

but its dead mother could not be content; she called, and the *tamaiti* stretched out his arms and left me with a smile upon his baby lips. Then a blighting sickness seized the *rangatira*. His huge frame wasted to a skeleton, and soon he went to join his ancestors.

So unusual were our misfortunes that our friends in distant *kaingas* heard of them, and to show their sympathy, and the strength of their affection, deprived us of

all we possessed and burned our beloved *pa*. It was to be expected. What else could they do? Yet it left our tribe broken and homeless; a feeble fragment upon the face of the earth.

What will you, friends? Such is the power of the gods—and the forces of evil triumph. Cursed be the head of Kitengaro, forever, and forever.

Heoi ano! Kamutu! I sleep the sleep of the weary.



On the Castlereagh.

“Gad! boys, it’s hard to be lying here,
A useless cripple, whose days are done,
Hearing the ring of the cowhide lash
As the passing mobs thro’ the brushwood
crash,
And the sound of some squatter’s gun.

“No more will I hold the bridle rein,
Or the hills resound with my stockwhip’s
crack.
You’ll think of me, when you want a song,
Buried beneath a kurrajong,
’Way back on the Six-Mile Track.

“There’s a girl down there at the Stock-
man’s Rest,
A don on a horse, you should see her ride—
Give her the colt, and don’t forget,
Tell her to keep him, and not to fret,
When I’m o’er the Great Divide.

“As for the brumby that’s done for me—
I’d like to tackle her once again;
She’ll be a rare ’un that laid me low;
Don’t spoil her mouth, but take her
slow,
With a light hand on the rein.

“It seems as though I were on her now,
Scudding along for a farewell ride,
Over the hills of the Castlereagh,
Down the track of the Endless Way,
And into the Great Divide.

“Why, boys! don’t you hear the stock-
whip’s ring?
How dark it’s got, I can scarcely see,
They’re working late on the Castlereagh,
I’d clean forgot, it’s mustering day,
And they’re waiting there for me.”

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The boys still drive on the Castlereagh,
And oft’ when the nights are long,
And the dingoes howl in some roving pack,
They think of a grave by the Six-Mile Track,
’Neath the shade of a kurrajong.

CONSTANCE RAYMOND.