

must act decisively. The next instant both men were locked in a tight embrace. They wrestled and straggled furiously, each to gain the mastery. Down on the ground they rolled, first one on top and then the other, but at length the old warrior's strength gave out, and Te Repa placed his knee unchecked upon his opponent's chest. Stretching forth his hand, the young warrior grasped his enemy's tomahawk, and with a yell of triumph raised it aloft to deal the avenging blow. But Kearoa, sick with terror at the sight, hid her face in her hands and screamed aloud.

"Nay, nay, Te Repa, thou must not kill him," she pleaded. "He is my father, and my heart bleeds for him."

"My father's death must be avenged, Kearoa," cried the young chief, hoarse with anger, "else his spirit will deride me for ever."

"But he is my father," she persisted. "Spare him, O my love, and the gods will reward thee! I will be thy slave and love thee for ever. My love will drive away thy hate."

The tomahawk was suspended in the air a few moments as the victor paused and considered. Then Te Repa withdrew his knee from the breast of the fallen chief.

"So be it, Kearoa," he answered quietly; "but my father's spirit will never forgive me. Its anger will be swift and sure."

Again they fled, leaving Nene-Hapi lying exhausted with the exertions of his bloodless battle with Te Repa. On, on they hurried until at last they came within sight of the entrance to the recess in the mountain wherein Te Repa had promised her safety from all harm. With a yell of defiance Te Repa turned and waved the tomahawk aloft towards the pursuers, but with dismay he beheld close upon them a dozen warriors, among them Kearoa's rejected lover, the hated Hoturoa.

"Kearoa, we are lost!" he gasped, and as he spoke his face lost its colour. "It is the anger of the gods. I should have avenged my father's murder. But let not Te Repa quail in the hour of his doom. Be it not said that the last of the Ngatiahutus proved unworthy of the great *hapu* from which he sprang. Farewell, sweet one! may our souls reach their great destination beyond the Reinga!"

As he spoke a little green lizard scampered hurriedly over his feet, and in spite of his courage Te Repa's cheek turned pale once more, and his lip trembled. Well he remembered that the lizard's appearance was the symbol of his death!

The fight was long and stubborn. A blow at once disposed of Hoturoa, who had ventured in too closely. But it was evident that Te Repa was doomed, for in spite of his great courage and the skill with which he wielded his weapons, the enemy were too numerous to cope successfully with single-handed.

Headless of the excited requests of her lover to hide herself behind some tree, Kearoa stood tremblingly behind him, resolved to share death with him. The decisive point in the battle came when a spear, hurled with great force at Te Ropa, who nimbly dodged it, struck Kearoa in the breast. With a loud cry she fell at Te Repa's feet. Then did the Ngatiahutu's skill and cunning forsake him. With a yell he rushed headlong among his foes, fighting desperately, until a blow from behind stretched him lifeless.

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And so died Waimui Te Repa, the young fighting warrior. They buried him and Kearoa where they both fell, and over the former's grave the rough savages paid their tribute of respect to a brave man by implanting a slab at his head with the following inscription in Maori:—

"The Last of the Ngatiahutus."