

MR. T. McMAHON, the young New Zealander who has just had a book, **MR. T. McMAHON.** entitled *Four Ounces to the Dish*, dealing with life and adventure in

but has apparently made good use of them. It is from men of McMahan's stamp that one can reasonably expect vigorous and accurate depictions of this fascinating side of life. A synopsis of this work appears in Alien's letter, "By the Frisco," on another page.



Kinsey,

MR. T. McMAHON.

Wellington.

New Zealand, accepted in England, is a man who has had good reason to know what he is writing about. In this respect he has an immeasurable advantage over the globe-trotter who, when he has been three days in a country, knows all about it, and when he has been a week, sets to work to write a book about it. McMahon began life by watching his father's copper plate to keep the stones from blocking it in a lonely gully in the golden West Coast. There he started his first childish dream scribbblings, and received as reward stern parental reproof for neglect of duty. He not only saw life in all its varied aspects in mining camps when the gold fever was at white heat, but lived it; when shafts went down and shanties went up like magic; when Burgess, Kelly and Levy, the famous bushrangers, took a hand, and stirring adventure of every description was the dominant feature of the giddy whirl through which men passed. Since then Mr. McMahon has had a chequered career in the East, during which he has not only had the best of opportunities for collecting "copy,"

THE Rev. F. A. Bennett is the only Church of England clergyman employed by the Maori Mission in his thickly populated Maori district reaching from Whitecliffs to Waitotara and a considerable distance inland. A more earnest and indefatigable worker, or one better calculated to place the benefits of Christianity before his people, or to reach the heart of the pakeha by his eloquent and pathetic sermons, imploring them to send more labourers into the field than this young priest, who springs from both races, it would not be easy to find. From his dusky ancestors he inherits the simple but most impressive oratory,



REV. F. A. BENNETT.

which enables him to step into the pulpit of a crowded city church, and tell with pathetic force and powerfully painted word pictures