

is, I think, a very good thing. And be sure that the glass is a big one. You know that I have a medal for the services I rendered to the Government during the war, when we fought at Moutoa and O-potiki, and many other places. That medal is a good thing. It is a token of my valour in battle. Now listen! It was but last moon that a man came to me at my home yonder in the village of Kai-whaiki. He said: "Friend! I have come to bring you a good thing. Observe this handsome medal which I hold. Now I want you to cease the drinking of beer, then shall you possess this medal, which is truly a fine thing. And men shall know you as a brave soldier, who has won a name in fighting the devil." But I said: "I do not want your medal, for I already have one which was given to me by the Kawanatanga for fighting the savage Urewera, who are truly devils, whereas your medal is for fighting one devil only. *Hei aha maku!* I shall keep my one medal, and consume your devil as food for myself!"

But about Iringa-rangi of Opiu. She dwelt here with her brother Tai-kehu and their kin. Their place was Te Ua-neke, just below Opiu *pa*. The word came that a party of visitors of Kahungunu had arrived from the rising sun, and were staying with the people of Purua, just below Taumaha-ante. The chiefs of the visitors were Te Ruaki and Te Wehenga. They were invited to these parts by Karihi.

Iringa-rangi sent her brothers Taikehu and Tai-o-te-wiwi to invite the East Coast chiefs to Opiu. They consented to come, and entered the canoe of Taikehu. The people of Purua cried farewell to them, and their reply was: "Remain here! Await our return. *Epo, e ao kai te awa a Tai-kehu, kai te kainga o tino tangata.*" (By night, by day, at the river of Taiheku, at the village of the chief.) Such were their words, which we have retained even unto this day. And we think that they must have had misgivings as to their reception at Opiu, the warnings of coming evil which our people have.

They passed Wai-pakura and saw Opiu. They saw Iringa-rangi crying them welcome.

They landed and took the place assigned to them. That night the visitors were slain by the people of Iringa-rangi, and their bodies eaten.

Their companions and hosts at Purua awaited their return. The night passed, the day passed. Two days divided them. Then knew they that death had separated them from their friends, and that their parting saying was fulfilled.

As we churn up the river past Ohiu, we see the site of the old mission station, where the Rev. R. Taylor lived for many years. Author of that voluminous tome "*Te Ika-a-Mani*" was he, and possessing a keen interest in matters ethnological.

Rounding the big bend of the river, we pass the native village of Kaiwhaiki, where my friend of the medal resides, with the fast disappearing remnant of the ancient Nga-Paerangi tribe. Also, one may see the ancient fort Tunn-haere, where, in days of yore, the chief Te Maramara was slain, and many women and children carried off into captivity. And should you have a native passenger aboard, ask him to point out Aromanga *pa*, of which we have already heard.

Anon the steep ranges close in on the river, rising bluff from the water edge. A short time after passing Mr. Campbell's picturesque homestead, we reach Kaurapawa, where stands on the river bank the earthwork walls of that old time fort known as Hamama-te-rangi, though the palisades have long since returned to Mother Earth. Here also stands Kenny's Pole, a tall post, profusely carved by cunning hands, and set up in the days of the *mana Maori* as a sign of the *aukati*, that no European might pass further up the river. It is about forty feet in height, and known as Tokomaru.

Native bush now appears on the right bank, among which may be seen the beautiful fern trees for which this region is so famous. At Kanihi-nihi, on the left bank, are many fruit trees, and another old fighting *pa* crowns a spur hard by. But no sign of human life is here, and ever as we go are seen the deserted settlements of old, where