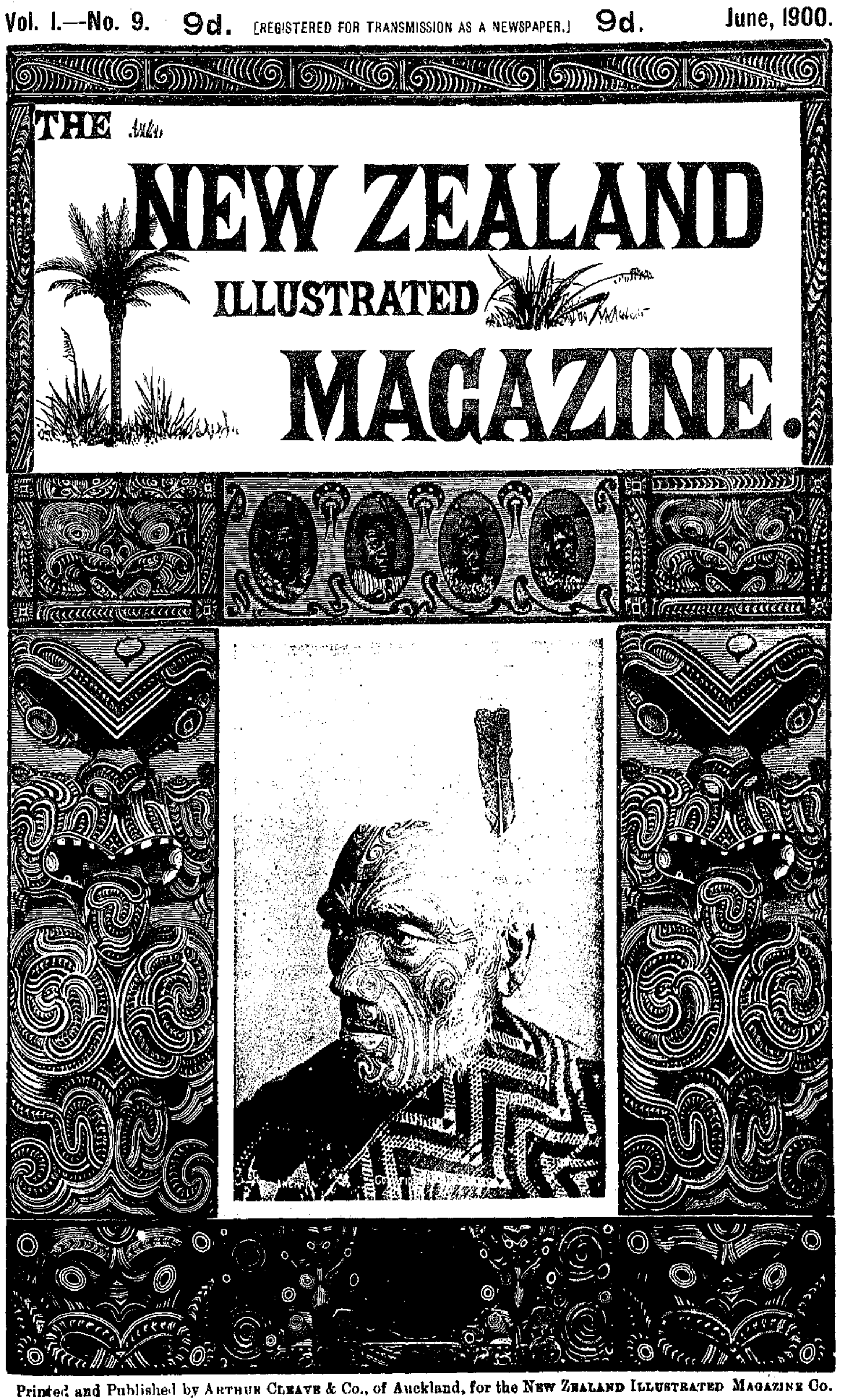
Vol. I.—No. 9. 9d. [REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION AS A NEWSPAPER.] 9d. June, 1900.



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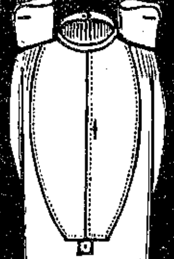

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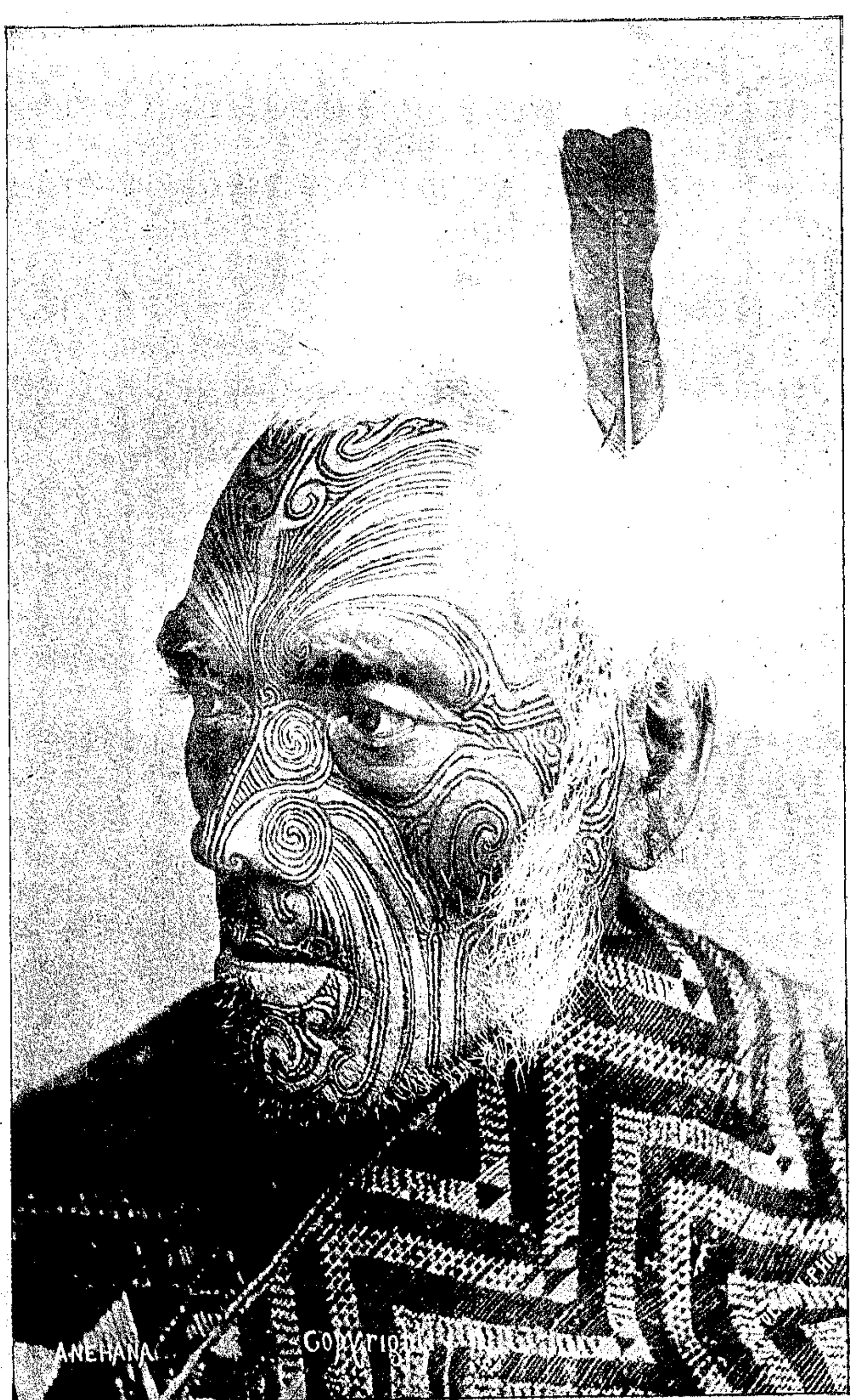
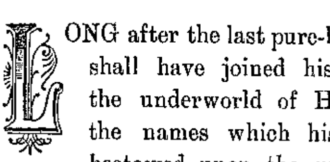


Pulman, Photo., ANEHANA. Auckland, N.Z.

Maori Place Names.

By James Cowan.

Read at the May Meeting of the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association.



LONG after the last pure-blooded Maori shall have joined his ancestors in the underworld of Hine-nui-te-Po, the names which his progenitors bestowed upon the mountains and lakes, valleys, groves and streams will remain on the map of New Zealand, and a new race which knows not Hone will arise and ask, "What do these mean?" And even now the wealth of poetic imagery, of historical interest in Maori nomenclature is little known to, or appreciated by, the generality of colonists. To many a name is but a name and nothing more. Yet we find amongst others a tendency to search for a suitable name for their houses or homesteads, and a genuine delight when they discover a smooth-sounding and appropriate combination of liquid Maori words; or for want of an original, they resort to Williams' Dictionary and manufacture one for themselves. Queer blunders are made in this way sometimes, but the spirit is there, the craving for a home-name which shall be redolent of the soil.

There is a growing tendency in these days in New Zealand to preserve such of the old native place names as have not been forgotten and apply them to the particular location to which they belong, in preference to less appropriate imported appellations. There is in this only justice to the brave race whom we have supplanted, and there is much romantic interest in the ancient names of places throughout our country.

A writer says:—"Mountains and rivers still murmur the voices of nations long denationalised or extirpated."

There can be no more striking example of the manner in which historical, poetical and racial features have been preserved in place-names than that afforded in our own New Zealand native nomenclature. In how many a single Maori name is a whole chapter of history and romance crystallized—a condensed epic! Our native names of localities are usually pleasant to the ear when accurately pronounced, but beyond mere euphony they very often possess an appropriateness, a descriptive significance which the imported English name can seldom bestow. At the same time we cannot wish to include in the list of incongruous or inappropriate names the designations given to coastal localities by Tasman, Cook, and other early visitors to "Aotearoa." The names which they gave to bays and promontories have become historical, and in themselves they recall interesting and often stirring episodes in the adventurous voyages of those brave "Searchers of the Seas." There are some other historical English names given in more modern times, which the writer would be sorry to see expurgated. Of such is Mercer, the township on the Waikato River, named after the gallant Captain Mercer, who fell fighting at Rangiriri in 1863. Some of the English names of South Island localities, particularly of the West Coast Sounds, fit the places remarkably well. And what better name could we have for the Sutherland Falls than the name of the now immortalised plucky pioneer who was the very first that ever gazed upon that wonderful water-leap? And there are many native names of places, names in common use,

which, if their literal meanings were known, would be dropped like the proverbial superheated esculent by colonists. But the majority of Maori place-names are unimpeachable as to moral character and propriety of language.

Josiah Martin, ARA-TEATEA RAPIDS, WAIKATO RIVER. *Photo.*

"Aotearoa," the name of this North Island of ours, is a history, a romance, a poem in itself. We can picture in our mind's eye the sea-worn Polynesian *Vikings* hailing with delight the vision on the far sky line of the white cliffs of New Zealand shining under the bright summer sun—truly a "long white world," an *ao-tea-roa*—and beaching their long canoes on the welcome strand of a new soil. I prefer this rendering to the "long white cloud" of Mr W. P. Reeves' book. And "Te-Ika-a-Maui"—what a magnificent picture that name conjures up—the fierce demi-god, the Maori Hercules, chanting his wild "lifting song," hauling up from the boiling deep the wonderful "fish" of an unknown land—the *fish of Maui!*

Amongst the most interesting place-names in this country are those which contain in themselves reminiscences of the ancient

home of the aboriginal race, and assist us in tracing the "whence" of the Maori. For instance, there is Rarotonga Hill, an ancient *pa* near Onehunga, which we Europeans call Mount Smart. Rarotonga is the name of one of the best-known of the South Sea Islands, and from it there is no doubt some of the Maoris came. Judge ye, oh *pakehas*, which is the more fitting—Rarotonga (literally "the south below,") or Mount Smart! On the little island of Mokoia, in Lake Rotorua, there is a picturesque old ruined hill-fort known as Arorangi, which is identical with a name of a village on the palm-girt island of Rarotonga. In the Thames district there is a "Hawaiiki," named after the legendary home of the Maori off-shoot of the Polynesians. There is Rangiatea in the Rangitoto Ranges (King Country), and there is a place of the same name in the North, which are practically identical with South Sea Island names.

"Hokianga-a-Kupe," the full name of the beautiful Northern harbour, contains a reminder of the past in the fact that the mouth of that harbour was the "hokianga" or "returning" point from which the celebrated Maori explorer Kupe is said to have taken his departure for another part of the coast, and eventually for his old South Sea Island home, Hawaiiki.

Such names as Puke-kohe, Puke-miro, Puke-rimu, Ara-rimu, Motu-karaka, Maunga-kiekie, Papa-rata, and Wai-mamaku remind us of the forest and plant growths of the land, in places often where the vegetation which induced the Maori pioneers to so name the localities has long since disappeared. These remarks of the author of "Scottish Land Names" may well be applied to many parts of our own country:—"The forest has been swept from our hill sides and plains, and were it not for the record contained in place-names the memory of the greenwood would be preserved only by the blackened trunks and roots in the peat-moss."

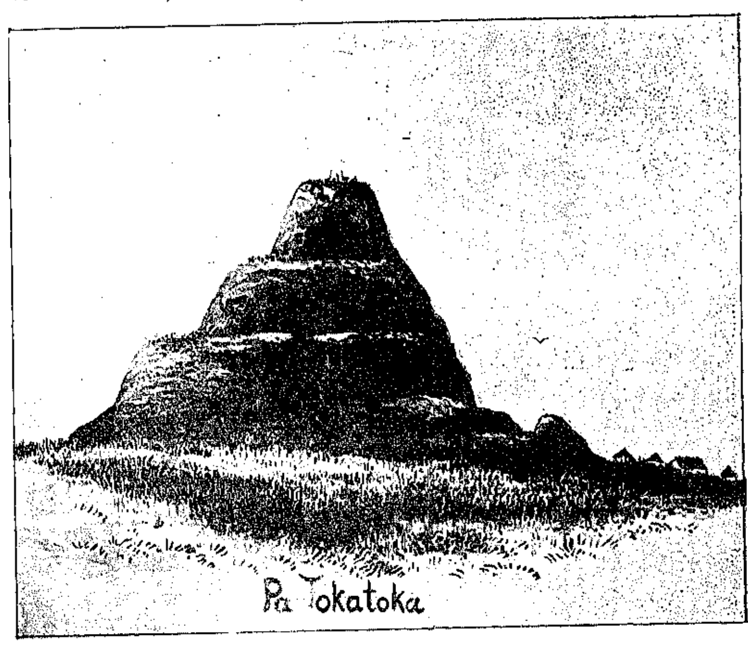
Puke-mau-kuku,* at Coromandel, knows the Maori no more; the gold-digger delves in its sides, yet in its name is preserved a memory of the days of old when primitive man snared the wild pigeon in its leafy groves.

There are not wanting names which recall to us the warlike days of old when fighting, cannibalism, and all the old savagery of the pagan Maori were matters of daily life. "Kai-tangata" is a place-name which means "eat men," and it marks the scene of some cannibal feast of old. "Te-ahi-manawa" is a spot in the thick forest which borders the turbulent Okahu River in the Urewera country. Passing along its banks a Maori companion, a young man of the Tuhoe tribe of mountaineers, pointed out to me the "Ahi-manawa," and told how it was so named, because in the ancient man-eating days a fire had been lit there to cook the heart of a captured chief.

The names applied to rivers, mountains, lakes and bays are very often strikingly descriptive. The Maoris call the East Coast the "Tai-Rawhiti" ("the tide of the shining sun.") The river names very often refer to the special or remarkable features of particular streams, though many names are widely distributed, such as Wai-roa ("long water"), Wai-nui ("great water,") and the same applies to mountains—Maunga-nui ("great mountain"), Puke-nui ("big hill,") and so forth are to be met with in many places. But the old Maori explorer was quick to seize on a striking feature of the landscape in his land-christening process. Of such are: Toka-roa ("long rock"), Maunga-pohatu ("rocky mountain"), Puke-moremore ("the bare hill") and Te-Rakau-tu-tahi ("the lone-standing tree"). The beautiful name Waikaremoana (the "sea of the rippling waters,") is a typical place description. Then we have "Waikato," which means the "flowing river," Roto-ma ("white lake"), Wai-ma ("clear water"), Puna-ki-tere ("the swift flowing fountain"), Roto-rangi ("the heavenly lake"), Manga-tangi (the "crying stream,") Wai-aniwaniwa ("water of the rainbow"), Mount Ao-rangi (which means "the clouds

* Literal meaning, "Hill on which pigeons are caught."

of the sky", not "cloud piercer," as it is often erroneously interpreted), Whanga-nui ("great harbour"), Manga-wara ("murmuring brook"), Wai-rere ("flying water"), as applied to a waterfall, Te Uira ("the lightning"), Whangae-hu ("harbour of spray"), Wai-tangi (the "sounding waters"), and innumerable others. At the same time it is not every beautiful-sounding name that has anything particularly poetic attached to it. "Korora-reka," for instance, at the Bay of Islands, simply means "sweet penguin"—only that and nothing more.



PA TOKATOKA (KING COUNTRY), FROM A SKETCH.

"Tangi-rau," an old tribal burying place of the Waikato tribe, on the banks of the great central river, has a pathetic suggestion for us, for its meaning is "the place of a hundred wailings." And "Tamaki-makau-rau," which is the classical Maori name of the Auckland isthmus, affords a glimpse of the poetical as well as the practical element in native character, for it tells us that the natural beauties and the other attractions of the district were not lost on the ancient Maoris, who so prized the place that they called it "Tamaki of a hundred lovers." The pretty island of Motu-tapu is "Holy Isle," and the Great Barrier Island is Ao-tea, "the white land" or the "white cloud."

The broad gulf of Hauraki is so named from the "north wind," and it is mentioned in many a native song. I remember not long ago hearing a good rolling *haka* song in which the Waikato men shouted as they danced:

> "Whakarongo ake au
> Ki te tai o Hauraki
> E wawa mai nei!
> Wa-wa! Wai-e-ha!"

> "I listen forth
> To the tide of Hauraki
> Rolling on the beach towards me!
> Roar, oh, ye waters, roar!"

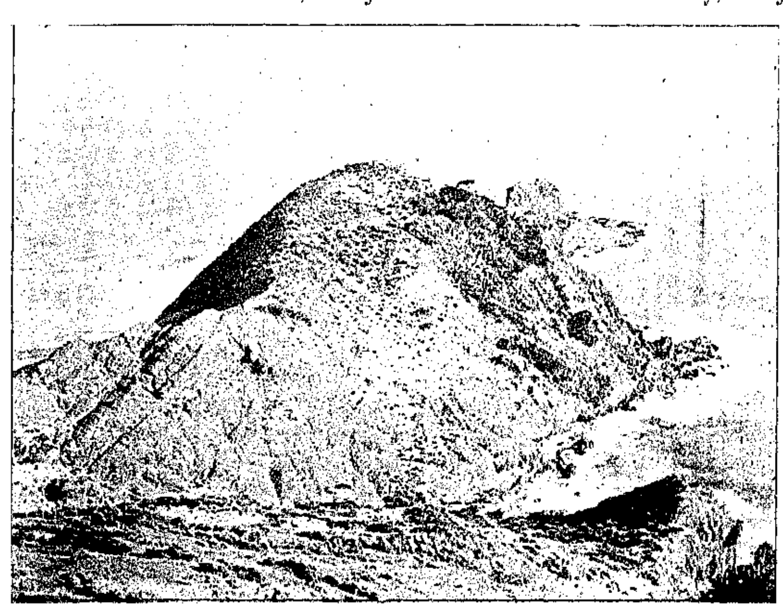
On the northern side of Waiheke Island is a beautiful open beach of white sand. It is known to the Maoris as "Onetangi," (the "sounding shore.") As I stood on the sea beach and listened to the rush of the nor'-easter and

> —"the sound of the trampling surf
> On the rocks and the hard sea-sand"—

I mentally agreed with the natives in their choice of a place name. Tapuae-haruru (the "resounding footsteps") and Wai-

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 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 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."



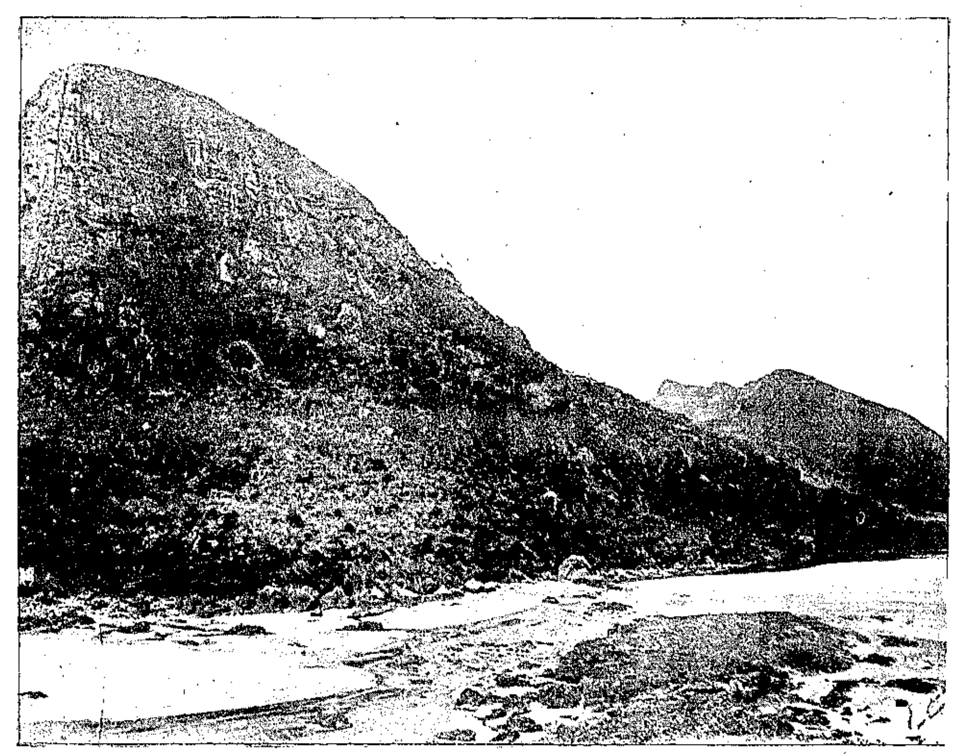
TE RERENGA-WAIRUA, NORTH CAPE.

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-tutahi, 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 generations 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

sparseness of the native population in Te Waipounamu English names have to a very large extent superseded the Maori. In the names of mountains, passes, rivers and glaciers in the Great Southern Alps, the memories of early European pioneers and explorers are very properly preserved, but it is a pity that where native names exist, and are known they should not be spelt accurately. Hardly one of the names of the great Southern lakes is rightly spelt, and as the original owners of the soil are gone for ever it is next to impossible to arrive at the true meanings of many of the names. For instance Lake Wakatipu (which the ignorant *pakeha* shears of its final vowel) may be either Whaka-tipu or Waka-tipua. In the latter name one could trace a dim reference to some ghostly legend of the great snow-fed lake—a "phantom canoe" (or literally a "devil-canoe"), which was seen floating on its cold mysterious waters under the shadows of the everlasting mountains. Such names as Wai-makariri ("cold water"), Kopi-o-Kai-tangata (a locality known as "Cannibal Gorge"), Awatere ("swift river"), Waitaki (equivalent to the northern Waitangi), are, however, very plain as to meaning. The river Inangahua suggests by the composition of its name a place where the Maoris were accustomed to catch and preserve the nimble whitebait.

Reverting to North Island names, the name Roto-kakahi, that of a lake on the Rotorua-Tarawera Road, informs us that in its waters the natives found one of the sources of their food supply, the fresh-water shellfish known as the *kakahi*, which was obtained by means of a rake and net or primitive dredge. Since the Tarawera eruption the bivalve has no longer been hauled from the lake bottom, in fact the deposits of volcanic mud and detritus from the hills seem to have smothered the poor *kakahi* out of existence.



MAUNGAPIKO, NEAR TE RERENGA-WAIRUA.

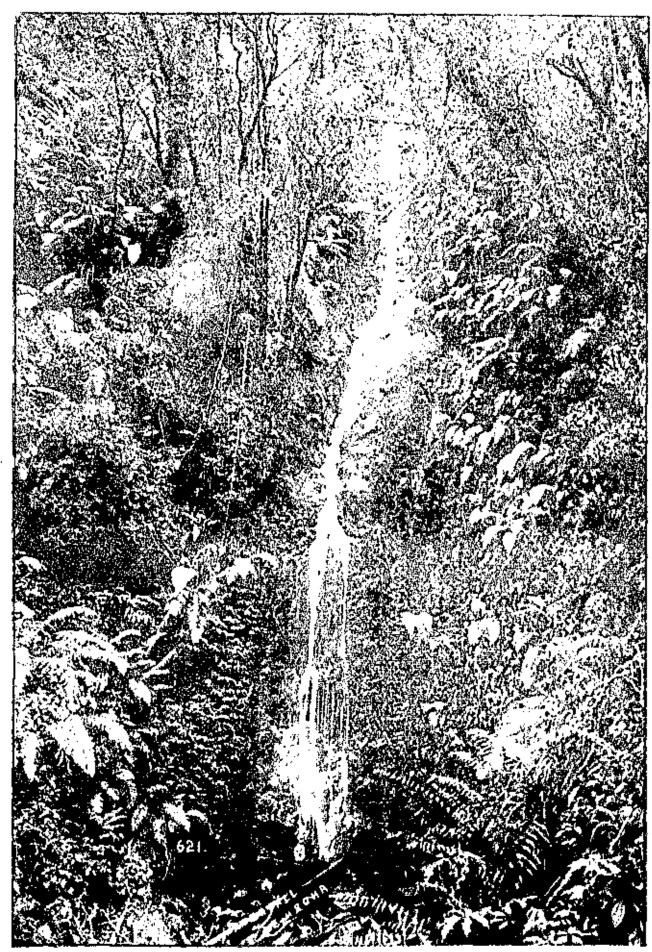
Another natural history hint is conveyed in the name Motu-taiko, a picturesque island in Lake Taupo. It is so called from the fact

that it is frequented at times by the *taiko*, a species of petrel, which makes its way inland here from the distant sea coast.

The Ara-teatea rapids, on the Upper Waikato River, could not have had a better name —the "white path," or, let us say, "milky way." Here the foaming cataracts tumble and boil through a narrow gorge, a wild procession of river rapids and white water, which "Ara-teatea" exactly describes.

Amongst the miscellaneous list of land names in our country are very many which attract attention because of some particular event which they commemorate, or some incident which struck the name-givers.

Matamata-harakeke means "the tips of the flax-leaves." Tango-wahine refers to the old barbaric custom of forcibly taking possession of a girl as a wife. Umu-tao-roa, a place which a political squabble of some years ago brought into prominence, means "the oven long of cooking." Ahi-kereru denotes the place where a fire was lit to cook wild pigeons. Whanga-momona, a little valley in the vast north Taranaki bush, on the Waikato-Stratford railway route, signifies a "fat" or "fertile" valley, and it does not belie its name, for the creeks abound with fat eels; pigeons, tui, and kaka swarm in the trees, and the rich alluvial soil needs but little tickling—a truly fertile spot alike for the ancient Maori and the modern *pakeha* settler.



Martin, FALL ON THE WAIRONGOMAI CREEK. *Photo.*

The beautiful name Wai-o-rongo-mai,

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 Maungataniwha 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 Wharepuhunga, 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 sacriligeous *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

the Waipa River, above Otorohanga, the pursuit ceased as soon as the vanquished ones had crossed the river in the direction of the residence of Hine. Hence the saying of our people 'Do not mistake the Marae-o-Hine.' This was the origin of that custom: when our ancestor Maniapoto died a dispute arose between two of his sons as to who should assume the direction of tribal affairs and become the *Ariki* in succession to Maniapoto. The brothers quarrelled, their supporters took up arms, and the two parties fought. After the battle, in which one of the sons was defeated, he and his followers fled towards the fortified village of his relative Hine. When they had crossed the river at Mohoaonui, near the Kahikatea bush, the other chief cried out to his war party on the river bank, 'Do not pursue to the Marae-o-Hine.' So the chase ended. This was because of their great respect for that lady." Hine's *marae* is now a peaceful farm in the occupation of the Hettit family, but the Ngatimaniapoto and other natives of the district have by no means forgotten the derivation of the name or the story of their renowned ancestress.

Josiah Martin, *Photo.*

TAPUAE-HARURU ("SOUNDING FOOTSTEPS"), LAKE ROTOITI.

The Maori settler of old has left his mark in the Auckland district, especially in the form of trite and descriptive names. Waitemata may be set down as meaning "shining waters."

Wai-takare (which should be spelt without the final "i") is a peculiarly appropriate name, for it may be interrupted as "hurrying" or "falling" waters.

Taka-puna, the original Maori name of the North Head and its vicinity, means a descending spring of water, or shortly and literally "falling fountain." It is said to have taken its name from an ever-flowing spring of beautiful clear water which ran down on to the beach near the western side of the North Head. The spot was a

favourite camping ground of the Maoris in former days, and the original spring called Taka-puna is still to be seen in the form of a well.

The native name of Ponsonby, but more particularly applied to Shelly Beach and the adjoining point, is Oka†, which may be broadly interpreted as meaning "the place of fires," in which one can see a reference to the olden times when canoe parties were wont to draw their craft up on the sandy beach and kindle their nightly camp fires and discuss their *kumara* and fish after the fashion of the Maori.

The original name of the Watchman Island, in Auckland Harbour, is Motu-ngaengae or "Cockleshell Island." Te To, which was formerly applied to the western point of Freeman's Bay, is a name which seems to have arisen from the fact that close to the point was a little beach where canoes could be hauled up ("*to*") on the shore.

Awataha, meaning "river side," is the native name of the reserve on the creek at the head of Shoal Bay, near Lake Takapuna, on which the Roman Catholic Orphanage stands.

Taka-runga, which means to "fall from above," is the original name of Mount Victoria, North Shore, which was in olden days a Maori *pa*, and on which a modern 8-inch gun is now mounted.

Owairaka (Mount Albert) means "the place of Wairaka," who was a chief of many generations back.

Kohi-marama, a really beautiful name, may be freely translated as "gathering shellfish by moonlight." It was the name of what is now known as the Bastion Rock when that little islet was a part of the mainland, and was a fortified Maori settlement.

† This name and several others here mentioned were given me by members of the Ngatiwhatua tribe.

A century and a half ago the Ngatiwhatua tribe (whose descendants now live at Orakei) swept down on the Waitemata from the Kaipara, captured Kohi-marama and other *pas* on the south side of Auckland Harbour and put the original inhabitants in the oven in order to save any vexatious law suits on the subject of trespass or manorial rights.

One rather curious "paheka-Maori" name is worth mentioning. It is *Poneke*, the common Maori name for the city of Wellington. This is a Maori corruption of "Port Nick," by which abbreviation Port Nicholson was known in the early days. By an easy transition the Maori softened it into "Po-nik," and then received it into the native tongue as *Poneke*.

One could go on interminably listing Maori place names, but *heoi ano*, as the natives say. Just a few musical examples in conclusion: Ara-pohue ("path amongst the convolvus"); Whenua-kite ("the land seen"), grotesquely locally pronounced "Fenugit"; Wai-ngongoro ("snoring river," in allusion to the noise made over its stony bed"); Wai-puna ("spring of water"); Puke-aruhe ("fern hill"); Moe-rangi—Moe-raki in the South ("sleeping heavens'); and Te Kai-a-te-Karoro ("the feast of the sea gulls"), where a great battle was fought in the North, and the bodies left on the sea beach. And if you are anxious to exercise your tongue on the Maori language here are some fair examples on which to begin—

Te Whakamarumaru-o-Hine-Ruarangi ("the shade of Lady Ruarangi"—a certain tree); Te Moehau-o-Tama-te-Kapua ("the sleeping sacredness of the Son of the Clouds"—the Maori name of Cape Colville), and Te Taumata-Whakatangihanga-Koauau ("the hill on which the nose flute was sounded").

Certainly there is a good deal in the aboriginal tongue. And who but a Maori could put so much into a little place name?

NIGHT.

Hail! calm, proud Night, upon whose regal brow,
There rests a grace unknown to garish day;
Who on the wings of glaring sunrise borne
In trappings bright and tawdry sports her course,
And with loud clatter and rude, strident voice,
Deafening the ear, disturbs the poet's thought.
But thou, O Night, author of sweetest hours,
Drawing thy sombre cloak of black around,
Mantlest the discontent of day's dark deeds;
Or leastways haply hid'st in silent gloom
The errant mortal whose untutored way
Hath thrown his luckless steps in paths of wrong.
Perchance, O queenly Night, with brighter mien,
Wrapt in thy robe festooned with heavenly stars,
Upon thy head the crown of Luna's beams,
Thou walk'st with noiseless steps the world along.

Thou hast thy terrors: but for those alone
Whose deeds have made them fear themselves; and then
These borrow virtue's worth or hide their thoughts,
Through constant contact with their fellow-men.
These dread the judgment of thy stillness, Night,
For conscience whom day's jarring voice o'erwhelmed
Speaks to them now in accents clearly heard,
Upbraiding guilt, and bares their cankered souls,
And in the searchlight of some higher glance
Their secret wickedness is plain set forth.

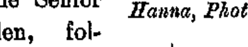
Perchance one on a bed of sickness laid
Rails at thy form, O Night, and calls thee cursed.
Yet this is but the discontent of pain,
That were it Night, would Day! or Day, would Night!
For me, thou hast no terror in thy look;
Beneath thy peaceful sway, the unchained mind,
Freed from the tumult of the busy world,
Is carried upward into purer fields,
Or grasps in dreamland's realms, some nobler theme.
The heart's most sweet conception is begot
Within these calm-enveloped hours of thine.
The soul's communion with its Master—God
Is fostered in thy depths of Mystery.
Thou call'st thy gracious sister, gentle Sleep,
To rest the stricken mortal by the way,
To salve the sores and heal the gaping wounds,
That life's hard-foughten battle doth inflict.
And so, would I could thus entrain my verse,
And in a network of harmonious chords
Could straitly sing a pæan of delight
To praise thy sacred hours of quiet ease.

C. Brasil.

BROTHER A. S. RUSSELL.

Few men have done so much for the cause of Masonry as Brother A. S. Russell, who has just been elected Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Masonic Order in New Zealand, and it may be interesting to follow his steps from the time of his initiation in the Ara Lodge No. 348, I.C., Auckland, on July 3rd, 1865. The first was in the succeeding June, when he was unanimously elected secretary. A testimonial from his brethren in writing showed their appreciation of his services in this capacity. The next step was taken in 1769, when he became Senior Warden, followed by his installation as W.M. in 1871. His re-election for a second term spoke volumes for the manner in which he discharged his duties. In successive years other W.M.s acknowledged gratefully the assistance he rendered in giving lectures and degrees. A handsome Masonic jewel was another graceful recognition of the interest he took and the work he did for the cause. This was presented to him in 1873. In the succeeding year he took the place of Brother Dr. J. H. Hooper, late D.P.G.M., I.C., on his resignation, as treasurer, and another presentation awaited him when he left Auckland for Wellington. This time it took the form of a handsome gold watch and marble timepiece. When he returned to Auckland he lost no time in rejoining his mother Lodge, and filled the office of secretary for several almost consecutive terms till he was elected treasurer in 1888. During his secretaryship he received another recognition of the esteem in which he was held in the form of a shield, which was

Hanna, Photo., BROTHER A. S. RUSSELL. *Auckland.*



presented him by his brethren. Brother Russell was the originator of the idea which resolved itself into the formation of the Ara Lodge Masonic Orphan Fund. He took an active part in Provincial Grand Lodge affairs, holding office as P.G. Registrar, Treasurer, and Senior Warden. His unwearying efforts to advance the cause of Masonry, and the effective manner in which he carried out his duties as Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New Zealand have resulted in his election to the position of Most Worshipful Grand Master.

Edwards, Photo., *Auckland.*

REV. CHARLES CLARK. MR. R. S. SMYTHE.

REV. CHARLES CLARK (the Prince of Platform Celebrities).

THE career of this brilliant orator has been remarkable. Having been selected in England as pastor of the Albert-street Baptist Church, Melbourne, he found on his arrival that the church had a big debt on it, and he gave some Dickens' recitals, and by this means raised several hundred pounds. Reserved seats at one of these realised as high as a guinea, and the house was full. After five years' charge of his church Mr. Clark applied for leave of absence, and came to New Zealand. Here he was met by Mr. R. S. Smythe, the much-travelled *impresario*, who was managing Madame Arabella Goddard's Concert Company, and that gentleman succeeded in inducing him to give a few of his popular lectures here. Mr. Smythe had never heard the reverend gentleman, but went entirely on his reputation as an orator and preacher in giving him this advice. The result was that Mr. Clark gave for the first time his now famous lecture on "The Tower of London" in Auckland on January 15th, 1875. This was the commencement of a highly successful tour throughout New Zealand. At every centre he was received with enthusiasm, and although prices were high, it was often difficult to obtain a seat. Twenty-five years have been spent in lectur-

ing and preaching in Australasia, South Africa, and Canada. Under the same management, Mr. Clark has now returned

Edwards, *Photo.*
MRS. HOWIE.

with all his powers unimpaired to celebrate his silver jubilee here. He has had an exceedingly successful tour through the South, in Christchurch he gave twelve entertainments, in Wellington seventeen, and in Auckland he gives a dozen lectures. Mr. Clark has also preached several sermons in aid of war and other funds, and it was at his recent service at the Auckland Tabernacle that the gifted contralto, Mrs Howie, made her first appearance. Amongst the number of gifted performers on stage and platform that the veteran *impresario* Mr. Symthe has introduced to New Zealand audiences, Mrs. Howie is the third accomplished contralto; the first was Miss Christian, now a nun of the order of St. Paul of the Cross; the second was Madame Marian Burton, formerly of the Karl Rosa Opera Company; the third is Mrs. Howie.

DR. ALICE WOODWARD, M.B., N.Z.U.

It was pleasing to note the appointment of an Auckland young lady, Dr. Alice Woodward, as Honorary Bacteriologist to the Auckland Hospital. Dr. Woodward is a daughter of Mr. W. Woodward, of Mangere, a gentleman well known and esteemed in educational circles. Dr. Woodward began her medical studies at the Auckland University College in 1895, and while there she passed the Medical Preliminary and Medical Intermediate Examinations. Proceeding thence to Dunedin, she attended the Medical School there, at the same time walking the hospital, and finally

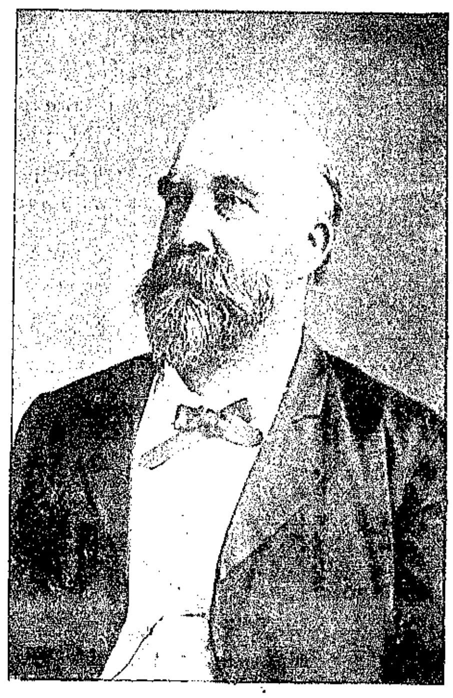
Bartlett, DR. ALICE WOODWARD. *Photo.*

attained the degree, which she at present holds, of Bachelor of Medicine and Surgery. On her return to Auckland she received the

above-mentioned appointment at the Hospital. The Bubonic Plague scare made its appearance, and Dr. Woodward lost no time in offering her services as physician in charge of any cases which might occur. On the first suspected case being brought in, a boy bitten by a rat, Dr. Woodward was inoculated, and devoted herself to the little fellow till it was discovered that it was not a case of plague at all. This fact, however, does not detract in any way from Dr. Woodward's brave conduct in volunteering to attend any cases that were brought in. Dr. Woodward is now practising in Auckland.

MR. E. H. BOLD, M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E.

Our readers doubtless read with great interest Mr. E. H. Bold's contribution in our last issue on Wireless Telegraphy, and would peruse with regret the footnote which announced that the writer had departed this life before the article was in print. On our last interview with him the question arose whether he would prefer to deal with the subject in one article or continue it in the present number. He decided on the former course, and took much trouble to condense his notes so that the article should be a clear and concise as well as a complete description of this wonderful invention, which he much preferred to call Etheric Signalling, affirming with truth that the term Wireless Telegraphy was a misnomer, and only using it because it is the name by which it is best known by the general public. Mr. Bold studied mechanical engineering under the well-known firm of Bridge and Barnes in Lancashire, then took a course of chemistry in the laboratory of Mr. John Sieber. From the time Mr. Bold landed in Otago, in 1863, he has done much excellent pioneer work in the laying out of roads and telegraphs in various parts of New Zealand for the Governments of the day. The operations which proved most conclusively the stuff of which he was made, and the confidence of the Government in his ability to cope with the peculiar difficulties which surrounded him, was the carrying of the telegraph line through partly hostile native territory *via* Taupo to Oruanui, in 1868, a year memorable in the annals of Hauhau warfare, and the laying out of a road through country where redoubts had to be erected and occupied by Armed Constabulary, for the protection of the workmen. After a few months' retirement from public service in 1878 Mr. Bold accepted the position of Inspector of Telegraphs, and it was while carrying out the duties devolving on him that he contracted the illness which cut short his useful life.



Hemus, MR. E. H. BOLD. *Photo.*

OLD WELLINGTON.

Nothing can be more interesting than a record of the growth of our New Zealand cities from the earliest period of their history. To the new comer it affords a glimpse into the past which will be highly instructive, and to the old identity it will revive old memories and pleasant reminiscences which are fast slipping away. In the July number of this

magazine will be found a most interesting article on Pioneer Wellington from the pen of Forrest Ross, who will do full justice to the subject. Other cities will be similarly dealt with in early numbers.

NEW ZEALAND LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE accompanying photograph shows a group of members of the Council of the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association of the present year. It is not quite a complete one, as several members, notably the late president, Mr. J. H. Upton, were unable to be present when it was taken. With two exceptions, viz., Mrs. Boult and Rev. J. K. Davis, these ladies and gentlemen have held office in the Council since the formation of the Association, and worked it up to its present stage. This, in the face of the discouragements unaccountably, but very persistently, given to movements like the present in a young country, has been no easy task. But it has been accomplished, a satisfactory start has been made, and it only remains for individual members to do all in their power to assist the Council in carrying out the objects of the Association, both with regard to its literary and historical aims, and they will soon have an institution whereof they will have reason to be proud. The development of the historical side of the Association is to be a leading feature during the present year. The interesting paper on Maori Place Names, published in this MAGAZINE, was read at the first literary evening of this session, and the writer was requested by the meeting to allow it to be put in print, which was accordingly done. For the June meeting a member has promised a paper on the first Parliament held in New Zealand, of which he is fortunate enough to possess the records This should be of special interest.

MISS MOOR, MR. J. HIGHT, REV. J. K. DAVIS, MR. T. COTTLE, VERY REV. DR. EGAN, MISS CHRYSTAL.

MR. F. ROLLETT, MRS. BOULT, MR. H. J. D. MAHON, PRESIDENT. MRS LEO. MYERS, MR. E. A. MACKECHNIE.

COUNCIL OF THE NEW ZEALAND LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

In the Chart Room.

By Fabian Bell.

Illustrated by W. A. Bowring.

AN I speak to you, Captain?"

"Certainly!"

I was polite though busy, not wishing to be disturbed; and it is possible that my tone may have conveyed the latter sentiment somewhat too strongly, for my interlocutor became silent, and I, returning to my calculations, forgot him for the moment. But the man did not go away, and very soon I became almost oppressively conscious of his presence.

He had followed me into the Chart Room; which action was against the rule, for the Company's orders were very strict, but in contradistinction to this written law, I had a certain margin of discretion, and knew that it was one of the first duties of the captain of a passenger steamer to keep his passengers in good humour, even to the extent of listening to their complaints at all times and in all places; and I perceived that I must let the charts alone for a while until I had attended to my visitor.

"Well?" I said interrogatively, lifting my head and half turning towards him.

"I am sorry to interrupt you. I see you're busy, but I had to speak. I only came on board this morning, and already I feel that I have made a mistake. I like you, and——"

I looked quickly up and faced him for the first time. He was a tall young man of exceptionally fine physique, well dressed, well groomed, a gentleman every inch of him; but I had never seen him before, of that I was convinced, though among the numbers constantly going and coming it was perhaps rash to declare this with any certainty. Still I have a gift for remembering faces, which has never yet played me false, and I felt sure that the man was a stranger to me. What then did he mean by this emphatic declaration of personal liking?

I bent my head and waited for more.

"Yes, I like you, and I like your ship. I've travelled in her hundreds of times,"—(this I knew to be false, for the *Haiti* was a new vessel and had not made a dozen trips, all told)—"Ah, yes, hundreds of times! But I shouldn't have come to-day, no, not to-day!"

"Why not?" and I looked at him more keenly, but he was standing at the door of the chart house, and had his back to the light, so that I could not see his features distinctly.

"Why not? Well, I don't know. It's a difficult question. But I like you, and I suppose I ought to tell you."

"What?"

He swept his hand over his brow, and seemed at a loss for a word.

"Come in," I said politely, motioning him to a seat where I could see his face.

He came nearer, but did not sit down. Still I could now see his face. It was working with the stress of a great emotion. I began to feel a little curious.

"Yes, I ought not to have come, but——. Do you know, Captain, I——" and he put

his hand to his head, and then swept it from him with the expressive gesture of one who sweeps away a noxious insect.

Then in a moment it flashed on me that he had been drinking, and I resolved to give the head steward a word of warning. My interest faded. Such cases were only too common, they wearied me. I ostentatiously returned to my work, hoping that he would take the hint and go. But he appeared to be interested, and bent towards me. I showed him the ship's course, and explained a few trifling matters. Suddenly he straightened himself and drew back.

I wished he would go away and leave me to my work, but he did not budge. I was getting tired of him, and expressed as much in my manner. He got up and moved restlessly up and down the limits of the narrow room. Suddenly he burst forth:

"I think I ought to tell you."

"Tell away, then."

"It's not easy. No, it's not easy, and you show so little interest!"

His tone had changed again, and was now full of an indescribable pathos which effected me strangely, though in my own mind I declared that he had only got into the maudlin

"THE SHIP IS DOOMED! DOOMED!"

and sentimental stage, and that a douche of cold water would be the best remedy.

"What does all that matter?" he said. "Follow what course you like, it will all come to the same. This ship is doomed, doomed!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, we're all doomed! You, I, the whole world! Why should this ship escape?"

Certainly it was a bad case. We should have to keep an eye upon him till we got to Sydney. We had just left Wellington, and had a clear run of four days before us, and as we should touch at no other port during that time, we must make the best of our bad bargain, and keep him as short of liquor as we could.

"Captain," he broke out, "you're not attending! You think I'm drunk!"

"I think you have been drinking."

"I wish it was so, I wish it was nothing worse. But no! That's not it! I am mad!—I am mad!"

If the proverbial thunderbolt had fallen between us I could not have been more startled. I have had some strange experiences in my life. That was one of the strangest. I have stood at the edge of the grave, and looked into it unmoved. I was, perhaps, never nearer to it than at that moment.

I glanced quickly up, and our eyes clashed. He was a younger, stronger man than I, but I was not afraid.

"Sit down and tell me all about it," I said soothingly.

"You're not afraid?"

"No. What should I fear?"

"Yet you and your ship are doomed—doomed—doomed!"

"Perhaps so, but I'm not afraid. Sit down and let us talk it out."

"I can't sit. I'm too restless."

"Very well, as you please. Now tell me what brought you here."

"The devil!"

"Very likely. He's a bit of a busy-body. if all accounts be true."

"You're not afraid of him either?"

"Certainly not!"

"You're a fine fellow! I like you. I always liked you. You're a man! Well, when I left that place—"

"The asylum?" I suggested.

He frowned.

"You may call it that. I call it hell! They took it out of me there, I can tell you! It was awful!"

"They were not unkind to you?"

"No. Not unkind. But it was hell for all that!"

"And you were discharged, or did you—"

"No, I did not escape. There is no escaping from that place. I was discharged—cured. Ha, ha!"

His laugh was terrible, and I knew then for a certainty that my companion was, if only for the moment, mad. I thought of the other one hundred and fifteen passengers on board, including twenty ladies, my wife and my sister-in-law, and debated as to the best course to take. The company's orders were strict, never to alarm the passengers, to keep them always occupied and happy, and in case of real danger o tell them nothing more than was absolutely necessary.

My companion moved restlessly up and down, pressing his hand to his head, and muttering half to himself, half to me:

"I'm sorry I came, but I could not help it. Directly I saw the ship at the Wellington wharf I knew that I must go on board. That it was doomed—doomed! That my hand would be the one to execute judgment and justice! Still I like you, I like you!"

"Thank you. I am always glad to secure the good opinion of my passengers. Let us talk this thing out quietly. You are here, and as we are on the High Seas it is obvious that you must remain here for some time. In a few days we shall be in Sydney. You will have friends to meet you there?"

"I have friends there, yes."

"They will be looking for you, and expecting to find you well in mind and body. You will not disappoint them. You will struggle against this illness that oppresses you. You will shake it off. You will be your own old, bright self."

His movements grew less restless, for the first time he sat down.

"But this ship is doomed!" he said more quickly.

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. At any rate that is not your business or mine either."

"No?"

"Certainly not! My present business is to look after you."

"What are you going to do with me? You are not going to shut me up?"

"Not if I can help it. I'm not a jailor, you know; indeed, I am going to make you your own jailor."

"My own jailor?" The idea seemed to amuse him.

"Yes, I shall not lock you up, but you must promise me that when you feel the fit coming on, you will come to me at once, wherever I may be, and at whatever time."

"That's a good plan! Come to you whenever I feel it here," and he touched his forehead, "buzzing and talking, and telling me all sorts of strange things. I'm not mad now, you know. I'm quite sane, sane as you are. But I heard the voices last night, and again this morning, and I knew that I ought to tell you. Now I've told you and you are not a bit afraid. You're a wonderful chap! I'm afraid, oh, so terribly afraid! I don t want to go to that place again among those mad people! I hate them! It is enough to

turn one's brain! Always chattering and talking nonsense, such nonsense, and so selfish, thinking only of themselves. Not one of them ever found time to talk to me for a moment. And the women are as bad as the men. There was one woman who fancied herself Queen Victoria, and another nursed a doll and called it a baby, and made us all keep quiet while she hushed it to sleep. Selfish creatures! They never thought of me, not one of them thought of me! Oh, it was an awful place! I would rather go down with you in the doomed ship than go back there."

"If you take my advice you won't do either. You will just go and play a game of quoits with the other passengers, and report yourself to me if you feel worse. Come to me when you like. Do not talk to anyone else but me. Promise me that."

"Yes, I promise. I don't want to talk to anyone else. You are my friend."

"Very well, it is a bargain. I trust you."

He went away pleased with himself and me. The danger was averted for that time. Yet no sooner had he gone that I began to be doubtful of the wisdom of my action. It would, no doubt, have been better to have locked him up, but then it would have caused a scandal and a disturbance. I could not have done it alone, and he would certainly have resisted. And again, perhaps he was not really mad, only eccentric. It is not the people who own up to it who are the maddest, and again, are we not all of us mad on some point? Probably my unfortunate visitor was not a whit worse than the rest of us, or a bit more worthy of solitary confinement. But after all, my chief difficulty lay with the Company. I knew well how they disliked a row or a disturbance of any kind. Like Cæsar's wife, it was necessary that their ships and their captains should be above reproach. No, certainly the man was not mad at the present moment, though he might be near it, and we could surely stave off an attack for a few days, until we reached Sydney, where I could put him in charge of his relations, and see him off the wharf, when the responsibilities of the Company would end.

So I spoke confidentially to the chief officer, the purser and the head steward, telling them all to keep their eyes open, that our passenger was a little eccentric, and might become dangerous. I gave only a half confidence. I did not dare to say more. They suspected D.T.'s, and readily undertook the charge. Then, as a ship's captain is always a little bit of a doctor, I compounded a powerful sedative and administered some on the first opportunity. "It can do no harm, and it may do good," I said. He took it willingly.

The rest of that day, the night, and the following day passed without misadventure of any kind. My policy of non-intervention seemed to be justified by the results. I had confided in no one, not even my wife, which was the easier as she was in delicate health, and I had given her my cabin, and taken up my abode in the chart room. My cabin was on deck, just amid-ships, where the vibration is least, and I gave her my bunk, and her sister the sofa.

On the second night out—we were then about half way, and the ship bid fair to make a record passage—I was awakened in the middle of my off watch by a light tap at the door, and the words "May I come in?" The door was not bolted. I was up in a moment, and cried out "Enter!"

The madman pushed the door and entered.

"You told me to come," he said.

"Certainly! Come in. You are late, or rather early." The hands of my chronometer pointed to 2 a.m.

"I could not sleep. I want some more of that medicine you gave me last night. I am watched. Yes, watched night and day, wherever I go! I hear voices saying 'There goes the madman!'"

"Nonsense, my dear sir!" I said soothingly. "You must not fancy such things." By this time I had slipped my feet into a pair of slippers, and drawn a pilot coat over my pyjamas, and felt quite at my ease. "Have you come to ask me to put you under lock and key?"

His reply startled me.

"Yes, and you'd better be quick about it!

The ship's doomed, but I should like the women to escape."

"Oh, you are nervous again! Sit down while I get the dose.'

He was between me and the door. As I spoke I made a movement to pass him. He did not stir.

"What do you want?" he said suspiciously. "You need not go away."

"The medicine chest is not here, I am going to fetch it."

"Never mind, I'm in no hurry. You mean to slip out and lock me in! Ha, ha, I have you!"

"Indeed, you are mistaken! But if you are not in a hurry, neither am I. Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

For answer he leaned against the door, and looked at me with an expression entirely foreign to his pleasant features, an expression of malignant animosity that for the moment so distorted his face that it was barely recognisable. A cold terror struck to my heart. There could be no doubt that the man was really mad now, whatever had been the case before. He had warned me, and like a fool I had taken no heed. What was to be done? I looked steadily at him, eye to eye, and tried to think. The electric bell was beside the door, I could neither touch that nor get out of the room until he moved. I sat on the edge of my cot and faced him squarely.

"You are a little upset," I said calmly. "Pray sit or stand, remain or go away, as you please; but remember I have had a long hard day's work, and am tired. If you have nothing else to say to me, you might as well let me go to sleep again."

"You're a d——d cool hand, at any rate!" he answered, coming a step nearer, but not near enough to permit of my slipping behind him. "I always knew that. But it does not matter whether we go or stay. The end will come just the same."

At that moment my ears were conscious of a suppressed noise and movement in the silent ship, the running to and fro of lightly shod feet, a cry of anger, alarm, surprise. Then a quick tapping at my door.

"Captain, Captain! For God's sake! Are you there?"

Then a hand was laid on the latch. The door was unlocked, but my visitor leaned against it in such a manner that no one could move it from the outside, and quickly slipping his hand behind him, he secured the bolt; and then, with lightning speed, and before I could form an idea as to what he was about, he sprang upon me, and clapped one hand over my mouth, while with the other he

"I SANK DOWN—DOWN—INTO A MERCIFUL OBLIVION."

gripped me round the back of the neck. His strength was amazing. I was like a child in his hands.

"Don't speak or move, or I shall kill you!" he hissed.

Speak I could not, and the inarticulate noise that I made was apparently inaudible.

We struggled in silence. His strength seemed to increase every moment. I was a mere weakling in his grasp. He still kept one hand over my mouth, but he moved the other round towards my chest, against which he pressed with resistless force. His arms, against which my hands were beating, seemed of iron, so tense and firm were the muscles. My feet, clad in soft slippers, were practically

useless as weapons of defence. I was completely at his mercy. Slowly, surely he pressed me backwards, down, down among the pillows. My eyes were starting from my head, perspiration exuding from every pore. The lights began to dance, I saw double, treble, and everything swam red with blood. His hand crept from my chest to my throat. I was being strangled. I could see his eyes glare into mine, they were savage and relentless as those of a wild beast; his lips were drawn back from his teeth, which glittered like fangs. I fought madly, desperately, but to no purpose. I thought of my wife, my ship, my passengers, what would become of them all if, after my own death, they were left practically to the mercy of this madman? The thought was agony; but that agony gave me additional strength. I strained my ears to listen.

Outside the hurried muffled steps went to and fro. The knocking had ceased, and I heard, or fancied that I heard, an anxious consultation: 'Where was the Captain?' Oh, if they would only break in the door before it was too late! If I could only call, attract their attention in some way; but the grip on mouth and throat never relaxed for a moment, and I was being driven steadily backward; in a moment I should be flat on my cot, and the pillows piled on my face. I felt by anticipation that last terrible agony of extinction, the voice of my wife rang in my ears. I heard the men whispering outside my door, and the thrill of some new horror, some new catastrophe, came to me and gave me superhuman strength.

I made one last supreme effort. I threw out my arms, my legs. A heavy case of instruments, which was resting at the foot of the cot, fell with a resonant bang. Surely, surely, they would hear that and force the door! But there was a singing in my ears, as if the sea had burst into the Chart Room, and was surging all around. I could hear nothing else. Every sense was swallowed up in physical pain. The blood-red lights danced before my eyes, the white teeth gleamed. The pressure on my throat seemed to increase. The struggle for breath became agony. Then the surging waves closed over my head, and I sank down—down—into a merciful oblivion.

* * * * *

They were standing round me—the mate, the purser, the chief steward.

I felt strangely weak and exhausted.

"What brings you here? What does it all mean?"

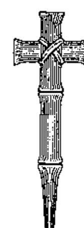
"It means that the ship has been fired, and that you have been attacked by a madman. After the caution that you gave, one of us was nearly always on the watch; but he was so cunning, he managed to lull all our suspicions. However, some half-hour ago—a little before two o'clock—the steward missed him from his cabin, and told me. We were attracted by a smell of burning in the smoking room, where the hangings proved to be on fire. We had no difficulty in extinguishing the flames, as they had not had time to catch hold. Afterwards we found two other fires, but they, also, were easily put out. Then we came for you. We knocked repeatedly, without receiving any answer. Just as we were about to go away, thinking that you must be elsewhere, I fancied that I caught the sound of a scuffle, but it was so slight that I could not be certain. But when the case of instruments fell, I knew that something must be wrong, so we broke in the door, and——"

"Where is he now?"

They looked uneasily from one to the other.

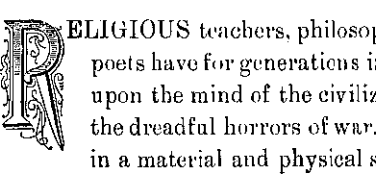
"Well, sir, as soon as we burst open the door, he turned sharp round and looked at us. He seemed to be kneeling right on top of you, with his hand on your throat, but when he realised that we had come to your help, he made a bolt for the door, knocking down the purser on the way; then he rushed across the poop, and gave one spring overboard. We threw in life-belts and lines, and got out the dinghy, but all to no purpose. We've done our best, but I doubt if we'll ever see him again."

And we never did. The Company and the relatives hushed up the matter, for above all things it is necessary to keep the passengers happy and amused.



War in its Moral Aspect.

By Gerald L. Peacocke.



RELIGIOUS teachers, philosophers and poets have for generations impressed upon the mind of the civilized world the dreadful horrors of war. These, in a material and physical sense, are indeed so ghastly to contemplate—even at second-hand through the realistic medium of the war correspondent's vivid pictures—that general acquiescence is easily gained to the self-evident fact that war is, in its immediate physical results, horrible and brutal. So far preachers of the modern humanitarianism cannot be gainsaid by any reasonable being. But when emotional sentimentalists shriek against war as inevitably and always an intrinsically wicked and demoralising thing, to enter upon which, under any circumstances, is a national sin,—then it is right and fitting that the moral considerations which justify, under certain conditions, an appeal to the sword should be stated and insisted upon. More especially in times like the present is it worth while to discern and appreciate the good moral influences exercised by war upon personal and national character, when the nobler part of man is, amongst thousands, in danger of extinction by the demon spirits of personal greed and of sensual self-indulgence. It could easily be shown that the doctrine of "Peace at any price," if followed out to its logical conclusion, might lead to far greater moral wickedness than the wickedest war that ever was waged.

If poets have painted for our edification the frightful features of "horrid war," they have also sung with no uncertain note of its dauntless heroisms, its wholesome self-forgetfulness, its patriotic enthusiasms.

> "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
> That beat to battle where he stands;
> Thy face across his fancy comes,
> And gives the battle to his hands:
> A moment, while the trumpets blow,
> He sees his brood about thy knee;
> The next like fire he meets the foe,
> And strikes him dead for thine and thee."

So sings Tennyson's ardent little Lilia; tired of shallow conceits, wordy shams, and mock heroics, she cried to the storytellers,

> "For war,
> Or some grand fight to kill and make an end. . . ,
> . . . . 'Fight!' she said,
> 'And make us all we would be, great and good.'"

But Tennyson is not one to worship what he himself has described as "the blind wild beast of force" roused to fury by the clash of arms, for in another poem referring to Britain, he says:

> "We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
> Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise;
> But though we love kind Peace so well,
> We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies."

From warfare of one kind or another we cannot escape in this world, unless we deliberately choose the existence of the dastard, who for the sake of bodily safety and ease goes cringing through an ignoble life until he crawls, or is kicked into his grave. Of such are they who would tamely submit to any cruelty and injustice, more especially against others, rather than provoke the enmity of the rich and powerful by manful resistance. For the sake of peace, and, above all things, profit, let us tolerate the successful scoundrel whom a venal world

has elevated to place and power. Lest we might have to fight society let us not condemn social evils that are fashionable, nor attack vested interests that are strong, though they grind the faces of the poor and make thousands mourn. As to the pestilent Reformer who would disturb the seated order of things, side with those who would stone him, unless he has secured a teaching sufficiently strong to return the stoning with interest. In that case make your peace with him quickly, and subscribe to the new movement, not because it is right, but because it seems dangerous to oppose it and profitable to support it. In all things, in short, agree quickly with thine enemy while he is in the way, so shalt thou escape injury to person and pocket, and make thy days to be long and safe in the land. Even if submission to the strong mean loss of honour and of self-respect, loss of just rights, or worst of all, loss of property, still resist not; strive not with the oppressor lest he slay thee. Whine and howl for "Peace in our time, O Lord!" from whatever evils and iniquities war might save the time to come.

We do not mean to contend that all whose first instinct is to condemn a national war are actuated by so ignoble a spirit. We do not forget the simple, pure-souled Tolstoi, one of the cardinal points of whose doctrine was, "Resist not evil"; and who could from conscientious conviction speak of self-devotion to race and country as "that gross imposture called patriotism," which he desired to get rid of, fondly imagining that with patriotism dead and buried there could be no more war. But we maintain that this hysterical horror of war, this agony of shrinking from the infliction of pain and the spilling of blood for whatsoever cause, this blind subordination of every national instinct of self-preservation and imperial power to mere considerations of material welfare and undisturbed commercial prosperity—these, we say, are the habits of thought and the kind of teaching that engender in time the dastardly spirit which thinks only of personal ease and safety in every moral crisis of life, and under the garb of a righteous meekness and a forgiving spirit, would submit to any ignominy, shirk any responsibility, tolerate any tyranny rather than fight and kill, or be killed.

We do not deny that, to a great extent, the enobling influences which we claim for war upon individuals, and upon the nation engaged in it, depend upon the justice, or, at all events, the supposed justice of the cause for which it is waged. But, nevertheless, the qualities of devoted heroism, of unselfish patriotism, of generous self-sacrifice for the sake of comrades, of magnanimous mercy to the vanquished, of steadfast courage against fearful odds, of dauntless endurance, of faithfulness unto death, of tender compassion for the suffering—all these virtues can flourish amongst the rank and file of the army of a ruthless aggressor, like the first Napoleon, no less than amongst the soldiers of the hero of Waterloo, who by their prowess helped to save the liberties of Europe.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the fighting soldier believes his country's quarrel just, and in that faith he fights, conquers, or dies. His first duty is obedience to the call of his country; if she is wrong the fault is not his,—"His not to reason why." What can he know of the twisted threads of diplomacy? What skill has he justly to discriminate between the specious arguments of opposing politicians, to nicely weigh in the balance the conflicting interests and claims of rival nationalities? He can but trust in the wisdom and rightousness of the national rulers of his country, obey his military superiors, and dare and endure all things for his country's cause—right or wrong. If motives of evil greed and brutal aggrandizement have prompted the rulers of the nation to an unholy war of aggression, upon their heads be it; the soldier fights with a clear conscience, so long as he conducts himself towards the enemy as an honourable foe, and is merciful in the hour of victory.

This is where modern compares so favourably with ancient warfare, notwithstanding the terrible destructiveness of modern armaments as compared with those of the past. Amongst civilized nations robbery, rapine, and murder of the defenceless popula-

tion of a conquered territory is no longer tolerated. The commander that after a battle would butcher in cold blood the prisoners taken in fair fight would, we hope and believe, be hunted down by an outraged world, and hung as high as Haman. Even Paul Kruger, with all the wolfish vindictiveness pertaining to the religious bigot and the semi-savage, would never dare, despite his veiled threats, to harm defenceless prisoners of war.

It was not always so, we admit, and that is why we say that, in many ways, war is not the same brutal and demoralising occupation it too often used to be in times gone by. In Thackeray's *History of Harry Esmond* is given a dreadful glimpse of what was considered legitimate warfare in the time of the famous Duke of Marlborough. The author tells us how in 1707 a division of the English Army was sent into the French provinces of Artois and Picardy upon the most painful and odious service. "The wretched towns," he writes, "of the defenceless provinces . . . "were left at our mercy; and our orders "were to show them none. We found places "garrisoned by invalids, and children, and "women; poor as they were, and as the costs "of this miserable war had made them, our "commission was to rob these almost starving "wretches—to tear the food out of their "granaries and strip them of their rags. "'Twas an expedition of rapine and murder "we were sent on. Our soldiers did deeds "such as an honest man must blush to "remember. We brought back money and "provisions in quantity to the Duke's camp; "there had been no one to resist us, and yet "who dares to tell with what murder and "violence, with what brutal cruelty, outrage, "and insult, that ignoble booty had been "ravished from the innocent and miserable "victims of the war?"

In the face of this terrible indictment against the military commanders and soldiery of that shameful past, who will dare to say that modern civilization in its conduct of war, has made no improvement upon the frightful brutalities of that time? Contrast, with the picture in the extract we have given, the kindly gentleness of our gallant Lord Roberts towards the burghers of the conquered districts of the Orange Free State; note the nobly magnanimous tone of his proclamation that Great Britain had no quarrel with the people, but only with the government of the country. Alas! that such generous forbearance and clemency should have been afterwards so shamefully abused; promises of submission broken, and hostilities treacherously and dishonourably resumed against a commander who, in the heat of victorious battle, had honourably respected the rights of private property, and protected the lives and liberties of the vanquished The lives and property of the Free State burghers, who make submission by pledging their neutrality, are as safe, and probably far safer, where the victorious British flag is flying than where the Boer power still holds sway. In the bad old days it was not so much that war made men brutal, as that men in a more or less brutal age carried on war in a brutal manner.

Needless war, like needless anger, is a thing to be utterly condemned; but let us remember that just as there is such a thing as righteous anger, so there is such a thing as a righteous war. If it be asked, who shall decide upon which side is the fight in an international quarrel? we reply the national conscience of a God-fearing and self-governed people. Autocrats and oligarchies may plunge a nation into a wicked war, but free, self-governed communities of the present day will never be cozened into fighting for an unworthy or dishonourable object.

Can any calm or evenly balanced mind believe for an instant that in the case of the present struggle in South Africa all the British populations of the world would rise, as they have done, almost as one man to fight for the maintenance of our South African Empire if there were no moral justification for the war? Is it conceivable, except to the warped minds and shrivelled manhood of a certain political school, that millions of British hearts in every quarter of the globe should beat as one in their approval of this war, if it had no other exciting cause than the sorbid greed of a few grasping millionaires

and scheming Jew syndicates? So monstrous a proposition only needs to be stated to carry with it its own refutation. And what shall we say of that other calumny upon the race, that that tremendous manifestation of patriotic fervour throughout a widely-scattered Empire, which has startled the world, has been, forsooth, called forth by the mere vulgar instinct of national self-aggrandizement, and the blatant spirit of the Jingo? Is it not a philosophical truth that great effects only from great causes spring? No doubt that in the passionate unanimity, the spontaneous ardour, the determined energy of the efforts we are making, there is, among other impelling forces, pride of race. But it is a pride very different from the empty vanity of the swashbuckler. This is an excellent and wholesome pride of race, at the root of which is a profound and innate conviction of the beneficent character of British rule, and of the glorious, sacred mission of the Anglo-Saxon power to extend the blessings of liberty, and to strengthen the foundations of human justice between man and man throughout the habitable globe. This to many may sound like common clap-trap—mere rhetorical fustian; but nevertheless the existence, deep down in the hearts of our people, of this strong faith in our destiny, unconscious though it may be for the most part, is a stupendous fact pregnant with mighty issues in the coming history of humanity. Hence to guard with our lives the Empire in whose safety and strength lies the fulfilment of these great ideals becomes a sacred duty and a glorious privilege. Because we believe that as a race we have immense responsibilities placed upon us, we must be strong to enable us to fulfil them, and to keep strong we must manfully repell any and every attack of our enemies designed to weaken our power and uphold the right—if need be against a world in arms.

But we have digressed somewhat from the question of the moral influence of War in general, and of a just war in particular. When we say that there is, at the present day, amongst a certain large section of society, an exaggerated reverence for life for its own sake, let us not be misunderstood. A callous indifference regarding the preservation of life, which ends in condoning as venial offences, homicide and murder committed from motives of private revenge and animosity, is the surest sign of a retrograde civilization, and no proof whatever of the existence of that national valour which in the public cause scorns hardship, wounds, and death. To lightly risk one's life or take that of another in a trivial private quarrel is the deed of a fool or an angry beast; but to give one's life in battle, a willing sacrifice for one's country or race, should not be regarded as though it were the climax of human misfortune. The loyalty to duty, the perfect love of honour that casted out fear, the enthusiastic self-devotion to comrades in the hour of extreme peril, the enduring faith in the principles of truth and justice, which counts the world well lost for the privilege of dying for the right—this is the life that exalteth a nation, the life of the soul and spirit. When that is killed by the death of all impulses except those which spring from love of self, and from a craven desire to cling to life and its material pleasures as being the utmost imaginable good, then is a man dead indeed, though his bodily life may still cumber the earth. For many a turbulent and restless spirit there is moral redemption in the chance to risk the bodily life and all its selfish instincts and gross desires for a noble end. Ah, loving mothers bereaved of your children, do not let your hearts be desolate because they tell you your sons have died the death of heroes! Think how, in the moment that they bravely fell, their gallant young souls leapt at one bound from all the sordid temptations of the material world to stand for ever safe upon the shining rock of honour reserved for duty nobly done. They have gone from your arms a precious gift to the nation; and though vanished from your earthly gaze, they live for ever, not alone in your yearning mother-hearts, but also in the grateful hearts of a whole people, shrined in the loving admiration of the great and good. In such cases "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Dr. Martineau, who has been called the great master of ethics, is far from holding that true Christianity cannot tolerate the necessity of war under certain conditions in the affairs of nations. Writing on the subject of the "Ethics of Christendom" Dr. Martineau has said: "The reverence for human life is carried to an immoral idolatry when it is held more sacred than justice and right, and when the spectacle of blood becomes more horrible than the sight of desolating tyrannies and triumphant hypocrisies." He recognises that a reign of law and order cannot exist in this present world without a basis of force to uphold it. "A religion," he teaches, "which does not include the whole moral law; a moral law which does not embrace all the problems of a commonwealth; a commonwealth which regards the life of man more than the equities of God, appear to be unfaithful to their functions, and unworthy interpreters of the divine scheme of the world." The only Peace that can, or that ought to last, is a Peace wedded to perfect righteousness. Then might the Earth realise the beautiful image of the psalmist, "Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

We cannot doubt that a war which calls for substantial self-sacrifice from a community, which stimulates physical and mental energy, and steels men to endure personal hardship, perils by sea and land, and even death itself with calm fortitude, acts as a powerful and salutary moral tonic to a nation. If it sinks under the trial from feebleness of purpose, a morbid horror of physical pain, or a grovelling love of money making, that nation has stamped itself craven, and is doomed to ultimate extinction. If there are horrors of War, are there not also horrors of Peace?—mean, crawling horrors of treachery, lechery, cheating and lies; sleek and smug villains rolling in carriages paid for with the blood of tears, and unspeakable agonies and degradations of the poor; a sycophantic and lick-spittle generation, amongst which a big bank balance is accepted as the most convincing proof of private and public worth, and the only swindler who is condemned is the one whose ill-gotten gains slip through his fingers, and who thus fails to secure power and pelf by his lying and fraud; sickening social hypocrisies and conventional shams, by means of which "Society" contrives to shield her votaries, while behind her shameless skirts they revel in sensual iniquities, or fritter away God-given lives in fatuous inanities—human flies that "sting and sing, and weave their petty cells and die."

When we reflect on these accompaniments of Peace without righteousness, we can sympathise with the poet's outburst when he cries:

"I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims.
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreaked on a giant liar,
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freër under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire."

Let us then gird up our loins and fight the good fight of faith in truth and justice until we make freedom to flourish and right to prevail mightily upon the earth, in spite of slander, envy, and the venomous hate of those with whom we can have no part, whose tyrannies and gross outrages upon human justice cry aloud to Heaven for expiation. No "red fool-fury of the Seine" is in our blood, but the calm indomitable will to do the world's work that God has placed in our hands, and woe be to them that impede Britannia's path as she marches to the fulfilment of her destiny! We shall not be turned from our purpose by the gibes and threats of enemies who hate to witness the steady growth of the Power which one day will be strong enough to enforce the mighty *Pax Britannicum* under whose shield the nations will learn to reverence and rejoice in the freedom born of the union of law and order

with justice and right. Until that day shall come we must not be afraid to pluck, or ashamed to wear, the "blood-red blossom of war," no matter what puling futilities may be uttered about the deadly sinfulness of the arbitrament of the sword.

One of the shining ones of this earth, whose beautiful refinement of soul was not less remarkable than the luminous wisdom of his mind, has not shrunk from speaking the truth that was in him when he says: "When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It is very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. . . . . . I found, in brief, that all great nations learnt their truth of word, and strength of thought in war, that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace."—[From John Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olives.*]

We may conclude these remarks with a verse from a recent poem published in the *Spectator* upon the "Garden Colony" of Natal, by Mr. Gascoigne Mackie:

"We pray for peace, and peace will come again,
The herald of a happier day, to heal
The wounds of fair Natal; yet not in vain
The brave have bled that man may honour man:
And to what end does Britain rule the wave,
But that her justice, like the salt o' the billow,
Should cleanse and sweeten a corrupted world?"

OUR GOD.

The wondrous word of history shews
How each age gave a nation birth,
And as one fell, another rose,
And left its trace upon the earth.
Each had its ordered part to play,
They served their purpose, each and all,
They served their purpose, passed away,
And left a lesson in their fall.

They set up gods and idols vain—
The pride of riches, pomp, and state,
They worshipped wealth and worldly gain,
And in their luxury met their fate:
Or else they fell because the sword
They made their god, and victory's palms,
Because they worshipped not the Lord
But pride of power and strength of arms.

Though we are wealthy, yet we give
From each to each, and will give more—
Though proud of power, yet we would live
In peace, and now we love not war—
Though these have filled and yet shall fill
The dangerous way our feet have trod,
There is a danger greater still—
To make our Empire as our God.

For we are strong, and rich, and great,
A nation righteous, just, and free,
And countless millions own our state,
Our rule holds sway from sea to sea;
Yet we should mark 'tis not through us
That victory follows on our sword—
"Not unto us! Not unto us!
But to Thy Name, be glory, Lord."

The danger comes in specious ways—
For it is good to love our land,
But when we give ourselves the praise,
And claim success by our own hand,
And when in strength we place our pride,
And say kings tremble at our nod,
That there is nothing us beside,
We take our Empire for our God.

Lord, if we faint in trouble's hour,
And lost in darkness seem to be,
Let out of weakness come our power—
That we do firmer build on Thee,
And if our souls bear such dark stain
That we shall fall beneath Thy rod,
Oh! make us serve but Thee again,
And not take Empire for our God.

ALICE WOODHOUSE.

That Way Madness Lies.

By Mary Herbert.

Illustrated by H. E. Taylor.

O her friends and relations Mrs. Walton was a painful puzzle. When she chose she could be one of the most charming and fascinating of women; but, unfortunately, she never chose to exercise her charms and facinations at home.

In the bosom of her family she was the most aggravating woman on the face of the earth. In society she was always the most prominent figure—the stately, tactful hostess, the vivacious, entertaining guest — or an exaggerated Mrs. Malaprop, the laughing-stock of the assembly.

There seemed to be a curious moral twist in her nature. Her principal delight lay in goading to the verge of distraction her unfortunate, long-suffering husband, and she considered that she had achieved the greatest victory of her married life when, unable to bear another word, leaving an untouched breakfast, he stamped out of the house with a profane expression on his lips. Inwardly triumphant she followed him to the garden gate and called after him in the meekest and most submissive of voices: "Will you be back in time to read prayers, darling, or do you think that prayers and 'damnation' don't agree?"

For days after this incident she was in the highest of spirits. She had, for once, put her husband in the wrong, and she made the most of her victory. With an expression of sublime meekness she talked continually of the duty of wifely submission and forgiveness, of how in the days of her maidenhood she never could understand how women put up with cruel or drunken husbands, though since her marriage she had discovered that a woman could forgive her husband *any mortal thing*, "but," she would add sadly, "though we forgive, we cannot forget. The sting always remains."

For years afterwards, whenever Mr. Walton mutely protested against her aggravating conduct by leaving the room, he was followed by the parting shot, "You needn't hesitate to swear at me, dear; I'm quite used to it."

And yet, in spite of her evil, nagging temper, her extreme selfishness in little things, she could be grandly generous. To anyone in real need she would give freely and lavishly, to anyone in physical pain she would be the tenderest of nurses; but she seemed to lack a finer sense, and to delight in inflicting mental anguish upon those who should have been dearest to her.

At times her spirits would rise to such a height as to be almost uncontrollable. She would then act in a most extraordinary manner, causing excessive amusement to thoughtless and disinterested spectators, and deepest mortification to the members of her own family.

In her most aggravating moods she would be sickly sentimental in speech. While deliberately cutting her husband to the quick, exposing the family grievances, and airing in public the views which she knew to be most repulsive to Mr. Walton, she would annoy him by showering upon him foolish endearing epithets, and appealing to him to confirm her absurd statements.

Poor Mr. Walton! I often wondered how he came to marry Helen Grey. He was twenty years her senior, a studious, thoughtful, retiring, yet thoroughly manly man,

She was gay, stylish, handsome—a woman whose highest ambition was to be the leader of society, such as it was, in the small colonial township in which she lived.

That Robert Walton married for love I am sure. For what Helen Grey married I have never discovered.

Their house had the appearance of a little paradise—for Mrs. Walton had exquisite artistic taste—yet it lacked the atmosphere of home. Robert Walton possessed a beautiful house, but no home; a beautiful wife, but no help-meet. At forty-five he appeared quite elderly, and was a typical book-worm,

"YES, DARLING, I AM WET ALL OVER, BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER."

for his only comfort and companionship lay in books. His intimate friends had been driven away, one by one, by Mrs. Walton, who, although she considered her husband not at all, became furiously jealous of anyone whose companionship seemed to give him pleasure.

By the tragedy of his married life the true nature of the man was warped. The wreath of tenderness with which he would gladly have surrounded his wife, he had found, by bitter experience, served only as a subject for ridicule.

And yet, at times, Mrs. Walton had such pretty, engaging manners. Often, when she, with her bright auburn hair piled high on her head, and her tall, slender figure gracefully draped in soft black material, was flitting from guest to guest distributing smiles and witticisms with unequalled grace, I have seen her husband gaze upon her with a pained, hungry, yet proudly admiring expression. Once all those charms had been displayed entirely for his benefit. Now he was the one person in the world for whom they were never displayed.

And they were bound for life! The pity of it! Fortunately, or unfortunately—it is difficulty to judge which—there were no children living. The family consisted of this ill-mated husband and wife, and Miss Grey, Mrs. Walton's step-sister.

For some time after I became acquainted with Mrs. Walton I was greatly puzzled by the visible anxiety with which Miss Grey seemed constantly, yet covertly, to watch her, and I could not understand why both husband and sister should so quietly and unresistingly pass over her cruel taunts and insults.

However, after I had been the pained and unwilling witness of an unusually disgraceful domestic scene, Miss Grey confided to me the reason of their long-suffering anxiety.

Early in her married life Mrs. Walton had suffered from a very painful illness, and had only been able to obtain relief from the frequent and intense spasms of pain by taking chlorodyne.

At first she took it only in small and very occasional doses; but she soon became so fond of it, that even after all necessity for taking the drug had ceased, she felt a constant craving for it. To this craving she yielded, and before anyone was aware of the fact she had become dangerously addicted to taking chlorodyne.

Dr. Cook, the family physician, and an old friend, first discovered and pointed out the danger. And then began a painful game of hide and seek.

Although the chemists, instructed by Dr. Cook, refused to supply Mrs. Walton with the forbidden drug, in all manner

of cunning ways she contrived to obtain it.

The washerwoman, school children, the butcher, the baker, all were secretly commissioned by this misguided woman to bring means to satisfy her craving, and at last Mr. Walton was obliged entirely to withhold money from her, and even to prevent her from going out alone. But these precautions came too late. To such an extent had she yielded to the dangerous habit that her brain was affected, and for weeks she was like a raving maniac. Day and night she was watched and guarded until reason once more resumed its sway, and sound in mind and body she was restored to her family.

"But," added Miss Grey, "we are afraid to cross her in little things, as excitement may injuriously affect her."

Since I was a favourite of Mrs. Walton, and was acquainted with the skeleton in the cupboard of this unhappy household, Miss Grey—worn out with worries, and greatly in need of a change—begged me to stay at the Dovecot (as Mrs. Walton in bitter sarcasm insisted upon naming her house) while she was away.

I willingly consented, though, had I known what experiences awaited me I should have hesitated.

While I was there Mrs. Walton was particularly quarrelsome. If Mr. Walton replied to her remarks she either flatly contradicted him, or extracted an offensive meaning from his words. If he preserved a discreet silence she accused him of sulking; if he answered in monosyllables she would remark, "Of course, darling, I am only a woman, and your wife at that—I don't expect you to condescend to waste your brilliant conversation upon me. You save that for men, or for Miss Haultain. She is a woman of mind, and can understand and sympathize with your views. Would you like me to leave the room, dear? Or, since you are such a great stickler for propriety, would you prefer me to remain as chaperone? I will do exactly as you please."

When a dead silence fell after some particularly offensive speech, she would occasionally remark, *apropos* of nothing:

"I perceive that I am an unsympathetic third," or:

"Two is company three is none," whereupon she would rise and leave the room, leaving myself and Mr. Walton dumbly miserable.

These pleasant little encounters usually took place at meal times.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Haultain, take no notice, and if you have any pity in your heart don't cry," said Mr. Walton to me, one day, as a big tear splashed on my plate.

"She doesn't mean it for you child; its all for me, and, poor girl, she cannot help it."

My visit was a period of unmitigated misery, and had it not been for my promise to Miss Grey, who had warned me of what might happen, I should have packed my boxes and departed ere the first week had "sped its weary way."

No reasonable request did Mr. Walton ever refuse his wife, and she was greatly astonished when he one day flatly refused to take her to Christchurch to see a play of Pinero's.

"I should be ashamed, my dear, to sit through the performance myself, so I shall certainly not take you," he firmly declared.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," she retorted. "If there's one thing on earth I loathe, it is a *modest man*."

In spite of taunts and entreaties Mr. Walton remained firm in his refusal; so, by way of showing her anger, Mrs. Walton, wearing a thin dress and light house shoes, went out and worked furiously in the garden in the pouring rain. After a while she came in, wet to the skin.

Disregarding my advice to change her garments, she dragged me with her into her husband's study, where she sat down and pretended to read.

Though feeling distressed I could hardly help laughing at her draggled appearance —she reminded me irresistibly of a 'wet hen.'

To her intense chagrin Mr. Walton, who was busily writing, did not notice the state of her attire, so she again went outside,

deliberately walked through a pool of water, and returned to the study, making a noticeably "sloppy" sound with her feet.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Walton, "your feet are wet."

"Yes, darling," was the meek reply, "I'm wet all over. But it doesn't matter."

"You had better change at once, Helen."

"No love, I won't bother. I'm too tired."

And neither warnings nor entreaties would induce her to change, until two hours later a hot bath was prepared; when, saying in a meekly injured tone, "Well, darling, for your sake I will do it," she allowed herself to be undressed, bathed, and put to bed, and generally coddled. Thanks to our efforts to prevent her from taking a chill, she was soon in a profuse perspiration.

STILL HOLDING ME FAST, SHE FOUGHT THE AIR AROUND ME.

This, however, did not at all suit my lady; so, getting out of bed, she walked barefoot on the linoleum until she had reached the desired pitch of icy coldness; then with a sigh of resigned martyrdom, she returned to bed, and sent for "darling Robert to come and see how cold she was."

The result was severe rheumatic pains next day. I thought she deserved them; and though I did not express my sentiments, she must have divined them, and accordingly determined to punish me.

Fairly late in the evening she sent Mr. Walton to Dr. Cook for some special prescription, and as Sarah, the only servant, was out, I was left alone with her.

It was winter, and there was a nice fire in the bedroom, so I offered to read to my patient, who, however, soon jumped out of bed and began a series of most extraordinary antics.

First she executed a war dance up and down the room, jumping over an ottoman, and knocking over a chair.

Then she took Mr Walton's tall silk hat out of its leather case, and placing it before the fire, like a footstool, sat on it; with the inevitable result that she and the hat came to grief.

Without a word or a smile she crushed the battered hat down on her head, stood before me, placed her hands on my shoulders, thrust her face into mine, and grinned.

There was no mirth in the grin; it was simply a fiendish extension of the mouth, almost from ear to ear, and it made my blood run cold.

Turning away and seating herself upon ottoman, she twisted her long hair round her neck, until, with protruding tongue, and straining eyeballs, she appeared to be strangling, nor did she desist until, in mortal terror, I was about to cut her beautiful hair. Then, with a cackling, mirthless laugh she rose, took the bottles one by one off a large

bracket, and appeared to taste the contents of each. Two contained lotions, and were marked "POISON." These I managed to hide in the full sleeves of my wrapper.

Though trembling with fear and excitement, I dared not leave her in order to summon help.

Heedless of my entreaties to return to bed, Mrs. Walton, still in her very airy attire, marched into the kitchen, and—the woman must have had the stomach of an ostrich—for, opening bags and tins, she sampled the contents of each. A biscuit, raisins, oatmeal, rice, a piece of candied peel, peppercorns, ginger, starch, an ancient scone, and a spoonful of treacle.

The most striking part of this performance was a sneezing fit, brought on by taking a pinch of pepper as if it were snuff. The *crescendo* of each sneeze was marked by a mighty leap, the *diminuendo* by a lowly curtsy. Had it not seemed so terribly uncanny it would have been excruciatingly funny to see the tall white-robed figure, crowned with a battered silk hat, bobbing and curtsying like a huge marionette to a most unmusical accompaniment.

The humour of the situation seemed to strike Mrs. Walton, for rushing into the bedroom, she solemnly repeated the performance before a full-length mirror.

Again I begged her to get into bed.

Instead of complying she turned and grinned—such a ghastly grin! I felt sick, but dared not leave her. Suddenly 'a change came o'er the spirit of her dream.'

She took off the hat, smiled quite naturally, got into bed, and said amiably, "Give me my brush and comb, dear."

As I brought them she seized my wrist, repeated the diabolical grin, and put out her tongue. Then, still holding me fast with one hand, she clenched the other and violently fought the air around me.

I say "fought the air" advisedly; for, though her blows appeared to be fiercely aimed at me, *not one hit me.*

On each side of my face, under my arm, over my head, all around she made violent thrusts and passes; but not once did she touch me.

I closed my eyes and mentally prayed for help, fully believing that I was alone with a dangerous maniac.

At length she threw away my wrist, jumped on to the outside of the bed, and on bended knees, with hands spread out like claws, she began a series of ghastly grimaces.

Her thin, flexible lips extended widely, her china blue eyes crossed in all directions, her chin protruded, her scalp and ears moved backwards and forwards, and finally, with a diabolical expression on her face, she made a tremendous spring towards me. With a terrified scream I bolted out of the door, and held it fast on the outside. I heard the feet of the seeming maniac pattering up and down the floor, and then silence reigned.

How long I held the door I do not know. It seemed ages before I ventured to open it and peep into the room, in order to see that Mrs. Walton was not injuring herself. When at last I did so, sounds of smothered laughter issued from the bed, where nothing was to be seen but a quivering, shaking heap of clothes.

Greatly relieved to find that my charge was not in mischief, I gently took out the key and locked the door from the outside.

As I did so the back door opened, and, to my great relief, Sarah, the old servant, entered. I briefly explained to her that Mrs. Walton was delirious.

"I knew we should have a scene before the day was over," she remarked, "when the master refused to take her to the theatre."

"Is she often so?" I queried.

"Yes," she answered sharply, "And, p'r'aps, you'd be so, if you had to live all the days of your life with a man you couldn't abide."

"Not but what she has good reason to love him," she added slowly. "Poor Master! Poor Miss Helen!" and sadly shaking her head, she entered her mistress' bedroom, I following.

There in bed lay Mrs. Walton, looking as innocent and peaceful as a little child.

With a calm smile, which maddened me, she said :

"Well, Sarah, I hope you've had a pleasant day," and to Mr. Walton, who entered at that moment, she remarked calmly: "Have you brought my drops, Robert? I feel as if I could sleep now."

Without a word I went to bed; and I was particularly careful to see that my door was locked. All night I lay awake musing on the tragedy of two ruined lives. It seemed to me that the utter unsuitability of Helen and Robert Walton lay at the foot of all the wretchedness in this most miserable home.

On the one side was much love—on the other none.

Even had there been love on both sides, a marriage between persons of such utterly diverse tastes and temperaments could scarcely have proved happy.

Was it true, as Sarah had seemed to insinuate, that conjugal unhappiness had turned Mrs. Walton's brain?

I could scarcely credit it. Then I remembered, that I had only spoken as if Mrs. Walton had been slightly "delirious," though I firmly believed her to be temporarily insane.

I determined, therefore, to tell everything to Dr. Cook when he visited his patient next day.

In the morning I took a nice breakfast to Mrs. Walton, who greeted me cheerily, remarking, "What a capital nurse you would make, dear!"

I answered drily, "Do you think so?" whereupon she was seized with a fit of laughter, and I was unwillingly impressed with the uncomfortable suspicion that she was laughing at the remembrance of my cowardly and undignified exit when she sprang at me across the bed. Although no mention was made of the previous evening's performances I could not help feeling that she remembered everything distinctly, and was infinitely amused at the recollection.

During the night I had pitied her, thinking how bitterly ashamed she would be if she remembered her insane conduct—now I was convinced that she *did* remember, yet experienced no feeling of shame.

When Dr. Cook came Mrs Walton cunningly prevented me from speaking to him privately. She carefully kept me within view, and, when the doctor was about to depart, took my hand and held it affectionately, saying, "Don't leave me dear. It soothes my poor nerves to hold your strong, cool, little hand."

Dr. Cook, however, was a man of discrimination, and when leaving he said casually, "You are pale this morning, Miss Haultain, a little run will do you good. Come down to my surgery in an hour, by which time Mrs. Walton's medicine will be ready.

I followed his instructions, and took the opportunity of telling him the whole story of the preceding evening.

"Pack up your boxes and go home in the morning," he said. "You shall have a telegram recalling you."

"Will you tell Mr. Walton? I queried.

"No," growled the doctor, "I won't He's got enough to bear already."

"But is it safe to leave him in ignorance?'

"Perfectly safe," he replied. "Mrs. Walton was as conscious of her actions as you or I, and was only playing upon your fears."

"But doctor, why should she do it?"

"Because she's a fool," he stormed. "And her mother before her was a fool, and her father was a fool for marrying a fool, and her husband is the biggest fool of all for putting up with her foolery."

"But," I persisted, "isn't her brain still somewhat affected by it?"

"Not a bit of it," he replied more amiably. "Her mother was hysterical and gave way to her tendency, consequently Mrs. Walton is hysterical, and she gives way to her hysteria and bad temper. That is all that ails her, but "That way Madness lies," and I have warned her that unless she controls herself she will end her days in the lunatic asylum."

And she is there now.

Trout Fishing and Trout Streams in New Zealand.

By Sportsman.

Methods of Fishing.

SPINNING WITH ARTIFICIAL MINNOW.

IN deep, moderately slow water one can spin almost anywhere with the chance of taking a trout. In swift water the trout generally feed near the bank, because the small fry, in ascending the stream, have to take advantage of every bit of slack water and every eddy caused by projecting rock or boulder. Mr. Trout knows this, and lies in wait near the bank, and when the small fish comes struggling against the current, he is pounced on. The method in this case is to cast well out in the river, a little down stream, so that the current will spin the bait as soon as it touches the water. Let the minnow swing gradually towards the bank, spinning all the while, then draw gently up stream in a series of jerks, so as to resemble the shooting action of small fish. If a trout rises there is not much occasion to strike, as in this style of fishing, he generally hooks himself. Still, a good upward stroke is very effective, and has the advantage of putting the rod in a good position to withstand a run. It is advisable to give a strong trout the butt as quickly as possible. In the first place it tires him, it lessons the risk of fouling, and it prevents the fish ranging to great lengths and scaring his fellows. As soon as you have hooked your fish, look out for the best place to land him, and work him towards that place. It is of course advisable to work your fish down stream if it is very strong; but if you are fishing down stream, this disturbs too much water. Land the fish where you stand, and gaff him as soon as you get him within reach; too much ceremony is apt to result in a chafed line, or in the breaking away of hooks.

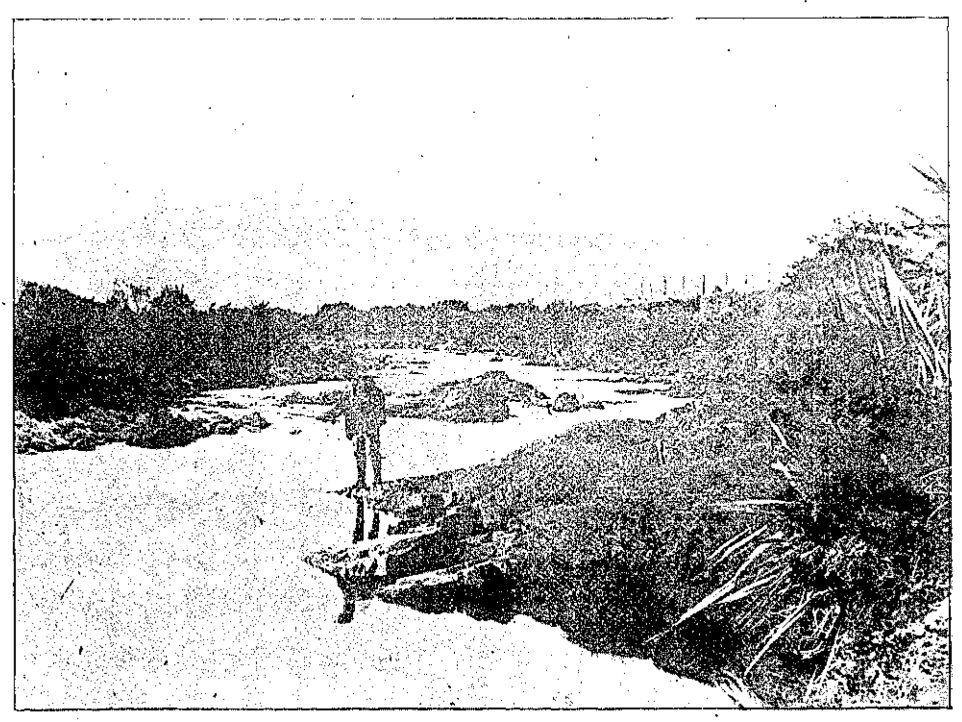
UP STREAM OR DOWN STREAM.

The question of fishing up or down stream in New Zealand is settled generally by the strength of the current. Nearly every New Zealand river is so swift as to make spinning with the current impossible, therefore, it is usual to fish down stream. Where the water is shallow and the stream broad, wading is the best plan, then one can fish both banks. If the angler can throw left or right alternately, he can fish nearly every inch of water without much exertion. When the water is clear, use a long line and wade as quietly as possible. If the water is too deep to wade, walk along the bank, taking care to keep out of sight, and throw as far and as surely as you can. After all trout fishing is ruled by very simple things. The first and most important is to make the bait you are using resemble as nearly as possible the natural food of the trout, and the second is to be as wary and as secretive as the trout itself.

LIVE BAIT FISHING.

Live and dead bait fishing belong to the same class of sport as minnow fishing. The

common baits for the large rivers are the smelt, the inanga, and the bully. When used dead they are spun similar to the artificial minnow. When used alive they are given as much freedom as possible, so that they will move about easily. Some people use the Stewart tackle and a large flight of hooks with live bait, but the most effective tackle for anything like clear water is a fair sized single hook on single silk gut. The hook is put through the lower lip of the bait, and it is dropped lightly where some rapid enters a pool. By carefully watching the line, it is easy to see when the bait is taken by a trout, then it is necessary to strike sharply. Not at the first sharp tug, for a trout seizes its prey cross-ways, but when the trout darts off with its victim. Live bait fishing is most effective in deep, moderately still water, and at night time. In the darkness the angler must be able to distinguish when he has a bite by the feel of the rod, which necessitates a fairly taut line.



THE UPPER SELWYN—A FAVOURITE CANTERBURY TROUT RIVER.

CREEPER FISHING.

Creeper fishing seems peculiar to certain rivers in the South Island. The Selwyn, the Mimiha and the Kuriwao being types of creeper streams. The creeper is a dark grey insect about three-quarters of an inch long, shaped something like a centipede, and which, like a centipede, is armed with horny nippers capable of giving quite a sharp little bite. It is found under large stones near the edge of the water, and is deadly bait when used properly. A white steel number six long shanked hook attached to a fine but strong cast of single gut, is generally used. The hook is inserted through the neck of the creeper, and the bait is thrown across and just a little up stream. The line is kept taut, and the point of the rod must be moved down at about the same rate as the current. The practical reason for this is to cause the creeper to move just at the same rate as it would drift if left entirely to the mercy of the stream. Trout are observant creatures, and

if they see their pet bait moving faster than the current, or moving across, or up stream, they grow suspicious and leave it religiously alone. The art of fishing, as I remarked before, consists in keeping out of sight, and making your bait imitate as nearly as possible

A BIT OF THE UPPER APARUNA, SOUTHLAND.

the natural food of the trout. Whether you are fishing with fly, worm, creeper, bully, smelt, or artificial minnow, this rule applies. So in fishing with the creeper, make it move just how and where it would move were it adrift on its own account. Creeper fishing is one of the best forms of bait-fishing obtainable. It tempts the large as well as the small fish, and few trout can resist it.

HINTS ON WORM FISHING.

Keep back from the bank as far as convenient to cast; fish up stream close to the bank; let your cast roll down by the bank to your feet, lift your hand, walk on a few steps, cast again. At the least sign of a delay from your cast, wait about ten seconds, then strike gently but boldly. Should you find a sudden check and you know a trout is the cause, lower the top of your rod, walk in a few steps, wait, and then strike. Don't use a long line, just about the length of your rod; but, you must have a long cast. Walk on to the bank after having tried it as far as you think necessary, and fish further into the bed of the river. Don't let your link drift below you, as it it will only float on the surface. Chose the shingly bed of light streams close to the bank. Should you find an eddy where your link sweeps round, let it do so for some time, for it is there you are most likely to find a *lurker*. Never give your fish a long line. Should your fish try to run, challenge him at once, you may better chance him then than when he has thirty or forty yards of your line out. Deep, sluggish waters are bad for worm fishing. You may fish deep pools by dropping your worm in and allowing it to sink to about the depth of your cast. Make sure to fish the head and tail of these pools. The grey dawn of morn or the waning light of the evening is the proper time for worm fishing; but you can make a good basket even in bright sunshine. It requires great practice to become a good worm fisher. The great secret is to conceal yourself from the fish. The worm is a dainty morsel for trout when gorged with smelts, etc.

FLY FISHING.

Fly fishing is, of course, the very finest form of angling, and the only form recognised

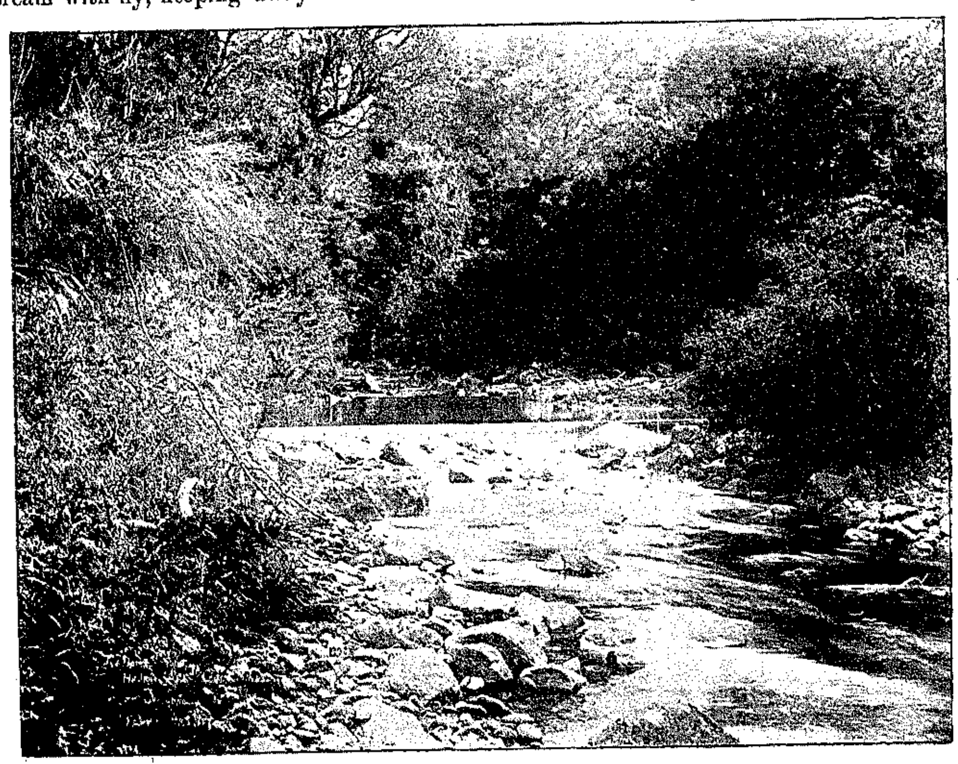
A TROUT STREAM IN WESTLAND.

by the truest sportsman. The fishermen who measure their sport by the weight of their basket use live bait and minnow. The genuine angler, who loves sport for its own

sake, uses the fly. It would be only just if fly fishers obtained their licences at half the price of those purchased by bait-fishers, for even the finest forms of bait fishing are very inferior forms of sport compared with the use of the fly.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR FLY FISHING.

Fish at an angle of forty-five degrees down stream with fly, keeping away from bank as far as you can conveniently cast, making three casts on this space, the last one as close to the bank as possible. Deep, sluggish waters are bad for fly fishing, rather chose the light, rapid streams from three to four feet deep; this only applies to day fishing. In the warm months of December and January you may fish deep pools at night time, say from eight to eleven o'clock, also the hour before dawn, which is often the best. Remember you must suit your fly to the depth of the water, for instance, a light stream requires a small fly by day and a larger one at night; but a large river requires large day flies, and larger still at night. Never choose the windy side of a river to fish from for ease of casting, rather fish against the wind from the opposite bank with a short line, as all the trout food is blown to that bank, and you can observe more trout rising there than at the sheltered side. Let your line be about the length of your rod, allowing the length of cast. It is always best to fish with two flies, tail or stretcher, and drop fly about two feet from stretcher; this drop fly helps to float the tail fly, and should be kept constantly dropping on the water by a gentle twitching from the top of rod. More trout are killed in this way by the drop fly than by the stretcher. Over hand casting is in every way preferable. Drop your link lightly on the water, letting your tail fly touch it first, lift the top of your rod quickly to let your link stretch, then keep a gentle twitching from the top of the rod to keep the flies alive. Keep the drop fly hopping on the water, and allow no more of your cast to



THE HERATAUNGA, A PICTURESQUE STREAM ON THE CODOMANDEL PENINSULA.

touch the water than possible. Avoid drifting your flies. When you see a trout rise, drop into the rise suddenly, but lightly, as he is more likely to take the fly when dropped to him than drifted, when he has more time to examine it. In fly fishing down stream don't strike your fish, merely lift the top of your rod and walk down a few paces; don't take him to the surface for a little time, but when once up, try to keep him there till you net him. Never give your fish a long run from you; challenge him early, and you have a far better chance than if you let him run. You can't strike a fish with a long line, he has all the advantage when he gets a long run from you. If your fish is large, hold your line with your left hand, keep it in coils and let it out only sparingly to him. Keep him near you, he yields to the pressure of the rod sooner.

This method of fishing down stream is objected to by some anglers on the plea of spoiling the stream below, but if you have not enough water below you to continue your fishing, be cautious and use it sparingly.

Some New Zealand anglers say trout won't take the fly freely here, where they have such an abundance of white bait, smelt, bully, etc., also, that it is seldom you get a trout above five or six pounds. Well we had a ten pounder killed the other day by a local angler with the fly. I got a thirteen pounder and a nine on the Heathcote with a fly. It is perfectly true these large trout will not take a fly by day, but at night, when they are gorged with smelt and the fly seems to be a dainty morsel for them, if you try them with a full-sized white fly in the warm nights of December and January, between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock, you will be surprised at the greed they have for it. It is only when you observe these fish rising steadily in the one place, not rushing, that you can tempt them with the fly. It is agreed by all prominent and experienced anglers that trout flies go on the water from the fourteenth of one month to

THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH.

the fourteenth of the ensuing, varying in colour and size for each month. In the British Isles trout fishing commences on February 1st on small tributaries, and on March 1st on larger rivers. Salmon fishing generally March 14th on most Irish rivers. The opening of the season is never so good for the fly, as trout are then weak, and generally keep near the bottom, feeding on shells, worms, etc. From the 14th March to 14th May, day fishing is in all its glory, after that time you can only make a good basket from sundown to eleven o'clock with large night flies, those tied from the rail or corncrake getting the preference. From some experience I see the same rule holds good for New Zealand. The March brown comes on New Zealand waters about September 10th, and totally disappears before October 14th. It is by no means a good fly at Home or abroad, it is rather too numerous on the water. The same may be said of the black midge, or black gnat by some. When these flies swarm on British rivers, we choose oppcsite colours, that is, a small, dark orange spider which we call the black nosed tawny, tied with a dark red hackle from the dark red game cockrel. This hackle is folded on a dark orange body, not winged, taking care to choose the hackles with a black end, giving the fly the appearance of a dark head. It is a good general fly for March. It is a good evening fly here in November, and large trout are frequently taken with it.

THE POOR MAN'S BURDEN.

Loyal and true, in the human sphere,
    Carries the poor his burden;
His value appraised by merchant and peer,
While he, alas, oft' trembling with fear,
Sees only the thousands who stand and jeer
    At his insufficient guerdon.

Yet toiling and hopeful, honest and brave,
    Carries this poor his burden;
Practicing meanness, hoping to save
To make others happy, generous knave!
While his indolent mate joins others to rave
    At HIS insufficient guerdon.

And what, compared, are the joys of lust,
    To the joy of the poor's honest burden?
If his children in rags, delight in a crust;
If hope should decline, and friends prove unjust,
Yet heaven is still open, and blindly we'll trust
    That he'll win God's enduring guerdon.

JNO. COUCHMAN.

By H. G. Fodor.

Illustrated by Frances Hodgkins.

THE song of a *tui* came through the open window, and the hum of bees was in the air. The windows of the house were open to let in the soft winds and sounds from without. In the kitchen Annie, the maid, was singing at the top of her voice, not unmelodiously. Annie liked the sound of her own voice, and she did not like silence. At an open window sat an exceedingly pretty girl. She had a stocking drawn over her hand, and she was supposed to be mending it. At present, however, she was merely pcking a large darning-needle in and out of the apron on her lap, and listening, not to the *tui*, nor to Annie's song, but to the chatter of her girl friend, who was sitting on the bed and swinging her feet backwards and forwards with the energy of one who recognises that she is on a holiday visit, and has not a single thing to do except enjoy herself. Elsa Macdonald was a lively little creature, who gave those who did not know her well the impression that there was not much in her beyond what was seen on the surface. But Phyllis Bourne, her friend, knew better. Phyllis was sweet-faced and serious—particularly at the present moment. Something in Elsa's apparently disjointed chatter had set her thinking. She was usually so lonely that she felt inclined to make confidences.

Elsa rambled on, appearing to take no notice of her friend's serious face, or of the idle needle, which no longer plied industriously in and out of the stockings.

"And the crowd on Jubilee Day, and the mass of people in the Agricultural Hall in the evening—you can't say that did not come up to your expectations, Phyl?"

"Oh, no, that was wonderful! I know you think me a very dissatisfied person, Elsa, but it is not that kind of thing that disappoints me. It is the aspirations and ideas I used to have. The older I grow, the more I seem to lose. I used to dream of great things. I wished to do something in the world. But it came to this: father and the boys wanted me, and here I stay."

"And Tom Hartley wants you——"

"Oh, don't, Elsa, don't talk so frivolously about what is very serious!"

"Well," said Elsa soberly, "I wish I had a father and brothers, and a sweetheart!"

"That is just where the trouble comes in," replied Phyllis, with a sigh. "There's poor, dear Tom, now! He's so different from what I thought. I mean I always pictured to myself what my lover would be like. In the books I read, they were always so different."

"Yes, you expected some fine gentleman to come, like a knight of old, and rescue you from the clutches of some terrible monster who was waiting to devour you. Or, perchance, some titled person would come here, see, and fall in love with Miss Phyllis Bourne's brown eyes and auburn hair, and take her away to England, where she would be the centre of admiration for all the world."

"Now Elsa, you are laughing at me. I shall tell you no more."

"I beg your pardon, Phyl, I'm not. Only I can't understand why you don't like such a very devoted lover as Tom Hartley. He just worships the ground you tread on; he is faithfulness itself."

"I do like Tom," said Phyllis quickly. "I'm sure no one can say that I don't—because I do—very much indeed."

Elsa turned her head away to hide a comic little grimace; and then she jumped off the bed, danced up to Phyllis, settled herself comfortably on a little stool by her side, and dived her hands into the stocking basket.

SHE WAS POKING A HUGE DARNING NEEDLE IN AND OUT OF HER DRESS.

"Tell me all about it then," she said, soothingly.

"Well, you see, I think Tom a dear fellow, and all that. But I've known him all my life, and he seems just like a brother. And yet I've never seen anyone to compare to him."

"No," replied Elsa, "and you never will. You only need some trouble, or to be near losing him, or something, and then you'd find out."

"Near losing him—Elsa!"

"Yes. Suppose he fell in love with me, for instance?"

Phyllis gave an incredulous little laugh.

"On the contrary, you seem to me to be always doing your utmost to bring us together. You are quite on his side."

"Well, it's because he is so good and true, and I know there are not many of his kind. You had better take care."

Just then the very person of whom they were talking passed the window on the way to the front door. Elsa jumped up and ran out to greet him, while Phyllis followed more leisurely. The two girls seated themselves on snug hammock chairs in the verandah, while Tom Hartley stood against a post and talked to them. He had a fine, strong face, though he was not good-looking. He had ridden over, as he always did, every day to see Phyllis, and he made no excuse for coming. He had but one reason, and he intended her to know it. He loved her, and to him that was an all sufficient reason. They had come to no understanding as yet, and sometimes he was a little afraid of what the result would be if he asked Phyllis to become his wife. He knew full well that she did not care for him as he did for her. Perhaps, had he been in Phyllis's confidence, as Elsa was, and known that she was longing for some romantic episode to happen, for some knight to come and carry her away, he might have taken some more determined steps to win his lady's affection.

As the three were talking on the verandah, Annie's tones were heard in the kitchen raised in angry expostulation with someone at the back door. Her song had ceased, and an ominous clattering of milk pails accompanied her angry voice, as she trod over the back kitchen floor with no fairy footsteps.

"I do wish Annie would not speak so freely to the men," said Phyllis, the flush with which she had greeted Tom's arrival deepening for another cause. "I must go and see what is the matter." So saying, she rose and ran into the kitchen. Tom looked concerned.

"That girl is a nuisance," said Elsa.

"Phyllis keeps her because they liked her mother, but her behaviour is anything but nice with the men, she is always joking with them, and Phyllis is worried out of her life. Besides, she can't hold her tongue about anything."

"Phyllis should not have to put up with a girl of that sort," said Tom decidedly, "especially as there is no older lady in the house to manage her. I shall speak to Mr. Bourne about it."

After a few minutes Phyllis came on to the verandah, looking troubled, and a little frightened.

"It wasn't one of our men," she said, her voice trembling a little. "It was that horrid looking swagger who has been here so often, you know, Tom. Father said we were not to give him anything if he came again, and Annie has just been saying all sorts of things to make him go away."

"Where is he?" said Tom, starting forward.

"Oh, he's gone now, Tom. He went off in the direction of the Forrests'. What worries me is that he seems to have been threatening Annie, though she can't exactly tell me what he said. He seemed to have been drinking, but when I went to the door he was civil enough, though he gave that nasty leer that frightens me so."

Elsa looked more scared than her friend.

"Oh, Phyl, why didn't Annie give him something? I'm really frightened of that man."

"Well, you know Elsa, if we gave him something every time he called, we should soon be keeping him for the rest of his natural life. He goes away for a while, but always turns up again like a bad penny. And the Forrests say there are several of them, and they go about in a gang."

"He's a thoroughly bad lot, I know," said Tom. "What did he threaten to do to Annie?"

"He didn't exactly threaten. Annie says he was talking a lot of nonsense, and said something about the stacks, that we should soon have none left, and that they would make a grand blaze. Oh, there's father," as a heavy tread was heard at the back of the house. "Come into the kitchen, and we can tell him, and hear what Annie has to say."

They all three adjourned to the kitchen, where they found Annie sitting sobbing on the colonial sofa, and trying incoherently to tell Mr. Bourne what she had said to the swagger.

"Never mind what you said to him," said Tom impatiently. "Tell us what he said to you; that is more important."

After many sobs and attempts to speak, they gathered that after being refused the tea, sugar and flour which he had demanded, the swagger had complained that he and his mates had been refused food all round the country. He hinted that Mr. Bourne was the chief cause of this, and as he was trying to starve them, they would be even with him; and that "old Bourne and young Hartley and the whole bloomin' lot of 'em would be wild when they saw what would happen to the two gells before another night was over."

"You have been saying too much, Annie, as usual," said Elsa impetuously. "You must have told him all that Mr. Bourne said."

"Yes, if he means what he said," interposed Tom, "you have got Mr. Bourne and the young ladies into serious trouble, Annie."

Annie rocked herself backwards and forwards and wailed.

Then Phyllis's two brothers came in from the run. They brought news that the swaggers had been refused food by all the neighbours, and had taken it very quietly. But when they heard about Annie's encounter, they looked grave.

"The man has evidently been drinking, or he wouldn't have been such a fool as to let it all out," said one of them. "We shall have some trouble to-night over our hay stacks, father."

"Then we must all turn out and watch," fumed Mr. Bourne. "These swaggers are the curse of the country-side. I'm not going to keep a dozen idle loafers all my life, for fear they will burn my stacks. It's the Reign of Terror over again. You boys will have to turn out, and watch all night. I'll leave two men up at the house to look after

the girls, and the rest of us will keep a sharp look out round the paddocks."

Tom offered to help, but his offer was refused. Mr. Bourne was a bit of a martinet in his way.

"No, my boy, they don't love you, and you'll have to look after your own place. We can manage all right for ourselves."

They discovered at tea-time that their suspicions were only too well founded. As Annie was passing through the passage she found a dirty note pushed under the front door. It contained the words:

"Look after your stacks to-night."

This everybody except the two girls took to be a threat that the stacks would be fired. Elsa and Phyllis grew uneasy as evening came on, especially as, since the finding of the note, one man was considered sufficient to remain in the house with them.

"I wish Mr. Hartley knew about this note," Elsa whispered to Phyllis. "Couldn't someone ride up to his house, and tell him?"

"No, please, Elsa," said Phyllis. "It would only worry Tom, and he has his own place to protect."

"His own place!" said Elsa scornfully. "Do you think he would worry about his stacks when we are concerned? You don't appreciate that young man, Phyl, and that's a fact! If you don't take care you will try his patience too much."

There was something in Elsa's words that made Phyllis give a little start of dread. It had not occurred to her before that Tom might tire of his devotion. She had taken it so much as a matter of course all her life. Yet why should he go on caring for her? Would she mind if he did not?

There was not much time for thinking, until the men had crept away under cover of darkness, armed with their guns, to protect their property, if need should arise. Then the house was very lonely. The shepherd, who had been left with the girls, was sitting in the kitchen reading the *Witness*, and Elsa and Phyllis retired to the latter's bedroom anxious, and wondering what would be the result. One of the windows of Phyllis's room looked out across the paddocks to where, in the distance, Tom Hartley's house was standing—the house where he hoped so fervently, some day, to take Phyllis as his bride. Elsa ran to this window at frequent intervals to look out, but for a time all was still. Suddenly, however, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Phyllis, Phyllis, Mr. Hartley's house is on fire!"

Phyllis started up in alarm. "I was afraid that note was only a ruse, only I didn't like to say so. Morris must go at once and help him." She tapped at the wall which divided her room from the kitchen.

ANNIE WAS SITTING SOBBING ON THE COLONIAL SOFA.

"Morris, go and help Mr. Hartley at once. Don't lose a moment! His house is on fire! We are all right here." The man immediately obeyed.

"Oh, poor, poor Tom, what will he do?" she wailed. "I do hope he is safe—oh, I do hope he is safe! If I were only a man I could go and help!"

They stood looking anxiously at the conflagration, which was gaining every moment upon the building, and lighting up the whole country.

"There's someone returning," said Elsa, hearing the outer door of the kitchen open, and footsteps coming across the floor. "Who can it be?"

The footsteps came nearer, and the girls involuntarily drew closer to one another. Then, to their horror, the bedroom door burst open, and the evil face of the swagger appeared on the threshold. Other footsteps were heard in the dining-room.

"Come, my beauties," he exclaimed "no screams, and you'll be treated all right. Scream, and you'll be gagged. My mate's gettin' the plate, while I get you. We won't harm you. We only mean to make your old screw of a father fork out, Miss Phyllis."

As he approached, Elsa shuddered and hid her face in her hands in the utter collapse of fear. But to Phyllis's astonishment, she felt her own courage rise. She looked the man full in the face.

"I won't come," she said calmly. "And you had better mind what you are doing. You will have to answer for this to my father and brothers, and Mr. Hartley as well."

The man laughed.

"We've planned our revenge all right for them," he said leering. "This'll teach 'em to refuse a meal to an honest swagger. Your father and brothers are over at the burnin' house, and so's your sweetheart. Have you got the swag, Jim?"

Another footstep had been heard approaching, and the door behind the man was thrown wide open. Then a voice called out: "No, but I've got you!" as the owner of the voice lifted the butt-end of a rifle, and felled the swagger to the ground. It was Tom Hartley. Phyllis gave one cry, and bounded towards him, and Elsa sank half-fainting on a chair.

"My darling, my darling!" he exclaimed, as he put his arms round her—those arms that had been so long wearying to hold her. "Don't fear any more, the other brute decamped when he saw me coming. You are quite safe, my dear love! When I saw the wretches had fired my house, I thought of you, and guessed it was done to put us off the scent while they came here to rob, and so I rushed off here as fast as I could. Nothing matters so long as you are safe. Don't be afraid, my darling!"

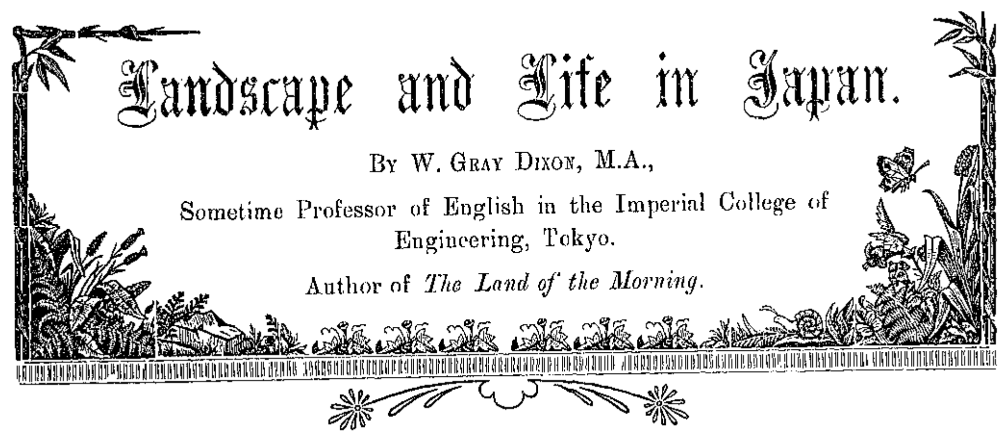
She did not answer immediately. Was she only clinging to him because of her fear, he wondered, or could it be that she really loved him enough to nestle her head on his shoulder as she was now doing? He was not left long in doubt.

"Tom," she whispered, "Tom, dear, I think there is only one thing I have been afraid of all the evening."

"And what was that?"

"I was afraid you might not love me, after all."

Then—well then the man on the floor was quite forgotten until he groaned, and so was Elsa—poor Elsa, who sat looking at the burning house, which troubled its owner not a whit, and wondering in what guise her knight would appear to her when her time should come.



Landscape and Life in Japan.

By W. Gray Dixon, M.A.,

Sometime Professor of English in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokyo.

Author of *The Land of the Morning*.

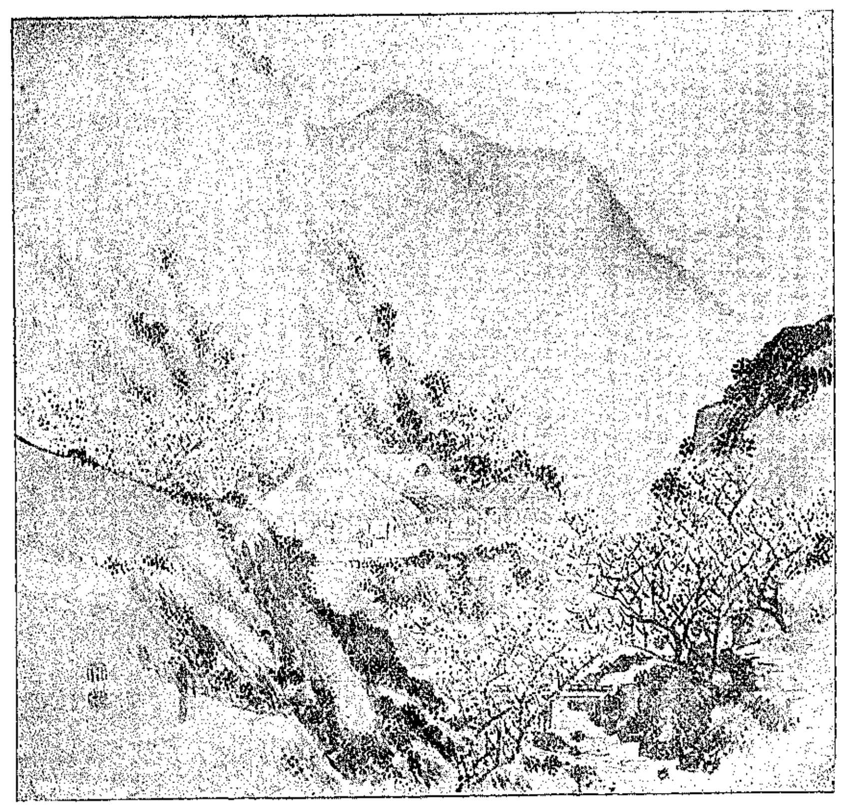
IN perhaps no other country in the world have nature and art, God and man, so combined to make the landscape beautiful as in that island empire which is the first of the old lands to be wooed by the sun on his entering "the gateways of the day," and which after age-long seclusion has in our time been drawn into the light of a wonderful international publicity. The Japanese landscape is exquisitely beautiful, luxuriously, vivaciously, serenely beautiful, never commonplace, never prosaic, never repellent, never appalling in its beauty like our own Lake Wakatipu, which tempts to suicide rather than quickens one with vital feelings of delight, occasionally sternly sublime, but even then softened by colours and lines that

MITO GARDEN, TOKYO.

HARVESTING.

FUJI-SAN, FROM HAKONE LAKE.

win the heart and excite a delicious æsthetic gladness in the soul, ever with a rare consistency a thing of beauty throughout all its thousand miles of latitude, all its Alpine and Arcadian peaks and slopes, all its valleys noisy with waterfalls, its variegated forests and well-cropped plains, its majestic avenues and bridle-paths dizzily terracing its slopes, its line of bold headlands and sweeps of island-studded summer sea, its castles, temples, gardens,—ever a thing of beauty, like that master-piece in the moulding of mountains, well named Fuji, "the Peerless," which, in one's memory-picture of Japan, always rises clear and commanding in her queenliness above the underlying complexity, focussing in her sweet sublimity the spirit and the music of all the happy provinces that do homage at her feet.



SPRING BLOSSOMS AMONG THE HILLS

(From a Japanese Painting on Silk).

And it is largely because this land has entered into the soul of her people that she has won this unique beauty. In the appreciation of nature the Japanese have for long been in advance of us Europeans. Our responsiveness to "the outward show of sea and sky, of hill and valley," is a thing of yesterday; the awakening hardly dates further back than last century: with the Japanese this gift has been enjoyed, and that by all classes of the people, from time immemorial. Listen to this song of an ancient Emperor:

"Countless are the mountain chains
Tow'ring o'er Cipango's plains;
But fairest is Mount Kagu's peak,
Whose heavenward soaring heights I seek
And gaze on all my realms beneath,—
Gaze on the land where vapours wreathe
O'er many a cot; gaze on the sea,
Where cry the sea-gulls merrily.
Yes, 'tis a very pleasant land,
Sweeter than aught beneath the sky,
Dear islands of the dragon-fly!"

"Islands of the dragon-fly" because of a

fancied resemblance to that insect in their configuration on the map.

Mr. J. M. Barrie in his appreciation of a certain Scottish glen represents the man in the moon as fondly lingering when passing over it: a similar idea is expressed by a poet of old Japan; the moon-fairy, loth to leave Japan for heaven, thus speaks:

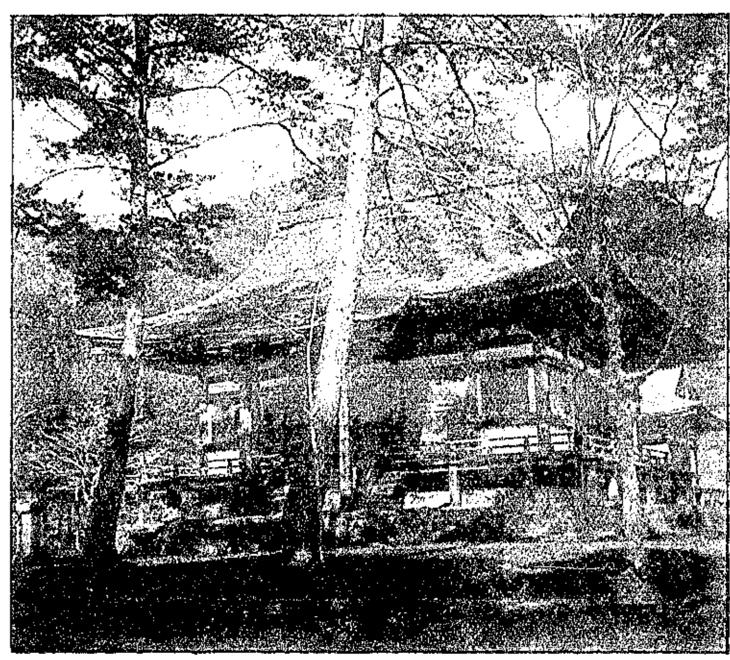
> "Heaven hath its joys, but there is beauty here,
> Blow, blow, ye winds! that the white cloud-balls driv'n
> Around my path may bar my homeward way:
> Nor yet would I return to heav'n
> But here on Mio's pine-clad shore I'd stay."

And this apostrophe to the Peerless Mountain is from a very ancient ode:

> "Great Fujiyama, tow'ring to the sky!
> A treasure art thou given to mortal man,
> A god-protector watching o'er Japan:—
> On thee for ever let me feast mine eye!"

Even so does the African say of Mount Kenia, "the finger of God": "A man might look at it for a thousand years, and yet be hungry to see it."

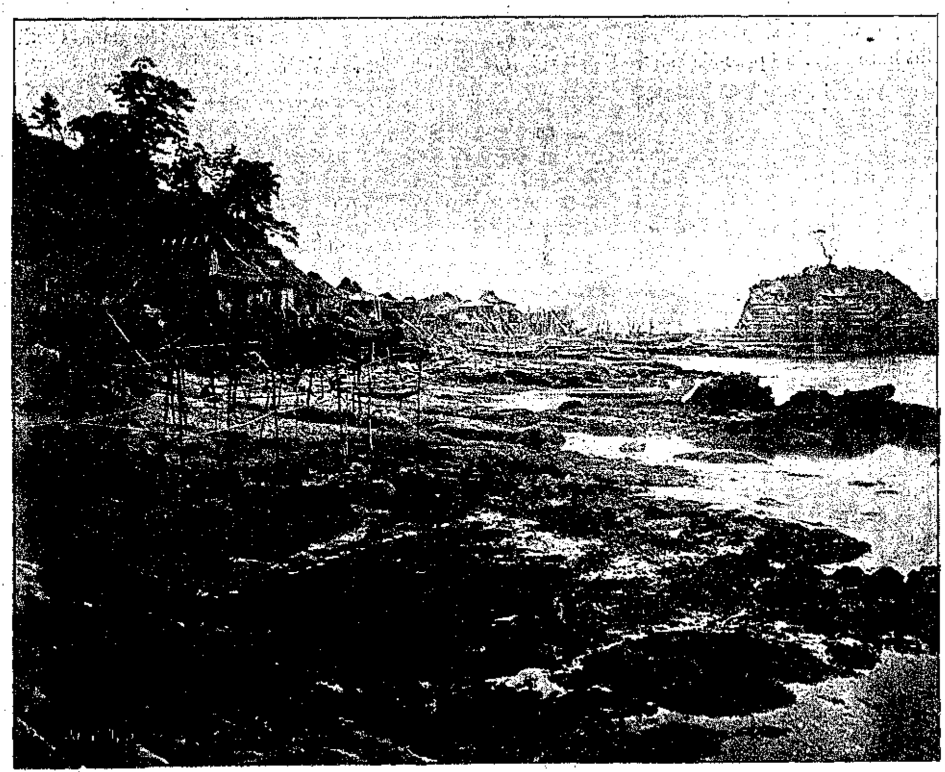
Nor is the Japanese response to their landscape only enthusiastic: it is wonderfully discriminating; they know when each scene is at its best and most expressive phase. For instance, around Lake Biwa, the "Lake of the Lyre," so called from its shape, as the Sea of Galilee was anciently called Chinnereth, "the Harp," Japanese tourists are directed to what have been long known as the "Eight Beauties of Omi"; and what are these eight beauties? The mere mention of them is eloquent of the national insight into the charms of nature: The Autumn Moon from Ishiyama, the Evening Snow on Hirayama, the Blaze of Evening at Seta, the Evening Bell at Mii-dera, the Boats sailing back from Yabase, a Bright Sky with a Breeze at Awadzu, Rain by Night at Karasaki, and the Wild Geese alighting at Katada. And not content with viewing the beauties of nature, the Japanese have set themselves with rare success to represent them, and that not merely in exquisitely delicate and accurate impressionist pictures upon silk, but in the actual rocks and soil and vegetation of their inimitable landscape gardens. Sitting in one of these gardens you will sometimes see such a wonderful blending of its features with those of the surrounding hills that it is difficult to tell where art ends and nature



A MOUNTAIN SHRINE.

begins. Down in the level ground of the valley, lakes and foothills and background ranges with islands and pines and winding roads and wayside streams, have been so naturally constructed or cultivated in miniature, that your eye passes as in a homogeneous picture from the work of man to the work of God: earth blends, as it were, with heaven.

The Japanese landscape, needless to say, has a physiognomy of its own; for this is Fuji-san 12,365. Closer still is the parallel between Japan and the magnificent western coastal regions of North America. Between the two, in the Pacific Ocean, lies the largest depression in diameter and depth of the world's crust. This vast basin has two rims or edges on both sides, an inner and an outer. On the American side both rims are continental; on the Asiatic side the inner rim is insular. This difference is due to the tilting up of the basin on the American side,

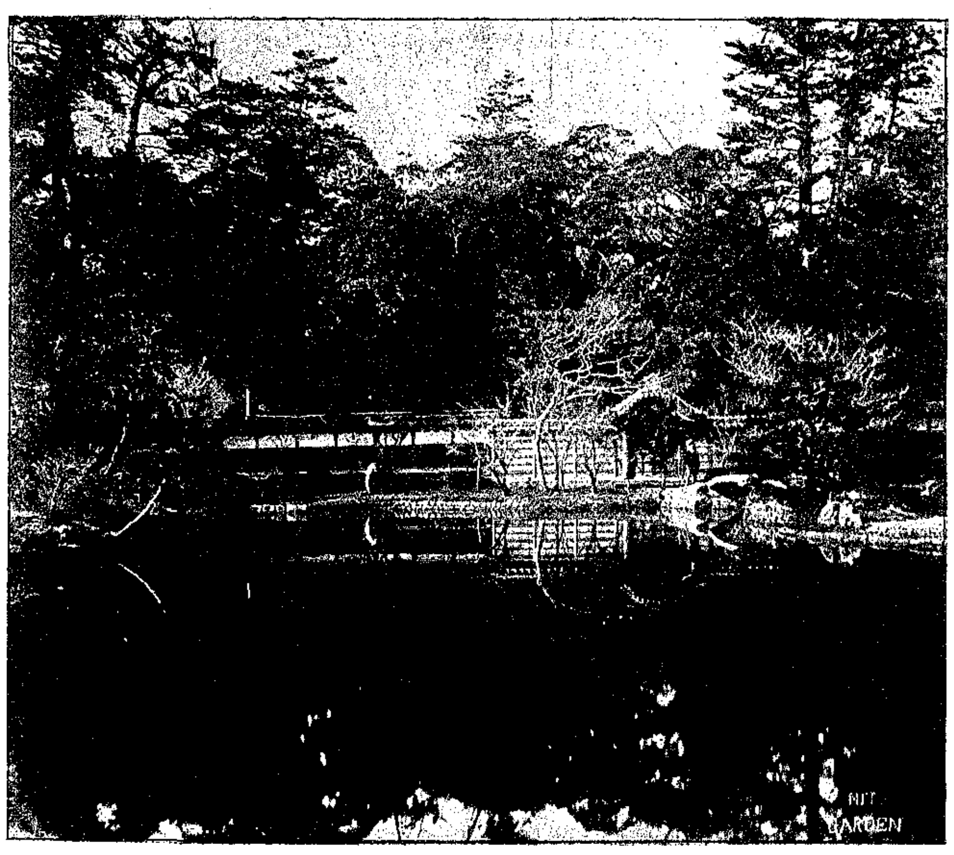


FISHING VILLAGE AT ENOSHIMA.

true of the face of every country as of the face of every race. But the physiognomy of the Japanese landscape is very peculiarly its own: there is no other which closely resembles it; it has not even a cousin among landscapes, except, perhaps, the Korean. The original geological skeleton of the country had, indeed, its counterparts. New Zealand is geologically just an Antipodean Japan; it is interesting to note that the highest peaks in the two countries differ by only sixteen feet, Mount Cook being 12,349 feet high, and so that not only both rims but the level reaches between have been raised clear of the sea. What, therefore, is an inland sea on the Asiatic side—the Sea of Japan—is an arid plateau—between the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains—on the American side. And a further difference has been brought about, that the ocean is very much deeper on the Asiatic side than on the American, descending, indeed, off the east coast of Japan, to depths almost unequalled. All which means that the Japanese islands are a

series of mountain ranges submerged in the sea, washed from the seaboard by the deepest waters in the world, and separated from the Asiatic Continent by much shallower but yet extensive sweeps of water. While only waves of sand lave the great bases of the Rockies or flow into their valleys, among the Japanese heights there is ever the presence or the not very remote influence of the vast rollers of the profound Pacific. Alpine rapid and ready. So that while among the Rockies you find a similar bold and picturesque framework, you miss the softening, the carpeting, the colouring, the sparkle, the luxuriance, the vivacity, the serenity—all those beautiful and subtle effects which water brings.

The copious rainfall marbles the mountain steeps and enlivens the stately forest slopes with innumerable cataracts and cascades,



MITO GARDEN, TOKYO.

ridges, then, bold ravines, varied and fantastic volcanic erections, a land which, for three-fourths or, as some maintain, fifteen-sixteenths of its area consists of hill and height, and everywhere the influence of water, for from whatever direction the wind blows it comes more or less laden with moisture, which readily breaks on the serrated surface into copious showers: such is Japan. And the showers, moreover, fall chiefly in the summer when the air is warm and the growth is fills the hollows with lakes, few of them of any great extent, and pours torrents through the valleys, with generally but little intervention of plain to tame them into quiet rivers, into the sea. It clothes the soil with the most luxuriant and varied flora in the temperate zone, and wreathes the sternest precipices with brilliant creepers. The solfatara field blotched like a painter's palette with almost every colour in the rainbow lies close beside the rival colouring of the

wild-flowers on the moor. There are nearly twice as many varieties of trees in Japan as in the whole of Europe. From Kyushiu in lat. 32° to Yezo in lat. 45° a glorious continuity extends of rich and variegated verdure. The grand Far Eastern pine, with its bronzed scaly stem and its horizontal branches of dense green extended like arms in benediction, everywhere commands the scene. The feathery bamboo contrasts with the pine. The sombre cryptomeria lifts the heart skyward on its flame-shaped ascents. oppresses the air with its fragrance as you wind up a mountain pass. Under the lichen-covered battlements of the old feudal keep the white lotus emerges, angel-like, from the muddy moat and greets heaven with its incense. A land of streams, of forests, of flowers, a bewitching land, of which one can never tire, there is such

"Sweet interchange
Of hills and valleys, rivers, woods and plains.
Now land, now lake, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves,"

BUDDHIST PAGODA.

Spring trips through the land with a procession of blossoms such as no other land can show. Autumn rivals spring with the brilliance of its fading leaves. Camellias brighten the hedges as you pass along the lanes. You look out through peach blossoms over the blue Pacific to the white sweep of Fuji-san curving in virgin purity into the upperblue. The *lilium auratum*, with perhaps, as I have seen it, sixteen heads on one stem, so much to exhilarate and so much to soothe, so much to make one smile with pleasure no less than to meditate with wonder and awe, a laughing land amid all its solemnities, well symbolized by the pretty *Geisha* that trips in the shade of the vast temple-eaves, or by the butterfly that flits in the spring sunshine around the benignly thoughtful head of the great image of Buddha.

Other effects of the copious rainfall have

been to wash the peaks bare and leave them glittering in the sun, their crevices for a great part of the year veined with snow, and to deposit the detritus in fertile Arcadian slopes or in levels which, flattened still more by the hand of man for rice culture, have come to look like green lakes amid their environment of hills. Sometimes these levels

TEA GARDEN, SHIZUOKA (FUJI-SAN IN THE DISTANCE).

are extensive plains; often they are but little flats in the laps of the wooded hills,

> "Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
> Each with its little patch of sky,
> And little plot of stars."

Further, by reason of the steepness of the mountains and the narrowness of the valleys, and the consequent impetuousness of the rivers, the organic matter carried from the heights in solution has in great part been swept right into the sea, where it has supplied abundance of food for fish and other forms of marine life. The Japanese coasts consequently swarm with probably the richest variety of fish in the world. A large proportion of the people are fisher-folk. It is along the shores that most of the population is found. Long straggling village streets, interspersed with avenues of the Far Eastern pine, from great highways bordering the sea. Forests of masts of high-sterned junks, or smaller craft beached above the breakers, form a picturesque foreground in the eye of the visitor from the sea against the roofs of thatch or shingle or dark white-tipped encaustic tiles, and behind them, the green foothills and, farther off, the blue heights which on the horizon sing their strong sweet psalm. How picturesque, too, the broad white sails that dot the blue straits and the grey-blue distances among the myriad isles of the far-famed Inland Sea! And so naturally we find the Japanese a race of sailors, long centuries ago the terror of the neighbouring coasts of Korea and China, and now in our own day astonishing the world by their rapid development into a great naval power.

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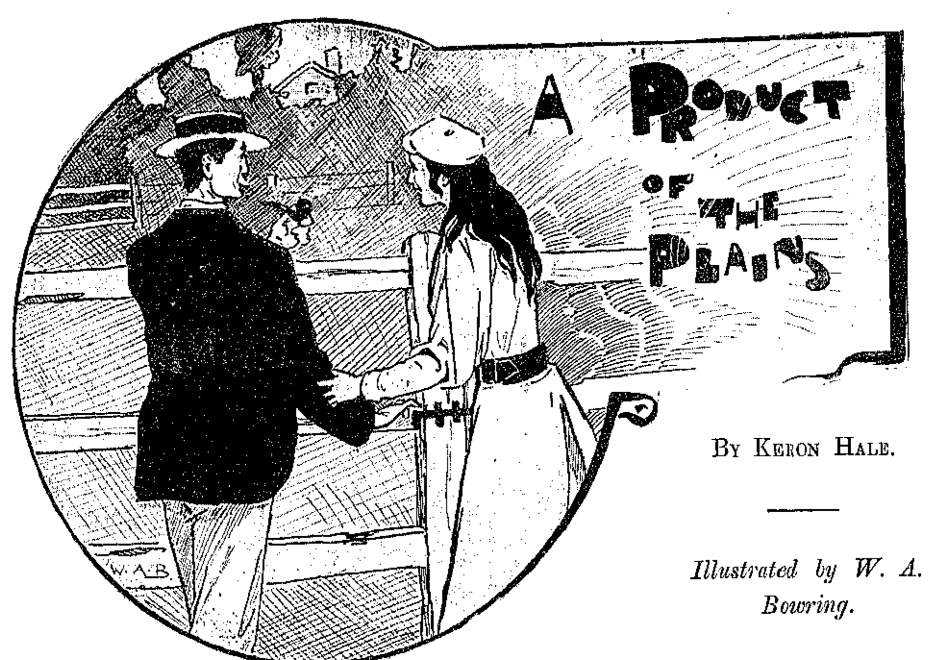


A Product of the Plains

By Keron Hale.

Illustrated by W. A. Bowring.

"I'LL BREAK IN MR. HARRISON'S HORSES FOR HIM!"

"IT'S as bad as the siege of Troy!" Nora drummed her heel on an over-turned bucket, and glared at the stable-roof, where a speckled hen cackled derisively.

Woolcot Chillingford, who was pulling gorse-prickles out of his hands, nodded approval.

"'Tis so! And the fair Helen evidently doesn't mean to capitulate. Well, 'A man's a fool who tries by force of skill, etc.,'" he jerked up a stone which struck the roof a foot too soon, and rattled back down the corrugated iron.

"Where's the skill?" inquired Nora pertinently. "There she's gone. I'm not going after her any more. If she scratches up the rest of the seeds I hope Auntie will cook her, that's all."

"I hope so," assented Woolcot gravely; "Jove, it's hot! You must lead an awfully lazy life here, Norie."

"Life!" Nora bounced up and upset the bucket. "Existence, you mean! Stagnation! Dry rot! Woolcot, I'd sell my soul to get away from here, and——'

"Buy a slang dictionary with the proceeds," but Woolcot pushed back his straw hat and stared at her, puzzled. This half-fledged product of the Canterbury Plains had shocked him many times since he first drifted into her life, but he never got seasoned.

"What do you want to do?" he asked at last.

"Make money, of course! Work! Go out into the world—and live!"

"A new woman! Horrible! No, my dear cousin, that's a man's destiny. You must stay at home and potter after flowers —and fowls."

"You enjoyed pottering after that hen just now, didn't you?" sarcastically; "but that's all stuff. There's no corn in this Egypt. It's choked with mortgage and—fat-hen. I must get grist for the mill some-

where. We're getting poorer every day, Woolcot, and I'm getting more ignorant and—and dreadfully freckled and—"

Woolcot lit his pipe, gazing at her scrutinizingly. She was a tall slip of a girl, with keen grey eyes and dark hair tumbling over her shoulders. Her faded pink frock clung round her unformed figure, and she was fighting angrily with her hot tears.

"Don't be a little donkey, Norie," he said kindly, "and don't kick against all the pricks at once. Stronger folk than you have found the unwisdom of that You ought to be happy enough here."

"Oh, ought I? That's all you know! These beastly plains give me the horrors! Tussock to right of me—tussock to left of me—"

"Tussock on the brain," suggested Woolcot, "don't get blue, Norie. The fairy prince will come some day in purple and fine linen."

"He'd find dungarees a jolly sight more useful here! And he wouldn't come unless he yearned to mend fences and yard sheep." Norie rubbed her eyes vigorously, and turned homewards. Woolcot followed slowly.

"Perhaps not," he said, absently; "don't wait dinner for me, Norie, I'm going over to Dinoorie. Harrison's horse-breaker got awfully smashed yesterday handling a young one, and he may want me to hunt him up another in town. Here, don't pinch like that, you young vixen! What's up?"

Norie was gripping his arm, and her pale face was ablaze.

"I'll break in Mr Harrison's horses for him."

Woolcot propped himself against the stable gate and whistled. "'Pon my life, Norie, you are—"

"Don't!" cried Norie, desperately. "I don't care what I am. I'd be a circus rider or a—a pickpocket if it paid. And I can ride, Woolcot, if I can't do anything else."

"Yes," unwillingly, "you can. I should not care to tackle the horse that bested you."

"That settles it, then! I'll go over now and see Mr Harrison."

"Hold on! You won't do anything of the sort. Don't be a silly infant, Norie."

"Don't be a beast, Woolcot! I will, I tell you! Think of getting on a proper horse again, and the jumps!"

"*And* Aunt Julie!" Nora's face fell.

"Oh, bother! never mind. I'll fix her. There she is in the onion bed."

"She'll fix you, you mean," retorted Woolcot, grimly, "and I hope———" but Nora had already descended on Aunt Julie like a hawk on its prey. She bore the bewildered old lady off to her bedroom, pushed her into a chair, tossed her big hat and neckerchief on the floor and prepared for the attack.

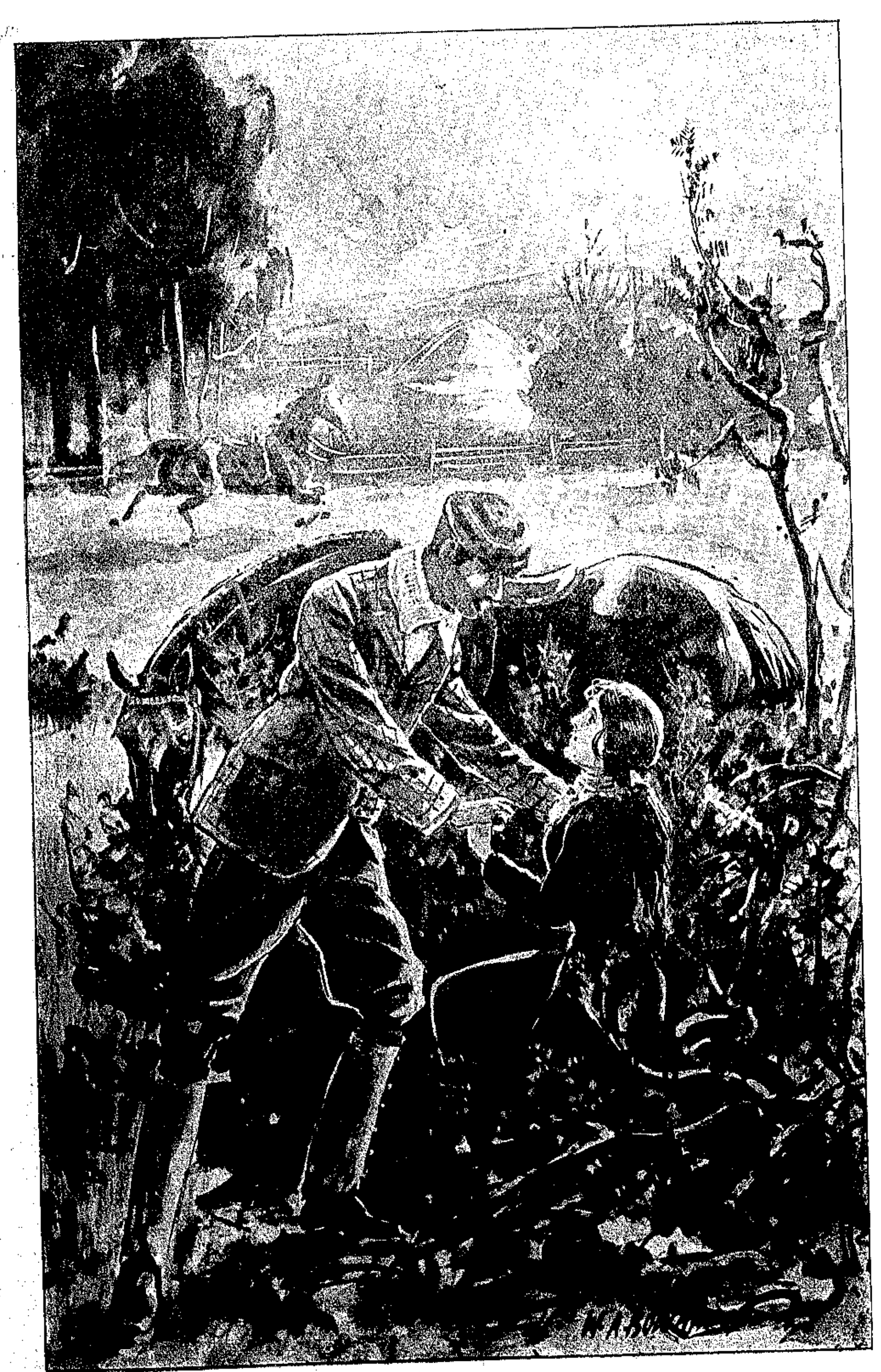
"Auntie, listen! I'm going to try and make some money, and then we can buy those sheep of Irwin's, and we'll get rich, and have a good time—and you're not to say no; do you hear? You mustn't."

"Oh, my dear! Oh, Nora, you'll be the death of me! What do you want me to say?"

"Poor old Auntie! Did it lose its breath then! Never mind; wait till I tell you." Norie gazed round the meagre room for inspiration, but found it not. She sought it in the tumble-down woolshed, blistering in the hot sun outside, in the muddy duck pond, and the yellow lines of gorse fences running to futurity. But none of them suggested the best way to tell a dignified old English lady that her niece desired to become a horse-breaker.

"I'll spring it on her," decided Norie; "that always upsets her, and then she can't argue. Auntie, Mr Harrison has lost his horse-breaker, and I want to take his place. Wait a minute. I can do it. I've any amount of nerve and perfect hands. Sounds like a marriage advertisement, doesn't it? Mr Harrison said I was a regular crack the day I stuck to Boomerang after he bucked him off. Don't you remember? I'm going over this afternoon to ask him to take me."

"I said I'd fix her," she told Woolcot later; "she was a bit obstreperous at first.



"CONFOUND THE HORSE! ARE YOU HURT?"

Said I'd get hurt, and when I explained that that was impossible——"

"How on earth did you manage that?"

"Never you mind. Then she said it was a dreadful thing for a young lady to do, and Mrs Harrison had never called on her and—oh, heaps of things! But she had to give in, poor old thing. Woolcot, I should have made a better lawyer than you ever will." Woolcot was helping her lay the dinner table, and to him suddenly came the notion that Norie really meant to do this thing.

"I tell you what it is," he said, putting the forks upside down in his agitation, "you—you want sitting on a bit, Norie, and if I wasn't sure that Harrison will do it more effectually than I could, I wouldn't let you go."

"There! I knew you wouldn't back me up! Woolcot, you shan't come with me. Besides, there's only 'Moa Bones,' so you couldn't ride, anyhow." Norie had dubbed their only steed by that name, because she said he had "moa bones than flesh," which was Woolcot's first intimation of the deteriorating influence of flat country. He had three passable legs and a bad temper, and Norie loved him dearly.

"Don't go jumping tussocks," advised Woolcot, shutting the yard gate behind the pair that afternoon, "he'll fall down if you do."

"Wait till you see me training thoroughbreds for the Grand National! Woolcot, I *am* glad I learnt to ride in the past ages. Wish me luck, old boy. This may be better than selling my soul for a mess of pottage."

"Selling your life, more like," muttered Woolcot, leaning his arms on the unpainted gate, and watching the slight figure on the knock-kneed old horse jogging across the paddock. The days when Mirimar had been a land overflowing with milk and honey and fine horse flesh were as a tale that is told; but to the last scion of the old house the book of Life was still unread and its story unrevealed.

Norie's way lay straight towards the hills, sharp-cut in their blue strength against the paler sky. The plain stretched forward for many miles, melting into white haze, where it met the mountains, and it held the great hush of a deserted land. Moa Bones hopped silently along the tussock road, and Norie began to think. She was the fabled Knight of old in search of Eldorado. She was Don Quixote on Rosinante—not a bad simile, that. She was a rather frightened and very desperate little girl going to wrest fortune out of the hands of a Fate that had proved too strong for those whom she had loved.

She was beginning to feel very sorry for herself by the time the long gum plantations to her left burst out into an eruption of six hurdles and a white gate. Then she pulled up Moa Bones with a jerk and fervently hoped that Mr Harrison would be away.

But within the gates was the barking of numberless dogs, much dust—and Frank Harrison himself. So Norie kicked Moa Bones into some semblance of livliness, and taking her fate in both hands rode forward to meet the master of Dinoorie.

The sunset was behind her as she returned a little later, but its golden glow was everywhere, and the grey line of sea-fog on the horizon shut her into a world of her own—a world holding the sleepy bleat of sheep and the distant murmur of the river. A few tired sea-gulls flapped slowly homewards, showing white against the darkening sky, and Norie dropped the reins.

"I'd like to sing a —an oratorio," she said, "the whole world seems listening for it." Then Moa Bones stumbled badly, so she deferred her raptures until after tea, when Woolcot began to ask questions.

"No, Wool, I'm not going to tell you all about it. He's a brick, an out-and-out brick—and a Sir Galahad." She pulled a few weeds out of the gravel path absently, and Woolcot stared at her in the dim light.

"Great Scott! What did he say, Norie?"

"Lots of things. He—he—" Norie skipped the first part of the conversation, "he said I could try for a week, and see how I got on. There are only a few foals to handle, and Bates will do the lounging. It will be harder work in the autumn when the colts come down from the hill-station, but

it's good pay, and I don't mind the work. Oh, we talked it over in quite a business-like way, I can tell you."

"Great Scott!" murmured Woolcot again. "Young New Zealand's going it! I didn't think Harrison was so soft."

"Don't be stupid!" cried Norie, pulling out a dandelion with a jerk that showered gravel all over Woolcot; "I'm not the first. Look at Miss Keene. She breaks in all her horses, and rides them at shows and gets prizes. And I broke in Molly Magee three years ago."

"There's a vast difference in handling your own horses and handling Harrison's," said Woolcot, sententiously.

"There is! I get paid for the latter. Good-night. I won't talk to you any more. You're as cross as Mrs Harrison!"

Woolcot lit his pipe, wondering much how Harrison would explain this matter to his mother, and when he met with the master of Dinoorie the following morning he realised that between two women a man's will may often come to the ground.

"I couldn't help it," said Harrison, slashing at nodding cocksfoot with his riding whip. "She—your cousin was so set on it, and I'd sooner have her to mouth my horses and ride 'em over fences than any one I know. But it's not the proper thing for her to do—and I shouldn't have said yes." Woolcot grinned.

"I don't suppose you had much choice, old man. Norie has a will of her own."

"Well, she has, and she has pluck too—and to see her on that old moke after the horses she rode when your uncle was alive! I had to give in. But I won't put her on the worst brutes, and I can't help what my mother says."

So the gods arranged the matter which Norie considered already settled, and Moa Bones, the only one not consulted, carried her over the four miles to Dinoorie every day.

In the still, sickly heat of the breathless summer mornings when the dazzling haze made the far-off mountains reel, through the dust of the howling Nor'-wester, when Moa Bones stumbled wearily, and the flying shingle stung her face as she rode into the teeth of it—she put down her head and endured. There was glorious recompense in fighting with a "young one" round the high-railed stockyard in the crisp frosty mornings with the lust of conquest in her heart. But when the skies wept ceaselessly and the yard was churned into slippery mud her work was still to do—and she did it. Later, the Dinoorie horses became famed in the land, and there were whispers of a dark horse training for the National. Harrison had put up a stiff course, and to Norie came the joy of taking Tau over for the first time.

Harrison tightened the bit and put her up. He was decidedly anxious and ventured to give unappreciated advice.

"Don't race him at the sod wall," he said, imploringly. "I wish you'd wait till to-morrow. Horses always go mad in a wind."

Tau belied his name. He was not "easy to ride." Harrison kicked his cob into a trot alongside the big bay colt and swore inwardly at the rising wind and several other things.

Norie gave the colt a rousing gallop round the paddock, and then turned him on to the course. She went at the hurdle, double topped with gorse, in fine style, hands down, lips set, and determination in her grave eyes. He flew it magnificently, took the water jump in his stride, then his head went up, and Harrison bucketed his fat cob across the paddock, and the big bay tore past.

"He's making for the stock yard, and the gate's shut. Oh, Good Heavens!" Norie saw that the gate was shut as the high fence whizzed closer and closer, and she called herself several names for not allowing Harrison to put on a curb. "He must have the bit in his teeth. It's like pulling at a thunder-bolt. Oh, there'll be a joyful smash in two minutes." She jerked the left rein in both strong small hands. "*Come* round, you beggar. There will be an end to the National if he tries to jump at this pace."

There was a scant hundred yards to the gate now.

"He won't try it alone," thought Norie, and dropping the reins, she gathered up her habit and jumped. Tau swerved, turned off the gate and galloped down the fence, while

WALKED SLOWLY UP AND DOWN UNDER THE PINES.

Frank Harrison, in a state of high pressure, arrived to find a little blue heap in the middle of a gorse bush.

"It was soft falling," said Norie, as he picked her up, "but uncommonly prickly. Do you think Tau's likely to hurt himself?"

"Confound the horse! Are you hurt?" That sudden acrobatic feat had given Harrison a clearer insight into several things, and he did not even turn to look at Tau.

"Twisted my foot a bit, I think. It will be all right to-morrow." She limped forward as Tau came round the paddock at half pace, and caught him at the gate.

"You might have broken your neck! What in the world made you do it?" asked Harrison, because he knew that fear had no part in her composition.

"If I hadn't he might have broken his. Now you're going to win the National, aren't you, old boy?"

She was very confident as she hopped across the yard with one hand twisted in his mane. But the little demon fear had eaten up all the confidence on that day above all other days, when Woolcot took her into the saddling paddock at Riccarton, and she saw hitherto undreamed of marvels.

Woolcot thanked his stars piously when they ran across Frank Harrison, for Norie had already driven him to the verge of distraction.

"Take her to see Tau, will you?" he said, handing her over unceremoniously, "she wants to know the name and age of every horse in the paddock, and she's nearly had her brains kicked out twice."

The spring sun-light flickered on many strange and beautiful things, on the impatient horses, quivering and glancing in their finely-strung strength, on the gorgeous silk-clad jockeys, the eager-faced, shifting crowd, and the long dazzling lines of iron-roofed stables.

Out on the course were the densely-packed human fence, important policeman chasing small dogs and inevitable children, and the clerk of the course in his red coat.

Norie envied Tau's jockey furiously as he rode out of the gate and sent the horse past the judge's box in the preliminary.

"It's perfectly awful to have someone else riding him," she said piteously. Harrison glanced at her. This was a new Norie, but he understood her, for the absorbing love of horses dwelt in him also. The rousing music of the band melted into the hum of the moving crowd. Then silence fell with the fall of the starter's flag.

Norie, on the steps of the Grandstand, with Harrison's field-glasses in her hands, and placid Aunt Julie just behind her, saw

the green, yellow and pink jackets shuffling and changing like a pack of cards. The nine horses swept over the first few fences like a mighty wave, and Norie, in her heart, was riding all she knew.

Woolcot came up as the field flew the Stand Double for the second time.

"There's not much in it yet," he said, tapping his stick against the steps. "They'll be toppling over directly, I expect. Tau is going uncommonly strong, Harrison. He ought to have a say—bar accidents."

Norie dropped the glasses with a cry of anger and despair. "Look at that wretched jockey! Mr Harrison, didn't you tell him not to hang on to Tau's head at his fences? Oh, I *wish* I was up myself! That donkey will spoil the whole thing! Be quiet, Woolcot! So he will!"

She spoke of one of the best-known amateurs in Canterbury, and Woolcot much desired to shake her.

"You'll have everyone staring at you," he cried sharply, and such distinction did not appeal to his sensibilities. "What's the matter now? It isn't Tau." For a nebulous crowd was forming on the far side of the course, and a riderless horse bolted into the pine plantation beyond it.

"I—I can't stay," cried Norie, nearly in tears; "there are two more down! I'll go off my head if he wins, and if he doesn't—it wlil be a thousand times worse. *Oh*, they're coming! Take me away from all these people, Wool!"

"Hurry then, for goodness sake," said Woolcot, wrathfully. "I don't want to miss the finish. It's a jolly good thing you don't come to races every day. Jove, it's going to be a close——" but Norie had already dived into the ladies' room at the side of the stand, chased by the thunder of hoofs and the sound of prolonged cheering. Then Aunt Julie came round the corner to find the door shut, and Woolcot walking gloomily up and down outside

"Does she know?" asked Aunt Julie with a gasp. Woolcot shook his head.

"She's afraid to come out, and I didn't like to shout through the key-hole. I wish you'd go and stir her up. Tell her to come and have some afternoon tea. She revels in cream sandwiches."

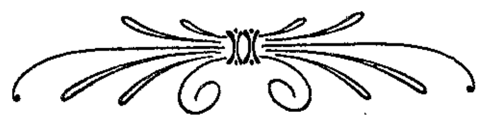
"Woolcot is an arrant donkey." Norie was telling Frank Harrison half-an-hour later. "Tea — and cream sandwiches when our stable's gone down! I'd sooner have had prussic acid. And it was all that jockey's fault! I believe Tau lost a length at every fence. I wish you would let me see that Mr Milnes directly. I'd give him a few hints."

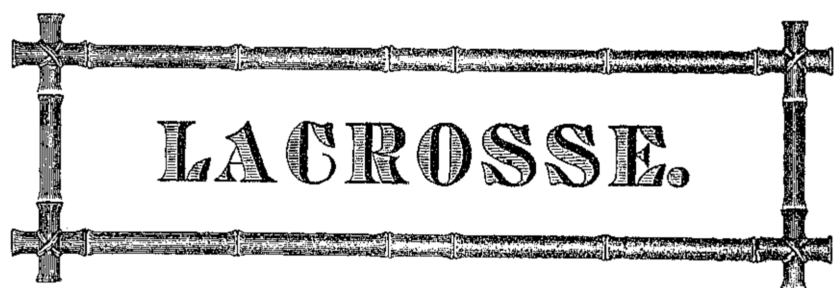
Harrison laughed.

"I have no doubt you could. But I'd much sooner you talked to me" And thus it came about that Woolcot, returning from the saddling-paddock, saw the tall figure in the long coat with field glasses slung across it, and the smaller one with the red-feathered hat, walking slowly up and down under the pines by the outside totalisator.

The band thumped cheerfully on the lawn, and the starter led out a new field to fates unknown, but those two saw not nor heard.

Woolcot rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then he laughed, because he foresaw that Mrs Harrison probably would call on Aunt Julie in the future.





LACROSSE.

By F. W. Coombes.

FROM the earliest antiquity ball games have always been popular with the various races of mankind, and that they still keep their hold on the affections of the people is evidenced by the wonderful popularity of cricket, football, polo, tennis, golf and similar sports. Probably not one person in ten has ever even seen the game of Lacrosse, and yet it has existed for a longer period than many of the others mentioned.

As far back as 1153, A.D., Byzantine writers speak of the game, Johannes Cinnamus who lived at that time mentioning a ball game which was played with an instrument having a broad curved end, furnished with a network of catgut, a close enough description of the article at present in use. When

THE COUNCIL OF THE NEW ZEALAND LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

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Columbus landed in the New World in 1492, the game formed the one great amusement of the numerous tribes of Indians found there.

Some sixty years ago the well known traveller Catlin saw no less than forty-eight different tribes—these being separated by many thousands of miles—who played la crosse. He mentions in his most interesting notes on the game that nearly all the adults of a tribe took part, the number sometimes running into hundreds. The ball was made of deer skin, stuffed with hair, and a much smaller form of crosse than the weapon of the present day was used. Although, no doubt, the braves were only too ready for the fray to retaliate, so that possibly the custom gave a fine opportunity for paying off old scores.

A really remarkable coincidence may be mentioned in connection with the game as played by the Indians, and that is that when the score reached ninety-five all—a hundred up was the game—the players were allowed to set to ten, or in other words the custom which, from the earliest date, has been in vogue in rackets and fives was also the order of the day among a savage race separated by a thousand leagues of ocean, and with whom there can have been no possible communication.

A very sad episode is told of the game in

WALKER (SUBURBS) HILL (GRAFTON)
FACING OFF.

their efforts, or at least those of the married portion, were further encouraged by a somewhat singular privilege granted to the wives. These gentle dames were allowed to thrash their husbands with green switches to make them redouble their efforts. When it is remembered that the Indian squaw not unusually staked much of her worldly goods on the result of the encounter, and that nearly the sole articles of attire worn by the players consisted of paints and feathers, it must be readily admitted that the practice offered no special inducement to matrimony. Relentless as the punishment might be, it was considered the very height of ill-breeding the early part of the last century. Of course the early Canadian settlers were enthusiasts at the pastime, and on one occasion a plot was devised by the Shawnee, Delaware and Ottawa tribes to capture Fort Detroit under the guise of la crosse players. This particular scheme failed, but in 1763 a similar attempt resulted in the most disastrous manner to the English soldiers who formed the garrison of Fort Michillimackinac, a name which should have been sufficient to deter the most intrepid. A party of Ottawas and Objibways entered the Fort under the pretext of searching for the ball, and the unsuspecting soldiery were murdered before they could reach their weapons.

The name of Lacrosse was given to the game by the early French Canadians from the fancied resemblance of the chief article used to a bishop's crozier or crosse. A very similar game called Jugar al Blé was played in the Basque Provinces.

In 1867 a code of rules was drawn up, and the game installed as the National game of Canada, and it might here be stated that in the Dominion it ranks as first favourite, holding the position occupied by baseball in the United States, cricket in England, or football in New Zealand. It was in the year mentioned that a team of Iroquois Indians visited England, and, playing the game in their national barbaric costume, drew crowds of interested spectators to the grounds at the Crystal Palace, Richmond and elsewhere. I fancy it was about 1875 that Dr. Archer, who had seen the game played on the other side of the Atlantic, induced the Thames Hare and Hounds, a famous South of England cross-country club, to try the sport. I remember going to see the game, which was closely watched by a large crowd of spectators, who assembled on Wimbledon Common to have a look at the, to them, new pastime. The upshot of this was an invitation to the Montreal Lacrosse Club to visit England, and a team went over, being accompanied by some Indian players. Exhibitions were given before the Queen at Windsor, and also at the famous grounds at Hurlingham and Lords. Quite a number of clubs sprang into existence, the new pastime especially finding a stronghold in the north of Ireland. The wearers of the shamrock have ever since been the keenest exponents of the game, for out of sixteen matches played against England since then they have won twelve, and lost but three, one being drawn. It is worthy of note that in Ireland Lacrosse is played in the summer, and it is really far more suited to the warm weather than to the winter. In England and the Colonies with the rival attractions of cricket, tennis, etc. throwing it into the shade, Lacrosse has been relegated to the list of winter sports, to the great disadvantage of the game. Mr. E. T. Sachs puts the case in a nutshell when he writes as follows: "Played on hard turf, in the bright light and warm air of a summer evening, Lacrosse is a different game to that played on the sodden, often miry, winter turf, in a dull light, and damp, chilly atmosphere. To play Lacrosse in winter is to do violence to it, but under prevailing conditions it is the best that can be done."

W. NOTON RELIEVING THE DEFENCE.

There have been several International matches played in England since the visit of

the Montreal team. Another lot of players from the same part visited the Old Country in 1883, and a year later an American team went over, but the Irishmen, with one or two English players, defeated them, this being the first reverse that any of the visitors had sustained. Toronto took a hand in 1886, sending a splendid combination, which proved simply invincible. By this time, or rather some seasons before, the game had reached New Zealand, where a fair number of clubs were formed, chiefly in the South Island. Owing largely, however, to the fact that there was no one to play against, the innovation gained no very firm footing, and gradually died out. Very much the same condition of affairs prevailed in Australia, where the pastime flourished for a brief spell, and then almost vanished out of existence. Of recent years a very marked revival has taken place, and the popularity of the Indian game has increased by leaps and bounds. In at least four of the Colonies strong associations have been formed, the game catching on in Westralia, in South Australia, in Victoria, and in New South Wales. In the three last mentioned colonies the clubs are very numerous, and some very fine players are to be found. Adelaide and Melbourne are at present very keen rivals for the position of premiers, and Sydney is but little behind them, indeed if the latter keeps going forward at the pace it has during the last two seasons, it will soon be at the top of the tree as champion colony.

Last year a number of gentlemen decided to make an effort to resuscitate the game in Auckland, the result being the formation of the New Zealand Lacrosse Association. This body has a great future before it, and, as the members are one and all keen enthusiasts determined to work for the good of the cause, there should be no reason to doubt but that success will follow. For the first season teams were picked from members, and were yclept respectively the Pawnees, Sioux, Mohawks and Delawares, one of the accompanying illustrations showing the players who participated in the first game. This season it was decided to change to the district scheme, and six clubs were formed, the electorates represented being Grey Lynn, Ponsonby, Parnell, North Shore, Grafton, and Suburbs, and the competition for the premiership promises to be unusually keen. The game is to be reintroduced in Christchurch next year, and efforts will also be made to give it a start in Dunedin, Wellington, Wanganui and elsewhere.

J. A. KALLENDAR (GRAFTON CAPTAIN) DEFENDING GOAL.

A project is now on foot in Canada which should give a very decided fillip to the sport,

this being no other than a movement to secure a visit from a Canadian Lacrosse team to Australia. The idea is that an "All Canada" team shall make a tour of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. It is thought that the scheme, although it could hardly be expected to result in other than a financial loss, would do much good to the sport in the Colonies, and that from this point of view it is worth while making considerable sacrifices to further the good cause. It is proposed to have a team representing the whole Dominion from coast to coast, including men from Victoria, Westminster, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Cornwall, Quebec, Toronto, and Montreal. As far as can be seen it is extremely probable that such a team will cross the Pacific in 1901, and no doubt the New Zealand Lacrosse Association will endeavour to arrange a match when the mail boat calls in at this city.

As probably many readers are not altogether conversant with the principles of the game, a few remarks thereon may be not altogether devoid of interest. To begin with the playing field, this may vary in size, but somewhere about two hundred yards long by one hundred yards broad is an ample measurement, although it is usually smaller. A full team consists of twelve men, and their positions on the field should be as follows:

ENEMY'S GOAL

FIRST HOME

SECOND HOME

THIRD HOME

ATTACK FIELD — ATTACK FIELD

CENTRE

DEFENCE FIELD — DEFENCE FIELD

THIRD MAN

COVER POINT

POINT

GOALKEEPER

STOPPING A PASS.

Of course an opposing team would be placed the other way about, thus an Attack Field man would be confronted with a Defence Field, while Cover Point would have Second Home in his immediate vicinity, and so on. The goal posts are six feet high, and are placed a similar distance apart, and there is no off-side, the general rules of the game being not altogether unlike Association Football. The crosse used by players is a stick with a curved end, the hook thus formed being covered with a network made of raw hide or gut, which must not bag. A score is made by one side throwing the ball between their opponent's goal posts. The chief feat of the

player is to catch the ball—which, by the way, is of indiarubber, about eight inches in circumference, and weighing some four and a-half ounces—on the network of his crosse, dodge his opponents, and then throw it to one of his own side who is nearer the enemy's goal. A game is commenced by the ball being placed on the ground mid-way between the two goals, and a player from each side "facing" for it with his crosse, till one of them succeeds in sending it on its way to the opposite goal.

It is really wonderful the way in which a really good team playing with combination will pass the ball. But little running is really indulged in, yet the ball goes from end to end of the ground at lightning speed, being accurately tossed from player to player, and woe betide the side whose men get out of position.

A quick sprint to the ball is useful at times, but the beginner should endeavour to bear in mind that a ball can be made to travel through the air much faster than a man can run along the ground with it, and such running, therefore, by delaying the pass, gives the opponents time to concentrate and to cover their men. While on the subject of throwing the ball with the crosse, it is astonishing to see the distaace a good player can sling the rubber. In Australia the record for this is held by C. Murray, of Victoria, with a throw of one hundred and forty-two yards, while A. B. Clark, of North Sydney, has figures almost as good to his credit. I am not aware of any performer in New Zealand having beaten these figures, but probably E. Broughton, of Christchurch, would go very close to the record. A competition, by Lacrosse players, comprising such events as Passing the Ball, Long Throwing, Catching the Ball, Shooting at Goal, etc., should find its way on to the programme of at least one sports meeting, and the results achieved would be found full of interest. Indeed, I am of opinion that if every similar branch of sport was catered for at regular athletic meetings, instead of the same old dull round of fixtures, there would not be so many complaints as to the non-attendance of the public. But perhaps I have written enough to show that the good old game is worthy of every encouragement, and if I go further may have "Free Position" given against me. Before being finally called on to "stand," however, I would strongly advise cricketers, athletes, and others who are at present doing nothing during the winter to give the game a trial. Any old player would, I am sure, be only too ready

ANDERSON CHECKING A PASS FROM NOTON.

to lend his crosse and give advice, and, once played, the game will be found to possess a fascination all its own. From a spectator's point of view many may argue that there is not a great deal in the game, but this really is due to the fact that it is played in the winter. Who would watch a game of cricket, for instance, for the whole of a bleak winter afternoon? Once a man takes to Lacrosse as a means of filling in his Saturday afternoons, he will soon become attached to the pastime, and from "face off" till "time" will follow it with the utmost attention. Once this fact is thoroughly digested, the ranks of the followers of the Indian game will be greatly increased, and the New Zealand Lacrosse Association be found holding its own against other colonies in many a hard fought struggle, not only in the Land of the Moa and the Maori, but also on the playing fields of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE FIRST LACROSSE TEAMS WHICH PLAYED IN AUCKLAND.

Another Princess of Thule.

By W. Sherriff Bain.

Illustrated by W. A. Bowring.

VERY little, and very stately; with golden-white hair that had once been red; and with eagle glance unquelled by eighty-one years of chance and change.

"You are Scotch?" she interrogated, on my being presented to her.

"I have that pleasure," said I.

"Pleasure! These others know nothing about it! Scotch! It's glorious to be Scotch! Would I like to go back? Yes. And no! What have I to go back to? My grandfather owned all Orna and my father lost it. Oh, but I used to fly about on my pony! The country side knew me—Isabel Gordon. Those were the days!"

Then, with old-world courtesy, she turned to speak with her other visitors, while her middle-aged daughter, dark and thoughtful-browed, entertained me with reminiscences of early New Zealand. She was a clever narrator and had good stuff to tell; but I was the thrall of Mrs. Fotheringham; and heard her detonating speeches all through Miss Jean's discourse.

In her black moire and fairy-fine white lace and cap she stood as lithe and blithe as many a girl of eighteen.

"Good-bye! I am pleased to have seen you."

Then some sudden remembrance cast its shadow on the fiery little soul. (How many good-byes had she uttered, had she heard? Or perhaps adown the years swept one only —only one *Good-bye!*) She quickly drew her handkerchief across her eyes; but gave me her delicate, venerable hand directly afterwards, with bright unconquerable smile to treasure evermore.

Then in that backward vista I beheld her, a dainty despot, careering on Black Struan,—the welcome visitant of every household within ten miles of Castle Dun-orna. How capricious were her favors! how leal her heart! For it was no slight thing that the Highland maid of sixteen fared forth to Indian jungles, even though her aunt went too.

CAREERING ON BLACK STRUAN.

Lord Lennox greeted them with pride, and gallant Major Fotheringham with adoration. Ay, she had stirring times then!

But the rolling years stole the sons that were born to her, and maybe they stole

something even dearer. Anyhow, she pined for the heather braes, and the doctor sent her back to them lest she should see them no more. They gave her new life and they enchained her with the fascinations of centuries. The little mountain bird would not, could not return to the tropics; even when her husband retired from the army, and took his daughters to the lovely nook he discovered in New Zealand, she lingered;—then she suddenly learned that every turf had been alienated long ago by her wild dead father, and she winged away to far Akaroa.

She found a beautiful romantic home; she found her three girls tall and blooming; she found her soldier-husband handsomer than ever; she found a lady—with lineage lofty as her own—pale, gentle, and very sad.

Then were cyclones, and then the strangest calm.

Day by day the pale lady faded and drooped, the man's hair whitened, and the Highland chieftainess thought many thoughts.

Ere long, in the hush of a little chamber, one woman awaited the signet of everlasting peace; while the other tended her, holding the wasted fingers, listening to the murmured breathing:

"My relations were all dead, I had not a friend in New Zealand. The little girls became fond of me, and were so easily taught; and he—he was grateful and kind always. For a long time I thought he was a widower; but one day—I had just been thrown from horseback—he told me, and we could not part; but I am glad to be dying. Ah! God knows it all, and now you know!"

The older woman broke down.

"Mabel," she said, "I should be glad to die instead of you!"

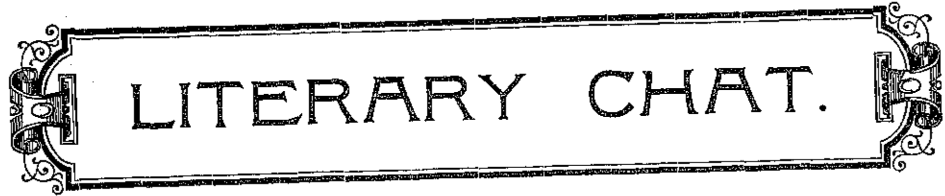
And they kissed each other.

Every morning a bending figure walked to the grave in the valley, to spend hours on the bench he had constructed by its side; every morning for months. Then the bench was taken away that he might lie below, even as his testament ordained,

EVERY MORNING FOR MONTHS.

Flowers were planted there—and there.

But life has to be faced by those who live, and better chances offered in Christchurch for the benefit of the girls. So they removed, to struggle valiantly, and to find that the battle is long and hard to womankind. They struggle still, valiant as ever; each daughter in her own sphere; each enshrining the little mother as another Princess of Thule.



LITERARY CHAT.

By Danvers Hamber.

Messrs. Wildman and Lyell, of Auckland, have sent me Mr. Henry Lawson's latest collection of short stories. The volume is entitled *On the Track*, and forms one of the Commonwealth Series published by Messrs. Angus and Robertson, of Sydney. The author of *While the Billy Boils* has gathered together in this unpretentious-looking booklet some stories which have previously appeared in colonial journals, and has added some fresh yarns. The mixture of old and new forms a delightful whole, for Mr. Lawson writes so naturally and so simply, yet always with such telling effect, that one experiences a sort of exhilaration after reading one or two of his stories. Humour and pathos Mr. Lawson uses with a master hand, and now and then he writes with such a breezy, out-of-door tone that one feels transported hundreds of miles away from the confines of a city. "Mitchell," who discourses on Women and on Matrimony, is a very amusing fellow, with a heap of good sound common sense running through his conversation, and in "A Vision of Sandy Blight" there is a blend of the pathetic and the humorous which is truly artistic. There are two or three tales of New Zealand, and these are quite as attractive as the others. Mr. Lawson, who is evidently as much a student of mankind as he is a lover of Nature, must be congratulated heartily, for *On the Track* is a bright and welcome addition to colonial literature. I heard some little time back that Mr. Lawson intended travelling to England, in order to offer his wares in the Mecca of all writers. With the growing demand for short stories descriptive of colonial life, he should have little difficulty in attaining that success to which his merit justly entitles him. Those who enjoyed the terseness, the vigour and the truthfulness of the stories in *While the Billy Boils*, will find the same delight in reading *On the Track*.

Ouida's latest story, *The Waters of Edera*, differs essentially from most of her works. It is very slight in plot, and has virtually nothing of that human passion which has marked so many of the talented writer's novels. Italian customs and manners, local government and politics, and a peasantry ruled over by a tyrannical authority, are written of with the author's well-known power of description. The life and the country are admirably depicted, and the characters are drawn with the artistic skill which has ever been a prominent feature of Ouida's work. *The Waters of Edera* is not so brilliant or so striking as *The Massarenes*—the author's 1897 triumph—but it possesses a great charm, for it is thoughtfully written and it is full of observation. Considering that Ouida's first work, *Held in Bondage*, was published in 1863, and that since then she has written thirty-nine books, her vigour and imagination must be considered wonderful. Her latest novel is published by T. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster Square.

Some friends of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton are desirous that her memory should be kept

green in her native place, Keswick, Cumberland, and with that object in view they propose to present a portrait of the novelist, painted in oils by the Hon. John Collier, to the Keswick Museum. Mrs. Lynn Linton was born at Malvern, and Mr. G. S. Layard, of Lorraine Cottage, Great Malvern, is engaged in writing a life of the deceased writer. I mention Mr. Layard's address because he has consented to receive and acknowledge subscriptions to the memorial fund, and I thought that perhaps there might be some New Zealanders who would wish to contribute to the proposed memorial.

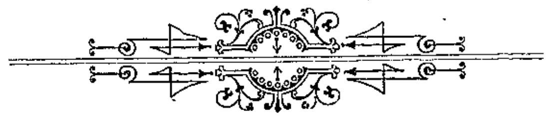
MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, better known as "Mark Twain," was a witness last month before the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the Literary and Artistic Copyrights Bill. In his evidence the famous humourist gave his opinion on the copyright laws of England and America. He said they were nearly all right, but there was an amendment, trivial from a commercial point of view, but gigantic in other respects, necessary to make them perfect, namely, that instead of forty-two years' copyright, there should be perpetual copyright vested in the author and the artist.

ALREADY is the history of the Boer War being published! And the first part of Messrs Methuen's *The History of the Boer War* has reached us through Messrs Wildman and Lyell, of Auckland. This foremost military history of the present campaign in South Africa is being issued in fortnightly parts. It is well illustrated—judging from the first part—by portraits, maps, sketches and plans. The text is founded on official reports and despatches, private letters, and letters from the war correspondents of the first rank, and then also, the best foreign criticisms, especially those emanating from German authorities, have been made use of. Undoubtedly this promises to be a bright and useful work. It is well printed, large readable type and good paper are used, and evident pains have been taken with the reproductions. Each part will consist of forty pages crown quarto size. If every succeeding number is up to the standard of the first, the publishers will have to be sincerely congratulated, for the work bids fair to be a highly interesting narrative of England's latest great war—the first in which the Empire generally has had a hand. The matter in the first part is excellent. The Boer forces and armaments are dealt with, and we are taken as far as the Battle of Talana Hill and the retreat of Colonel Yule. This is a work that should be widely known and owned. The young New Zealander should make a point of getting every number, for he will learn many things from a study of this history of the war which has welded together in a few months such an Empire that a century of peace could not have made so single-minded. I must draw attention to the fact that each part is published at one shilling. That may sound rather like—commerce, but I know the young New Zealander to be practical, inasmuch as he likes to know the cost of things, and when he learns that he can so cheaply obtain a splendid history of the war wherein his own flesh and blood have taken such a gallant part, I am sure he will lose no time in procuring a work that is bound to be a valuable addition to military literature.

THERE are 'Varsity lecturers *and* 'Varsity lecturers. The late Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, whose biography, written by his son, Arthur Milman, LL.D., has lately been published by John Murray, found that out as soon as he became an undergraduate of Brasenose. Writing from Oxford to his sister he says:—"What I am to learn here puzzles me at present, for of our three tutors one *can* lecture and does not, another *cannot* and always does, and the third neither can nor does!" At any rate Milman became a poet and a fine prose writer. He won the Newdigate prize with an ode to Apollo described by Christopher North as "splendid,

beautiful, majestic." His religious dramas. "*The Fall of Jerusalem*" and "*The Martyr of Antioch*," contain many beautiful lyrics and hymns, and his historical tragedy, "Anna Boleyn," aroused the intense enthusiasm of clever men of his day. Perhaps his greatest work in prose was "*The History of Latin Christianity*." He was picturesque in his writings, he read and preached enchantingly, and as a valuable adjunct to his great talents he had what Bacon said was the "letter of recommendation," handsome and impressive face and figure.

MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL may certainly say that success is a charm. We all have a liking for the dashing, impetuous and clever son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. As correspondent for the London *Morning Post* during the Boer War he has earned golden opinions for his pluck and endurance as well as for his vivid, terse, and accurate unpainted pictures of the scenes he has looked upon. In *Savrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania*, a volume in Longman's Colonial Library, which has come to me from Messrs George Robertson and Company, of Melbourne and Sydney, the author is quite in his element. He writes well of land fights and battles on the sea. He has a vivid imagination, and he excels in telling of deeds of war. He has a great command of vigorous language and a pungent tongue withal. *Savrola* is essentially a book of battles, and the best of it is to be found in the fighting pages. Mr Churchill has a pretty taste too, he makes dramatic scenes for his heroine and hero with great skill, and he has the ability to write smart dialogue. *Savrola* is certainly a book to read and to be enjoyed, but a perusal of it makes one wonder whether it would ever have been written had Anthony Hope never produced "*The Prisoner of Zenda*" and "*Phroso*."



Progress of the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association.

BY THE REGISTRAR.

THIS Association has entered on the second year of its existence. Although its headquarters are in Auckland, it has on its roll of membership men and women of literary tastes in all parts of New Zealand. In Auckland pleasant literary evenings are held throughout the winter months, when members meet and read and discuss papers on subjects of interest, which include the various phases of Maori and Pioneer History. It was anticipated that members in other centres would form branches, and hold similar gatherings, and no doubt this will shortly be done. It only requires a few energetic members to put their shoulders to the wheel, as they did in the

Northern City, and the thing would be done. Those desirous of bringing about this desirable consummation can, by applying to me, receive any information they require, as well as a supply of circulars. These meetings, although by no means the primary object of the Association, assist materially in popularising it by bringing together people of similar tastes and affinities.

In my report at the Annual Meeting held lately, it was my pleasant duty to refer to the good work done by the Criticising Committee in giving advice and criticism to young writers. It has been asserted that the Association may do harm by inducing young people to write who might be occupying their time much more remuneratively in other pursuits. This the Association distinctly does not do. The advice tendered to young writers has, in no case, been such as would induce them to give up remunerative occupations, and take to their pens for a livelihood. It has rather tended to prevent literary aspirants from sending crude unpolished work to publishers,and thus insuring for themselves certain disappointment if not published, or the lively shame and after annoyance of seeing their prematurely-born prodigies in unsold piles of print, to say nothing of pecuniary loss, if they have elected to publish at their own expense. It would be hard indeed if every one was to be debarred from the chance of receiving valuable assistance and advice in a pursuit which, when used as a pastime, gives much pleasure if not overmuch pecuniary profit, for fear the few might use it detrimentally.

The Association commences its second year with a small balance on the right side of the ledger, and with the assistance and co-operation of its members, hopes to do good work in the future. The past year's expenditure necessarily went, in a great measure, towards making the Association known, and getting a membership together fairly representative of the best literary men and women in New Zealand. The present year should show further developments, amongst which will be the establishment of a good literary agency in London to which the work of members, judged suitable for publication, can be sent with the certainty that it will, at all events, be offered to the most suitable publishers for its particular class, and if not approved of by one firm, be submitted to others without the vexatious delays and frequent losses of MSS entailed by private individuals sending them haphazard to any publisher they or their friends may happen to select. Mr. H. J. D. Mahon, the new President, in his opening remarks instanced another most important development when he enlarged on the benefits which should accrue from the historical aims of the Association during the present year. Many items of ancient Pioneer and Maori History bid fair to be forgotten and lost if allowed to remain any longer unrecorded, as the veterans who bore the brunt of the battle of early colonization, as well as the old chiefs and tohungas, are fast disappearing from amongst us. The Association has here a wide field for operation, and this year should show a good commencement in this direction. Members living at a distance can do good service by forwarding to the Association any items of old Maori history that they may possess, which have not previously been published. These will be read at the meetings of the Association, and carefully preserved for publication if deemed suitable by the Council.

The Historical Committee of the Association has already classified and compiled a list of works treating on Maori history, which will be useful for future reference.

At the Annual Meeting held recently the following ladies and gentlemen were elected to form the Council for the present year: President, Mr. H. J. D. Mahon, B.A.; Vice-Presidents, Rev. J. K. Davis, M.A., Very Rev. Dr. Egan, O.S.B., Messrs. F. G. Ewington, J. Hight, M.A., E. A. Mackechnie, F. Rollett, Mrs. Leo. Myers and Mrs. Boult; members, Rev. Gray Dixon, M.A., Messrs. C. H. Reid and M. H. Wynyard, Misses Chrystal and Moor; Registrar, Mr. Thos. Cottle; Auditor, Mr. Roland St. Clair, F.N.Z.A. and A.A.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM EUGENE OUTHWAITE,

B.A., OXON.

Amongst those who have lately passed from our midst into the larger society of the higher life, none perhaps will be more generally missed than the late Mr. W. E. Outhwaite (one of the first contributors to this Magazine). An Aucklander by birth and affection, Mr. W. E. Outhwaite, whose father was the first Registrar of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, received his early education in Paris, showing a bright aptitude for study, and carrying off the best prizes of his school. It was an anomolous position that of an English colonial boy at a French college, *L'Anglais* met with many an obstacle on the part of his fellow pupils, but having a good temper, as well as good fists, he soon became an established force.

While in Paris an immense review took place in honour of Russian potentates, Napoleon the third being still in his glory; some hundred thousand troops were on the *Champs de Mars*, of which fifty thousand were cavalry. To witness this the boy went with his family. In the surging throng of spectators he became separated from his party, and for an hour his parents' anxiety was great. It occurred to his father to whistle at intervals three notes, which formed their New Zealand bush call when in the wilds. Amidst the conflicting sounds the familar notes reached the lost boy's ears, and brought him back all jubilant, yet nothing daunted, to his friends.

Returning to New Zealand, after a holiday visit to England, with theatre-going and London sight-seeing, he became a pupil of the late R. J. O'Sullivan, Inspector of Schools, whose delight it was to make him sing, instead of recite, the songs of "The Tempest" and "Midsummer's Night's Dream." Subsequently, when at the Church of England Grammar School, he volunteered for active service during the last New Zealand War. Being barely fifteen, he was more than a year under the appointed age; however, as he was a big, well developed lad, he was accepted without question, and after considerable drilling and city duty, most of which was sentry work and night patrol in all weathers, he was marched with others to the "front," but did not get beyond Drury. Paternal proofs of his youth brought him back to his studies, and limited his soldiering spirit to sentry go, Governor's body-guard, or city patrol. It was time, for he suffered a prostrating attack, as did many a young fellow of his time, from exposure and fatigue.

An excellent marksman with a rifle, and an ardent sportsman, he usually spent his holidays with a chosen companion in boat or canoe, or roving the country with dog and gun, a favourite mare with pack saddle carrying tent and provisions. His first gun—a single barrel and muzzle loader, an old "Joe Manton," whose advent had been in the year one of the colony—never failed to bring down the gaudy pheasant, or wily duck, which in those days were far more plentiful than now. Then, too, a pig hunt was brave sport, or mulleting on some tidal

Yours faithfully,
W. E. Outhwaite

creek at night with a light, when hundreds of fish would jump into the canoe, frightened by the whacking of the paddles against its sides.

As a young cricketer, picked to play in the best matches, he carefully practised and cherished the noble game, and would carry home his bat only to take up his 'cello, his special instrument, for some rehearsal or concert. He never dropped anything he took up, an untiring perseverance enabling him to work out his plans. He worked with zealous interest for the choir of St. John's, Parnell, then a Franciscan church where the music was ambitiously rendered.

Shortly before leaving for Oxford University a friend, in fun, rode at him on horseback; he did not get out of the way, was knocked down, had his arm dislocated and hip slightly displaced—this was the primary cause of his after sufferings. Arriving in England with bright prospects and high hopes, he spent some time at the Oratory, Birmingham, receiving, then and after, many marks of interest and friendship from the late Cardinal Newman. After a few months with a "crack coach," he entered with zest upon his Varsity career—Lincoln College, being his Alma Mater, with Mark Patteson, its Rector; T. Fowler, Tutor, etc. Study and pleasure equalised time with the young freshman during his first terms, with success in exams. and sport, and brought him in contact with many eminent men of that day. "The Cannibal," so dubbed by his playful brother undergraduates, now enjoyed a happy period: rowing as one of his College eight, batting as one of its eleven, pulling ladies on the river in the "Hencoop," singing or playing in concert with the "Harmonomaniacs," or attending more formal gatherings at the Dean's. Now dodging proctors, or giving and accepting the inevitable "wines." Vacation trips took him to the lake counties, Scotland or Wales, or to a social time in London. Chess was another favourite pursuit, and he had the honour of being selected to play against Steinitz, who complimented him on his skill.

Then suffering came to mar all with lameness and cruel rheumatism. With struggling effort he took his degree, casting aside all higher aims. Three years were spent striving for health. Buxton, and other curative places were tried, followed by several operations performed by the then leading London specialist, to force muscular action in the hip joint, which resulted in complete stiffness. The medical men, marvelling at the courage, vitality, and constitution of their patient, suggested his return to his native country, while privately doubting his reaching it.

Determined, if possible, to accomplish his father's design, and get called to the English Bar, he had at intervals kept his terms and taken his dinners at the Inns of Courts. To an appeal made, stating his case, with medical and other certificates, asking the examiners to come to him, the Council of Lincoln's Inn, fearful of establishing a precedent, gave a refusal. Thereupon Mr. Outhwaite obtained an ambulance from one of the hospitals, and was conveyed to the Temple, and laid at the feet of the examiners, where he pluckily passed, and was called, as a barrister of the Inner Temple.

Abandoning all hope of taking up a position that awaited him with an old established London firm, he resolved to return to Auckland, he was put into a swing cot, on board ship, which he never left until put ashore on his native land. The sight of his home, the welcome of friends, and a year's trial of the hot baths of Waiwera, acted as restoratives. Next a journey was taken to Rotorua, when trains were not, and travelling was hard, even for the robust. A whare was built expressly on Rotoiti's shores, and a winter spent there, the Maoris taking endless interest in their afflicted *pakeha*. Later, on Te Aroha developing, Mr. Outhwaite found lodgings in a scarcely finished house, and took the baths for several months with splendid results, which enabled him to use crutches, and by degrees to dispense with his wheel-chair. Being thoroughly appreciative of the beneficial results of Te Aroha's waters, he made an after practice of spending at least a month there every year, and owed, in a

very large measure, the happy, active life he enjoyed for fourteen years to their curative powers. The sense of freedom, of being once more on his legs, impelled his ever busy mind to work, and induced him to pass as barrister and solicitor of the Courts of New Zealand, and to take an office. Though a born lawyer, he gave his attention as much to literature as to his profession; as a poet and ardent lover of art—the beautiful and good, the witty and piquante in women, the innocence of childhood—drew many a sonnet from his pen. The following may be given as an example of his work:

TO AUCKLAND.

Queen of the Ocean, Valley, Hill and Wold!
Thou sit'st enthroned, in Nature's garb arrayed.
A verdure-robed, clematis-girdled maid;
Thy bosom nursing blossom-gems, to braid
Bright tresses, spun from out the heart of gold
Thou bear'st within; the while thine eyes behold
An everlasting Spring in plain and glade,
Yielding health, plenty, peace, and joys untold!

Who once hath clasp'd thy gentle, loving hand.
May view the wonders of an older world;
May linger long in many a distant land:
But aye his spirit, wheresoe'er he roam,
Will restless burn to see those sails unfurl'd
That quick shall waft him back to Thee and Home.

Amongst his many contributions to journalism were the series of clever stage notes which appeared in *The New Zealand Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic Review* under his favourite *nom de plume* of "Orpheus." His charities were unknown, he possessed a cheerful faith and reliance on his religion, which he asserted alone stood on logical grounds. His favourite works, ever at his hand, were his Greek Testament and his Shakespeare. Heroic in his manliness and patience, he took all his trials as God-sent.

As a keen lover and patron of all sport, he extended a wide and popular influence; no more familar figure than that of Willie Outhwaite with his dog "Koko" was known on the cricket ground, while often to his room would throng young athletes for friendly chat or advice. Delighting in whist or billiards, ready always with guitar, song or story, his wonderful spirits, flow of language, and inexhaustible store of information, made him an ever agreeable companion.

From the sad accident which befel him fifteen months ago in Wellesley Street East, when he was run over by a recklessly-driven break, sustaining a broken leg and a severe shock to the system, he never really rallied, though after eleven months' suffering he resumed his visits to the Opera House, and endeavoured to take up his usual avocations, he was not the same man. His shattered constitution was unable to ward off an attack of bronchitis, and he died on the 10th of April, 1900.

ENGLAND.

The Times of a late date was deservedly severe on Sir Matthew White Ridley, the present Home Secretary, and his predecessor, Mr. Asquith, for declaring against extending the penalty of corporal punishment to brutal outrages against women and children, and thus practically causing the refusal of the second reading of Mr. Wharton's Bill to that effect. It is certainly one of the most odious of the glaring inconsistencies for which our English law is noted. The inference drawn from reading the article is that the reason robbery with violence was deemed more deserving of corporal punishment than the horrible outrages referred to, is that a Member of Parliament had suffered from the former crime. This certainly points to advantages to be gained by extending parliamentary representation to ladies. Reform is to be the watchword of the new century, and Sir Robert Reid, M.P., is to the fore with the new Reform Club recently formed, a sort of *omnium gatherum* of all Liberal organizations, for the purpose of "focussing all movements in the direction of peace, retrenchment, and reform," in their new chambers at St. Ermin's Mansions, Westminster. A notable ambition, truly, and one in which there will be ample scope for energetic action.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The most thrilling episode of the Transvaal War has undoubtedly been the sudden and satisfactory ending of the long-drawn-out suspense as to the ultimate fate of the beleagured Mafeking. The world rings with the gallant defence of its indomitable commander and the band of officers and men who proved themselves worthy of such a chief. For a time even Lord Roberts' strategy in planning the relief and timing it almost to an hour, and all else, was forgotten, and Colonel Baden Powell was the most worshipped man in all parts of the earth where the English tongue is spoken, or the brave English soldier revered and respected. While not desiring to abate one jot of the gallant Colonel's hero-worship, it is a little surprising that more mention has not been made of his right-hand man, Lord Edward Cecil. The conclusion of this war, which has been so pregnant with surprises, is now within easy distance, and Kruger's sole consolation will be that he has made the British soldier an adept at a new fashion of warfare, assisted to consolidate our empire, and arrived at the inevitable, principally at his own and his country's expense.

INDIA.

The Viceroy of India's telegraphic anticipations of the Budget Statement to the Secretary for India, gives for 1899-1900, after a famine expenditure of £2,055,000 a surplus of £2,553,000, It goes yet further, and prophecies for the succeeding year a surplus of £160,000 after allowing £3,335,000 for famine relief and £746,000 increase of mili-

tary estimates. One inexperienced in the subtleties of political finance might be led to wonder why the famine item in each case should not be increased at the expense of the surplus. But doubtless there is a reason.

The year 1900 is to see India's native army and volunteers armed with magazine rifles, military factories greatly improved, and facilities for the manufacture there of lyddite shells. Heavy batteries are to be replaced by howitzers. The native regiments of the Punjaub and Bengal are to receive an accession of 92 officers. Besides this, a general reorganization of all batteries is provided for, and experimenting with war balloons is to be a special feature of the programme. Trade in India is flourishing. The year 1898-99 was reported as being abnormal, but 1899-1900, notwithstanding many drawbacks, promises to be more abnormal still.

CANADA.

Increased prosperity has, according to the Canadian Minister of Finance, Mr. Fielding, been the result of the preferential tariff adopted in favour of Great Britain and other countries willing to give her the same advantage which the United Kingdom does. This tariff was arranged by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and came into force in 1898. Further concessions, which increased the reduction to 25 per cent., were allowed the succeeding year, and the result has warranted the announcement of still better terms for the future.

AUSTRALIA.

The Bubonic Plague shows signs of abatement, and the time when ports can again be proclaimed clean is fast approaching. The injury to trade has been more than counterbalanced by the lessons in cleanly living and proper sanitation for young colonial cities. These are lessons which, when required, are cheap at any price, but at the same time it is a pity that the common sense of civic councillors has not prevented the need of purchasing what should have been intuitive.

FRANCE.

There would appear to have been a divided feeling amongst French discontents with regard to a supposed approaching war with England. The more timorous and less jingoistic part of the population have been oppressed with the fear that England, after sharpening her nails on the Boers, and kindly allowing her ancient foes to finish their Exhibition festivities in peace, would swoop down and annihilate France. On the other hand, the other section of the discontents will not be satisfied unless France, with the facility pointed out by Stead, marches a victorious army into London, and dictates what terms she pleases to the astonished and utterly demoralised Islanders. A much more probable result than either of the above will be the discomfiture of this versatile nation by internal warfare.

ALASKA.

The next great mining boom, if report speaks true, is likely to be at Cape Nome, on the shores of Alaska. The usual fairy stories told about new rushes sink into the shade before the auriferous assertions regarding this golden shore. After you get there it is essentially a poor man's field, scooping up the sand in buckets between high and low tide, and washing it, is spoken of as the system of working. Thousands upon thousands are waiting to set out for this promised land as soon as the thaw sets in, until then, at all events, it is a frost, whatever it may result in afterwards.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

Photographic Competitions.

The Publishers of THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE have much pleasure in announcing that the Photographic Competition, which has been already referred to, is now open, and will close on June 30th, 1900. A prize of Two Pounds is offered for the best set of Six Photos of New Zealand Bush, Coastal, Lake, Mountain or River Scenery. A prize of One Pound for the best set of Three Types of New Zealand Beauties. A prize of One Pound for the best set of Three Photos of incidents connected with our New Zealand Troops preparing for, or leaving for service in South Africa.

Negatives must be the *bona fide* work of competitors, and the Photographs must not have been previously published.

Competitors may send in as many sets of photos as they please.

The title and name and address of competitor must be written on the foot of the back of the print.

Photographs should be addressed—"Photographic Competition, NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Auckland."

A stamped envelope must be sent when the return of unsuccessful contributions is required.

The right of reproduction of successful photographs is reserved, and competitors are requested to state the price required for the reproduction of unsuccessful contributions.

The decision of the Editor, which will be final and without appeal, will be announced in the August issue of the MAGAZINE.

———o———

Articles on the following subjects will shortly appear:—

THE NEW ZEALANDER OF THE FUTURE.—By H. O. Craddock, M.A.
GRAPHOLOGY—HOW I TELL CHARACTER BY HANDWRITING.—By H. I. Westmacott.
A VISIT TO THE CRATER LAKE—RUAPEHU.—By H. J. Babbage.
THE INVASION OF WELLINGTON BY THE NGAPUHI LEAGUE IN 1817.—By Elsdon Best.
AMONG THE MATABELE.—By Rev. Curzon-Siggers.
THE CANTERBURY PLAINS.—By F. Carr.
ETC., ETC.

Also Stories by the following Authors:—

"HIS UNLUCKY STAR."—By C. A. Wilkins.
"MY CHRISTMAS DINNER."—By Grace E. Grey.
"A HEROINE IN A SMALL WAY."—By Rev. C. Cargill.
"THE LAST OF THE NGATIAHUTUS."—By Roderick Macdonald.
ETC., ETC.

Contributors should be careful to inscribe their names to all Articles or Stories sent in. Owing to an omission in this respect a mistake occurred in our April number. Mr. P. E. Cheal, was the contributor of the Article entitled "Why is Federation Undesirable?" and not the gentleman whose name appeared at the foot of it.

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