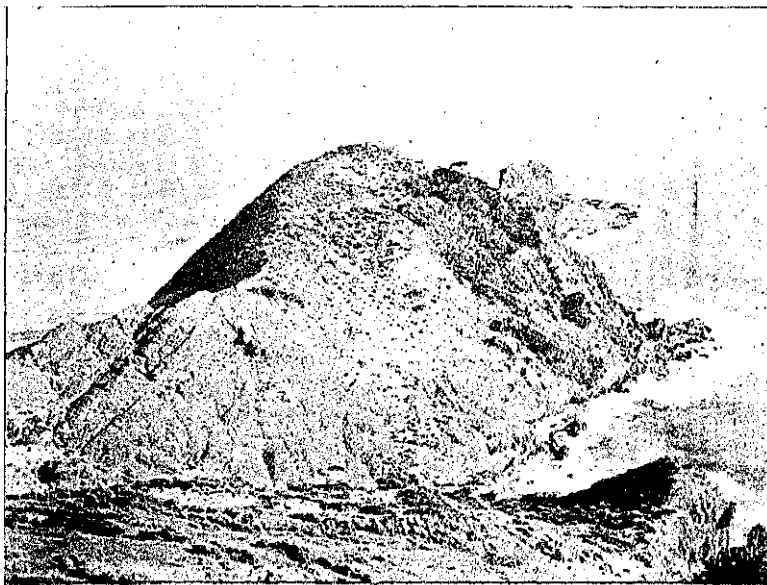


haruru (the "shaking, sounding water") are similarly apt and beautiful. One of the northernmost points of this island—Te Rerenga-Wairua ("flight of the spirits")—is so named in accordance with a poetical fancy of the native people. The "Spirits Flight" is a long desolate rocky cape which runs down to meet the stormy surges that ever swirl and rage round the wild North Cape. Here the spirits of the departed pass along, and, waiting till an opening presents itself in the tossing sea kelp, flit swiftly downwards into "Gloomy Po," the silent land of death.

The name *Rohe-potae*, which is applied by the natives to the so-called "King Country," embracing all that vast expanse of land between the Waikato frontier and Taupo and the West Coast, is a most apt and descriptive term. It may be colloquially interpreted as "all round the hat." Here the boundary of that great circular mass of mountain, valley

a home for himself and his family had the true squatter's instinct for picking out the "eyes" of the country. And now Te Karu-o-te-Whenua is being thrown open to the *pakeha* settler. History repeats itself, and I only hope that no unromantic white official will attempt to substitute "Seddonville" or "Packhorse Gully" for "The Eye of the Land."

There is no spot that has not at some time or other been given a distinctive name by the Maori settlers and travellers. Even springs of water, trees and rocks have their names and stories. Many trees in this country have their special distinguishing names such as *Manuka-titahi*, in the Waikato, *Te-iho-o-kataka* (a *hinau* tree in the Urewera country) and *Hine-hopu*, a celebrated sacred *matai* tree on the bush road from Lake Rotoiti to Rotoehu. *Hine-hopu* was a Maori chieftainess, who "flourished," as the historians would say, many genera-



TE RERENGA-WAIRUA, NORTH CAPE.

and plain is pithily likened to the encircling brim of a hat. *Te-Karu-o-te-Whenua* ("the eye of the land") is a locality in the *Rohe-potae* district not far from *Te Kuiti*. There are two very deep pools of water there which are pointed out as the eyes. The Maori pioneer who selected this particular spot as

tions ago, and whose spirit now lives, according to the Maoris, in that ancient hollow tree, a dryad, a goddess of the woods.

In the South Island the colonists have been very careless and indifferent concerning the correct orthography of those native names that are known, and owing to the