

tongues roll in hideous, devilish rage, their whole frames quiver with the frenzied emotion that possesses them.

Tautini is no longer a boy. He is a man now, he is indeed the chief's son, burning to lead his braves to victory. He will do great deeds; the whole land shall ring with his fame; the *pakeha* shall fear him as the lightning; he will drive the *pakeha* backward into the sea.

"Arise ye bold, arise,  
And stem the flood;  
Shout loud the battle cry,  
And storm and conquer!"

## CHAPTER II.

It is six months after the big meeting at Meremere, and Tautini is in a rifle pit in the little *pa* at Orakau. Alas, he has realised to the full the bitter hopelessness of striving to push the white man into the sea.

"What can we do?" he sadly remarks to his neighbour — not stolid, kindly Nini, for he fell at Rangiriri with a bullet in his broad young breast — "What can the Maori do? As fast as we kill one, another fills his place. We cannot fight against their ships and guns. We are doomed to perish! At Meremere Rangiriri, Te Rori and Rangiaohia we have been forced to fall back, leaving behind us scores of our strongest braves; we make here our last stand under Rewi the bold, and what hope have we of victory? Our water is all gone, our food is nearly done, and death is very near. The home of his fathers is being

snatched from the Maori."

The scene in the hastily-constructed *pa* was a painful one. There were but three hundred ill-armed men, with perhaps as many women and children, cooped up in rough dug rifle and shelter pits, with no water, little



"AKE! AKE! AKE!"

food and no hope. For two days they had endured the deadly hail of shot and shell from fifteen hundred British troops outside. Again and again with unconquered bravery they had hurled themselves upon the foe, only to struggle back, gasping and broken; again and again, with fierce joy, they had