

which may be interpreted as "water sounding hitherwards," is extremely appropriate as applied to a picturesque locality on the slopes of Mount Te Aroha, where waterfalls abound.

In Te Moari ("the swing") we are reminded of an old-time Maori amusement now extinct. A Moari was usually a slender tree or ricker stripped of its branches overhanging a stream or pool, and from the top of which by long flax ropes the happy children of Nature were wont to swing and dive into the cool water.

Such names as Rua-taniwha and Maunga-taniwha perpetuate the legendary memories of those strange mythical demons or water monsters which the Maori called "taniwha."

A bit of an old-time romance is bound up in the name Te-Whariki-rau-ponga, which belongs to a locality away up in the wooded hills of the Ohinemuri mining district. The name is most wonderfully mangled by the average New Zealander and by the newspapers, and I have seldom seen it spelt the same way twice. The story attached to this name is said to be this: A young chief of the Upper Thames people eloped with a handsome girl, a chief's daughter, and fled with her over the mountains. On the way they spent a night at this (then nameless) spot, and made a couch of the long fronds of the ponga tree-fern. This, the people say, is the origin of the name, which literally translated is, "The sleeping-mat of ponga-leaves."

One day, riding through a wilderness of fern and flax in the so-called King Country, some fifteen miles beyond the old *aukati* frontier-line, we came upon a bold isolated crag of limestone rock rising from a little fern valley. One side of the hill was perpendicular, but the other was trenched and terraced where the slope was more gradual and there was a coating of soil, and at the foot stood a little native hamlet. "This place is Pa-tokatoka," said my Maori companion, "it was a fortification of my tribe, the Ngatimatakore, in the days of the past." And then followed the recital of a stirring narrative of the cannibal days of

old. Pa-tokatoka was a literal description of that isolated hill castle, for its meaning is "the rock fort"—the "dun" of the ancient Celts.

There is a remarkable lone rock standing on the open uplands between Maungatautari and Wharepungu, in the Upper Waikato basin. Its name is Ngatoka-haere, "the walking stone." It is said by the Maoris that the stone travelled from Titiraupenga, a mountain considerably to the southwards in the Hurakia district, and hence it is called "the walking stone." As for those unimaginative persons who would ridicule this story—why, let them go there on the trail to the *kainga* of Aotearoa, and see the rock for themselves—and doubt no more!

And yet another: There is (my informant was of Ngatimatakore) a certain cave at Kawhia, West Coast, on the sea beach, called Te Atua-ngaro ("the unseen spirit"). This is why it bears that name: There is a hidden spirit dwelling in that cave. It is said that if a man goes to gather *pipis* in or at the cave of that spirit, a mysterious voice will call out: "Why are you gathering my children? I will go out and suck your bones there!" "And" (very seriously added my Maori friend) "the spirit goes out and sucks his bones." I presume the *atua* is considerate enough to kill the sacrilegious *pipi*-gatherer first.

Near Otorohanga, in the King Country, is the site of a once famous *pa* of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, known as "Te Marae-o-Hine—"the courtyard of Hine (the lady)." This place was remarkable as having been a sort of town of refuge in the days of old. It was in this *pa*, say the Maoris, that the famous chieftainess Hine, a relative of the great chief Maniapoto, resided some thirteen generations ago. She was greatly respected by her people, and her *pa* became a sanctuary in times of war, apparently because of the sacredness as well as popularity of Hine.

"In former times" (once said to me an old acquaintance, now dead, who could trace his descent back to the great Maniapoto) "when war parties pursued people across