath inviting, and the weather fine until near the end of the programme, when a shower of rain fell, causing the postponement of the Consolation Race. A long list of events was got through with little delay. Altogether the standard of previous years was well maintained. Mr. Eaves, who annexed the President's Handicap, was the hero of the day. The Hon. Consul, G. J. C. Smart, by his win in the Vice-President's Handicap, showed good staying powers, finishing the last length very fresh. A team from his Club won the Water Polo Championship of New Zealand on the 18th March, 1893.



BRITANNIA SWIMMING BATH, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

Several matters of more than passing interest appear in the Fourth Annual Report, and the transactions at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association. After considerable delay, the Ministry were again approached through the Hon. Mr. Cadman, with regard to the extension of the New Zealand Cross to swimming rescues involving personal risk, but the reply from the Executive stated that the awards of the Royal Humane Society of Australasia were considered sufficient for effectuating the purpose. Later on Sir Robert Stout was addressed, suggesting that if the Government were to instruct the Royal Humane Society to appply say £10 10s. out of the £100 at present annually voted them to the most meritorious New Zealand case, a special medal might be given, to be known as the "Ballance Memorial Medal," thus perpetuating the memory of our late Premier with an annual act of conspicuous heroism, and affording a solution as to the form of commemoration. Sir Robert approved of the suggestion, which he recommended to the Memorial Committee, but without success. Other approved secretarial recommendations were:

(1) That it would be a laudable act, when in funds, for the Association to establish a *New Zealand Legion of Heroism.*

(2) That the Council should approve of a day, say the 1st October, to be observed by affiliated Clubs as the opening of the season, and to be known as "NATATION DAY."

(3) That the Department of Justice be requested to instruct all coroners, that upon inquests on any person found drowned, it should be recorded whether the deceased could or could not swim, and in the latter case the coroner should recommend finding a verdict that "Death was caused by a most important feature in the physical education of the victim having been completely ignored, namely, 'the art of swimming.'"

Mr. Leo. Myers, a charter-member of the Auckland Swimming Club, paid a visit to London this season. He promptly received a welcome from the Association there, and was forthwith installed as judge at an ensuing championship meeting. Close relations were established between New South Wales and New Zealand. In February, 1893, Mr. John Baker, Captain of the Auckland Club, visited Sydney, and during his stay opened up the question of a team of New South Wales swimmers visiting Auckland in January, 1894. The Life Saving Society of London (60,000 members), posted a large supply of literature on life-saving, and assurances were received of hearty co-operation from the Royal Humane Society of Australasia, whose office is located at Melbourne. New clubs were formed at various places, and all of any consequence applied for enrolment. The baths erected at Onehunga got carried away and were storm-driven over the Manukau Bar. "Swimming," *Badminton Series*, now published, contained a full-page illustration of the memorable Jubilee Gala in the Calliope Dock, and a list of New Zealand championship events and winners. The Plunge Championship was altered from a distance to a time race, thus conforming with the principle adopted by the Associations in the United Kingdom and in New South Wales. The editor of *Truth* (London) was addressed requesting permission to utilise his prize-puzzle columns to elicit suggestions as to the mottoes most suitable for "Swimming" in its two-fold aspect as a pastime exercise, and as a humane accomplishment. An excellent design was submitted by gentlemen in Christchurch for the Water Polo Banner, and another by the Secretary for the Championship Medals. Both were adopted.

Although, in a material sense, the pastime met with solid success throughout the fourth season, the hand of Death removed Mr. McGregor Hay, of Hamilton, a gentleman who took an active part in the formation of the Association in 1890. Death also deprived the Association of the powerful moral support and prestige received from the presidency of the late Sir William Fox, whose eminence as a colonist, and whose high reputation were of great value ever since the foundation of the Institution in 1890. Lady Fox had died on the 23rd June, 1892, and on the first anniversary of that event, Sir William followed her to the grave. His remains were

J. M. PHILLIPS.
Member of A. S. C. and First Life Saving Team, Now resident at Hilo, Hawaii.

reverently laid to rest in the Purewa Cemetery on the 25th June, 1893, in the midst of a large attendance of personal friends and citizens. The New Zealand Amateur Swimming Association, of which deceased had been President since its formation in January, 1890, was represented by the Secretary, while the Auckland Swimming Club, of which he was a foundation Vice-President, was represented by the Captain, Mr. John Baker, and Mr. Creeth, ex-Secretary.

Sir William was a psychrolute swimmer of great enthusiasm, invariably attending the galas of the Auckland Swimming Club, and when travelling throughout the colony it was his constant habit to visit the baths of the principal cities. When close on eighty years of age, the active old gentleman made the ascent of Mount Egmont, but soon after had the misfortune to be attacked by *la grippe*, from which he never completely recovered. However, such was his confidence, that some three weeks prior to his death he expressed to the writer his expectation, on the approach of summer, of being able to resume his daily practice at the Albert Street Baths, where it was one of the features of that establishment ts see the venerable octogenarian knight take his "headers" in the most courageous manner, winter and summer alike. He has now passed on in the silent stream which floats to eternity, and has gained the "swimmer's rest."

At two stages of his career, the life of Sir William Fox was preserved to New Zealand by his ability to swim. Once in the early days, when making an exploration of the West Coast of the South Island (then *terra incognita*) in company with Brunner and others, his swimming knowledge saved him from being carried helplessly on in the river, since called the Brunner; and again, in 1857 at St. Thomas', in the West Indies, his ability in that direction enabled him to emerge unharmed from an overwhelming tidal wave (the sequel to a hurricane), measuring fully one hundred feet from cradle to crest, and in which both he and Lady (then Mrs.) Fox had been submerged

Sir Robert Stout was elected to the presidential position rendered vacant by the death of Sir William Fox. Some twenty years ago Sir Robert was a member of the Lerwick Swimming Club in the Shetland Archipelago, north of Great Britain. Sir Robert takes a kindly interest in swimming, and Lady Stout also is a fair swimmer Swimmers are indebted to Sir Robert for inducing the Hon. the Minister for Education to order five hundred copies of the Association Annual (Quinquennial edition) to distribute among the primary schools.

Of new features in the Annual for 1892-93, the most noticeable are: "An Outline of Association Publications," "Prefatory Observations," "Illustration of Sir Robert Stout" (frontispiece), "Sir William Fox," "Mr. Arthur Francis," "The Association Medal," "The Water Polo Banner," a fancy sketch, "A Feet-first Plunge Performance," "Rules Completely Codified with Marginal Analysis," "New Conditions for Championship Events," "Additional Rules for Rescue Competitions," "Specimen Score-sheet for Water Polo Championship Competitions," "New Forms for Division Lists and Entries," "Memoirette of Sir William Fox," "Chatty 'Strokes'," "Club Races," "Biographical Sketch of Mr. Arthur Francis," "Description of the Association Medal," "An Honours List," and "Notable Forthcoming Fixtures."

AT MODDER RIVER.

November 28th, 1899.

In far Otago,
Green was the grass, so green;
Ah! cool the waters purled,
Big bowery clefts between;
And life was gladness, for glad was the world;—
But this! What may it mean?

His lord, his hero,
Fell from him yestereve—
Quivering, headless, his master!
And they would not let him grieve;
But mounted him, spurred him, fiercer and faster;—
Draw near, thou last repriere!

Faster and faster,
When the blood-red sun upsprang,
With hot and evil glare,
With hideous rush and clang,
With the roaring—screaming—of fiends in the air;—
Surely a tui sang!

Fiercer and fiercer,
Amid fellow-steeds, amid men;
Amid them, against them, over them,
Wheeling and plunging again;
The fallen, the dying, galloping over them!
Aye me, Wairuna glen!

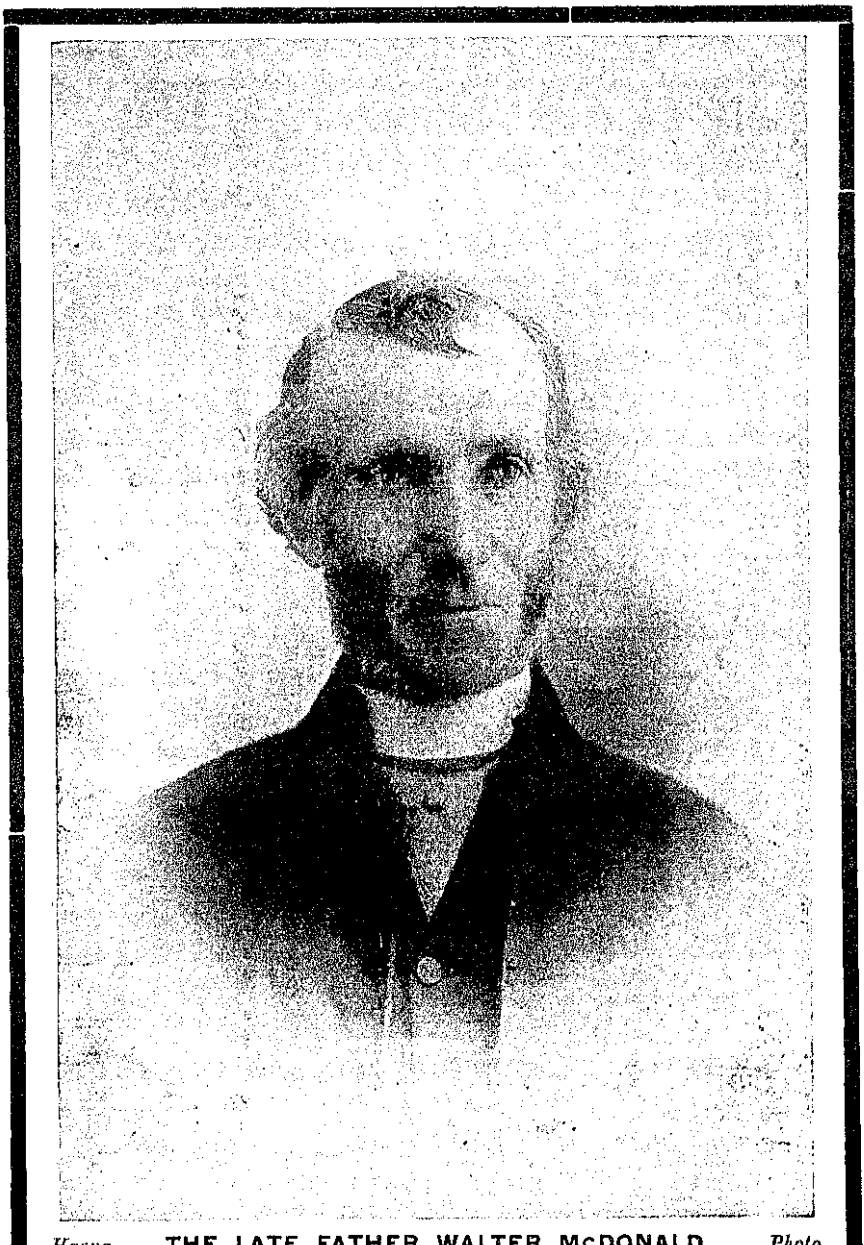
Beautiful Kelpie—
An emissary of hell
Smote him, shattered his hocks,
And with one wild leap he fell!
(His rider limped to the sheltering rocks)—
O heart! what wouldst thou tell?

Pitiful anguish!
The love and joy he has known,
The tendance, the happy pride,
All vanished! he is alone!
Suffering, mourning, horrified;—
Tears, tears, and deathly moan!

Yes, he is weeping!
A horse—"a good old grey"—
Great tears roll down his face
From eyes that were true alway;
He feels as a man would feel in his place;
Does he think? God shall say!

W. Sherriff Bain.

In Memoriam.



Hanna, THE LATE FATHER WALTER McDONALD. *Photo.*

THE VERY REVEREND MONSIGNOR WALTER McDONALD, whose sudden death, on the last day of the old year, created such profound regret among all classes of the Auckland community, was born in the parish of Mooncoin in the County of Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1830. Whilst studying for the priesthood at All Hallows' College, Dublin, his health gave way, and following the advice of his friends, he embarked for Auckland about the year 1855, and was ordained priest at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Wyndham Street,

in the March of the following year. Shortly after his ordination, Father Walter McDonald was placed in charge of the Roman Catholic Mission at Russell, Bay of Islands, and being subsequently chosen by Bishop Pompallier as his private secretary, he was transferred to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, where he remained until he was appointed by Bishop Luck to the charge of the missions at Panmure, Howick and Ellerslie, which he so ably administered up to the very hour of his death. As a mark of recognition for his many valuable services in the cause of religion, Bishop Luck, on the occasion of his first visit to Rome in 1884, obtained from His Holiness the Pope the title and dignity of "Monsignore," which was conferred upon Father Walter on the Bishop's return from Europe in 1885. The deceased prelate was held in the highest esteem not only by his own ecclesiastical superiors and fellow Catholics, but his admirers were to be found in every creed and section of the community. He was not only a zealous priest, but a public spirited citizen, and in every good cause or public movement, Father Walter's active support and hearty co-operation were ever foremost. So familiar had his genial face and figure become to the Auckland public, that no gathering or demonstration of any sort seemed to be complete without him. His charity was unbounded, and his sympathy with suffering humanity was not confined by any distinction of class or creed. His love for little children was a distinguishing trait in his character, and his appearance among them was invariably as welcome as the visits of Santa Claus. His memory will linger long and lovingly among the people of Auckland, and since the position which he occupied amongst them was in a certain sense unique, it cannot easily be filled by another. Press and pulpit, at variance in other matters, have been unanimous in sounding his praises and mourning the loss which Auckland has sustained by Father Walter's decease. Telegrams and messages of sympathy and condolence, without measure, were received by the Roman Catholic authorities from the Governor and Premier of the Colony, from Cabinet Ministers and Members of both Houses of Representatives, from Archbishops and Bishops, and from the clergy and laity of all denominations and professions, not only of New Zealand, but of the neighbouring colonies. No greater testimony to Father Walter's hold on the hearts of the Auckland people could have been borne than the concourse of citizens which filled the Cathedral and lined the streets on the day of the funeral, which took place on the morning of Wednesday, January 3rd. The hour and the day were ill-suited for the general public, and yet, in spite of such inconvenience, every class and creed, the various public bodies from the Mayor and Council downwards, even the various volunteer corps, were represented in this sad and general tribute of esteem for the departed priest. In deference to a wish once expressed by Father Walter that he might be allowed to rest for one night under the roof of the Church with which he was connected for so many years, his remains were brought in from Panmure on the eve of the burial. A solemn dirge was chanted by the clergy, and thousands of people flocked to the Cathedral to gaze for the last time upon the familiar face, which seemed to smile upon them even in death. The body lay in state, and was watched throughout the night. On the following morning at eight o'clock a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the Dean of the Cathedral, the mournful Gregorian chant of requiem being admirably sung by a choir of priests. Owing to the deceased clergyman being Roman Catholic Chaplain to the volunteer forces, he was accorded a military funeral. The procession which followed his remains to their last resting place in the quiet little cemetry at Panmure, was the largest ever seen in Auckland. With the usual prayers and feeling tributes to his memory, the earth closed over the mortal remains of one whose gracious personality will linger for many a year in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to dwell within the circle of his influence.

ROUND THE WORLD.

SOUTH AFRICA.

At the time of writing this the cables from South Africa are vastly more encouraging than the news recorded last month, and before this gets into the reader's hands, I trust that more reassuring news still will have reached us. Many amongst us with an exaggerated notion of the old saying that lookers on see most of the game, forgetting that a great deal depends upon how far off the spectators are, have been disposed to blame, in no measured terms, what we termed General Buller's supineness and inactivity. Recent developments, however, have conclusively proved that he, very properly, was not going to start till he was ready, that he wished to lay his plans of campaign with a precision that cannot be assured by too hasty action. He has now, with the able assistance of the Generals and forces at his command, gained such a position, and so thwarted the most cherished designs of the Boers, as to make the relief of Ladysmith within the next few days a certainty. He has put the garrison there in a position which will give them the opportunity, so ardently desired, of rushing out and paying some of the debts they owe. That these will be paid to the full with interest no one can doubt. With Ladysmith available again, and insured against Boer occupation, and the forces there released, the remainder of the campaign will be much facilitated. The lesson which the breaking up of this strong force of the enemy will teach cannot but have a very discouraging effect on them, and although much remains yet to be done, there is no doubt that this one achievement alone has far outbalanced the disadvantages which occurred from our want of preparation, and the errors which were committed through rashness and want of proper caution at the earlier part of the war. The commendation which has on every side been heaped on the conduct of the Australian and New Zealand troops under fire is very gratifying. The resourcefulness, courage and daring of the sons of old pioneers, who have had to fight their way against the obstacles of nature in a new country, and their own experiences in the bush of their native land, fit them pre-eminently for the duties they are called on to perform in irregular warfare. The events of the last few months will have a far-reaching effect, in the cementing together of the Empire, in the raising a military and reliant spirit amongst the inhabitants of the remotest colonies, thereby counteracting that spirit of false security—and I might almost write—indolence which undisturbed peace is apt to engender.

AUSTRALIA.

Our friends on the other side have, like ourselves, been actively engaged in equipping and sending forth forces to assist the Mother Country. Their endeavours at first were scarcely treated with becoming consideration, but having once felt their weight, England

appears to have altered her opinion altogether, she feels now that she cannot well have too many of them, and there is little doubt that there is there, as here, a new answer to the question, "What shall we do with our boys?" The War Office will doubtless for the future look on the colonies as an excellent recruiting ground for a class of men not easily obtainable elsewhere, and who will be as useful in their particular line as Tommy Atkins is in his.

The plague scare was not entirely without reason, as the Adelaide inhabitants now know to their cost, it having been declared an infected port. The steps, however, which are being taken, and their result, show conclusively that the progress of science is indomitable, and that it robs even a Bubonic Plague of half its terrors.

There seems now every probability of the Cape Cable scheme becoming an accomplished fact in the near future. The fear of it interfering with the Pacific Cable was held forth at first as a reason against its institution, but so transparently improbable a contingency as that was easily combatted, and matters are now in a satisfactory position.

It is announced that Lords Beauchamp and Tennyson, Governors of New South Wales and South Australia respectively, will visit Auckland in February or March. Admiral Pearson and his fleet are also to call in at Auckland some time in April.

AMERICA.

THE commercial prosperity of America was never more pronounced than it is at present. In this respect it has progressed of late years by leaps and bounds. The reasons of this progress are not far to seek. Our American cousins, as we are accustomed to term them, have in the first place an enormous home trade to rely on. This enables them to turn out vast quantities of manufactured goods at a small comparative cost. They spare no expense to find out exactly the description of goods required for any given outside market which they wish to secure, and they supply that article. The large factories required for their home supplies, enable them to execute large orders at any moment on the shortest notice, and the quickest time on record. Their travellers and representatives are unequalled in the world in the art of introducing goods on a foreign market. In an American factory you will see nothing but the very latest machinery, and perfectly trained artesans to attend to it. Last, but by no means least, they have unlimited supplies of coal and iron at hand. These are some of the most important reasons why America is now successfully importing goods in very large quantities into countries, such as England and Germany, which a few years ago found in her a good market for their surplus manufactures. The expansion of her commerce is the predominant characteristic of the American race, the one object which it sets before itself and makes all other ambitions subservient to.

RUSSIA.

THE fact that Russia has decided to establish a diplomatic agency at Cabul, as well as the recent massing of troops on the Afghan Frontier, show in what direction she would like to act if she felt it to be a sufficiently safe policy. The Russian Press has been very anxious for some time past that the present opportunity of striking a blow at England should not be lost. The Russian Government, however, do not appear at the present moment desirous of provoking a conflict, being content to keep a constant pressure on the Afghan Frontier. The position of affairs is by no means satisfactory, as there is an uncertainty about it which is by no means lessened by the fact that the Czar was the promulgator of the Universal Peace Doctrine.