MILFORD SOUND.

Edwards Studio, Auckland.

The Canterbury Exhibition.

By G. E. Alderton.

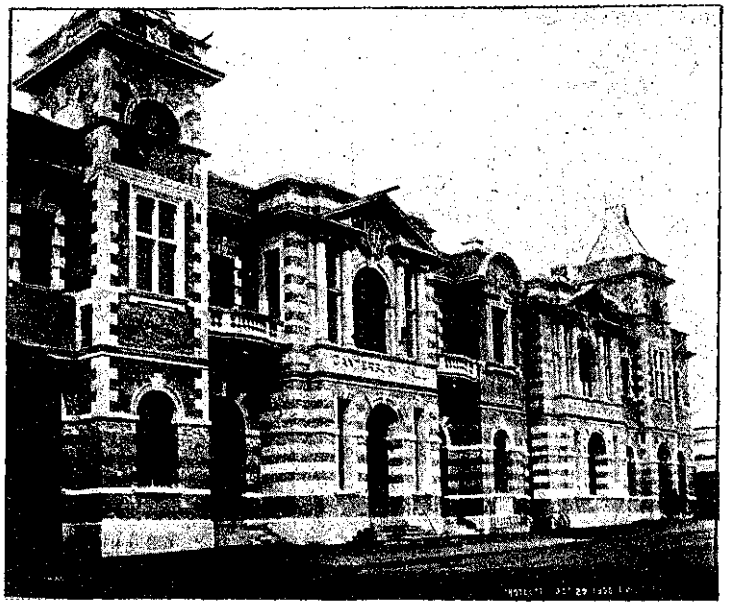
Photographs by E. Wheeler and Son.

GIVEN to the most world-travelled tourist, Christchurch, the Cathedral City of the Plains, must prove singularly attractive, for in its old-fashioned ivy-clad stone buildings, scholastic and ecclesiastical, there is the suggestion of age, while in its modern and up-to-date retail shops, admittedly the best in the colony, is seen the busy, bustling city —a prodigy of just fifty years' growth. There is evidence on every hand of great skill, foresight, and taste having been exercised both in the laying off and the building up of this beautiful town — a replica of English style and solidity. The city footpaths, though narrow, are shaded by curved glass-roofed verandahs, artistic and uniform, the neatest and best in the colonies. Down every street channel runs artesian water, the side walks in many cases are shaded by trees, while here and there noble avenues, formed by the arching trees, afford the citizens exquisitely beautiful and cool retreats. The Avon River, meandering for miles through city and park, is fringed with oaks and elms and drooping willows, whose leafy canes lazily strike the slowly moving current. Innumerable iron bridges, symmetrically ornamental, span the river— a charming stream bordered with well-kept lawns and plots of pretty flowers, chiefly bulbs, which grow so well here. It is a truly model city, and abounds in evidences of the wisdom and enterprize displayed by the past and present city authorities.

OPENING OF CANTERBURY EXHIBITION.

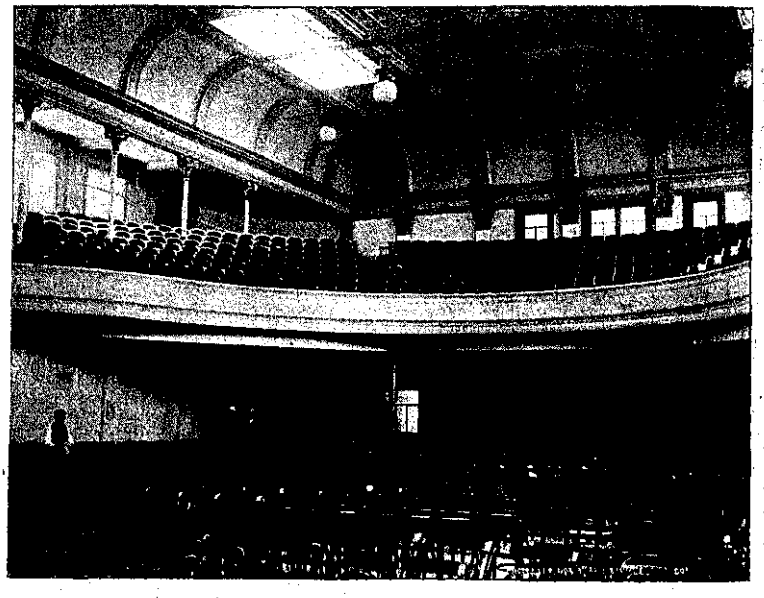
Level as a billiard table, Christchurch is the ideal home of the cyclist, and here some 8,000 use the bike, to the detriment of the tram lines and the restaurants, as cyclists use neither. Cycling, on the other hand,

by eliminating distances has caused the town to expand so much that nearly fifty miles of gas mains are required to light its many streets, and it can claim to be the best illuminated town in New Zealand, as easily as it can claim to have the fastest cab horses in the colony.

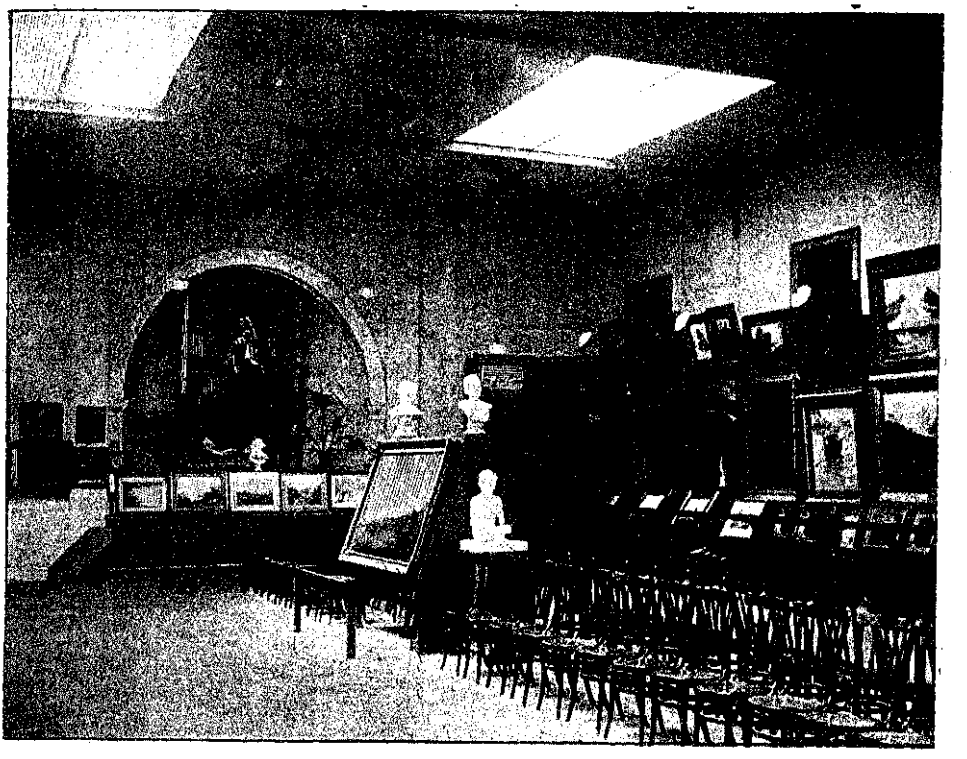


THE AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL HALL, CHRISTCHURCH.

Fifty years ago, when the first four ships arrived (the "Charlotte Jane," "Sir George Seymour," and "Randolph" on December 16th, 1850, and the "Cressy" a few days after), where Christchurch now stands, was a swamp, and to-day a great Exhibition is being held to commemorate the jubilee. When one ponders to think over these things—that fifty years ago this land was practically uninhabited, and now we have these beautiful cities, equipped with all the most up-to-date conveniences which genius and invention can suggest, that to carry our produce to other markets of the world, we have fleets of the finest and largest steamers afloat—it seems like a romance from the *Arabian Nights*. Yet here is the reality, and Christchurch is proudly celebrating its jubilee—the fiftieth year of its existence. The marvellous progress made by Canterbury in that time is shown by the exports and imports, namely, for 1900:—Imports, £1,776,331; exports, £3,736,458, leaving a balance of trade in favour of Canterbury of £1,960,127. Obviously on these figures the community must be very rich, and in no part of the colony are public functions undertaken with greater zest and enterprise than in



INTERIOR OF CONCERT ROOM, SHOWING DRESS CIRCLE.

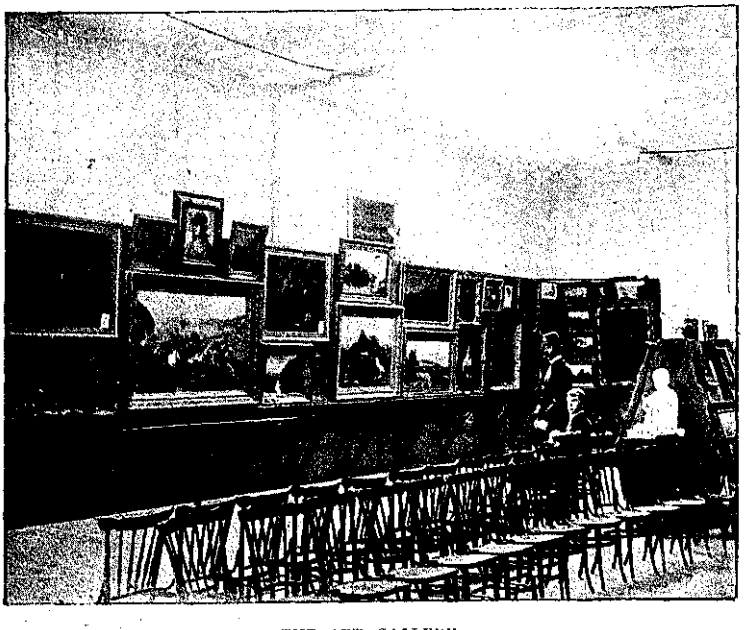


THE ART GALLERY.

CIDER EXHIBIT AND SOAP PALACE.

Christchurch, whose citizens are nevertheless the least demonstrative. They do not enthuse or show any outward manifestation and excitement. They are English, these people who live under the shadow of the Cathedral; very quiet in their semi-ecclesiastical environment, but they are very thorough all the same No better example of this quality need be quoted than the magnificent building, now being used for the Canterbury Exhibition, which they have erected to stand as an enduring memorial of their jubilee. The building and land cost £25,000. In this respect Canterbury has set a bright example to the other centres. One invariably regrets seeing so much labour expended in the erection of extensive buildings which are ephemeral, doomed to destruction after they have served, practically, a very fleeting purpose. The Exhibition itself is very similar to the one lately held in Auckland, the iron annexes ventilated and glazed with calico are the same. There are no grounds attached to this Exhibition, and consequently no side-shows, neither is there any machinery court worth the name. On the other hand, the exhibits are a complete surprise to most people as demonstrating the variety and quality of goods manufactured in the colony. Naturally in this province of the golden fleece, wool and mutton, in one form and another, are most conspicuous in the Exhibition. The magnificent exhibits of the Kaiapoi and Petone (Wellington) Woollen Mills are, together with that of the Christchurch Meat Company, the leading features of the Exhibition. The variety of splendidly-finished goods shown by these

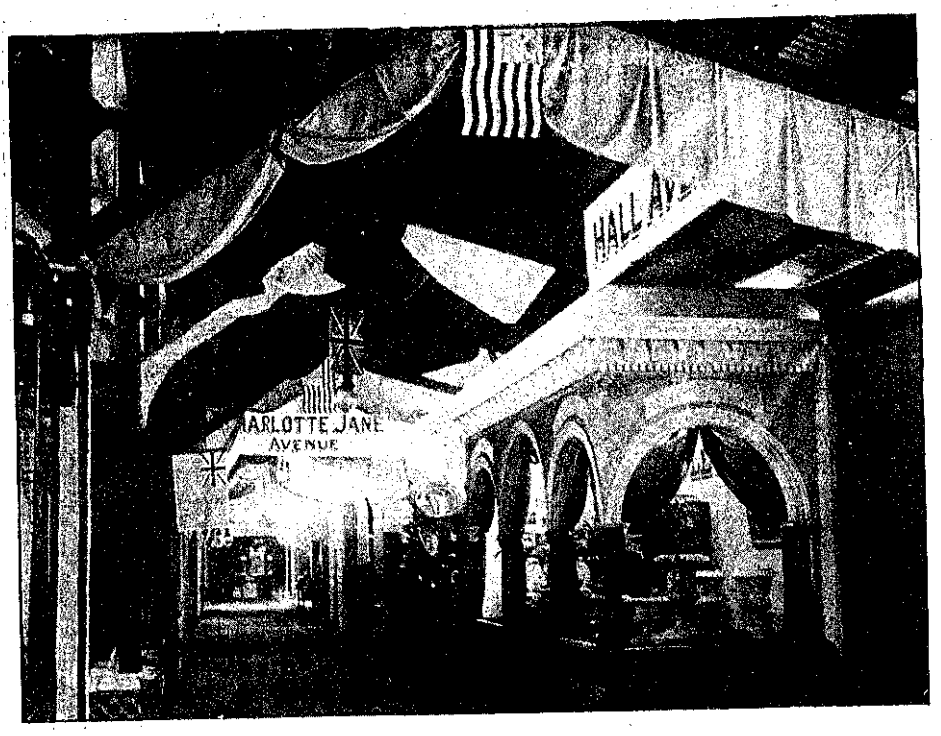
A FLORAL DISPLAY.



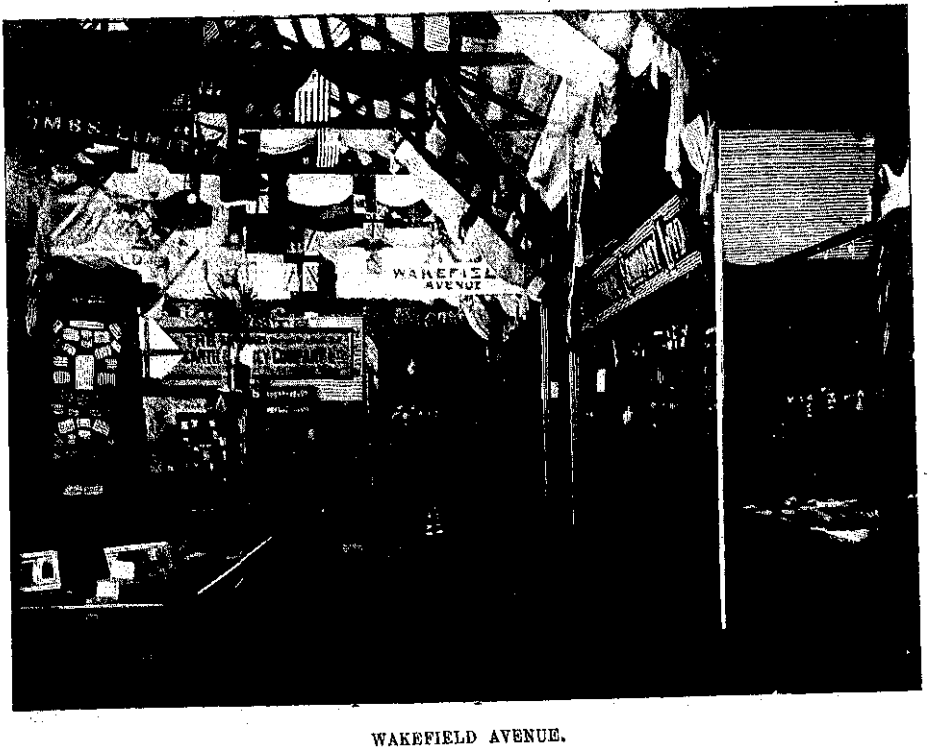
THE ART GALLERY.

SIR GEO. SEYMOUR AVENUE.

RANDOLPH AVENUE.



CHARLOTTE JANE AVENUE.



WAKEFIELD AVENUE.

model woollen mills speak alike for the quality of their machinery and the skill of their employees. The exhibits which attracted more attention even than the dainty tailor-made gowns and "dreams" of costumes were those of khaki soldiers on foot and horseback, attired in uniforms made of this serviceable material, which formed attractive and life-like pictures, and the khaki squad, with the Maxim gun, was as artistic an exhibit as would be found in any Exhibition in the world. The handsome furniture exhibits of Strange and Co., and Ballantyne and Co., with their suites of

FITZGERALD AVENUE.

rooms furnished in the most elaborate and up-to-date style, deserve also special mention as splendid examples of what can be done with New Zealand woods. It is not, however, the intention in this article to go through the catalogue of exhibits, but rather to consider what can be learnt by our periodical exhibitions. Much, doubtless, in that they serve the purpose most effectually and attractively of "reporting progress." In a new country this is manifestly of even higher importance than in older established communities. They enable us to see at a glance what point in the race of nation making we have reached, and to detect wherein there is room for improvement. They spur us on to fresh exertions and larger ambitions. They are of incalculable advantage as an educational medium to our young people.

In no branch has our colony made more noticeable progress than in both the quantity and the quality of its manufactured goods. But a very few years ago, "made in the colonies" was practically a term of reproach, and astute manufacturers here, confident of the quality of their productions, and recognising the necessity of pandering to the prejudices of the public, were compelled to resort to the expedient of labelling their goods as coming from England. It was surprising what satisfaction they gave under that guise, and how infinitely purchasers declared they excelled the "rubbish made in the colony!" But such expedients are becoming every day less necessary, and to judge by the quality of the manufactured goods exhibited at the Christchurch Jubilee Exhibition the day is not far distant when this colony will take a high place amongst the manufacturing communities of the world.

The Jubilee—Canterbury, 1900.

DEDICATED TO THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

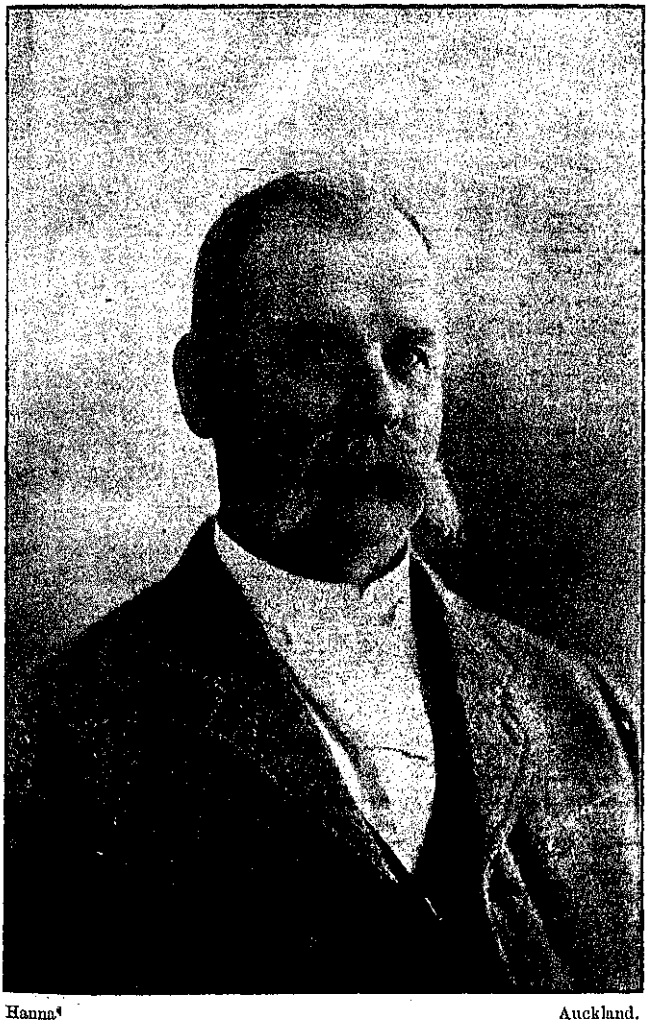
THE long white cloud lay stretched afar, the Southern Cross o'erhead
On swamp and lake and mountain peak its dusky radiance shed.
From northern lands across the seas men's eyes with longing turned:
For God's own gifts of space and light with freedom's air they yearned.
And so a goodly band set sail, in hope and faith they came,
And little dreamed they that their names would form a roll of fame
For future years to con with pride in those whose courage high
Led them to choose a life unknown beneath a distant sky.
In vessels four those pilgrims came, and we, their kin and kith,
Find Randolph, Cressy, Charlotte Jane, are names to conjure with.
The first four ships! Historic four! The phrases stir the blood,
And thoughts turn round to those who risked their lives in snow and flood.
Who drained the swamps, who cut the tracks, through forests dense and dark,
And for the people yet unborn planned gardens, squares and Park.
Where toi waved, and flax sticks flowered, now stands a city fair,
With stately fane, and glittering cross uplifted high in air.
Now fifty years of growth have passed, and from the loom and mill
An Exhibition gathers proofs of industry and skill;
And station, farm, and mining camp send products of our soil.
The arts and sciences clasp hands o'er fruits of honest toil.
And thus our jubilee has dawned, but ah! how few to greet
The old-time friends, the city halls, the busy crowded street.
Their last deep river forded, they've safely crossed ashore,
But Canterbury's Pilgrims live till Time shall be no more!

MARIAN BRIDGE.

In the Public Eye.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. E. GUDGEON, the British Resident of the Cook Islands, landed in Taranaki in December, 1849. In 1864 he joined the ranks of the Forest Rangers at Wanganui. It will be remembered that this corps was first instituted by the gallant Von Tempsky, when he selected the boldest spirits and the smartest bushmen obtainable for the perilous duty of ousting the rebel Maoris from their strongly-fortified *pas* in the heart of the forest. After four years of service young Gudgeon rose from the ranks, and was appointed captain. It was with the Native Contingent that he saw most service, taking part in various encounters in different parts of the country against those bloodthirsty rebels, Kereopa, Titokowaru, Te Kooti, and many others of similar unenviable reputation. In 1878 he was appointed Resident Magistrate of Waiapu and Wairoa, but took up arms again with the A.C. Force at the time of the Parihaka disturbance, and remained in charge of the district of Manaia until 1885. The appointments of Major of Permanent Artillery at Wellington, temporary Under Secretary of Defence and Commissioner of Police, and Judge of Native Lands Court followed in due course, and the duties of these various arduous positions were so faithfully and thoroughly discharged, that he was recognised as being the most fitting man for his present position, which was awarded him in August, 1898. Col. Gudgeon has proved on many occasions that he can wield his pen as readily and forcibly as his sword. He has promised to become a contributor to this Magazine on his return to the Islands, and it goes without saying that articles from a man of his experience and attainments will be eagerly welcomed by our readers.

LT.-COL. GUDGEON. BRITISH RESIDENT, COOK ISLANDS.



Hannah Auckland.

LT.-COL. GUDGEON.

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON CLARKE, B.D.

THE following extract from a letter of condolence received by a relative of the late Edward Bloomfield Clarke, Archdeacon of Waimate North, and signed by T. Hapimana, of Pirongia, with the words affixed, "This is from all us," is a faithful tribute to the life work of this gentle unassuming but forceful man:—

"Friends, these are words from the human heart caused by grief and heartfelt sorrow for our father, Mr. Clarke. . . But, father Archdeacon Clarke, go to your Father in Heaven; leave us, your children, to sorrow in spirit for you. Go! the Encourager of

Gregory, Auckland.

ARCHDEACON CLARKE.

the Maori Church. Go! the umbrageous rata tree. Go! the port to which the canoe is fastened. Go! Go! Go! We will follow after you. We shall not be able to find a man to fill your place. There is no one who can make himself like a Maori—live like a Maori, sit like a Maori, sleep like a Maori. You could do all these, prompted by your great love to those who live as Maoris. This enabled you to get to the bottom of things, and strengthened you in your endeavours to raise Maoridom. I could say much more, but let the memory remain in the heart." Archdeacon Clarke was born at Waimate North in 1831, shortly after the Maori Mission was started there. His father held the appointment of Chief Protector of Aborgines. Young Clarke commenced his education at the Mission School under the Rev. W. Williams, first bishop of Waiapu, continued it at St. John's College School, becoming assistant master there under the Rev. R. Burrows, and completed it at the Missionary College at Islington, and when his health caused him to leave, by tuition kindly given him by Bishop Perry, then in England. He was ordained a Deacon in 1856, and two years later a Priest, after which he returned to New Zealand. At Tauranga, his first station, he did good work, until the Maori war made him retreat to Turanga (Gisborne). The murder of Rev. Volkner and Kereopa's raids were the cause of his leaving there for his native place, Waimate, where he worked persistently for many years. In 1870 he was appointed Archdeacon of Waimate North, and he also had the general supervision of the Maori Church throughout the North. For the able assistance he rendered the bishop in organizing Native Church Boards the Archbishop of Canterbury conferred on him the well-merited degree of Bachelor of Divinity. Two most desirable objects, for which he specially strove, remain yet to be carried out—the increase of the Native Pastoral Fund and a school for Maori girls.

THE NEW ARCHDEACON OF WAIMATE.

THE recent appointment of the Rev. Philip Walsh to the Archdeaconry of Waimate North was a happy one, and in accordance with the fitness of things. He is a man of many parts, was born in County Tipperary, spent some of his early years in France, returned to Dublin, and shortly after joined a special settlement party organized by the late Rev. R. A. Hall, and sailed for the Bay of Islands. Arriving there in February, 1866, they set to work to subdue the wilderness at Whangae. It was here that he and his friend and associate, Mr. W. N. de L. Willis,

now Archdeacon of Waikato, were chiefly instrumental in the erection of the church, which bore the significant title of St. Patrick's in the Bush, in which the two young pioneer settlers often acted as lay readers. Their next step was to present themselves as candidates for ordination, and Mr. Walsh, being awarded a scholarship, spent two years and a-half at St. John's College under the Rev. Dr. Kinder. He became a deacon in December, 1874, and was sent to take charge of Waitara under Archdeacon Govett, of Taranaki, and was ordained priest two years later. His experiences as a bush settler gave him the resourcefulness and "grit" which puts an up-country clergyman into immediate touch with his people. The Church of St. John the Baptist, at Waitara, owes its site to his generosity, its designs to his artistic skill, and its erection to his energy in raising funds. A temporary charge of St. Mary's, Parnell, in 1882, and a short experience of the care of the sturdy miners at Coromandel was followed by a trip Home, and subsequent appointment to shepherd the flock in the Waimate-Kawakawa district, extending right across the Island from Keri Keri to Hokianga, thus affording scope for tireless energy. Archdeacon Walsh's special talent for organizing made him a useful Bishop's Chaplain and Diocesan Officer. The same talent, coupled with his concern for the social and intellectual welfare of his people, caused him to be an excellent president of local institutes, a popular captain of the Waitara Boating Club, and helped him to assist materially in the formation of the Bay of Islands Pastoral and Industrial Association, over which he has presided for seven years. He spent a good deal of time in the study of Art during his early sojourn in France and Dublin, and though he has had little time to devote to this pursuit during his busy ministerial career, his early experiences proved useful in later life by enabling him to furnish effective designs for a number of churches, and he has now on hand, nearly completed, a set of memorial hatchments for St. Mary's, Taranaki. A second trip to the Old Country has been lately undertaken, from which he has just returned.

The Falk Studios, Melbourne.

ARCHDEACON WALSH.

MR. T. McMAHON.

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

Kinsey, Wellington.

MR. T. McMAHON.

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 scribblings, 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," but has apparently made good use of them. It is from men of McMahon'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.

REV. F. A. BENNETT.

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

the sad story of the depravity of the present day Maori in the far-away *kaingas*. How the pakeha had taken from them the restraining influence and guidance of their old forms of religion, and failed utterly in giving them sufficient means of hearing the new. Surely such facts point to the conclusion that New Zealanders, imbued with the missionary spirit, can find plenty of outlet for it at home instead of journeying to other lands, where their efforts meet with such deplorable results as have been experienced lately in China.

MR. W. H. J. SEFFERN.

Mr. William Henry John Seffern, whose death took place recently at New Plymouth, was one of the oldest journalists in New Zealand. He was born in Cork in 1829, and served his seven years' apprenticeship as a printer in London. In 1851, when the gold fever was at its height, he sailed for Australia, and in due time acted in the capacity of printer and overseer on the *Illustrated Sydney News*. On the collapse, in 1855, of that paper, Mr. Seffern came over to Auckland. For some time he corresponded for Australian papers urging Victoria to extend her New Zealand trade. He refused offers to assist in starting the *Hawke's Bay Herald* and the *Southland News*, as not holding out sufficiently good prospects. The success of both these papers afterwards convinced him of his mistake, more especially as the ventures he undertook in Auckland were very unsatisfactory. They included a share with Dr. Kidd and Mr. James Heron in the *New Zealander*, and on this firm dissolving, owing to the unpopular reputation the paper's previous peace policy had gained for it, he and Mr. Michell, the sub-editor, took it over, and afterwards made it the first penny morning paper in New Zealand, but had eventually to relinquish it. In 1868 Mr. Seffern was appointed editor and manager of the *Taranaki Herald*, a position he held up to 1895, when he retired. Under his able management the *Herald* soon became a daily, and the *Budget* was incorporated with it as a weekly. In conjunction with his journalistic duties Mr. Seffern found time for a considerable amount of literary work, notably his "Chronicles of the Garden of New Zealand, known as Taranaki," perhaps the most reliable history of the province that has yet been written. Readers of the

MR. W. H. J. SEFFERN.

Budget will remember his "Skimpole Papers," utilizing weekly that impecunious character from Dickens as his lay figure, and making him discourse on local events. "Missing Leaves from New Zealand History," "Rip Van Winkle Papers," "Yarns with a Twist in Them," and "Taranaki of the Past," were also headings under which he has written from time to time. He had also by him at the time of his death a large and most valuable amount of material, dating from 1835 to 1841, for a future history of New Zealand.

Mr. Kruger's Last Swearing-in Day.

By J. Freeman Lloyd.

EVERY seventh year a new President had to be elected for the Transvaal Republic, but the old one could be re-elected. And in this way had Mr. Paul Kruger been chosen three times as chief of the Constitution. As can be easily imagined, "Swearing In Day," as it was called, was looked forward to with considerable interest, and was given over to great rejoicing. Of course there was only one in the running, and although the late General Joubert and Mr. Schalk Burger contested the seat in the year '98, there was no real fight, for those who would stand or fall by Oom Paul, went solidly for him, while, on the other hand, the Progressive vote was split. Mr. Kruger therefore sailed in an easy winner, and great were the entertainments.

To describe Pretoria on such a day would fill half a volume, for no expense was spared, everything being decorated, while magnificent arches spanned the principal streets. From all prominences and spires floated the flag of the Transvaal. He would indeed be a man of bad taste to display the Union Jack, for on such an occasion the stolid, solemn gathering of Boers would look upon it as an insult, and the Braves of Krugersdorp, a very rowdy lot of young burghers of quarrelsome and fighting type, would be likely to create a scene which no one wanted.

Early on that day crowds poured into the town, and soon the streets were filled with the Johannesburg contingent. Volunteers, mounted and on foot, came from all parts, while the State Artillery turned out in their best bib and tucker, a well set-up body of men, on good horses, gaily comparisoned in trappings and plumes. There was a jangle of scabbards, and orders not to be understood by the average Uitlander, who had to pay the piper, or at least more than his share, for all that was going on. Pretoria, generally half asleep, was now very wide awake, for sightseers thronged the place.

The guard at the Presidency was doubled, and great and cordial were the congratulations received by President Kruger. There was an incessant pilgrimage before and after the official procession, and the poor old gentleman's hand must have been shaken enough on that eventful day. Hat in hand, fathers presented sons and daughters, for it is fair to say the President of the Traansvaal knew individually all his older subjects. Had not they or their ancestors trekked and fought side by side with him in the old days of the great pilgrimage, when the colony and the hated rule of England had been left behind, forgotten and disposed of for ever, or at least so they hoped and thought? But the rude ideas of these pioneering nomads were but as a ripple before an advancing tide—the great wave of British enterprise, with its broad views of achievement.

It is said that only coffee is drank at the Presidency. On Swearing In Day, so far as was observed, the aroma of the roasted berry was unknown on the stoep, and also in the premises in Church Street. There were other stimulants *galore*, and the man, who obtained the order for German beer, need not have worked for another year. The hospitality at the Presidency that day was great; indeed, Pretoria was generally *en fête*, and spectators witnessed for the last time the town at play over a sort of coronation event.

There was the glitter of State and the

simplicity of pastoral admiration. Over the way from Mr. Kruger's house, and nestled round the Dopper Church, were the white tents of the faithful who had trekked in their bullock waggons, perhaps a couple of hundred miles, to be present at Pretoria, to pay their respects to Uncle Paul, the wisest of men, the chosen of the Almighty and themselves. The massive bullocks, hundreds of them, grazed on the commonage, attended by natives, who kept them apart, while notwithstanding the presence of the pick of the standing regulars and volunteers of the State, that procession was headed by two or three hundred Rustenburg burghers, as ill-kempt a lot of men as one could readily imagine—tall, thin, haggard, strangers alike to the customs of ablution and the attentions of the hairdresser.

Whether it was the wish, desire, or command of the about-to-be-resworn President that this contingent of his supporters should head the calvacade in the time of triumph, did not transpire, but this position they certainly took up, and the leader carrying the flag of the Republic, attached to the end of a long wagon bamboo whip-stick, was indeed a sight not to be forgotten. The inevitable pipes were evidently in full working order, the bandoliers did not contain blank cartridges, and carrying their rifles in the right hand, grasped firmly over the breech, the Boers were ready, aye, ready for anything. And after the burghers came men in uniform, and then the famous coach with its four horses, silver eagles, green and gold liveried coachman, silk stockened footmen. Inside comfortable and quite at home, surrounded by delicate pale blue upholstered silk, reclined the redoubtable personage—the man who has been most written about, caricatured, and noticed of modern times.

The ceremony over at the Government Buildings, Paul of the Boers ascended the great platform formed on the roof of the central and chief portico, besashed, and wearing the Order of his high position. He was attended by his *aide-de-camp*, Mr. Erasmus, who, attired in dress clothes and white gloves, shaded his master from the rays of the sun by the aid of a great white umbrella. The rough guttural voice of President Kruger reached every corner of that large square, his harangue of patriotism, love of his burghers, and thankfulness to God, being every few moments punctuated with the spontaneous "hoor hoors" of the very large number of armed men, disciplined and undisciplined, who took up their positions, making a great show, and keeping the crowds back at the same time. The Diplomatic Corps was in attendance, the brilliancy and gorgeousness of the uniform of the Portuguese representatives being particularly noticeable as compared with the quieter habiliments of Her Majesty's agent, Mr. Conynham Greene.

The hotels and restaurants must have done well on that day, for every burgher from far and near, who took part in the programme, was given an order on the place of resort, and it is fair to say that it was the first time many of them had seen such a thing as a well-laid table, the finest of linen, and the glass and silver of a first-class inn. The new dining saloon of the Transvaal Hotel was crowded with children of the veldt, not entirely acquainted with the attributes of civilization, and who still believed in the doctrine that fingers were made before forks. But the sight that attracted their attention more than anything else, was the presence of an old Dutch lady wearing the quaint head-dress of her country, the gold forehead plate and spiral ornaments which had probably been handed down as a heirloom from mother to daughter for several generations.

The Dutchmen of the North Transvaal had heard of these customs of their forefathers, and many, doubtless, had been the stories told of the admonitions of the mother to her child when the destination of that sacred bequest was made known. Hot aired, hard-drinking Pretoria, then, must have been a wonderful place for sightseers, and the presence of that old Hollander lady with her wonderful headgear, may be the subject of talk and discussion for years to

come; and the superstitious will perhaps put her visit down to some uncanny business, the decay of the power of the Boers and the oligarchy of Mr. Kruger and the Executive.

This rather minute description of Pretoria on a Swearing In Day is given, because it was an event that men will never see again, and it behoves one to give all the particulars of a custom that must now sink into oblivion. The afternoon was gayer than ever, and the Presidency was thronged with burghers, who, even in their most thirsty humour, failed to exhaust the stock that had been laid in for their consumption.

But there was a "strange" mistake, or rather oversight, on the part of those responsible for the decorations. The grand arch that was built from the Post Office corner to the opposite side of Church Street, had on the side which would first be seen by the President on his way to take the oath:

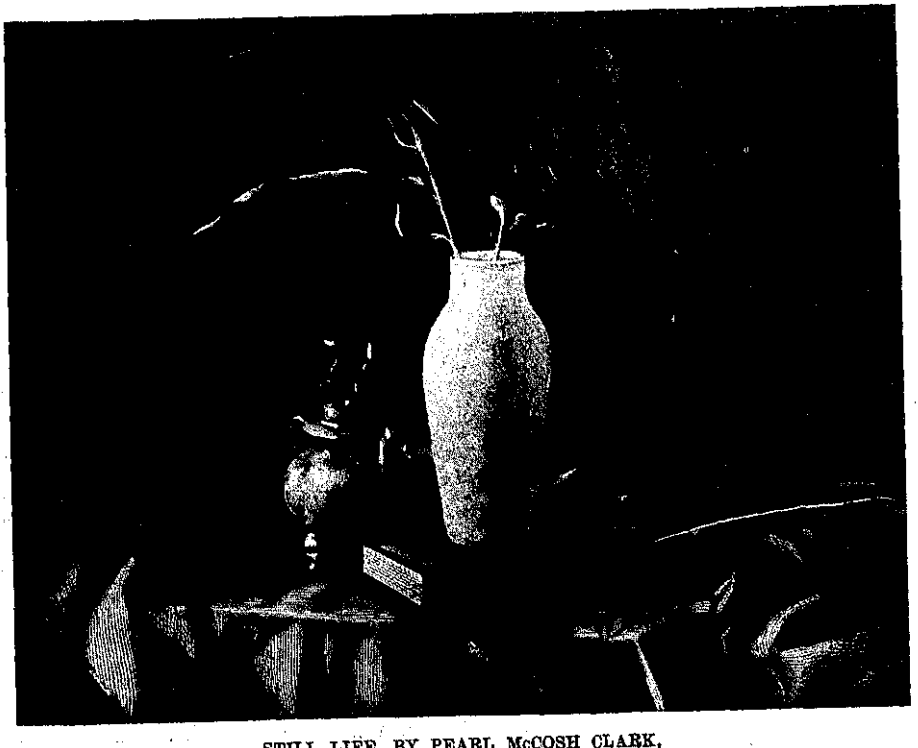
"God Save Our Great Statesman."

This was, of course, in low Dutch, or *taal*, and for the word "great" the word "grooten" was used. Like everywhere else when festivities are the order, important things are left for the last moments, and that very morning the Transvaal arms were put up over the centre arch, and flags set round the emblem. One of these covered the "g" in "grooten," and the six other letters remained with a nasty and unfortunate meaning that most people will realize. For a week it was never noticed by the officials, but snapshotists and professional photographers soon discovered the hideous device, the last that was to greet a President of the Transvaal.

"God Save Our Rotten Statesman."

was indeed a writing on the wall.

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' EXHIBITION.



STILL LIFE, BY PEARL McCOSH CLARK.

Another Woman's Territory.

By Alien

(Author of *A Daughter of The King, The Untold Half, The Devil's Half Acre, Etc., Etc.*)

CHAPTER I.

A. FIRST ANTAGONISM.

IT was a wild night, and the great valley that lay between a curving sweep of mountains was torn by the wind. Fitful moon gleams shone in patches on the swollen river that roared between its rocky barriers, and the only man on the road looked anxiously ahead for a friendly light. He knew there ought to be a township near, but when the dense cloud-rifts obscured the moon, the landscape was blotted out, and the dull thunder of the river was the only guide.

In his search for new worlds, Howard Grey had tramped many miles of the famous West Coast, carrying his swag like a "sun-downer," camping by lonely river-sides, or in deserted huts, where there were no way-side inns or hospitable farmhouses to receive him. Sometimes he had taken coach, sometimes ridden through the heart of the mining country. He had seen all sorts of odd nook and corner townships, built among "tailings" on the verge of forests and the banks of streams. He had heard strange stories, with which his brain was busy for future use; and a new passionate hope surged up in his heart, that by one of them he might yet make himself more than heard. He had escaped from city routine and fatigue, to flee the ghost that was pursuing him—the ghost of failure. To the world he was clever, talented; the word he hungered for was *genius*, and he scorned himself that he had missed it. The kingdom of heaven meant to him kingdom over his fellow men, not partial, but absolute; to dictate thought, to sway, move, rule. For this he had suffered, sacrificed and toiled; for the ecstasy, the intoxication of triumph he would willingly give all else. And he had only achieved.

In bitterest contempt he viewed his achievement. He had piled it up, grain by grain, with a patience defying all obstacles; difficulties, instead of damping his zeal, had but roused in him an obstinate determination that gave to his face a look of power, and to his manner a cool self-possession which was mistaken for mastery. In his own pitiless criticism of himself he did not hit upon his real lack of dominion—lack of the poet soul with its exuberant sympathies and fruitful imaginations—he had looked everywhere for inspiration save in himself, and a deep inner conviction had taken possession of him that the first burst of intellectual enthusiasm, which had stirred him to vigorous effort, had spent itself. He was oppressed with a sense of mediocrity. He had plunged into new scenes, and snatched at physical exercise as a distraction, and falling in with a wild, romantic phase of life, pursued it with the deliberate tenacity of purpose characteristic of him.

The wind was momentarily growing colder; the masses of cloud, banked like great rocks, lowered, and presently Howard Grey felt the tingling of snow in his face. Each minute it grew thicker, and the night darkened about him ominously. There was but one thing to do, to press on, and descending, and still descending into the heart of the valley, at last the twinkling of a light gladdened him—but on the other side of the river!

After long search he had all but abandoned

hope of a crossing when, from the opposite bank, a faint "coo-ee" reached his ears. He listened intently. It was no mistake; again came the welcome cry, and putting his hand to his mouth, Howard made answer. He was startled by what could not have been an echo behind him—"Coo-ee!"

He turned quickly, and dimly outlined was the figure of a man. For a moment neither spoke.

"Are you looking for the bridge?" asked a singularly cultured voice, in which there lurked an accent of fretful weariness.

"I thought there should be a bridge somewhere about."

"It is lower down," answered the first speaker, with more eagerness of tone. "This way," he added, and Howard felt a hand upon his arm leading him to the bank at the edge of the stream. They pushed through some bush, then Howard saw the dim outline of the bridge.

"Take care," said his guide, still leading him. "It is little broader than a plank with a handrail on one side only: a false step, and—listen!"

The water tore beneath them with a dull roar. Here and there, where a rift in the clouds let through a gleam of light it picked out the white foam.

For a moment the narrow bridge on which they stood appeared a raft being whirled on the turbulent stream. In a sudden giddiness it seemed to Howard Grey that he fell, and was being swept away.

"Steady!"

He felt a hand under his arm. The illusion passed.

"Here we are!" said the young man, still directing Howard's steps, as they ascended the bank on the opposite side of the river, and the stranger saw that the light, which had guided him, was a lamp swinging in a cottage porch. It cast a long streak of brightness over the snow, and shone on a slight, girlish figure standing directly under its rays.

"Welcome to The Whare. This is my sister, Caroline Osmond. My name is Frank Osmond."

"And mine—Howard Grey."

"The novelist?"

Both brother and sister had spoken, but the two words had been uttered in exactly opposite tones; by the young man eagerly, by the young girl indifferently.

The room into which Howard was ushered was furnished with extreme simplicity, but the chintz-covered couches and chairs, and the blazing fire on the hearth had a look of comfort. There was an absence of the tawdry cottage decorations that marked its occupants from the usual dwellers in a remote country place. Ingeniously constructed bookcases filled every nook—book shelves ran round the walls. History, philosophy, science, and all the best in poetry and fiction had found its way to this isolated retreat.

During the supper that was presently served, Howard Grey studied the young man and woman with half-fascinated attention. Frank Osmond at moments looked little more than a boy of twenty-one or two, except for strange deep lines that were cut into brow and cheek. His features were clear-cut and refined. There was an expression of keen interest at times in the large brown eyes, which at moments would cloud and dim—or else it was the effect of the glasses he wore, his observer concluded. He seemed to have fastened on to his new acquaintance with eagerness and a pleasure he did not conceal.

"Lucky for me I was returning from the township just then—it is two miles further up the valley—or I should have missed you!"

"The luck is mine," responded Howard, "but for your opportune arrival the chances are I should have been out still in the snow."

Frank Osmond led him on to talk of his long tramp, and while he talked, first of one subject and then of another, his mind was busy with conjecture—for what reason were Frank and Caroline Osmond buried alive in this wilderness?

The young man interrupted with occasional quick flashes of thought, eager

reminiscences, or an outburst of almost passionate interest in a great name or strong deed—then that sudden, strange self-withdrawal after expansion, as though some deep-rooted sorrow or limitation had re-asserted itself. Had the promise of a brilliant development been cut short, or were these outbursts mere detached ideas which the young man lacked the mental energy to construct into definite formation? After one of his eager utterances his voice trailed off into weariness, his thin figure stooped as with deep dejection, and the light died from his eyes, which looked sightlessly in front of him. A nervous plucking movement at the cloth drew Howard's attention to his hands. They were wasted almost to transparency, but cramped and disfigured as if with rough work. In a moment or two Frank Osmond had aged ten years; every line was cut deep in cheek and brow, and the grey that was sprinkled in the dark hair added to the illusion.

A hasty movement of Caroline's from the table drew attention to herself. While an old serving woman cleared the table she directed Howard to note how fast the snow was falling. He moved to the window where she stood, and listened to what she was saying about the river.

"You have seen it only in a time of flood, and under a pall of cloud, but it has its gentler moods; there are times, indeed, when it dwindles away almost to a channel. It is not always tempestuous; the valley is very beautiful in summer. We call it "Matamata-harakeke," which means in Maori "the tips of flax leaves."

She spoke with a quiet precision, which was pleasant, yet which Howard found irritating. There was a slow deliberateness, almost a hesitancy in her choice of words, as though she feared either to take from or add to the exact meaning she intended to convey.

"Reserved, conservative," summed up Howard mentally, "and self-contained," he added.

The attitude of her slight body as she stood beside him, straight and upright, conveyed an impression of strength. She lacked entirely her brother's fitful enthusiasm and impetuosity, also, his incoherence. She had the same delicate cast of feature, but her hair, which was fine and abundant, and which she wore severely drawn from her forehead and coiled at the back of her head, was several shades lighter than his. Her eyes were her chief beauty—her only beauty, Howard thought—and were large and grey, capable of infinite expression, but she had a manner of casting them down, and had so sat during the meal, listently intently, or wrapt in some thought of her own. Her voice, which Howard thought should match the expression of her eyes, was low and toneless, as though, while she spoke, she had no desire to impress upon her listener anything she said. She talked with knowledge of her subject, which was just now the comprehensive and descriptive meanings of the Maori names of mountains and rivers. She must have given the subject a good deal of study, must also have seen many of the places referred to, but her conversation was entirely impersonal. She showed about as much consciousness of herself or her listener, as though she talked in her sleep.

Sensitive at all times to impressions, Howard Gray felt that while Frank Osmond had welcomed him almost as a friend—had hospitality permitted—she would have resented his presence as an intrusion on the seclusion which he felt to be chosen in preference to any other mode of life. He disliked that kind of woman, who had all her observations made, her ideas prefixed, emotions allotted, and conclusions assorted independently of her companion. It showed a narrowness that admitted no growth.

Frank Osmond had recovered from his fit of abstraction, and the coversation became general as they sat round the fire, or rather the young man led it back to literature, asking Howard Grey's opinion of this or that work of modern fiction; his knowledge of the writers, the methods of their work, and the conditions under which it was

written, a subject he seemed particularly interested in, and from which he would not let his guest escape. At length a particular book came under discussion, and Caroline, dissenting from Howard's opinion, crossed the small room with the noiseless movements of a woman accustomed to tread in soft places, took the volume from its shelf, and commenced to read aloud, at first in a low monotonous tone, then her voice underwent remarkable inflections, investing every sentence with meaning. The reading done, she took it all to pieces with critical anatomy. Her unerring insight was a revelation, not only of her critical faculty, but her knowledge of life. She spoke still in her precise, half-hesitating manner; but the girl had thought—or had she lived?

Howard found himself wondering, whether underlying the calm surface, was there a rich warm temperament with potentialities of passion? The subtle contradictions of her manner drew his attention somewhat from her analysis, but it was a clever manipulation, and left him personally sore by her almost fierce scorn of "cheap effect." It was a rather vehement protest. Was it brain, or feeling? Mechanical construction or conviction?

A silence fell on the little room when she ceased speaking. She had created an atmosphere that left Howard tingling; that she could do it annoyed him. She seemed to have turned on an electric light to his tinsel. Because her manner was so totally devoid of self-consciousness or consciousness of him, personally he acquitted her of affectation. She was in earnest, and unwillingly, reluctantly he found himself justifying his own methods of work, the more because she had emphasized his own racking fear that it was evanescent, did he defend his position hotly.

"After all, the writer is but a caterer to the public taste, and must seize the passing moment if he is to seize anything at all—anything that interests him for an hour, he must make interesting to his reader—with fundamental truth the novelist has nothing whatever to do. To present his conception dramatically is his business."

"But if nothing in particular is true to an artist, how can he make 'nothing' particularly true to his readers?"

"To create an illusion it is not necessary for the conjuror to be under the spell."

She looked at him suddenly.

"To place the senses under the illusion is not to convince—' all possible cleverness in expression is of no use to him who has nothing to express—'" she replied in a low dull tone, in which at the moment Howard Grey fancied he detected a shade of sarcasm.

"It is not only the mission of literature to delude; delusion is the sum and substance of life, pain and pleasure in one. To be wise is to know what we have to meet," he went on in the slow unimpassioned way of speaking he had when angry, and which frequently deluded those who did not know him well into the belief that his remarks were impersonal. "And success means using every atom of material that comes your way with a definite object in view—self. The disposition that is contented or contending—in other words weak, commonly called self-sacrificing — is the biggest deception among deceptions, because self-deceived. It swallows the hook baited by the angler, whose expressed or unexpressed desire is to fill his own bag——"

He laughed a short mirthless laugh.

"There's a good deal of maudlin sentiment rife about the victims of life. In nine cases out of ten a victim is a fool, and in the tenth a pose of ultra egoism—in every case an infliction and an irritation——"

Through his half-closed eyes he saw the girl's thin lips compress and the clasped hands tremble.

"Moral qualities no more rule the individual than they rule the world. We are dupes of our own emotions as well as of each other. Self-assertion is the common instinct——"

"As a man *thinketh* so is he."

The interruption came from Caroline in a voice so musical that Howard looked at her in surprise, but tone and eyes were for her

brother, about whose mouth were lines of pain.

"As a man seemeth so he is—to the world, Miss Osmond. Seem clever, seem honest, and he will be taken at his own valuation. Fashion affects honour: appearances make a man—who cares or knows anything about his good intentions? If a man puts his knife into his mouth at table, it offends none the less because he has a good heart. The shoddy dressed with a little silk is in more demand than the genuine article—it's cheaper."

"It is not," contradicted Caroline; "it wears out sooner, and disgraces its wearer by its rags. Cant cannot long pass muster for religion, trickery for business, compliments for friendship, bluster for courage, without being found out and despised.

Her manner was perfectly courteous, but it conveyed resentment.

"The world despises nothing but failure. Get branded as a failure, and you're a dog for odd bones. Pity can be insolent, Miss Osmond, charity as cruel as the grave. Come be fair, what woman among you metes out exactly the same measure to the man who has failed as to him who has his world at his feet?"

The speaker had grown earnest in spite of himself. An extraordinary eagerness had come into his face. Caroline, through her unnatural repose, conveyed to him deep agitation.

"Failure is not always evidence of weakness, Mr. Grey, nor success of strength."

Her eyes sent a secret message to her brother, which Howard did not catch.

He pursued his theme. "We are accountable to use every advantage, to ourselves first, and the world afterwards. If we fail we are a burden and a disgrace."

At that moment Howard caught sight of Frank Osmond's face; for a moment or two he had been addressing himself exclusively to Caroline. He experienced a shock. Again that trance-like expression, the yielding of every muscle, the restless, plucking movement of the fingers, the heavy, sightless stare.

Howard perceived he had stumbled across something critical, and blundered in his speech. Caroline's face was perfectly colourless. There was a long moment of awkward silence, then the girl moved to her brother's side, and with infinite gentleness laid her hand upon his as though exhorting him to remembrance and courage. He roused instantly, and turned his eyes upon her, tragic in their despair and haggard misery.

"My brother has been ill," she explained in a scarcely audible tone. "He is scarcely strong enough for excitement of any kind—even of conversation."

Howard felt himself dismissed, and rose involuntarily. In the little room allotted to him for the night he ruminated as he smoked as to what had entered their conversation to have this effect on the lad. His spirits rose and fell like a barometer to praise and blame. He felt unspoken disapprobation in Caroline's manner, and he brooded unhappily over the little scene. What was it that was tormenting and torturing the lad—over what was the girl keeping guard? Madness? A shudder chilled Howard's blood. No sane or practical man, unless there was a binding obligation upon him, would at the outset of life retire from the world. The cause seemed more physical than pecuniary. The depression of the house affected him personally, and the admiration and adulation that he had earned had in this hour more of mockery in it than honour. He remembered his first expression when in hopeful enthusiasm labour was not toil—the long nights at his desk chronicled in his remembrance but by daydawns. But always he fell short, always missed, till little by little he had let his ideal go, and presented life to his readers, at the best as an amusing game; stirred its mud puddles, mocked its follies, and lashed at inconstancies pitilessly, caring nothing for reality, so that his presentment was finished in form. He had a misgiving that there was something perilously true about insincerities disappointing in the end.

The storm had ceased, and looking through the window Howard saw that the moon was shining brightly. It was still early, and finding it impossible to sleep, he let himself out quietly, and made his way to the river. Except for its voice the silence was almost awful in its intensity; it could be felt to reach away through forest and over mountain, weighting the air with its profundity. In the silver light of the moon the water glinted and gleamed between its bush-clad banks, and drawn irresistibly nearer he was to see the slight cloaked figure of Caroline standing at the river's edge looking across it seemed to the opposite shore. Her wistful waiting figure gave a touch of pathetic human meaning to the desolate beauty of the scene, and with compunction stirring in him for his late antagonism, he felt an impulse to make amends. While he was undecided whether to retire or go forward she turned and saw him. He instantly threw away his cigar, and uncovering his head went forward.

She took his presence there as she had taken it the whole evening—quite without animation. While he talked she stood watching the river, looking very shadowry and frail among the grim surroundings. But she stood independently of support, every muscle tense, as though her whole nature was braced to defiance.

In the midst of his talk she turned, and with a gesture unintelligible to him, and an expression in her eyes that haunted him many an after day, she said:

"Mr. Grey, I think you ought to know————" She paused, her voice husky, "my brother was imprisoned for forgery!"

There was an instant's silence. Howard felt as though he had been struck on the head and stunned. Then he met the penetrating, passionate gaze. He took Caroline's hand.

"Unjustly!" he declared.

She seemed to be surprised into a moment's forgetfulness by the unexpected sympathy and championship. But only for a moment. The next she withdrew her fingers from his.

"No—justly!"

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS—NOT SAINT.

A PERFECT autumn morning followed the unseasonable snowstorm of the night, and Howard Grey's first definite sensation on awaking was one of relief that he might proceed on his way.

He had always held himself aloof from individual intimacy, liking better to study mankind scientifically and in the abstract. Therein lay his failure; the proper study of the novelist is man. But he disliked the emotional; personal experience of sentiment was distasteful to him. Heroism, sorrow, and despair he relegated and allotted to certain temperaments and constitutions. The delirium and idiosyncrasies which would not be allotted he placed under the heading of hysteria. Altogether he found himself in an atmosphere he wanted to escape. He had, last night, been betrayed into an emotion unusual to him, and to which he was reluctant to submit himself again.

To observe was his business, to feel, a waste of force. Nor was this creed a new one to him. What he lacked in sympathy and originality he made up for in a great capacity by toil.

Born of poor parents—to whom his talents had been a great wonder and pride—they had roused in him ambitious dreams that did not die at their death. As a lad he had realised the sacrifices made for his education, and he had set himself as steadily as his father and mother to surmount disabilities of birth and opportunity, and make his own name. His energy and will had created a law of tyranny over himself to which he bent obediently; he recognised no law higher than a man's will.

This creed had stamped upon him a certain nobility of bearing; the pride of his mind held his body erect. His dark, rather large head was poised independently. His tall, loose-limbed frame was tensely strung.

The strong jaw was stiff with resolution, and a combativeness more habitual than natural. He looked what he was morally—a self-made man. But once lose control over himself, and he would be swept along by a force he had not yet recognised. In fighting the world he had unconsciously been fighting his own flesh and blood.

The original features Nature had given him, and which should have been mobile and expressive, were sharpened to his mood, his lips compressed. The grey eyes, deep set under well-marked brows, had a trick of veiling themselves with languid lids when their owner did not wish to reveal his thoughts. In anger there was a repelling force about Howard Grey that made him feared, in friendliness of mood a charm that made him almost magnetic.

This charm he brought into the breakfast room. Caroline, white and still, after hours of anguished shame, in a tremor of apprehension for the meeting following last night's confession, looked at him with grateful relief visible in her eyes that Howard did not see. He was struggling to rescue the situation from embarrassment, not from any sense of compassion, but simply from his personal instinct to escape the abnormal.

Frank Osmond responded to the note of cheerfulness as though a natural tone had been struck, as he had done the night previously till Howard's denunciation of weakness had stricken him.

Caroline, who, after her impulse of confidence, which was in reality an appeal to a strong man's mercy, had drawn back sensitively, felt herself lifted again into self-respect. Her nervous depression passed like a cloud, and something of the girl emerged, the girl who had been, before her youth was forced into a proud loneliness. There was, too, exultation in the man who, appearing inaccessible, had been accessible. The fact appealed to the woman's imagination. His aggressive attitude towards failure had not promised the toleration that his manner this morning implied, but his manner was, in reality, an outcome of the pleasurable anticipation of immediate escape from a strained situation, and not of the delicate perceptions attributed.

When he announced his intention of "moving on," he was met with, "Must you go?" from Frank Osmond, with such an emphasis of regret on the "must" that Howard reiterated his decision a little emphatically:

"To-night must see me 'a day's march nearer home.'"

All the eagerness left Frank's face.

"I'm sorry. I hoped to show you a rather fine stretch of forest, and if you really decided not to turn back, 'Sawyer Thomas,' at one of the mills, would put you up for the night. The coach passes his mill to-morrow morning."

Caroline did not speak. Howard interpreted her silence aright—she would ask no concession. The wistfulness in the thin, pale face of the young man, with its pathetic traces of a suffering, too recent and poignant, to be past, roused again in the man who had won the battles with the lions on his own path, an unwilling compunction to hurt. But do what he would, his pity was tinged with scorn. It was the something of stateliness in Caroline that levelled him and prevailed.

"Good!" he said with heartiness, then took his leave of his hostess with warm thanks for hospitality received.

"The world is small," he said. "We may meet again, and if I can serve you at any time, command me."

He had a brief misgiving that his words were not apt; they had a faint suggestiveness of her need and his lack of it. For heaven's sake let him get where every word might not seem a stone.

Frank Osmond lingered at the door for a moment in that affectionate gentleness which he showed openly for his sister. After a few yards he turned back and waived his hat: "Good-by, white *wahine!*"

White woman! How exactly that suited her. Snow and moonlight. What radiance she had, had nothing of sunlight in it, nothing of the morning.

The two men went down the valley together rather silently. The thin, almost attenuated figure of the younger man, with his spectacled eyes and stooping shoulders, looked old beside the upright carriage and conscious strength of his companion. If they had known what they were going forth to meet, how each was to affect the other's destiny, they would have been startled. All they were conscious of now was, that between them a great gulf was fixed. One stood on the side of honour, the other of dishonour.

"I don't think I'm cad enough to let the fact affect me," Howard Grey was thinking. "It's the theft I despise—the weakness of it. I've been poor enough, heaven knows, hard put to it for a meal, but————"

"What this man has done I also might have done. I had better chances. It is irretrievable," Frank Osmond was saying despairingly in his heart. Both had only a half truth, for both had limited a man's possibilities of strength and weakness.

At the bend of the river which would hide the solitary stone cottage from sight both men turned involuntarily and waved farewell to the indistinct figure still standing in the porch. Howard Grey thought he was looking on The Whare for the last time. Frank Osmond expected to return at sundown, and again neither was right. Both were approaching a crisis inevitable to their temperament and outlook on life. Between that morning's sunrise and the morrow's sunset Howard Gray learnt the poignant smart of self-scorn.

Leaving the valley, they passed over undulating country, thickly wooded. Sawmills stood at intervals on the verge of the forest; an occasional cottage or sheep-station nestled to a hill, but the low-lying land was waste and swampy, desolate and man-forsaken. There was a good deal of water in the vales, numerous pools of chocolate-colour reflected the reeds and flax on their brim with mirror-like faithfulness. At times they passed under overhanging banks of fern, or met a gorge tumbling headlong over mossy boulders to reach the river, but everywhere was silence, broken only by the song of the larks or their own voices. For the further they got into the open with the rich sunlight beating down upon them the more natural and at ease with one another they became. Howard had forgotten his unwillingly judgment, and in the rare delight of congenial companionship Frank Osmond had forgotten what awaited him at the end of the day—the going back to his death in life.

They sat down at noon under the shade of a giant pine, and while they rested, ate the fruit and sandwiches Caroline had provided, in the fashion and with the appetite of school boys, afterwards quenching their thirst at a clear spring. The fear that had lain in Howard's heart was soothed by his companion's belief in his powers, and his ungrudging admiration of them.

They talked as two friends might talk—yet each with his reserve.

It was late in the afternoon when they came to the sawmill of which Frank Osmond had spoken, standing on the verge of the swampy country over which they had passed, and backed by a forest-clad hill behind which the sun was already setting.

"That," said Howard, nodding in the direction of the slowly-descending ball of fire, "reminds one that the summer is over; a day like this is apt to make one forget it. How many miles have we come? Are you game to tackle the return tramp?"

Frank smiled sadly. "It's not far as the crow flies. We dodged about a good bit coming over, and its full moon."

They stood looking silently over the waste of valley and hill; the hollows were in shadow, and long shadows were trailing over the slopes; heaps of dark boulders and clumps of bush were the milestones marking the way they had come. Something in the hopeless dejection of attitude the figure beside him assumed, gave Howard an instant's quick understanding of all it must mean to Frank Osmond, the lonely retracing of a road that leads—nowhere.

Howard held out his hand impulsively, as he had to Caroline the night before; the

languid lids were lifted from the deep grey eyes, and in their steady look Frank saw knowledge.

"Work, man; grind away at something; grind hard. It must be damnable!" Howard spoke roughly, almost gruffly.

"I couldn't—quite at first," answered Frank, brokenly. "I—I have lost the grip. . . It all slips. . . I get back—there ——" He shuddered. "In the cell—there was a star that used to shine between the bars. . . You'll find it all there. He held a roll of MS. towards Howard. "I should like you to read it, then burn it, or do what you like with it," he said, with the weary irritation in his voice that Howard had noticed the previous night. He pulled himself together with an effort. "Good-bye! Thank you for to-day!"

"Good-bye!"

Their hands and eyes met, then quite contrary to his previous intention Howard gave Frank Osmond his card. "That's my Melbourne address; write or look me up when you have the inclination."

He stood and watched the stooping, solitary figure plunging into the deepening shadows.

"Poor devil!" he muttered, "he's made a muddle of it." He put the roll of MS. into the pocket of his overcoat, and turned his attention to the sawmill, where Frank Osmond had assured him he would find a hearty welcome and accommodation for the night.

"Sawyer Thomas" was standing at the mill entrance, "in the attitude of a pork-butcher taking an airing at his shop door," commented Howard. He was a round-faced, good-humoured-looking man, clean shaven and close cropped, not a bit like the typical farmer or woodman, and might have passed for any age between thirty and fifty With brisk, smart movements he conducted Howard to the clean parlour of the cottage attached to the mill, then with nimble fingers prepared and served a substantial meal, apologising for the absence of "Polly," who had gone into the township marketing.

"You ought to be proprietor of an inn," remarked Howard. "You don't look in your natural element among the timber."

"It was religion drew me into solitude!" he answered mournfully.

Howard looked at the red, round face, and keen blue eyes. "Not a *spirituelle* type, quite," he commented mentally.

"For contemplation?" he queried.

"Contemplation be blowed!" answered Thomas, who certainly was not a saint. "I run away with me own wife of five years standin'—cut an' run with 'er!"

In a tempest of recollection he swept some of the china off the table.

"Easy! Right you are, sir! But whenever I think of religion I feel wicked!"

He carefully picked up the pieces and carried away the tray. Presently he returned, as though he could not resist the unaccustomed luxury of having a listener.

"You're not a parson?"

"I'm a writer."

"Parsons are cranks. 'Owsoever, I put it to you. I'd as nice a little 'am and pork pie business as you'd wish to see, an' all gone to the dogs because of them bloomin' saints! That's were Polly was weak—I will say that for Polly she was inconsistent—first, she would 'ave the pie shop an' then she wouldn't 'ave it. When I first courted Polly she was the sensiblist an' the prettiest girl at meetin'. To see 'er a singin' of the 'ims with one eye on Kingdom Come an' the other on me, so ter speak, did a man's 'eart good. It sort o' balanced things. But Polly 'ad a decent sorter hambition them days.

"'No, Thomas,' she ses, 'we'll wait till you can set up for yerself,' she ses, 'if it's ever such a small way. You've been in the business long enough to know what's what.' That's what Polly sed.

"So we waited, an' in this 'ere country a feller needn't wait for ever if 'e's got any sorter shove in the shoulder 'e puts to the wheel. First, 'e wants to know what 'e's a-shovin' for—then to go on shovin'."

"Ah!" said Howard, "have a cigar. Well?"

"When we come back from the 'oneymoon we opened the shop—as tidy a little place as never was, with a marble slab in the winder an' another to serve on, an' a bakehouse an' mincin' machine in the backyard, and Polly in a pink frock, which matched 'er cheeks, an' she knew it"—Thomas smiled reflectively, and blew a cloud of smoke—"makin' a picture as she served out the pies, an' the way she cut the 'am! We did a roarin' trade among the young men; come, in fact, to be the centre of the locality, for when the wimmin got jealous they come for a pork pie or 'alf a pound of 'am cut thin, to take Polly's pints, an' go 'ome an' turn up their nose, an' wonder to goodness what was to be seen in 'er, an' copy the way she did 'er 'air.

"Them *was* days. I kep my hye on Polly; she ses I was always jealous. I say I wasn't, and surely a man knows 'is own principles, an' mine was—let a woman drive if it's the road yer both want to go, but keep your foot near the break. I believe in women's rights, this country is great on them; but let me tell you this, it's like dressin' up a pig in silver harness to give fine ideas to some women. They can't be guided by 'em, and are only made to look redicilous.

"When I was in business—you may think I am not tellin' you the truth—women would come in with ideas fine as air, you know the sort, an' go 'ome an' gobble up the 'am behind the pantry door, so as no one should suspect 'em of 'uman nature an' a good appetite. I shall not alter on it. I sed this to Polly when first the spiritual wimmen got 'old of 'er, and this is what I sed:

"'Polly, nature *is* nature,' an' she said:

"'Oh! that's an old idea—so thoroughly old. What is a woman to do?' What *is* there to do when a man talks like that?

"The words I ses was this: 'Now look 'ere,' I ses, 'look 'ere, ain't we two been one flesh an' bones an' business till this hagitation about woman's superiority over man's deferiority got into yer 'ed?'

"'I've kaist my pearls before swine,' she sed, 'kaist 'em before swine!'

"Which I put it to you would rile any man if 'e was in the pork business."

Howard saw the application, he affirmed. The deep set eyes were laughing behind their concealed lids.

"And then?"

"I spoke up like a man of 'onour—like an 'onorable man I spoke," reiterated Thomas, "an' Polly sed I was sittin' on 'er hasperations which she 'oped 'ad riz 'igher than pies, an' she took to servin' an carvin' the 'am with 'er gloves on. I put it to you whether any 'elthy minded public would stand *that?*"

Howard acknowledged that he could not recall an instance.

"'Owsoever," resumed the narrator, 'Polly jined a new sec' wot 'ad come to the town, an' called the leader 'Brother.' 'E gave Polly a picture of 'im. 'E might 'av been the Pope of Rome standin' on the mantleshelf, as large as life 'e stood, an' Polly a dustin' 'im. I put up with a deal. I looked over Polly sendin' to the openin' of the new church six dozen pies—beautiful pies they were. I swallered them saints callin' my Polly 'sister,' but when she started callin' me 'Brother Thomas,' look 'ere,' I sed, 'I'm not a goin' to 'ave it.' These were the words I sed: 'I'm not agin' to 'ave it.' But I 'ad to. When a woman turns saint she's 'ard in 'er 'uman feelins'. I sometimes think if Polly 'ad 'ad a babby she wouldn't 'av' been that much taken up with 'er soul. It's wonderful 'ow a woman's soul gets swamped up in a babby!'"

He blew so much smoke about himself in a moment's silent rumination that he looked like a man in a mist.

"We was very aristocratical in them days; we didn't see much of one another didn't Polly an' me," he resumed presently. "We didn't always meet at meal times, for Polly 'ad put us off our flesh-food an' taken to boiled haricot beans an' tomartises, an' things for the mortification of our flesh. It mortified me a deal. I got down; my

spirits fell, an' all the time the profits of the shop was goin' to the New Jerusalem, as they called the speculation. An' I began to think if the brother was in the union more than 'im an' me would be well provided for. 'Owsoever, I got that lonesome ——. Well, lonesome wasn't in it! So I played a little joke," went on Thomas, with a wink. "If Polly won't only associate with saints, blest if I won't be one myself! An' I tell you of it; an' Polly sent the last of our savin's to the New Jerusalem as a thanks-givin' offerin'. I was that riled. It's just as well I'd been livin' on vegetables—a 'onest pie might a over-'eated me. I was bilin'. Keep quiet—that's my motto—keep quiet, an' for six mortal months I kep under. Twice a week I went to hear Brother preach; 'e brayin' out so that it went through you like a gun. The Brother was killin' polite to me, 'e was, no one could be politer, but 'e smiled above my 'ed in a manner that fetched Old Nick to my finger tips. It took the likes of me to know the likes of 'im—I was shammin' myself—but 'ow to proceed, that's what I ask you? When a man's only shammin' 'e's a saint, what nex'?" Thomas screwed up his small eyes and looked interrogations.

"Complications — usually," responded Howard.

"An' right you are, sir! Things got wuss and wuss, Polly refusin' to touch, taste, or 'andle that unclean thing—pork, an' the good shepherd a-shearin' 'is sheep consistent. 'Owsoever, not content with that 'e set 'em marchin' through the streets singin' they'd rather spend a day in the New Jerusalem than a thousand anywheres else, an' there I were stranded. I sort, a got chock full of spirituality. What with trampin' through the open streets up to 'er neck in mud an' other mortifications Polly's flesh was nearly done for, an' she took to coughin' 'orrid.

"'Now, look 'ere, Polly,' I sed, 'drop it'—that's the words I said, 'drop it, pork or no pork, 'am or no 'am, 'usbands or brothers, saints or sinners, there's too much grace in your dealin's with me, and it don't agree with you neither. Take a little rum 'ot, and go to your bed an' be nussed up a bit, and blow the New Jerusalem!'

"She looks at me with shining eyes, and she seys, 'I affirm,' she ses—for that was the saint's way of denyin' evil—'that there is no sickness, an' no sorrer. All is good!'

"An' you may think I am not tellin' you the truth, but she smiled in such a way that it got into my throat. An' I said:

"'Things is gettin' darned bad, and it seems to me they'll get wuss before they mend!'

"'Put a denial on fear, brother Thomas,' she answered back. 'All is good.'

"'Not that good, but I've seen better,' I sed, an' I'll not deny it to you I was gettin' riled—mad, I was. 'Sister Polly,' I ses, sarcastical like, 'the sweetness o' these yer saints don't settle on my stummock—it turns to bile.'

"'I deny gall an' bitterness,' she went on affirmin' in the clap-trap of the Brother, lookin' all the while that miserable an' down I could a—well there!

"'Polly, old girl,' I ses, 'wasn't we 'appy in the old days when you stayed in your own 'ome, an' loved your own 'usband, an' made the centre o' the neighbourhood, eatin' your grub with a will? Answer me!' An' she answered with a little smile that peeped out behind a mist, an' went in agen like a winter sun-glint.

"'Them were days o' darkness,' she ses.

"'Then blow me,' I ses, 'if I don't wish it was that murky we couldn't see a hinch before our mutual noses——' That was my words, 'an' we 'ad to 'old 'ard to one another to get along at all. Are you goin' to give up this tommy-rot, or hain't you?'

"'I thought,' she ses, 'you was a renewed man——I'm disappinted in you, Brother Thomas—an' you professin' too!'

"'Renewed!' I ses, 'renewed es it? I've been renewed out a 'ouse an' 'ome! Renewed inter skin an' bones! Renewed from a 'onerable man wot owed no man anythink into a bankrup'—that's wot I've been renewed inter. An' as to professions—well, all the brother there is about me is—no

'elthy-minded man sticks at anythin' when 'e sees another man cuttin 'im out in 'is own wife's opinions. But there's a limit, an' I'll not tell you an untruth—there *is* a limit, an' I've reached mine. Either you turn your back on the New Jerusalem, or you turn your back on *me*,' I ses.

"'I deny all fear,' she ses.

"'O, all right!' I ses, 'all right!'

"There! Polly would tell you——'

"'One mornin' she went to the door to fetch in the milk. The milkman was a brother ——. 'E put somethin' under a pint inter the jug, then 'e sighed an' sed this:

"'Brother Thomas 'as 'ad a fall,' 'e ses.

"Polly she screamed, and leaned up agen the door-post.'

"'A fall! O, poor Thomas! Is 'e much hurt?'

"'A fall into drink,' sed our brother, the milkman.'

"An' Polly *did* cry.

"'An',' I ses, 'All is good!'

"'O, no, no,' she ses. 'Not all, Thomas!'

"'Exactly so,' thinks I, 'but I will not deceive you.' I had reached my limit, an' this was the words I sed:

"''Im or me, Polly—the Saint or the Sinner!'

"'I think,' she ses, 'I'll 'ave the Sinner!'

"And I am not tellin' you an' untruth.

"Well, there got rumours about that Polly 'ad fallen away from grace, an' one night I went to meetin', an' I marched up to brother, an' this is what I sed: 'Do you call yourself a man? I call you a monkey in the shape of men's clothes!'

"'Yes,' sed 'e.

"'Yes,' said I. 'An' directly all the meetin' listened. Mice wasn't in it. But I flew out at 'im as though you had shot me out—they wasn't used to me. I knocked 'im down.

"'Tom,' sed Polly, puttin' 'er arm in mine, 'let us go 'ome.' An' the next day the New Jerusalem put us out of brotherhood, an' 'ere we are! I took Polly right away. My principles is this: trim other folks candles if you like, but don't carry the wick you've snuffed around to give other folks a smell of it! An' that's what I objected to.

Before Howard could make any remark a soft, rather musical, voice called from the mill:

"'Tom! Tom—us!'

Sawyer Thomas jumped hastily to his feet, and smiled delightedly.

"That's Polly!" he explained, and placing a decanter of whisky and a jug of water at Howard's elbow, said: "I'll give a look in, sir, later," and bustled away, the pleasant voice calling as he disappeared:

"Tom! Tom—us!"

CHAPTER III.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

HOWARD turned to the fire, which the chill of the autumn evening made acceptable, following as it did the heat of the day. With one foot on the fender and his head resting against the cushion of the chair, he stretched himself out lazily, smoking contentedly.

The vision of the departing figure of Frank Osmond crossed his mental eyesight, and he recollected the MS. in his overcoat. Howard reached for the coat that he had thrown across a chair, and taking the roll of paper from the pocket, removed a broad elastic band which held numerous closely-written sheets.

"Neat," he commented critically, examining the handwriting which was exquisitely small and distinct.

At the end of the first paragraph he turned the leaves over quickly, dipped into a sentence here and there, then laid the MS. carefully down upon the table, moved the lamp close to his elbow—just examining it to see that it was plentifully supplied with oil—then helping himself to some of Sawyer Thomas' whisky, lit a cigar and settled down to read. At the end of an hour he had scarcely moved except to turn a leaf; if he turned two at a time he carefully went back.

His cigar went out, his face paled, the line between his brows was cut deep, and once he cried out, "My God!" in a quick sharp way as though he suffered.

When the sawyer came in to show him his bedroom he roused and looked at him vacantly, making some unintelligible reply.

"'E's a bit of a crank," said Thomas to Polly, "them writin' chaps mostly is, but they've got their morals, an' not that 'eathenish either. Blest if I wouldn't back 'em, cranks, an' all, against some o' the religion I've been initiated inter."

The fire burned itself into a red ash, and Howard only shifted his position to spread the MS. sheets on the table before him, and to bend over them, his head leaning upon his hand.

He was absorbed, fascinated. Defiance that was almost blasphemous, pathos that exacted tears, passion and strength that swept argument before them he met in the pages the young ex-convict had told him "to burn or do as he liked with." The story was without constructive ability, save that which the mood of the hour had stamped upon it. But——

"It is genius," he said, with the artist's appreciation, "genius." Then again very humbly, "genius! Not mechanism, not talent, not art."

The white dawn was struggling with the darkness when Howard, looking worn and old, crossed to the window. With his hands in his trouser pockets he leant against the frame, and with tired eyes looked towards the east.

Light! Light! That was the first essential. It preceeded formation—heralded life. This weakling (?) had that light of intuition which found in a flash what the scientist searched for all his life—what the plodder never reached. What he would never reach. For the first time in his life Howard Grey was lonely; he felt a castaway. As a lad all by himself at his tasks he had peopled his world with the to-be and to-come of his own creation.

"I—myself" had been his rectitude, his sufficiency, but his visions and dreams of greatness had trailed off into nothingness as the early morning vapours would disappear before the rising sun. Bereft of his visions life was bare hard fact to him.

"I am an artizan," he said, with merciless self-judgment. "I am my father's son—I should have made a careful craftsman! I have a keen interest with the carpenter who finishes his common wood with a layer of veneer."

Impatient anger rose in his heart against the man so richly endowed, who had sold his birthright for a mess of potage; he must be made to understand.

"Fool and blind!" he thought, "to spend an hour in regret. He must work, and work, and work. He wept for a lost world He can charm it to his mood; make it weep or laugh at his will."

He walked up and down the room restlessly. He forgot all that he had himself accomplished. He had been patient, he told himself; he had the knack of waiting while things developed, had not been in haste to pluck unripe fruit; could balance one foot on a stone while he planted the other before him, but at this hour he felt his way had no beyond.

"I envy him!" exclaimed the successful man, thinking of the lad he had lately despised, as he rested his hand on the MS—"I have missed just—this."

Howard threw himself upon the rough couch, and fell asleep, worn out with his conflict.

When Frank Osmond turned away that afternoon the sense of his own physical and moral deterioration overwhelmed him. He plunged on, unheeding where he went, blind with pain, conscious of nothing but the stifling pressure of his own misery. The impoverishment of his life—spoiled by his own hand—faced him as it had never done. It was hideous in its barrenness; far as his thought could reach it spread out dun and grey under the shadow of disgrace. What would he not give for the chance he had discarded, the honour thrown away; like Howard Grey with his face turned cityward.

He stopped and turned instinctively where his companion had gone. His pale cheeks flushed involuntarily — a "gaol-bird" had no place among honourable men!

The death-pang of the thought so weakened him that his knees trembled under him. He sat down on a stone beside one of the pools passed in the morning, and with eyes that did not see the shadows deepening upon its surface, although they stared fixedly upon the transparent water. He re-lived his boyhood, his early manhood, with its one fatal hour of weakness blasting all its promise—branding him and his with shame.

The sun drew in its last gold lance; the ruddy glow faded in the west, and inquisitive stars peeped over the peaks; mist-scarves wound round the mountain's shoulders, and the reeds and flax bushes were ghostly on the margin of the pools before Frank Osmond stirred. A stray mongrel had crept up beside him and licked the hanging hand, which presently lifted, and unconsciously stroked the shaggy head. At this encouragement a stumpy tail beat the turf.

"Another disreputable—eh, vagabond?"

The vagabond whined with comprehension.

Frank fed him with the last of the sandwiches, and the dog lay at his caterer's feet, resting his head on a dusty boot, with a sigh of beatitude.

"I am not disgraced in your eyes, eh, Pakeha? In prison, or university, or pulpit I should be alike hero to you?"

Thump, thump, answered the approving tail, but no human response.

At length the moon arose, coming up from the under world, round and yellow in it's autumn effulgence. Matamata-harakeke demonstrated its name. "The tips of flax leaves" were picked out in silver as far as the eye could reach. Wherever the moonlight touched the rock or water in this primitive waste the ebon was silver chased.

Frank Osmond, with the stray dog at his heels, walked on through a wilderness of mist and shadow, without landmark or definite termination. The wildness and indefiniteness of the scene was an image of his own consciousness, and his imaginative and impressionable mind was influenced by the indescribable melancholy and loneliness of his surroundings. He gazed into that inner life of his, and found there no vicious discord, but harmony with peace and purity. He—ex-convict 99! The great expanse of heaven spread overhead, dusted with countless worlds; the wide free plains of earth stretched out to meet the limitless horizon, and a son of this inheritance was chained in thought to a small stone cell, where he had paid man's toll to fellow man. He did not know that he was free; that in the eternal justice of things there was no unsettled score against his name. He owed no man anything; he had loved for love; been loyal in friendship; clean in body, and had served his term for his sin against the law. He was free. Payment had set him free; honour released him—yet socially he was an outcast for ever and ever—unless——? Unless—oh! had he the power—? Unless he could rise from his death triumphant creator of a new world! He knew the small, mean, paltry spite of small souls; the mockery and disdain of men not large enough to risk the world's opinion even in loyalty to a dishonoured friend. The vagabond dog was more of a gentleman!

He fought an unequal battle with his strife — to-night it conquered him. For months he had been benumbed, but the coming of Howard Grey, keen and eager from a world of live men, made by comparison his own living death, too ghastly to be accepted.

When he reached the river he lay down with his face in the damp sweet grass, and as he lay there called himself a coward that he should chafe under the death sentence he had pronounced upon his own life.

The dog pawed him distressfully, and ran from the water a little way as though to entice him, but finding that he did not move crouched down beside the man he had elected to serve.

Time and place were unheeded in that trance of pain; the face of old companions looked at him out of the darkness; he heard old greetings and adieus, in voices of honest joy and regret. He was contending again in the student's race, experiencing the worker's enthusiasm, anticipating the

triumph that had an honest man's unaffected gladness in it—then his shoulders heaved convulsively, and the hot tears that saved his brain from madness trickled through his fingers, to fall among the grass. At last he rose, and the dog barked with relief.

"No, Pakeha, we are not going home—I can't. To chain her life to mine and daily crush her," he murmured presently, "is no longer possible. Caroline will die with me daily as long as I live—I will die to her once for all. One wrench, and it will be over."

And closely followed by Pakeha, he turned in an opposite direction.

* * * * *

Awakening suddenly, Howard found himself stiff and uncomfortable. He stood up and stretched his cramped limbs, shivering a little in the early morning chill. Drawing up the blind he saw the sun had risen, and remembering that in the adjoining bedroom he had noticed bath and water, he had a hasty tub, which refreshed and invigorated him. He then dressed with the same dispatch, but with a neatness characteristic of him—if he was to be hanged that morning Howard Grey would have carefully trimmed his nails—then with determination in face and movements made for the open, and set off in a bee-line towards The Whare. He smiled a little grimly as he recollected how glad he had been to turn his back on it the day before. "Kismet!" he said to himself. He was destined at least to show another man the road to fame if he could not find it himself.

How would Caroline Osmond take the news that might mean emancipation and resurrection? Would it infuse into the lad sufficient energy and patience to hold on doggedly to the drudgery necessary for the matriculation into a literary career? Were the irritable nerves capable of sustained control? Indulgence in mental passion had weakened him; he was self-distrustful. Was he a moral dyspeptic who could not digest the wholesome news? He was jealous for this new gift he had discovered, and gloried in it as a miser gloried in gold. The personality of the artist was a mere nothing to him—he did not calculate how far it might have entered into his creation—the idea was all important. It must be worked up, the gem must be polished with delicacy and subtlety, and if necessary he must remain and show this young man how. But not for the man's sake—for the sake of his thought.

He was disquieted, and lifted his head and threw back his shoulders with a gesture of almost proud defiance against the Fate that seemed to mock him.

The morning was only half awake, and drowsily, with autumn sluggishness, diverting itself of the night garments of mist. The sun shone through a haze, and myriad cobwebs, dew traced, were patterned on the ferns or linking reed to reed. The cool air was fragrant with earth scents, and grass scents, and the breath of the snow river, and magnetic with early morning prophecies and the possibilities of a new day.

Howard was conscious of a feeling of well-being, offspring of his circulating blood, an enjoyment purely physical. He knew it as such; he was critical enough to know just exactly where he stood, and he knew that he hated what was to him the humiliation of this hour. Lowliness or self-forgetfulness or generosity had nothing to do with his act; his abnegation was to the only power he recognised, genius!

As he walked he always heard the river. Its subdued murmur made an accompaniment to his thoughts—unconsciously it drew him till he stood upon its bank. He stopped and watched it flowing swift and deep under the high precipitous bank, with swirl and eddy falling over rock to a lower and deeper pool at the bend. The white spray-foam threw up ghostly, appealing arms; arms that seemed lifted despairingly and disappeared. Again, as when he crossed the bridge, he felt himself drawn and drawn, engulfed and carried away.

He drew back, and his eye fell on a blue serge cap, and all about it the grass flattened and crushed. His face paled; he drew in his breath with a gasp. For a moment his brain was confused. He had come back so

suddenly from that mental plunge that he was dazed. He lifted his hat from his head, and passed his hand over his forehead, then gazed interrogatively over the desolate sweep of country which, in its sunlit wildness, looked indescribably forsaken. His gaze shortened, his eyes dropped—here at at his feet seemed the only answer. A man had lain there all night—no dew was on the crushed grass, his steps were traceable to the river's brink—and that man deemed his life over; he was mad with despair!

Howard stooped down and picked up the cap. He was cold, his teeth chattered; he pushed his way through the scrub to the higher ground—there was more sunlight on the open space. He walked on quickly, at the interval of a hundred yards or two, looking at the cap in his hand. He recalled the face under which he had seen it yesterday—that old, young face, haggard with misery. He stood still for a moment and listened to the rushing of the river—then went on again—to meet Caroline. He shrank a little at the thought. The far-stretching moor, the relentless sunlight—momentarily re-asserting itself after all the night-shadows might have hidden—picked out every object on the plateau distinctly, and there, coming to meet him, was Caroline. He knew her while she was yet but a slight shadow that came on steadily against the background of gold and blue, taking on form and individuality as it came, giving definite meaning to the indefinite scene. At last she was so near that the swish of her grey dress over the grass was to Howard the only sound in the universe, until her voice reached him.

"My brother?—he is not with you!" Intense questioning, followed by alarm was in the voice.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" The words all but rose to Howard Grey's lips. There was an assumption in the woman's tone that he was responsible. He pulled himself together, met the eyes that were dull with fear and sleeplessness, noted the quivering lips, the drawn whiteness of the small oval face, and with uncovered head responded.

"We parted at sundown last night."

She compelled the truth from him; frail and white as she was, he could not soften what he felt to be a blow. He had buttoned the serge cap under his coat at first sight of her, and it lay now heavy, like a hand pressing on his heart. Yet face to face with her he could not dissemble; she had again struck the discordant note in him; jarred him in some inexplicable way. She seemed so independent, so apart from all need or sympathy. For a moment she seemed to sway; he held out his hand with instinctive protectiveness, but the next instant she stood so firmly that he did not touch her. It all passed in a flash—a momentarily impulse checked by her quiet "At sundown?" Then all at once she showed her heart.

"Oh, Mr. Grey, what do you fear?"

Her hand was resting on his arm, her large grey eyes searching his face.

"I fear nothing!" he responded, prevaricating, to assure her the moment she made her appeal, "except that your brother found himself over-tired last night. He accompanied me to Pine Mill. I remarked on his weariness, but he assured me he was fit. Do not distress yourself, Miss Osmond, he has most likely put up at one of the settler's houses, and will come along presently, all the better for his rest."

She did not believe him, he saw. She turned away without answering, and shading her eyes with her hand looked over the landscape. Her thin lips were compressed. Presently her hand dropped to her side. She turned to Howard unexpectedly, and asked abruptly:

"Were you expecting to see my brother this morning? Had you an appointment?"

"No appointment, but I started off quite early in the hope of breakfasting with him, and so catching him before he went out. I had a suggestion to make . . . regarding a confidence he gave me yesterday. It concerned——"

She interrupted him a little stiffly.

"Do not imagine that I am inquisitive. I am only very anxious. You are keeping something back, Mr. Grey. Of that I

am sure. You have some knowledge——"

"No; no knowledge, I assure you——"

"A suspicion then, a fear. I saw it in your face when we met, and hear it now in your voice. Besides you were not surprised to see me out at this early hour, alone." She looked at him with appeal.

"Don't hesitate to hurt me. I am not afraid of pain—" Her lips twitched. "I have met it before—and—besides——" she was half suffocating with emotion he could see, "I think I know." Her voice was only just audible. "You do not expect my brother to return to me?"

Her eyes were brilliant with a strange light as they held his. A tide of compassion swept over him, the strong mind with its tenacious holding on and propping up of the weak, but loved brother, had worn her body to frailty. She stood on a small mound directly in front of him, her grey gown clinging to her girlish form, her personality giving an intense meaning to the solitary scene. She might have so stood on the grave of all her joy, independently of support, demanding still the truth of life, whatever it might be.

She would not cry out, or faint, or make ado; indeed, she put his own fears into words.

"Frank will not return; we need not wait for him," she said, moving as she spoke slowly towards home. "I felt that all night while I waited. As you saw, he had lost—control. Once during the night I heard him cry out to me; he never does that unless his suffering is intolerable."

Howard was watching her closely. She looked straight in front of her; her face was pinched and old. Had the night's suspense made her delirious? But her voice was quite natural as she added:

"I wish I could know whether he called me from *this* side or the *other*."

"Of the river?"

A quiver passed over her face. She turned and looked at her companion. "Of life."

"Dear Miss Osmond, is it not premature to take this hopeless view? He may be even now waiting breakfast for you at The Whare?"

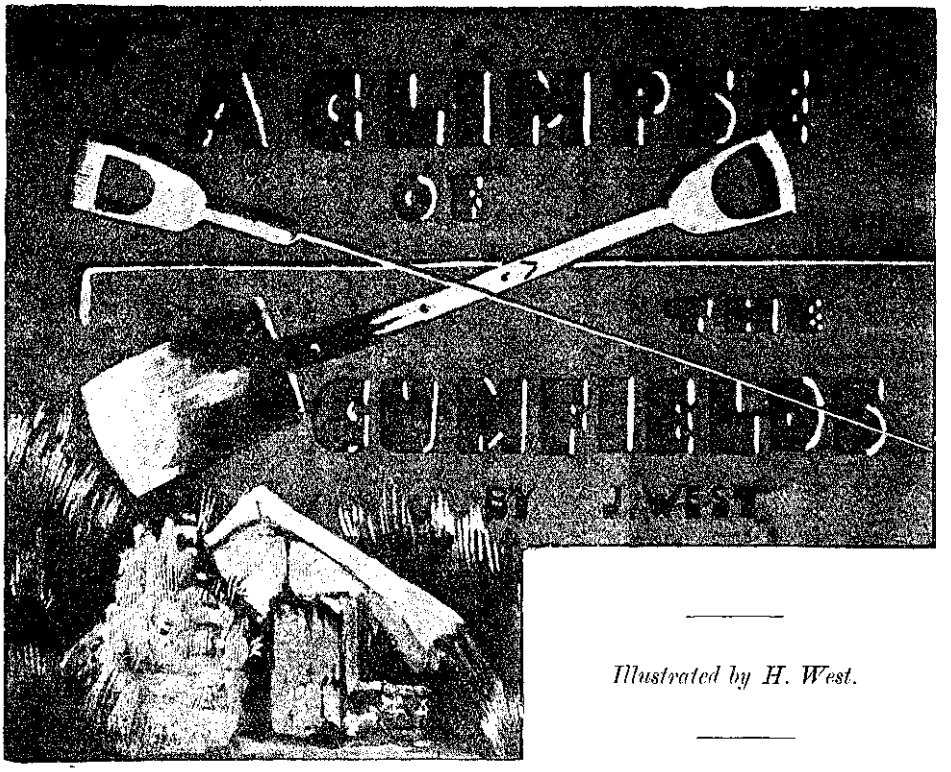
She shook her head. "Sometimes one *knows*—it is idle then to conjecture. How you know I shall ask you presently. My knowledge is not of fact; it is of another sort—intuitive, but I am sure that Frank has *gone*. Where, how far, whether he is alive or what you call dead (and what I call living in another sphere) I do not know—of one thing I am sure—*he has let his hold go of me*."

"How is it possible for you to tell?" exclaimed Howard, surprised into astonished tones.

"I can feel it. It is quite natural. I have lived for and with Frank—mentally with him—so long that I know he has cut me adrift. It is quite natural," she repeated, "it is simply the sympathy which is the basis of true relationship, and according to nature. Don't you remember the words of the Teacher in the crowd when he felt virtue—magnetism, strength—go out of Him—*who touched Me?* We always know!"

How utterly worn out and tired, body and heart, she was, Howard understood when they reached the cottage door, and she stretched out her hand and felt by the wall of the porch as one blind, groping her way into the familiar room.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Illustrated by H. West.

THE gumfields are those tracts of country in which the buried gum of the kauri tree is found. They are peculiar to the Auckland Province, yet the people of the province do not seem very proud of them.

"I don't know," says the citizen, "but I think—I think we might have been better without them. They attract unwelcome characters, and the land is poor."

The digger, that is the man who gets his living by finding the buried gum, is often given a worse name than he deserves. His sin is carelessness. Sometimes he drifts to the gumfields because he is careless, and sometimes the gumfields make him careless. But there is no doubt North Auckland would have had a better name but for her gumfields. The sight of them has turned away much permanent settlement, though on the other hand they have been of very material assistance to the struggling settlers, and have in a great measure saved Auckland city from the constant cry of the unemployed.

He who rides or walks down the length of the North Auckland Peninsula will travel day after day over open hilly country, a country of jagged ridges and gently sloping spurs, half-mile flats, and narrow serpentine swamps. Low fern and scrubby tea-tree grow on the dry land, and reedy raupo and dark green rushes on the wet. Monotonous country, the traveller will call it, for though every mile gives a fresh landscape it is fresh only in outline, there is a dreadful sameness in the characteristics. A small patch of bush in some deep gully, or a clearer view from some hill top of a distant bush-covered range, is for miles the only variation.

This open country is not all true gumfield. On many of the higher ridges the digger would get nothing for his work. The true gumland can be distinguished miles away by the ragged and patchy appearance of its scrub, an appearance caused by the digger's fires and the workings of his spade.

Here, then, on this gumland is where the old kauri forests once grew. All the wealth of timber has gone from the hillsides, but when working on black soil flats, the digger finds the charred shells of gigantic logs, or down under many feet of swamp he will come upon shattered tree heads, the limbs still lying bedded among the leaves, twigs, and cones that fell with them hundreds of years ago.

It seems curious that the sap of a tree should outlast the seasoned wood yet it is so with the kauri. Of course this sap is no longer sticky and milky white as it ran from the tree; it is now a resinous gum so hard and glassy that it will turn the blow of a steel spade.

The gum that is dug from the hillsides is covered by only a few inches of earth; on the flats it usually lies deeper, and in the swamps it is often buried eight or ten feet down. The quantity of gum that ran from some trees must have been great. Old diggers tell stories of wonderful "patches," and how, in the early days, it was the common thing to go out, and get in a few hours as much as they cared to carry home. An early settler in the North is said to have ploughed it out in such quantities that he stacked it in heaps and burnt it. Such stories naturally grow a little with the years, but at the present time, even in the shallow ground, fifty pounds of gum will sometimes be found heaped together in one spot, or a single piece will be dug out weighing a quarter of a hundredweight.

Auckland has had her gum trade for the last fifty years, and her present export is something over 11,000 tons a year.

By going into kauri forests that are now standing one can doubtless see an exact reproduction of those that are gone, and know for certain the beginnings which led to the present gumfields. In these younger forests are seen the great trunks rising from the undergrowth of spidery tafra and cutty grass. Gigantic pillars they are, five, seven and nine feet through, true in the round, and with scarcely perceptible tapering, though they run up forty and fifty feet before breaking out into that forest roof of branches.

A CLIMBER CHOPPING GUM OUT OF THE FORK OF A KAURI.

If a cut is made in the bark of one of these trees or a leaf is broken across, beads of milky white sap will gather along the wound. The tree also seems to bleed naturally, for in many places the sap has run down over the bark, and set like wax down a candle. Great quantities sometimes collect in the main fork of a tree, and knobs can be seen high up clinging to the branches. By kicking into the rubbish underfoot one can turn out pieces of gum that have fallen and already been buried, just as those other

A SETTLER GUMDIGGER'S HOME.

pieces fell and were buried long ago on what is now the gumfield.

This fresh bush gum is not so valuable as that which is dug from the open country, but it is quite worth gathering. Diggers work through the rubbish that lies beneath the trees, climbers, by the help of ropes, scramble into the tree head and gather the gum from limbs and forks, and that which they are not able to reach often adds considerably to the wages of the bushmen who fell the tree. Even the men who work in kauri mills get a share, for the saw will sometimes open up great cracks in a log that are full of gum.

Most gumfields are owned by the Government. Until lately they have been open to all men without question and without licence. The fields that are privately owned are leased by gum-buying storekeepers, who therefore have a monopoly over them. The advertisements which such men put into the newspapers are often the first hint to the needy stranger that he can easily find work in North Auckland.

"Wanted," says the advertisement. "Wanted at once, fifty diggers. From two pound ten to four pounds a week can be made.—Apply Scales, storekeeper and gum-buyer, Loads Flat."

What "hard-up" ever saw such a notice and did not feel the safer for it? Or what sailor, who was dissatisfied with his ship, did not slip ashore with his bundle after reading it? And when these men make further enquiries they find that the gumdigger has no loss, that he can work when he likes and idle when he likes; that he lives in a house that can be built in two days, and that the climate of the gumfields is said to be perfection.

"Why," say they, "it's one long money-making picnic! Who wouldn't be a gum-digger!"

That is naturally the first-formed enthusiastic ideal. Experience soon teaches the reality. Perhaps out of every two that try the gumfields one soon returns to his old haunts, and gives his fellows to understand that the land of tea-tree and sack shanties is a land to go mad in, and that he will prefer to stay away, and eat grass rather than try them again; the other, if he went determined to make a cheque, stays until he has made it, but it may be that he is one of the easy going sort, and the freedom and carelessness of the life suit him.

"What's in your jobs?" says he. "I've worked under bosses, and made big cheques, but I was never any better off at the end of the year. I can make my pound or two here and take it easy. This life is going to suit me."

Most of the old hands on the gumfields are such men. They are men without homes, without families, and without mates. A few poles do for the framework of their *whares*, if they are camped on the open gumfields fourpenny gum sacks serve for a roof, if near the bush nikau leaves make a ready thatch. These homes are not very durable, but they last as long as they are wanted.

"Three months on one field," says the digger, "is enough for me."

A few years of this gumfield life and the digger can stand nothing but individuality. Partnerships, or anything binding, gall him. This is illustrated in the working of some of the swamps. In many cases these swamps would pay to dig from end to end, but instead of co-operating and working on a face, each man sinks his own gumhole where he strikes the first gum, and in throwing out the soil covers more ground than he digs. Instead of all spending a week or two in draining the swamp, each man has his own bucket, and the water he bails out either runs back into his own gumhole, or into his neighbour's. But he is better satisfied with what he gets in this way than with a greater quantity secured by co-operation.

When two holes are sunk together in such a swamp, and good gum is found to lie between, we see that a good-humoured rivalry is better than a fretting partnership. Each digger in his anxiety neglects to bail. The water rises, and the mud accumulates until he is half covered with a mixture of the two, and groping for the gum at arm's length. But he who is drowned out first calls good-humouredly to his rival: "Say, mate," says he, "how do you feel? My skin's cracking for want of moisture."

Beside these camp diggers there are many settlers who depend on the gumfields for their income. Their homes are scattered all through the North, wherever the price or quality of the land was thought favourable. Want of rail or water communication with town has not always limited their choice. Patches of good land have drawn some to the back districts, where their homes stand on the border land between the gumfield and the bush, with only one neighbour in sight, and the nearest store four miles away.

By working hard on the gumfields for two weeks the settler can perhaps earn enough to keep himself and family for three. In this way he has a third of his time for the

SWAMP DIGGING.

improvement of his garden and orchard, or the sowing of grass for an increase of stock. If his family is a big one, well, it is rather an advantage than not. After the father has worn down the spade he can pass it on to the boy, and many odd pounds of gum are procured by the youngsters while herding the cows about the swamps on the gumfields.

Even under favourable circumstances it means years of hard work before a settler is independent of the gum. Sometimes one is beaten in the struggle. If a home is seen where the fences are down, and the outhouses falling, where a few lifeless stumps are all that remain of the orchard, and where the scrub is already closing up to the very door, one may be sure that the owner has given up all hope of cultivating the land, and now lives by gum alone.

Between the camp digger and the settler there is little sympathy. The settler has all the pride of landownership, and looks upon the other much as the ratepayer looks upon the tramp. The digger, on his side, prides himself on his liberty, and resting on the hillside above the homestead he ridicules the settlers attempts at agriculture. He also charges the settler with jealousy and a wish to monopolise the gumdigging. Said a digger one day:

"I didn't intend to, but now I'm going to stay on the field here until that swamp is dry. It's my opinion it's just paved with gum."

"Why?"

"Because that settler over there said there was not enough in it to keep a man in tobacco."

There is this great advantage about gum, it is always saleable. On most gumfields the digger has not to carry it beyond his own door. The storekeeper meets him there, prices and weighs it, and then gives it over to his packman or bullocky to carry to the store.

Selling day in a big camp is often a busy one. It is the only serious day that many diggers have. The camp liar finds it especially serious. For the last fortnight he has been telling his neighbours of the loads of gum he got "yesterday" and "the day before;" in fact, every day but those in which he was know to have come in with nothing. The scales, however, prove that he has obtained little more for the whole fortnight than he said he got in one day. This quietens him for a time, but like others of his kind he soon recovers.

"It's queer how I have been off it, lately," he says, "but I had a big selling last time."

The buyer has a serious day as well as the seller. There are sure to be diggers in camp who think it a sign of softness to take his first offer. They have not proved themselves good business men if the price is not raised at least one shilling per hundredweight. The only buyer who can avoid this barracking is he who is quick to see the class of gum before him, and who is known to give one price and one only. This classing is comparatively easy in winter, for then the digger is working in the shallow ground, and the gum he gets there is good in quality, but that which comes from the swamps in summer is different; it varies in quality from the hard and glassy gum that is worth a shilling a pound to the dark, grainy stuff that is worth only seven and six a hundred-weight.

The buyer also knows that he is likely to be "had." It is to be noticed, though, that the digger has some conscience even in his gum selling. He will never tell of having "had" (they don't call it cheating) a storekeeper until he has proved to his hearers that the storekeeper first tried to have him. So if the buyer has done anything that can be looked upon as sharp business, he must in future be careful. The digger in return will sometimes tip good gum that has been priced into a bag which already has inferior gum in the bottom, and he looks upon his account with the buyer as square when both good and bad gum are weighed up together and booked at high quality price. The digger knows too that some swamp gum is spongy. A sack of such gum has absorbed as much as a bucketful of water, and that shortly before it was put on the scales.

The digger has little respect for land laws. Without questioning whether he is right or wrong he soon comes to look on gum as common property wherever it lies. He laughs at the rights of the absentee landlord. He boils his billy with the prosecution notice, and digs for the rest of the day inside the forbidden boundary.

When writing of this wandering man of the gumfields it is difficult to avoid giving him a bad character; his gumfield faults, like his old clothes, are so noticeable, but like them also they only overlay the real man. There is a suspicion that if you could but persuade him to give himself a good shake, morally and physically, both faults and clothes would fall from him, then give him five minutes to dress differently, and revise his vocabulary, and you would have a man remarkably like the rest of men.

"THE GAME IS PLAYED OUT, IT'S DONE, MATE!"

With all his faults the gumdigger often exhibits sympathy. He has been known to voluntarily retreat from good digging on the land of a struggling settler with a "Poor beggar, he wants all he's got." He will also help the gumfield new chum. He will give him endless advice, but more than that, after glancing round the bareness of the new chum's *whare*, he will mention that he has a box round at his place, anyone is welcome to it, and it would make a first-rate cupboard. Or perhaps it is a piece of sack roofing he has got to spare, and he shows the stranger how, if he will only come round and get it, the rain

can be stopped from beating through the *whare* end.

The tools used by the digger are the spade, the spear, and the hook. The spade everyone knows, but the spear and the hook are tools peculiar to the gumfield. The spear is a long slender piece of steel, four-sided and tapering to a point. When set in a handle it is easily driven into the soft ground, and the grating of the point will tell when it has touched gum. In the early days the digger found all his gum with the spear, but he no longer uses it in the shallow ground. It answered well enough in the days when gum was plentiful, and it only payed to dig the bigger pieces and the "patches," but now what is left is so small and scattered, and so much more valuable when it is got, that it pays to use the spade only, and turn all the ground over. The spear is still used in the swamps, for the digger wants to be sure of getting something for his work before he sinks a hole eight or ten feet deep.

The hook is used for raising the gum from the bottom of the deeper and wetter swamps. It is a rod of iron perhaps twelve feet long, looped at one end for a handle, and with the last three inches of the other turned off at right angles and given its own peculiar shape. When the swamps are dry the hooker has to open up the hardened surface with a spade, and when they are very wet he has sometimes to lift the gum the last part of the way with his toes. What the hooker wants is a swamp firm enough to hold the gum steady, and soft enough to allow it to be drawn easily up to the surface.

CROUCHING FOR SHELTER BEHIND THE SCRUB.

It is likely that gum will be worth digging during many years yet, for as it becomes scarcer it rises in value. Inferior gum, great quantities of which are still left, is now worth what good gum was worth years ago.

There are said to be 10,000 men earning their living on the gumfields. Divide among these the value of the annual export, which is £600,000, and you have for each digger an income of £60 a year or rather less, for the storekeepers and exporters want their profits. Sixty pounds a year does not tally with the storekeepers' two pound ten to four pounds a week. But such wages can be made, and a few by real hard work do make

them. Most diggers, however, do not work hard. Many are like the man who was one day startled from his couch in the fern.

"Yes," said he, "I've been to sleep. I was so disgusted. It is work, and work your life out, and there is nothing. I think I'll toddle home."

He was a short, thick man, who should have made storekeepers' wages. He had come out late, worked a few hours in a tired way, and lunched, then gone to sleep and been awaked in time to get home by four o'clock in the afternoon. But before he went he lit his pipe, and told what he thought of the gumfields. He was one of those diggers who fifteen years ago were of the opinion that their trade was done, and who every day of every year since that time have told and retold that opinion.

"The fields are dug to ruin," said he. "They're turned to blazes! The game is played out; it's done, mate, it's done! It's completely cooked! It's———" But the climax is not to be written. Still he gave it with effect, his hand raised, just about to strike the match head on the clay pipe. If he had included himself in the condemnation it would not have been amiss, for he looked played out and lost to all regeneration; his spade leant against him, his gum bag was on his back, his clothes were mouldy-looking and his shirt overflowed his belt, and in his face was an expression of contented hopelessness.

No one abuses the gumfields more than the digger does, yet he clings to them, and they are kind to him, with an over-indugent kindness. His carelessness of dress and looseness of speech can there go undisciplined, and he need work but to supply his hunger. Perhaps though this abuse is prompted by a dim unanalysed consciousness away down somewhere in the man, that it would have been better for him if he had been disciplined. There is no worse dissatisfaction than that caused by the knowledge of a wasting life, and life is often wasted on the gumfields. It is a land where good men spoil, where the careless become more careless, where the thoughtful grow morbid, and the morbid mad; its nomadic liberty is its curse, yet the source of its only romance.

To know the gumfield at its worst a man must know it in bad weather. Crouching for shelter behind a scrub bush, he looks out on a landscape darkened by heavy clouds. He hears the wind come circling round behind the hill, and with it the sound of the rain. They sweep over and past him, and blurr the landscape in front. Crouching there for an hour with the cold rain dripping from bush to hat, and from hat to clothes, he may think he knows what misery is, but he is mistaken. He has to wade home through the switching wet scrub first, and come to a camp that smells of mouldy sacking and damp earthern floors. There

SHIFTING CAMP IN THE EARLY MORNING.

he meets his fellow diggers, who open the mouth but to curse, and in whose uncleanness and raggedness he sees but a likeness of himself. He collects his driest wood and lights a fire. He goes down on his knees and blows it, but it never gets beyond the hissing steaming stage. The sod chimney won't draw; instead of the smoke going up the rain and wind come down. He coughs and chokes, and the fire goes out. He hears his neighbours cursing horribly, but it is all a part of the misery, and in response he laughs—laughs like they say the lost laugh.

But as there is a worst there is also a best. When bound down to strict hours and unshirkable toil he, who was once a gumdigger, will remember the day when he

and another rested on the hillside, their backs in the fern, and the free, wild, uncivilised landscape of ridge and gully before them. The sun was warm, the air was clear and the sky was blue. Below them some one was wandering and singing. A stray breeze came along the hillside, and brought with it the scent of the gumfields, a scent of young fern and flowering scrub, so faint and delicate that it seemed only such a sun could draw it, only such an air could hold it in its purity, and only such a gentle wind could carry it. And as they lay there they agreed that life was not altogether for work. To work on such a day was a sin, so one told his yarns and the other answered with his. Lucky gum "patches" were struck again, and big lumps found.

"Who'd work for a boss?" said one.

"Who would?" said the other.

"Who wouldn't be a gumdigger?" said one.

"Who wouldn't?" said the other.

Josiah Martin, Auckland.

A FERN STUDY.

A Heroine in a Small Way.

By Rev. C. Cargill.

Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

At the north side of Algernon Square, near the British Museum, is Bentick Street. It is a short street, and contains about fifty houses, which all have very much the same appearance, and on the door of which may be seen in different designs the words "Board and Residence," "Private Hotel," or "Furnished Apartments."

One afternoon in early autumn a cab drove up to No. 10, Bentick Street, with a small trunk on top, and two passengers inside. The one was a female somewhat advanced in life, and though comfortably attired, her general appearance indicated that she belonged to the lower rather than the upper middle class. Her companion, who was much younger than herself, was her nephew. From his dress it was evident that he was a clergyman, but his general appearance left the impression that his wordly affairs were not in a very flourishing condition. He was tall and well built and not bad looking, had dark hair and eyes, but there was a certain crest-fallen manner about him which prevented him appearing at his best. Still he had that air of refinement which usually distinguishes members of his profession. He was a favourable contrast to his companion, who was a short, stout woman, with a red face and small spiteful eyes. Notwithstanding her inferiority, it was evident from the attention her nephew paid her, she was mistress of the situation. Also, what is very rare with women, there was not the slightest respect in her manner towards her nephew, although in holy orders.

The nephew got out of the cab first, and then assisted his aunt.

"Now, Garge," she said, "be quick and ring the bell."

Her nephew at once complied with her request.

"Dear me, I hope they'll soon answer," she continued. "I feel the damp a-risin' to my legs, and I don't want to be laid up with lumbago this winter."

Before the nephew could reply, the door was opened by a pleasant-looking maid.

"Got any rooms to let, young woman?" said the aunt.

"Plenty," answered the girl.

"I'm afraid you're not doing very well."

"Oh, we can't always be full," remarked the maid, carelessly. "You see it's our dull time. The gents haven't yet returned to town; the medicos are still away, and boarding house folk haven't yet made up their minds where they mean to pass the winter. But here comes Missus."

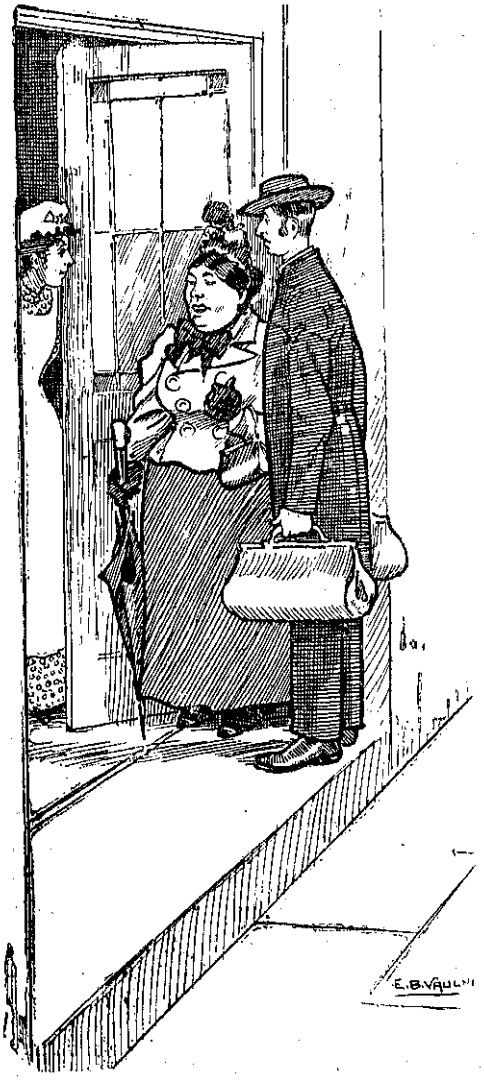
At that moment a woman, still young and comely, appeared. There was a kind of dignity in her manner, though she seemed to be oppressed with care and worry. She was a fine woman, tall, well-developed, somewhat past thirty, but with a downcast look which took all the life out of her face. She might also be called sullen-looking but for the pleasant look which at times broke across her countenance.

As soon as she approached her two visitors she was struck by the clergyman's appearance. An expression came over her face as if she recognised in him an old acquaintance, though she had never seen him before. She took an interest in him at once, and strange to say the same expression might have been observed on the clergyman's face. But for the presence of the old

woman they would have shaken hands with each other as a mark of sympathy. Taking her eyes off the clergyman, she addressed his aunt:

"I presume you require rooms for yourself and this gentleman, who is ——," and here she stopped.

The aunt, being by no means proud of her nephew, and not wishing him to be regarded



THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A PLEASANT LOOKING MAID.

as a nearer relation than he actually was, hastily replied: "He is not my son, only my nephew."

"Indeed," said the landlady, whose name was Miss Rickton.

"Are you the mistress of this house?" asked the aunt, wishing to get all the information she could from Miss Rickton about her private affairs before she discussed the subject of bedrooms.

"Yes, but what rooms do you require?" answered Miss Rickton, vainly endeavouring to divert the conversation from himself.

"Well, I must say you are rather young, and I would add, inexperienced, to have charge of a house this size. Would it not be better if you had some elderly relative or friend to assist you in your duties?"

This remark sent the colour to Miss Rickton's cheeks, but being accustomed to rude observations, she did not resent it, but calmly said:

"We cannot always pick and choose, madam, how we shall conduct our business in life, but do the best we can under existing circumstances. Would you be so good as to inform me what rooms you require, as I have much to occupy my time?"

After this remark it was impossible for the old lady to pump Miss Rickton any further about her private affairs, so she replied in rather an offended manner:

"I don't require a bedroom myself, but my nephew might take one if it suited him."

"We have several to let, as we are rather empty at present. There's the front room on the first floor at three and a-half guineas; one on the second floor, two pounds; two on the third at thirty shillings. Of course this includes board."

"Much too dear for my nephew's means," said the aunt, in a very determined way.

"I have two on the fourth floor at twenty-five shillings; they might suit."

"I may as well have a look at them, though the stairs are very trying for my breath."

So the three ascended the stairs together, and with much hard breathing the old lady managed to reach the fourth floor.

"Young woman," she said, gasping, "I'll sit down for a few minutes to recover my breath before we resume business." Then after the requisite rest: "Twenty-five!

You ask too much. Haven't you anything less expensive ?"

"There is one other room, but I rarely ever let it, because it has no fireplace."

"Fireplace, indeed! What does that matter. Surely you don't think my nephew requires a fire in his bedroom? Let's see it."

Miss Rickton showed the two into a small room, with a sloping roof, in which a man could only stand upright in the centre.

"Your nephew can have this for a guinea."

"A guinea! Nonsense, young woman. I'll offer eighteen shillings, and I call it fair and square. If ye don't like it, leave it alone; we can go elsewhere. You must decide at once, for I can't stop here in the draught, haggling about the price. I'm afraid of a chill striking me."

This was rather too much for Miss Rickton's patience, and she was about to refuse in a very decided manner, but a glance at the clergyman made her alter her mind. He looked ready to sink into the ground with shame; he blushed scarlet up to his temples, and there was an imploring look in his eye that went straight to her heart. She at once accepted the offer, and this act proved the turning point in her life. How seldom do we know at the time when we act the best for our own interests.

The aunt was elated at her cleverness in obtaining the room at her own price.

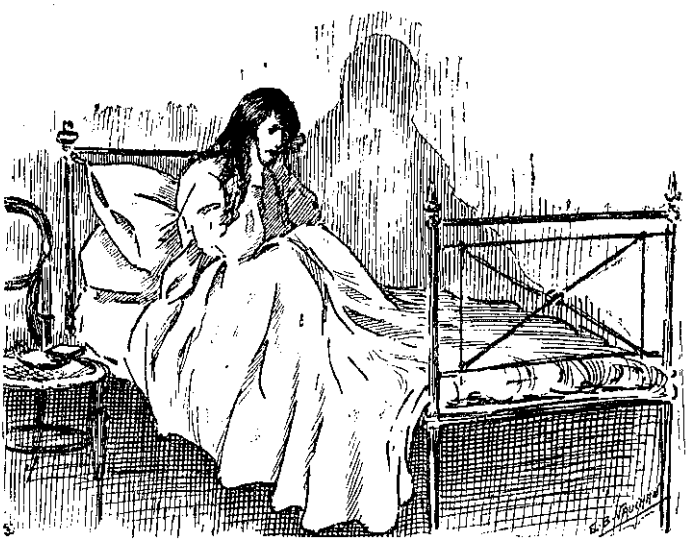
"There," she exclaimed to her nephew in triumphant tones, "how thankful you ought to be that you have an aunt to look after your interests! If you'd been left to yerself you would have been diddled over this business. I suppose I must pay for the cab. Well, there's a shilling, and if the driver asks for more, call a policeman and give him in charge. When you've paid him, Garge, and taken in your luggage, wait for me at the bottom of the stairs, as I shall require your arm to Basingstoke Crescent."

Ruth Rickton was the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer. He had given her a good education; her mother had taught her the duties of the household. When she died Ruth kept house for her father. Then came the agricultural depression, and Rickton, like many others, stuck to his farm, hoping for better times, but unfortunately exhausted his means in trying to make both ends meet, and at last the crash came. He was obliged to give up the farm, sell his furniture, stock and produce, and, after settling with his creditors, only a very small balance remained. Broken in fortune and health he soon died, rather from bitterness of spirit than any bodily complaint.

After the death of her father what was Ruth to do to gain a living? A difficult question at all times to answer, especially when you have no capital to commence with. She objected to become a governess, had no talent for dressmaking, and after due consideration she determined to open a boarding-house in London. With great difficulty she managed to scrape together some portion of the money, and to borrow the remainder, which was necessary to purchase the goodwill and furniture of the late proprietors of No. 10, Bentick-street, and entered upon her duties.

Being a strong, active woman, endowed with much resolution, she felt confident that she would succeed in her undertaking. But she soon found that good resolutions do not go far in the business of life, though they may be necessary for a commencement. After the first excitement of her new life, she became a prey to bitter disappointment, which led to a terrible depression of spirits. She felt the change terribly. The confinement was very trying after the freedom of a farmhouse; the hours very long. Still these trials were bearable in comparison with her difficulties with her boarders. Few callings offer better facilities for understanding human nature than managing a boarding house. The peculiarities of disposition shown by persons cooped up in a small space are marvellous. Ruth Rickton had to bear with the infirmities of her fellow creatures in order to make a living out of them. In every dispute she was wrong, and was compelled to accept the justice others meted out to her. Under the smart

of injustice she had to smile, and talk amiably to persons who were making large demands upon her resources. But what added still more to her suffering was the growing feeling that she was a failure. One gleam of success might have strengthened her for sustained effort, but it never appeared. The bleeding feet never brought her nearer the desired goal. She could not make her house pay. Her lodgers beat her down so unmercifully in prices; they were so exacting; they must have the best, and yet would not pay for it.



"WHAT AM I TO DO?" SHE SAID, AS SHE SAT UP IN BED.

From such a condition of life is it surprising that terrible thoughts entered her mind? She felt as one in an awful solitude, though surrounded by the presence of her boarders. No one gave her a word of encouragement; no one gave her a glance of sympathy; all were absorbed in the selfishness of individual interests. She had no friends, no resources. Of a night when she heard the rain pattering against the windows and the wind sweeping round the houses she thought to herself: "It is only the thickness of the wall which separates me from the cold, cruel streets, what a fate! To tramp the streets all night—cold, wet, weary, hungry, exhausted, and hopeless. And yet, oh my God! I am coming to it! What am I to do?" she asked herself as she sat up in bed and pressed her hands to her aching brows. Then an awful thought, like a flash of lightning, ran through her. "No, not that!" she exclaimed. But a mocking voice replied, "You will come to it in time like many a decent woman before you." Pale with terror, she pushed back her hair with one hand, and with the other pointed to what seemed her own corpse. Then she jerked out her words in hollow despair, "May I never come to that!" As she sunk back exhausted on her bed, kindly sleep spread its curtain over her. So far she was fortunate that she did not wake till her cheap alarm rang her up at half-past five.

But the impression once made never altogether left her. It seemed to enrich her, and to give her a last resource when every other had failed. Yet at times it filled her with shame! Her life had always been scrupulously respectable; she had shrunk from any action that might be regarded as questionable. What an end it would be for one whose good name had always been her treasure! Why should a respectable woman ever resort to so violent a remedy? Society would coldly demand. Was it shame or misfortune, or was it the misfortune which springs from shame? Would she hear from another world the remarks of others upon an act disgraceful even in its tragic elements? But notwithstanding these drawbacks, she derived consolation from her resolve. At times, when unduly pressed by the hardship of her lot, she would repeat to herself in firm desperation, "I will do it, yes, I will take the fatal plunge; it will soon be over; it will only require a little courage and firmness." And then her face would become ashy grey with despondency,

and her eye so dull from the exclusion of all hope that you could scarcely say what was its original colour.

So Ruth Rickton went about her daily work with the prospect before her that the day would come when she would make an end of herself. She would lead an honest life and do her duty to the end. Yet she knew that the crisis must come when the water and gas were cut off, when she could not purchase provisions and coals, when her landlord clamoured for the rent, when an execution would be put in for the rates and taxes. It would then be satisfactory to have a pre-arranged plan to meet the catastrophe. Yes; she would go straight to a certain bridge and take the fatal plunge. This resolution left a certain impression upon her. It gave a dignity to her carriage, a weird mystic look to her countenance, a calm deliberation to her manner. She was so patient, so gentle, so resigned that a kind of wild sweetness seemed to have settled over her womanhood. Even the boarders observed it; but common souls know nothing of the struggles of the spirit; their ills, like themselves, were of the flesh. Still her strange manner filled them with a certain sort of awe, and they treated her with a little more respect and consideration.

Ruth Rickton had reached this state of despair when the Rev. George Dawnton appeared upon the scene.

He took a vacant seat beside her at breakfast the first morning, and insisted on carving the ham, a duty she always attended to herself. Boarders invariably hacked hams with wasteful results. She feared for the consequences in this case. But to her great delight, the reverend gentleman cut beautiful thin slices in a way she could not have surpassed herself, and his good offices did not end here. He kept up the conversation, talking in a pleasant manner to everyone at the table. Perhaps having to talk when you have nothing to say, and are disinclined for conversation, is one of the small martyrdoms of life. He also assisted Miss Rickton in many other ways; in fact, there was no end to the services he rendered her. He wrote her letters and kept her accounts; he not only carved but presided at the table when she felt indisposed. He kept order amongst the men, and paid little attentions to the ladies, arranged games, and took a hand at whist when necessary, or turned over the music for fair performers, and afterwards complimented them upon their brilliant execution. Thus the affairs of the house went much smoother and pleasanter for his efforts, and the burden of life did not seem so heavy to Miss Rickton.

But what she valued more than all was his sympathy. He had at last found one person in the world who could understand and feel for her, to whom she could open her mind, and from whom she might receive advice.

Precious were those evenings when she could have some private conversation with him. Sometimes he was alone in the small drawing-room. Then Miss Rickton would steal up from the kitchen, and he would hear her step in the passage.

"Is that you, Miss Rickton?" he would ask.

"Yes."

"Come in here, and let's have a chat."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Why not? Is it wicked?"

"No; it's not that. I ought not to waste my time, as I have so much to do."

"Surely conversing with me cannot be a waste of time. You work a great deal too hard, a little rest will do you good."

Then she would let him persuade her to take the chair upon the opposite side of the fire, and tell him about her household affairs, her trials with the boarders and tradesmen, the condition of her finances, and how she hoped to emerge from the rocks ahead. He would listen to all she had to say, and give her such comfort as he was able. But their conversation went further than the details of their daily life, for they told each other much of their past experience. Each showed to the other in what the burden of their existence consisted. They gave each other the support they required, and

the necessary strength for fighting the battle of their lot.

But no expression of feeling passed between them. Courtship is a dangerous matter for the mistress of a boarding-house, unless vows and sighs lead to an immediate action. So after a pleasant conversation Miss Rickton would remark:

"How late it is!"

"Not much after eleven," Dawnton would reply, unwillingly, that the conversation should cease.

"Time I was in bed. Good-night, Mr. Dawnton!"

"Good-night, Miss Rickton!"

She would at once rise from her chair, and pass out of the room, without a look, a sigh, a word, a touch of the hand, without any indication of a growing passion, and yet both knew that for them the wise course was not to entertain a question which in examination might prove singularly attractive.

The Rev. George Dawnton took Sunday duty when he could get it, as he had no permanent curacy. He did pretty well when he first came to live at Bentick Street, but gradually the duty fell off, and he had nothing to do except read at the Museum. In course of time he was obliged to inform Miss Rickton of his circumstances. She implored him not to let the matter trouble him, as he really ought not to pay anything. His food made no difference among the others; she could not let this room, and his assistance was most valuable to her. In fact, she did not know how she could manage without him; besides she had perfect confidence in his honour, he could pay her when it was convenient. Dawnton would not have minded so much if Miss Rickton had been doing well, but he knew that she herself was hard pressed at the time. His position revealed to him more clearly the real feelings he entertained towards her. His one desire was to assist her, and yet he was adding to her embarrassment. The thought was torture to him, and yet he dare not take the decisive step which might bring deliverance to both of them.

One evening they were sitting alone in the drawing-room. Dawnton looked pale and worried. Miss Rickton, though anxious, tried for his sake to be cheerful. For a time they sat in silence. At last Dawnton spoke.

"Who was the man speaking to you in the hall to-day, and saying that he should come only once more?"

"The gas collector."

"How much do you owe him?"

"Five pounds."

"Can you pay him?"

"Not at present."

"What are you going to do? If you don't pay, the company will certainly cut off your gas?"

"I can't say."

Though she was in a position which threatened speedy ruin, she smiled pleasantly as she spoke.

He did not return her look, but rose from his seat, clenched his fists and said:

"Yes; by God, I'll do it!"

Miss Rickton quickly went to his side, put one hand in his, and the other on his shoulder.

"George, you mustn't do it, whatever it is."

She had never called him George before.

"I cannot see you in your present position and not try my best to relieve you. Besides, it's my fault. It would not be right to leave you unassisted in your difficulties."

"But what do you think of doing?"

"Applying to my aunt, Mrs Tasker, for a loan."

"Why is that so dreadful?" said Miss Rickton, in a tone of curiosity, rather than one expressing a desire for assistance.

"You little know what kind of a person she is. You regard her only as disagreeable, but that in itself is not of much consequence. I cannot tell you all she says to me if I ask her for pecuniary asssistance, though I am her only living relative, and she is very well off. I have at times been in dreadful straits. The last time I asked her to lend me a small sum for a week, she brought false accusations against my dead

mother, and I told her I would never ask her again. She is a terrible woman, and yet, if she would let me, I should like to be on good terms with her. But, to-night, I shall break my vow, for I cannot witness your distress without making an attempt to remove it."

"Don't go, Mr. Dawnton, I shall manage to pull through somehow."

"But I must," said Dawnton, making for the door.

She followed him into the passage, and assisted him to put on his overcoat. The wind was blowing hard, and the rain falling heavily as he left the house.

"Mind you come back to me whatever happens!" she said, as she stood on the doorstep.

"Perhaps."

"No perhaps; you must!"

"Perhaps."

Then the man was lost in the darkness and storm, but the woman stood still on the doorstep. The wind and rain beat fiercely upon her face, but she paid no heed. Pressing her hand on her bosom she cried in piteous tones: "Come back! Come back! What shall I do without you?"

Dawnton strode on to Basingstoke Crescent, where his aunt lodged. She occupied the best bedroom, was the most remunerative boarder, drank sherry at lunch and dinner, and on the strength of her means gave herself airs, and domineered over the others. Her dislike to her sister, Dawnton's mother, was the old story of Juno and Venus over again. The pretty sister married a half-pay officer, lived in distress, and died in want. She herself married a grocer, and when the worthy man departed this life, he left her very well off, especially as they had no children.

Dawnton found his aunt in a vile temper. She had been beaten in a dispute on religion by a Scotch lady, who had arrived that afternoon; and when she tried bullying she was met by the cool rejoinder that we should never lose our temper or forget our manners, even when worsted in argument.

She received her nephew in the presence of the other boarders with the testy remark: "What do you mean by coming to see me at this hour of the night? Come at the proper time, or don't come at all!"

"I should not have troubled you, aunt, at this late hour if it had not been a matter of great importance. Perhaps you will be so good as to see me in your own room, as what I have to say must be for your private ear."

Most reluctantly she retired to her room, and when seated comfortably in her arm-chair before the fire, she said:

"Now let's have it, and mind you cut it as short as possible."

"I will be very brief, aunt," said Dawnton, with cool determination. "I have not been able recently to obtain any Sunday duty."

"That's your own fault. You should get a curacy, and not hang about a boarding-house, because you think the mistress has a pretty face. 'Tisn't respectable nor proper in a clergyman."

"We will not discuss that to-night, aunt. What I wanted to say is that I owe Miss Rickton six pounds which I cannot pay her, and I am aware that she requires the money at once to meet her liabilities. You know that I should never have asked you for the money under any other circumstances on account of what you said about my dear mother the last time I requested the loan of a sovereign from you. But I can't see that woman ruined because I owe her money, and therefore, however unpleasant it may be to me personally, I have come to borrow the money of you."

"Hoity, toity!" she exclaimed. "So this is your little game, is it, but you don't find me napping. It's my humble opinion that you and the young woman have made it up between you. Not a farthing do you get from me to-night, so you're only wasting yer time stopping here!"

"Am I to understand, aunt, that you refuse my request?"

"Well, I thought I spoke plain enough."

"In that case I cannot return to Miss Rickton's, but must go forth into the streets

a ruined, homeless man, a beggar and a vagrant, to be dealt with by the laws of my country."

He looked his aunt straight in the face. There was something in his glance which made her quail. For the first time in her life she felt afraid of him. Still she could be spiteful to the last.

"If you wander about the streets of a night when respectable folk are in bed, you'll be took up by the perlice and brought before the magistrates."

"I know I shall, and to prove my respectability, I shall subpœna my respectable aunt."

Without saying another word Dawnton made for the door. He had opened it, and was out in the passage when she cried: "Stop!"

He returned to the room, and found her fumbling at her pocket in a great state of confusion.

"Dear me," she said, "I have only two five pound notes, and you have no change?"

"No, aunt, but I must have some money to go on with, so I will borrow the two, and repay them as soon as I can. Good night!"

Without another word, he went downstairs into the streets. The wind had fallen, the rain had ceased, and the moon was shining. The man's heart was full of joy and exultation. He had fought, what was to him, a hard battle for the woman he loved, and had gained the victory. He was not long in reaching Bentick Street, but before he could get his latchkey out of his pocket, the door was opened by Miss Rickton, all smiles and delight.

"Come in," she said, seizing both his hands, and bringing him into the drawing-room. "I knew your step. I have such good news to tell you—almost too good to be true. No sooner had you left than an old gentleman from Yorkshire (such a funny creature, but one of the right sort) came for rooms. He wanted one for himself, one for his sister, and two for his daughters, and asked me if I should require a reference. I told him it was not necessary.

"'Ah, but I always give a reference,'

AN OLD GENTLEMAN FROM YORKSHIRE, SUCH A FUNNY CREATURE.

said he, and he put a five-pound note down on the table. 'That's the best reference a man can give, and there are many more where that came from,' and he sat down in the armchair, put back his head, and laughed to his heart's content. I could have cried for joy, for now it does not matter whether you have been successful in your mission. I'm sorry you're not stopping; I think you would enjoy the old gentleman's society; he's an original."

"But I am not going, Miss Rickton."

"Yes, you are. I intend to turn you out of my house early to-morrow."

She looked into his face so pleasantly, and her eyes filled with such a soft expression of love, that Dawnton was quite puzzled to make out what she meant.

"Don't you know, O man, that it never rains but it pours! I have also a piece of good news for you. Whilst I was talking to the old gentleman a letter, marked immediate, came for you from the clerical agent. Not knowing when you would

return, I opened and answered it. You must go at once to Weatherston, in Berkshire, for a month's duty, the Rector being suddenly called away upon important business. You will be lodged and boarded at the Rectory, and receive two guineas a week for looking after the parish and taking the services on Sunday. You have to start by the train which leaves Paddington at eight o'clock, but I shall be up to give you an early breakfast."

She looked at him with an inquiring glance, but did not ask him how he had succeeded in his undertaking. She was afraid he had failed, and if he had, she did not wish to hear the details as they might mar her present happiness.

Dawnton divined her thoughts, and was pleased at the surprise he had in store for her.

"And I have news for you," he said, gravely.

"But I don't want to hear it. It can now be of no consequence, as I have sufficient money for my present wants."

"But you must hear me."

"No, not now—another time."

"I'm not going to distress you, Miss Rickton, for my news is good. I was so fortunate as to obtain ten pounds from my aunt. It will be a great comfort to me to leave you to-morrow free from anxiety as regards pecuniary matters."

Of course the two corresponded during Dawnton's absence. Though they kept to the ordinary form of epistolary communication, yet it covered a good deal which both understood regarding their feelings towards each other. In one of her letters Miss Rickton informed him that the boarders missed him very much, and added, "I think I do a little." Then, her cheek burned as she wrote it, "Come back as soon as you can."

The reverend gentleman was quite willing to accede to this request directly his engagement ended.

When he reached Bentick Street, the door was opened by Miss Rickton almost before the cab had stopped. With flushed countenance and outstretched arms she again received him, but did not invite him to enter the house.

"Oh! Mr. Dawnton," she said, "they have already sent three times from Basingstoke Crescent to say that your aunt wishes particularly to see you, and that you are to go to her immediately. I'm afraid she is very ill. Please start without any delay."

Dawnton, much surprised at the news, instantly set out for Basingstoke Crescent. When he arrived he was at once taken upstairs, and shown into his aunt's bedroom. He was horrified at her altered appearance. The last time he saw her she was a strong, stout-looking woman, with a rosy complexion, now she was blanched, withered and shrunken. But the startled expression of fear in her eye distressed him most. She had the fatal terror of one who felt her sin, but not its forgiveness, and the only relief she sought, before it was too late, was to redress some of the wrong she had committed. She saw clearly there was much she could not alter.

Dawnton felt a tender compassion for her suffering, and kneeling by her bedside, covered his face with his hands, and prayed: "By Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat, by Thy Cross and Passion; by Thy Precious Death and Burial; by Thy Glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the Coming of the Holy Ghost!—Lord have mercy on her."

Touched by the words, his aunt put her hand upon his head and said: "Thanks, Gargo; Christ will listen to you. He would reject my prayer. It is too late for prayer now. What remains of my life must be devoted to justice. Listen, Gargo, for I can only say a few words. Soon I shall have to face my Maker, and I have nothing to plead in defence of what I have done. I wronged your mother, because I was jealous of her, for she was very beautiful and much admired. I falsely accused her, and drove her from her native town. Gargo, I am sinking, can you forgive me the wrong I did your mother?"

"From the bottom of my heart, aunt."

"But there is worse still. When she was dying—Oh, God! I see her sweet eyes fixed on me now—she said to me: 'Elizabeth, I freely forgive you all the harm you have done me on condition that when I am gone you are kind to my boy.' You know how I have treated you; but I have tried to make amends during the time God has smittten me. I have left you every thing I possess, and you can now marry that young woman at the boarding-house. I feel sure she'll make you a good wife."

"How kind of you, aunt."

"Kind, did you say?" said his aunt, rising in her bed, and pointing at an imaginary object with her finger: "Kind! did you say? No; I am a fiend—See! there she is, your mother—Arabella, my sister—how beautiful she looks! An——" The wretched woman never finished the sentence, but fell back a corpse.

The doctor and nurse rushed in at Dawnton's call, but one glance was sufficient, her jaw had fallen; she gazed at something beyond time.

Dawnton returned to the boarding-house in a sad state of mind. The death-bed of his aunt, with its awful revelations, had depressed him. He could not speak of them to anyone. They filled him with a sorrow that looked to the outside observer like disappointment.

It was thus that Miss Rickton read his countenance. She said to herself: "His aunt has left him nothing. All her property has been bequeathed to a charitable institution; we cannot now marry but must part." Then her former depression returned to her. Suffering was hard to bear after her recent happiness. What a pang it would cost her to yield up the man she loved! But it must be done. Two persons, who could not between them earn a living, must not marry.

Dawnton could not at present give her the details of that last scene with his aunt, and yet he naturally yearned for that comfort which only she could give. He bore up without it as long as he could until one day in the dining-room he began:

"Ruth, you must be aware——"

Before he could finish the sentence she had left the room, fearing the communication he was about to make.

Thus these two suffered, as is often the case with faithful lovers, untold misery through a misunderstanding that a word might have removed.

The funeral had taken place, and a few days afterwards Dawnton had been made acquainted with the contents of his aunt's will by her lawyer. She had spoken the truth on her death bed. Everything was left to him. He was surprised, not only at the quantity, but at the variety of her property—land, houses, shares, plate. The lawyer insisted upon lending him a hundred pounds for present expenses, as it would be a few weeks before the formalities of the law could be carried out.

Thus he left the lawyer's office a rich man, without a single encumbrance upon his lately-acquired wealth. The wave of a magician's wand had removed the ills from which he had suffered during the whole of his life. Yet if that woman declined to share it with him, he would prefer to return to his old penury and privation. To all appearance she would have nothing to do with him. He had evidently mistaken her feelings towards him. She had been prompted in her behaviour towards him by compassion, not love. What did she care for a seedy parson? Still he would have a last try. So fixing his hat on his head with dogged determination, he hailed a hansom.

"Cabby, drive as fast as you can to Bentick Street."

There was a look in the eye of the reverend gentleman which the experienced cabby interpreted as a promise of more than the ordinary fare.

"Right, sir," he promptly answered, as he touched up his horse with his long whip. In a few minutes they were in Bentick Street, and the cabman was not disappointed in his expectation.

Fortunately for Dawnton, Miss Rickton was in the drawing-room alone. She was sitting on the sofa, and as he entered the

room she raised her eyes to him with a weary look which startled him. He tried to speak but faltered, and stood still in awkward silence.

The situation was embarrassing, and as usually happens in such cases, the woman took the first step to put an end to the dilemma by asking a commonplace question.

"Mr. Dawnton, have you any duty for Sunday?"

"No, I have not, Miss Rickton," answered Dawnton, in a most indifferent manner.

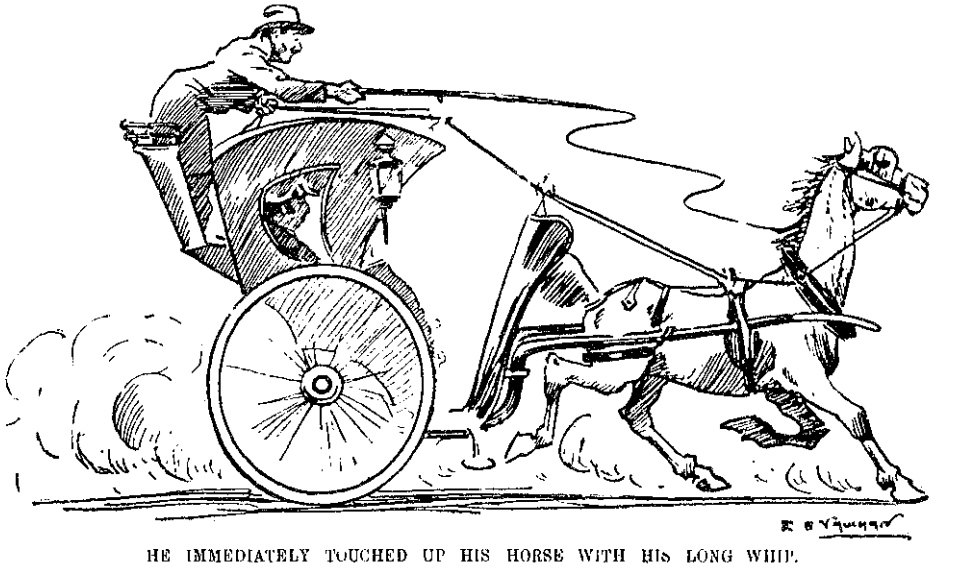
"That is rather unfortunate."

"I don't think so."

clear to her. She had not only made a mistake, but had been unjust to the man she loved. Rising from the sofa in great excitement, she stretched forth her hands towards Dawnton and exclaimed: "O George, my true love, I have loved you since first we met. Come to me for I am yours!"

Then Dawnton took her in his arms, and their lips met in their first kiss. Afterwards he drew her to the sofa, and she leant her head on his shoulder, took his hand and burst into tears.

When her emotion had subsided she raised her head, and smiling through her



HE IMMEDIATELY TOUCHED UP HIS HORSE WITH HIS LONG WHIP.

"But how will you manage if you do not obtain work?"

"Miss Rickton," said Dawnton, visibly agitated, "I will tell you all, and you shall hear me, whatever you determine to do afterwards. There is no need that I should take clerical duty. I, who have been so wretchedly poor, am now a rich man. My aunt has left me everything she possessed. I have just returned from her lawyer, who has made me acquainted with all the details of her will—but, Ruth, what is is all this without you? Oh! have pity if you can!"

Here again the woman came to the rescue of the man. The facts of the case became tears said as she kissed Dawnton:

"You don't know how much I love you."

"Well, dearest," answered Dawton, "I am delighted that I can give you the opportunity of showing it. I consider that our present circumstances could not be improved."

"I am not so sure of that, sir."

"How could they be improved?"

"I should have liked to have had the money."

"Then you would not have married a rusty fellow like me!"

And this was their first difference of opinion.

The Battle of Waireka.

By Ruihi.

PROBABLY but a small proportion of the readers of this Magazine have ever heard the soft name "Waireka." It is a Maori word, meaning "sweet water," and is the name of a little stream, near Omata which goes trickling down through fern-starred gullies, to lose itself at last in the blue Pacific. But it is a name dear to all who have lived long in this fair province of Taranaki. Forty years ago, in March 28th, of this year, was fought the Battle of Waireka, and on its anniversary, most of the survivors who took part in that battle visited (some of them for the last time) that never-to-be-forgotten spot.

The writer, the child of one of those early pioneers, with many others, had also the privilege of being present. The road leading to this historical spot is very lovely. The day was just such a one as that forty years ago, a sky blue as torquoise, and a sun dazzling in its brightness, and surely a scene of carnage was never enacted amid fairer surroundings.

The country round Waireka is very broken, and through it, crossing the little stream, winds a narrow red road—the same path up which our militia and volunteers fought their stubborn way forty years ago. At the top of the pathway, on the crest of the hill, the self-same fern trees keep sentry, the same clumps of flax which formed such excellent cover for friend and foe alike, still wave their broad green swords in the sunshine. In front, a little to the left, are those most picturesque islets, the Sugar Loaves, washed by the waters of a little bay bluer than any mortal artist ever painted. The sea flows over black iron sands, and this gives a peculiar depth of colour to the water which washes these shores, and also a more intense whiteness to the edges of the waves running their never-ending races up the strand. In the background of the picture is our "White Lily," Mount Egmont, the sight of which no one ever wearies, and which is said to exert a Lorelei-like influence in drawing people back from

The clump of bush on top of the hill was the site of the battle.
The line of crosses from the beach was the attackers' advance.
The four crosses show the gully the Maoris came down.
Two crosses note the position held by Capt. Atkinson to prevent natives cutting off his retreat.
The white spot on the beach is Omata rock, behind which a Maori was firing all day.

the ends of the earth, if they have once dwelt beneath its shadow. Such are the surroundings of Waireka—the battle-ground

F. R. Huff, Wanganui.

COL. STAPP,

The *real* hero of Waireka.

of forty years ago; and now for that battle's cause. News had reached the town of New Plymouth, four miles away, that three men, Shaw, Passmore and Ford, and later, two boys, Parker and Pote, had been done to death by the Maoris, their poor young bodies being cruelly tomahawked. More than this, the foolhardy settlers still remaining in these parts were also in danger. Of these last there were several families, amongst them that of the Rev. Henry Handley Brown, a name still loved and honoured all over this province, the Gilberts, the Touets, etc. When disquieting rumours had arisen, these families had been taken under the protection of, and been declared *tapu* by a neutral chief, Robert Erangi, a great *rangatira*, and were adorned by his badge as a proof. But this did not prevent their friends in town feeling great anxiety, and their fears were not groundless.

The warship Niger was then at anchor off New Plymouth, and on the receipt of the news of these murders some of the blue jackets and part of the 65th Regiment, under Colonel Murray, marched away in the direction of Waireka, while the Taranaki militia and volunteers took the road along the beach towards the same spot. Immediately on arrival the lastnamed were hotly engaged by the enemy, who came pouring down from Omata village, a mile away. But headway was made against the foe, although the volunteers were hard pressed, for the soldiers and marines, operating on the left flank, afforded relief.

W. A. Collis, New Plymouth.

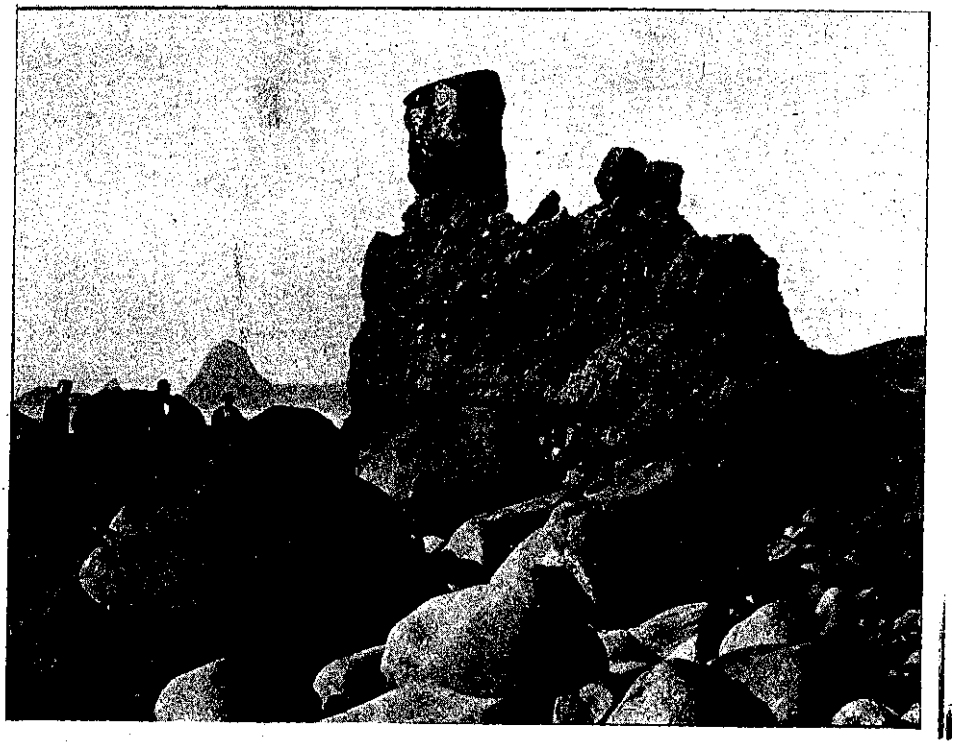
CAPT. FRANK MACE,

Waireka Veteran and Winner of N.Z. Cross.

But as the day was ending, to the consternation of all, came the bugle-sound, recalling Colonel Murray's men, and the

situation became grave indeed. A messenger was sent at great risk to represent things to the Colonel, and to tell him the ammunition was also running short, but Murray replied: "The volunteers have got themselves into this mess, let them get out of it as they best can. *My* orders are to return to New Plymouth at nightfall." Nothing could move his determination, and he marched away, leaving the volunteers to their fate. The "Hero of Waireka" he was afterwards called in derision. His officers were furious people were hot within them at that time, and there were indeed few, if any, who would hear or say a word in his favour.

The gallant little band was now in a desperate plight, hemmed in as they were on all sides by a fierce and brave foe. They had taken their stand round a farmhouse at this time, and had made entrenchments of firewood, sheaves of oats, etc. So they faced the foe, and fought on expecting death. But all at once the smoke grew thinner, the rattle of musketry ceased, and silence



ROCKS AT OMATA, BEHIND WHICH MAORIS FIRED.

—indeed, more than one of them became conveniently deaf, and *failed to hear* the recall, and did not leave the battle-field. It is but fair to say the Colonel believed himself bound and fettered by red tape, and compelled to act as he did. He had been many years a soldier, yet Waireka was his first battle. His promotion had been consequently slow, and even now he was only a Brevet-Colonel. It is easier to judge after all these years, but the hearts of the reigned as the shades of night closed round them. Was it some trick on the part of the dark-skinned foe, some plot to take them unawares? they wondered, but nothing stirred. After the young crescent moon had set, the little band crept out, pausing often to listen, but hearing nothing save the beat of the surf on the beach, or the cry of some wheeling seagull. They called in a small detachment of men stationed on the beach, and slowly and noislessly began their

march homeward, carrying with them their dead and wounded, and stumbling now and then over the dead body of one who had

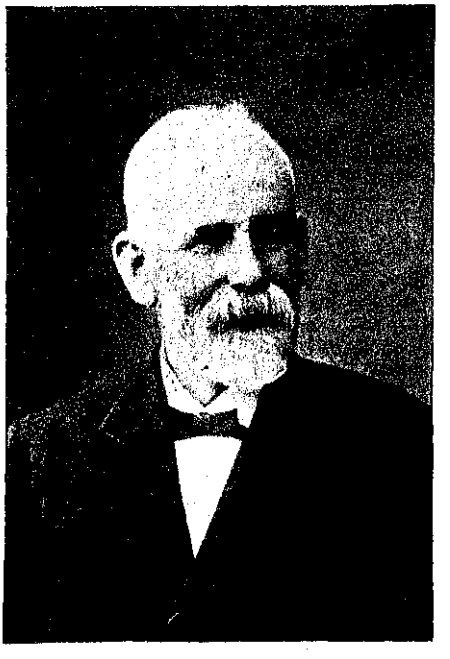
W. A. Collis, New Plymouth.

MR. ANTONIO RODRIQUEZ,

Waireka Veteran and Winner of N.Z. Cross.

been their foe, and so they reached home at last.

Afterwards the mystery was explained. Captain Cracroft (a name beloved throughout Taranaki), of the Niger, four miles away in New Plymouth, had heard of the desperate plight of the volunteers, and resolved to rescue them with the help of sixty of his gallant bluejackets. But who could act as guide. Now there was one in the town who knew every inch of the road, but *he* had been summoned to give evidence respecting the murdered boys, so he was not available. But Captain Cracroft was not to be beaten. He surrounded him in a hollow square with his bluejackets, and compelled him, a willing enough victim, to march forward. Soon they reached a *pa* on the crest of a hill half-a-mile from Waireka; they rushed it, taking possession, and capturing the red flag, which afterwards floated proudly on one of the masts of the Niger. A diversion was thus created, the attacking Maoris hastily leaving their quarry in the farmyard, withdrew, weary and too dispirited to face another foe, and left their wounded and dead behind them. This was the turning point of the Maori war in Taranaki. Well it was that the Battle of Waireka was won by the *pakeha*. Had it been otherwise the Maoris, who were expecting strong reinforcements, had arranged to march to New Plymouth, and take the town, with its handful of men and boys, and its crowd of defenceless women and children. Had it been so, there would have been no veterans to celebrate their victory at Waireka, no descendants of those sturdy pioneers to people Taranaki to-day. It was most interesting to listen to the talk of these forty old soldiers fighting in memory their battle o'er again, on this its



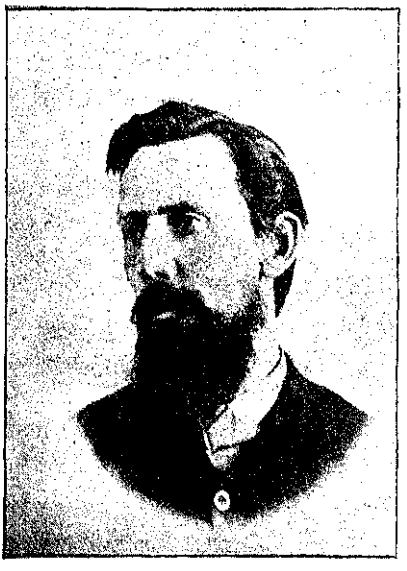
Wrigglesworth & Binns, Wellington.

MR. CHISENHALL HAMERTON,

Wounded at Waireka.

40th anniversary. Colonel Stapp, the *real* hero of Waireka, was there on this day, soldierly and upright still. "He was a *rale*

leader," I heard an old Irishman exclaim. "He was brave himself, and made his men feel brave, too." And so in truth he was. It is said that on another occasion when a battle was raging, he stood on a fence fully exposed to the fire of the enemy, calling to the Maoris "to make a shoot," and that, filled with superstitious awe, not one of them raised a musket. Not many weeks ago he faced a grimmer, and yet more relentless foe, faced him just as bravely as he did the dark-skinned Maori at Waireka forty years ago. He had no fear of death,



MR. FRED. RAWSON.
Fatally Wounded at Waireka.

and gladly obeyed the orders of his Great General, to lay aside his arms and cease his warfare.

There were two New Zealand crosses to be seen on the field of Waireka on the battle's anniversary. These are of silver—maltese in shape—with a crown and garland of gold, and the owner of each is in receipt of £10 a year. One of the veterans present still carries in his body, and will carry to his dying day, a bullet that a Maori fired into him all those years ago. It was interesting, too, to climb to the top of a hill near by, the very hill upon which stood the Maori chiefs, forty years ago, watching the battle rage, and directing operations. From thence we could see the little by-road on which was blown the bugle summoning Colonel Murray's men to retire. Up that little strip of saffron-coloured road rushed the gallant Cracroft's brave marines, and by that hedge yonder, on that memorable day, stood a Maori, brave as any Englishman, wrapped in his red blanket, and placidly building himself a trench while the bullets whizzed round him, yet harmed him not.

Such was the Battle of Waireka. Later on in November of the same year came (for this district) the crowning mercy of Mahoetahi. The Taranakis had, after Waireka, been reinforced by three Waikato chiefs and their followers. Weteni Taiporotu was the name of the leader, and all three were veritable sons of Anak. This is, very briefly, the story of Mahoetahi. The Maoris took up a position two or three miles from Waitara, but with a Boer-like contempt of the English, failed to properly fortify and entrench. Accordingly there was a comparatively easy victory for our arms, our losses being four killed and sixteen wounded, while nearly seventy Maoris bit the dust on that day. I have heard my mother tell how the anxious wives and mothers of New Plymouth hurried to the town to meet our returning heroes, among whom was my father. In the midst of the column was a string of bullock carts, bearing ammunition, and there was one also which held the three dead Waikato chiefs. From the back of the last she saw protruding their huge, dark-skinned feet. It was a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. These three *rangatiras* were buried in a corner of what now is the garden of St. Mary's Vicarage, and the last time I passed them by it seemed as if a bit of heaven itself had fluttered down to cover them, so blue was the sheet of hyacinths spreading above them.

Thus were the battles of Waireka and Mahoetahi fought and won. It is surely good for us young New Zealanders to hear for ourselves from the lips of those who fought in them, how this goodly heritage was won for us nearly half a century ago.

Australian Poets and Their Work.

By Edith G. Woolcott.

PART I.

"Here is a land whose large, imperial grace
Must tempt thee, Goddess, in thine holy place!
Here are the dells of peace and plenilune,
The hills of morning and the slopes of noon;
Here are the waters dear to days of blue,
And dark-green hollows of the noontide dew;
Here lies the harp, by fragrant wood-winds fanned,
That waits the coming of thy quickening hand!
And shall Australia, framed and set in sea
August with glory, wait in vain for thee?
Shall more than Tempe's beauty be unsung
Because its shine is strange—its colours young?'

This beauteous appeal of "a singer of the dawn" fitly introduces the whole subject of Australian verse. Moreover, the lines contain a far-off hint of reproach which can hardly fail to touch our own conscience. What have we of to-day done to hasten the coming of that "quickening hand," which this "sweet dead singer, buried by the sea," predicted must awaken the wondrous music slumbering in Australia's many-mooded clime?

We have not yet realised our responsibilities as colonial readers of colonial literature. Many of us know a line here and a line there from the writings of some of these poets, but, even where the necessary leisure for study has been ours, of what value has been the support we have accorded to the chanters of this new land? Because the "shine is strange, the colours young," it does not necessarily follow that the colouring is all crude, or the shine dull. We are ready to show a reverence for Longfellow, to bow before the genius of Tennyson, to concede the talent of Browning, for years of acquaintance and usage have convinced us of the worth of these writers.

But our attitude of indifference towards the Australian poets arises from the fact that, hitherto, we have taken little trouble to discover the surprising beauties, the loveliness of thought expressed in much of their verse. Have we appreciated, even ever so faintly, the yearning which made Kendall cry for

"One hour
Of life, pre-eminent with perfect power,"

that he might—

"leave a song whose lonely rays
May shine hereafter from these songless days"?

Nor have we essayed to sympathetically understand his—

"Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heartbeats of passion—
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughters."

Have we discovered whether Victor Daley has fulfilled his own expressed desire to write—

"Love-lyrics delicate as lilac scent,
Soft idylls woven of wind, and flower, and stream"?

Then, must Will Ogilvie's grand song of "The Men who Blazed the Track" remain an unknown pæan to us?

"Here's a toast for you, comrades o' mine:
To the fighting band that won the land
From the bitterest wastes out back!
From hut and hall to the kings of all—
'The Men who Blazed the Track!'

"They rode away into the forest
In mornings gold-studded with stars,
And the song of the leaders was chorused
To the clinking of rowel and bars;
They fought for the fame of the Islands,
And struck for the width of the world;
They fashioned new roads in the silence,
And flags in the fastness unfurled.

"Their tents in the evening would whiten
The scrub, and the flash of their fires
Leap over the shadows to brighten
The way of Ambition's desires;
By the axe-marks we followed their courses,
For scarcely the ashes remain,
And the tracks of the men and the horses
Are hidden by dust storm and rain.

"The seasons from June to December
Are buried and born as of old,
But the people have ceased to remember
Who won them the laurels they hold;
Yet sometimes the North wind comes bringing
Those keener of hearing and sight
The music of lost axes ringing,
The beat of lost hoofs in the night."

By its hopeful spirit, its courage, and its daring, does not this song amply reward us for our reading, and only as we read on, do we begin to realize what we have hitherto missed in the work of these poets.

Even with regard to recitations, how often do we hear the poems of any of these colonial writers, Gordon's "Sick Stock Rider," Kendall's heart-stirring poem on the wreck of the Tararua, or Farrell's "How He Died?" Have we from our public platforms been made familiar with Brunton Stephen's subtle humour, his wonderful power of expression as forcibly employed in his comic verses as in his more serious efforts? Carmichael's "Tomboy Madge" with its deep wail of pain—its vivid picturing of colonial child-life is an unknown letter to many of us.

"Oh! for a swim thro' the reedy river,
And one long pull with the boys at dawn!
Only a ride on the high-backed Rover,
And one tennis-round on the grassy lawn!
Once more to see the sun on the wide waves,
And feel once more the foam at my feet;
Give me again the wind in the sea-caves
Rocking the weeds on the 'Tomboy's seat.'

"But now I must lie here far from the cool wave,
Far from the sounds and the scenes I love,
With nothing before but pain—and a green grave,
And nothing to seek but the hope from above.
No grand long walks thro' the dusk at evening,
Or long-drawn swims in the wind-tossed wave;
No light to seek but the one that's waving
Down the dim path to the Tomboy's grave."

But New Zealanders are not alone in their scanty knowledge of these poets; the same ignorance regarding them appears to exist amongst the majority of Australians.

One gentleman, who prides himself upon being a "thorough Cornstalk," and who was well read in current literature, asked me who Kendall was! And few people seemed to know that A. B. Paterson, the war correspondent, is their own "Banjo," of Snowy River fame.

If one questions the *average* Australian concerning his poets, he hesitates a moment, then "Oh! there is Gordon, you know!" he exclaims, delightedly.

There *is* Gordon, and by the Australians he is held up to reverence, not alas! so much by reason of their profound knowledge of his writings, as because he is the only poet of whom they happen to know anything much at all.

One incident I almost fear to relate lest, haply, it mar for you the exquisite beauty of Kendall's poem "Mooni." Talking with one Australian lady, "Where," said I to her, "is Mooni?"

"Mooni! Mooni!" she repeated, glancing over at the book in my hand. "Oh! *that* isn't the name of a place! It means the poet was 'moony,' out of his mind, you know. See, it *says* the poem was written in the shadow of '72."

At that moment Kendall must have turned in his quiet grave away out in the Waverley Cemetery!

Yet, to a large extent, the general public are not to blame for this condition of ignorance. The Australian bards' works are expensive to purchase, and many who would wish to buy are deterred by the prohibitive price of even a moderately sized volume. There are those who will always purchase irrespective of price, but the majority are unable to do this. As we see cheaper editions being brought forward—this has already been done with Gordon's poems—sales will probably be more frequent, and a colonial's knowledge of his country's poets advantageously increased.

But, we often hear the assertion that there

is no Australian poetry, at least none worth calling such. Even one of our own Agents-General has stung us to the quick—we are betrayed in the camp of our friends—for *he* makes the statement that there is no colonial literature at all! This declaration affects us, as New Zealanders, as much as it does the colonists of the other side.

Our own patriotic feelings are stirred, for have we not our Domett, Bracken, Mary Colbourn-Veal, our own silver-tongued Roslyn, and a dozen more? However, we at present seek to deal with the poets of the island continent *only*, not with the Australasian poets as a whole. To dismiss in a few terse sentences such a man as Domett and his grand "Ranolf and Amohia," would be little short of an insult. *This* is *the* greatest Antipodean poem, the highly-cultured "Convict Once" of J. Brunton Stephens being the only Australian poem to in any way compare in importance with it.

The object of this paper being rather to incite a keener interest in the poets and poetry of Australia than to weary by a lengthy dissertation upon these writers and their works, the difficulty has been to make a just and suitable selection from among a host of claimants worthy of mention.

The oft-repeated remark, "Australia has no poetry of her own," is as foolish as it is ignorantly untrue. There have arisen no great epic or dramatic poets, simply because the land is as yet too young to produce them, nor, perhaps, has it yet felt the great need of them It takes generations of culture to bring forth a Milton, centuries to bear a Shakespeare. For a land which is slowly building up its own history, is also evolving its own writers, and the poetry of Australia is still in its evolutionary stages, its peculiar national character not yet being a settled quantity. But there *is* evinced considerable latent dramatic force, power of graphic description, subtlety of expression, and peculiarly characteristic work in the writings of these colonial poets. The mere scribblers, of whom, even now, the name threatens to be legion, will find their own oblivion—the *real* worth and talent alone enduring, for it is Experience, be it sweet or be it bitter, which is the solemn Teacher of the human soul. The poet Paterson must return from Africa a greater man—a larger-minded man than he ever was before—greater, not by reason of perhaps enlarged fame, but grown in his knowledge of human life—its passions, its loves, its magnificent self-sacrifices, and its contrasting selfishnesses.

Australia has no Past as the term is generally understood; for many a day to come her writers must find their best material in the present-growing life of her towns and bush settlements. The Old World poet, in a land teeming with recollections of bygone ages, finds ample space for thought, but the horizon of the Australian rhymer is more limited. His songs are naturally of pioneer life; of scenes on the goldfields; the squatter's successes and failure; the delight and hardships of the droving days, and Alfred Paterson very aptly descibes the situation when he sings:

> "I have gathered these stories afar,
> In the wind and the rain,
> In the land where the cattle camps are,
> On the edge of the plain.
> On the overland routes of the west,
> When the watches were long,
> I have fashioned in earnest and jest
> These fragments of song."

The poetry of a *new* land is not easy to write.

> "Here rhyme was first framed without fashion,
> Songs shaped without form,"

sings Gordon.

How often it is that distance lends its enchantment to the mystic past, and robbing history of many of its crudities, its prosaic elements, makes it an attractive subject upon which to dream.

But it needs a large and loving heart, endowed with keen poetic instinct, to sing the songs of everyday life, to understand

> "The pathos worn by wayside things,
> The passion found in simple faces,"

to see—

"A beauty like the light of song,"

where other eyes fail to see it, to find in hard stern labour a dignified worth, hitherto undiscovered by its wearied votaries.

Australia is a land apart—its conditions of existence so widely distinct as to be almost beyond the pale of the average Englishman's comprehension, certainly very often beyond his sympathy. Who but a colonial, be he "Cornstalk," or be he "Fernroot," can thoroughly appreciate, or even accept as a matter of course, the open-handed trustful generosity of the owner of "Kiley's Run," from where—

"The swagman never turned away
With empty hand at close of day."

or as Douglas Sladen paints the typical picture:

"Just riding up to the homestead weary on weary horse,
Asking for food and a lodging, given as matter of course,
A shaking of hands and then supper, a smoke, and a yarn and bed,
Then saddle, and ere the sun's up, the stranger has gone, 'God-sped.'"

To the ordinary conservative Englishman, this hap-hazard warm-hearted proceeding may be incomprehensible. There is a subtle influence at work in the sunnier air of the new land, which affects the heart of its people and stirs a wide humanity, a good fellowship well reflected in the writings of its poets. For a *true* poet should to a large extent shadow forth the feelings and impulses of the nation, and in this capacity the Australian poet amply fulfils his rôle.

The writer who can take hold of the people's hearts, whose poems are repeated round the camp fireside and the homestead hearth, snatches of whose songs are trilled by the lonely rider over arid, sun-steeped plains; he who can thrill his readers by stirring ballads of adventure and devil-may-care bravery; who can sadden by tales of depression, bad times, and ruinous droughts; and anon raise the spirits by songs of cheerfulness and mirth, surely such an one has some slight claim to recognition? And the writings of most of these Antipodean poets *are* eminently "typical of the soil;" they breathe Australia and Australian idiosyncrasies. This is as it should be—those of the poets who speak from the fulness of their own knowledge are the real message bearers to the hearts of the people, the national poets of the race.

Though, for style and culture of phrasing, the study of the world's great writers *is* beneficial; still, form of expression, choice of metre, etc., are largely questions of individual taste. If a man's thought be worthy the telling he will tell it well; it is immaterial whether he shape his verse upon Tennysonian, Browning, or Swinburnian models, or endeavour to strike out some new metrical expression in his song.

But a true poet is a creator—not a pallid reflection of a greater than himself, and therefore he fears not to "draw the thing as he sees it." The song of "a Homer, singing his Iliad on a blade of grass," or the simplest imagery concerning the life and habits of an Australian wild animal, as witness Kendall's "Warrigal," is a greater masterpiece by reason of its very simplicity than is any mere fanciful second-hand description of Spanish Cathedral or sky towering dome of the Old World.

He who has understood the—

"Cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,"

who has created so that others may also understand—

"The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,"

has already placed his foot firmly upon the first rung of the high ladder of success.

Though we are at present dealing with the Australian writers in their capacity *as poets*, it must be recollected that the faculty of poetic expression is not necessarily reproduced in rhyme or even in metre.

"Prose that's craggy as a mountain,
May Apollo's sun-robe don."

Boake's clear-cut description of day-dawn on a cattle camp is poetry in its essence.

Blank verse, largely a result of a classical education, has, so far, not greatly appealed to the Australian bard; evidently he fears with Charles Harpur that—

"Blank verse oft is mere prose, mostly striving to be poetry."

A number of these colonial poets are also prose writers. This may be supposed to give them a little more mental balance than "mere poets" are usually credited with possessing. The irresponsibility of a poet is a popular fallacy even of to-day.

The writings of the Australian bards are marked by a strong patriotic strain of feeling, a sentiment which is likely to be intensified by recent developments in connection with the British Empire and colonial Federation. Indeed, if we accept Lawson's statement there is a great deal *too much* of what he denounces as—

"A lot of patriotism that the land could do without,
Sort of British workman nonsense, that shall perish in the scorn
Of the drover, who is driven, and the shearer, who is shorn."

Who does not read with grim delight Patchett Martin's humorous verses on "My Cousin from Pall Mall?"

"There's nothing that exasperates a true Australian youth,
Whatever be his rank in life, be he cultured or uncouth,
As the *manner* of a London swell."

How cordially does every patriotic son of the soil resent the "superior" style of that unworthy Englishman who, visiting the colonies, depreciates everything he sees.

Another pleasing phase of this same characteristic is the feeling of "good fellowship" existing between the writers of the country, many examples of which might be given. Nor is this kindly regard shown only after the death of a rival poet.

When Garnet Walch, of Tasmania, was engaged by the Melbourne firm of George Robertson and Company, to bring out an expensive book entitled "Victoria in 1880," he was the first to ask the rival poets to contribute items to the volume, and to every contributor chosen, Walch gave more prominence than to himself.

Lindsey Gordon was practically first introduced to the English reading public by an article in *Temple Bar* (1884) entitled "An Australian Poet," and written by Arthur Patchett Martin, himself a poet of a high order.

Victor Daley, that master mind amongst the present-day poets, is warm in his praise of Will Ogilvie, the author of "Fair Girls and Gray Horses."

True, Lawson and Paterson, two of the later day bards, run a-tilt against one another in their rhymes; but Lawson evidently feels the wordy war beneath their dignity as true poets, for he exclaims:

"The ring of bitter feeling, in the jingling of our rhymes,
Isn't suited to the country, nor the spirit of the times."

Nowadays in England, the best colonial verse is surely, if very slowly, finding a place as "recognized poetry." But even in Australia it was once otherwise. The *Colonial Monthly*, a magazine started to *encourage* local talent, is guilty of this scathing remark in speaking of the work of the most prominent Australian poet:—"Altogether it is one of the oddest literary curiosities issued from the Colonial printing press, and deserves encouragement at the hands of those whose tastes incline to 'horsey' sport."

Evidently the journalistic authorities of the day were fond of drastic criticism. "We have received a copy of a volume of poems by *a Mr. Gordon*. We can only say that it reflects great credit upon the printer, the binder and the paper-maker." The absolute cruelty, as well as the crass ignorance of this remark, carries its own condemnation. The colonial critic at the present time rushes to the *other* extreme, and is apt to institute utterly wild compari-

sons between colonial poets and Britain's acknowledged masters of songs — an exaggerated phase of thought and expression —hit off to a turn in Henry Lawson's witty verses, "Australian Bards and Bush Reviewers:"

"If you swear there's not a country like the land that gave you birth,
And its sons are just the noblest and most glorious chaps on earth;
If in every girl a Venus your poetic eye discerns,
You are gracefully referred to as 'the young Australian Burns.'"

Fulsome praise is as much to be deprecated as is reckless criticism, and is an even greater evil, for the man of genius *must* eventually rise superior to the most adverse criticism, when he may falter under the flattering burden of indiscriminate laudation.

The character of Australian verse has been largely influenced by the individual tastes of the editors of the chief weekly papers. These papers, with the exception of a few literary clubs, at first afforded the one colonial medium for publicity—the magazines being of later growth.

When Henry Kendall found his efforts scorned by local critics, he sent a bundle of MS. to the Editor of the *Athenæum*, by whom, to the writer's delight, three were singled out by special mention, after which episode Kendall fared differently at the hands of colonial writers. Again, when A. P. Martin had been dealt with severely by some local editor, the now world famous R. L. Stevenson wrote to him, extolling the very work which had been condemned.

But these incidents are exceptions, and the golden days for the Australian bards are still to come. Moreover, their future success greatly lies in their own keeping. Even those really worthy the name of poet, too frequently "write down" to the level of what they consider public taste, wasting brain and energy on that which is often little better than mere doggrel. It is this lamentable tendency towards jingle-making which has brought Australian verse into disrepute with the first-class English magazines and newspapers, and, as is so often the case, what is really worthy is overlooked by reason of the unworthy, the whole judged by the immaturity of the mass.

THE LAST HOPE

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest."

Shall my life go on, like a wandering spark,
Or be swallowed and lost in the ambient dark,
Or return to the unknown Giver?
What matter? When rid of its unquiet guest,
I know that my wearied frame shall rest,
No more with pain to quiver.
On a bed of mould and a pillow of clay,
In a land where Oblivion rules alway,
In a sleep that breaks not with breaking day—
The sleep of for ever and ever!

J. Liddell Kelly.

By the 'Frisco.

From "Alien."

AUTUMN, with its russet and brown, is with us. In England this is a beautiful time of the year: the great forests are tinted red and yellow above, and a carpet of fallen leaves is spread between the tree trunks woven by Nature's loom in warm tones; the wisteria on the house fronts is redder by several shades than the brick over which it climbs, and in the gardens the chrysanthemum riots in every glowing shade, warming the dull green of the lawns, and burning their fire at the foot of the giant oaks, and ash which partially stripped of their summer garments show their twisted old limbs.

From the sea and rivers night mists creep up and blot out the landscape, obliterating colour, and making the sunshine of the morning but a memory of warmth and light. The evening fires are lighted, yachts are berthed for the winter, late sportsmen begin to talk of "Town" and the new plays. Ladies consult the fashion journals of velvets and furs, and the everyday women ask the price of coals. Autumn in England corresponds to that hour of the day which Longfellow describes as "between the dark and the sunlight." Sunlight has gone, and frost has not come on, and during the transition period, folk have not quite settled down in contentment to face the long night of cold, and shut out the lingering day.

The shops themselves are in this intermediate stage; garments of new style and warm colour are there for the brisk purchaser who has decided what she wants and in what form; but among the "autumn novelties" a last rose of summer in the shape of a hat or skirt blooms alone among its rivals in the less fashionable localities, but in all the shops a blaze of colour seems to warm the pavement the side the windows are on.

London in the autumn, about five o'clock in the evening, has an attraction and charm seen at no other time. A month later it is, perhaps, enveloped in fog, but just now as the evening closes in there is a dry browny haze that tones down its ugliness, and softens the outlines of spires and domes. In the streets, lamps and windows are lighted, and myriads of people, glad to be home after wandering, throng the streets, many with the sea tan still brown on their cheeks, important, bustling, determined to get along as Londoners chiefly are.

There has been "much of a muchness" about the books of this season. *The Gateless Barrier*, by Lucas Malet, is among those that will be read.

After the first few books it is much if a writer keeps his standard, those writers at least who work for bread more than fame, because of a necessity the "common task" loses for the one who performs it much of its fascination, and no man can be strung to a pitch of enthusiasm three hundred and sixty-five days out of a year, and keep out of the lunatic asylum, any more than an orator could always speak, or a musician always sing. The mechanical process of transcribing thought and painting pictures in ink is so slow that much force is naturally lost in the mental effort of retaining the scene till it is partially produced. The writer of *Red Pottage* spent three years over the task, rejecting and re-writing till it pleased. No wonder each word tells! But to the mass, finished style is lost—very few journals will serialise pure literature undiluted with melo-drama. This accounts for the falling-off of many writers of distinction—the serial is disastrous to style,

and the serial considerably adds to a writer's income, the leading journals paying hundreds, sometimes thousands to a name. But the greater number of writers, who cater to the public from day to day, work long hours for moderate incomes. To see a crowd of tired faces be present at a writer's dinner! Faces full of character many are, some beautiful, but all showing more or less the signs of strain.

The Women Writers' Clubs have with the autumn resumed their Friday afternoon tea parties. These clubs are by no means show places, but meet a long-felt want of women journalists and others whose work brings them to the city. There are scores of women engaged upon the countless journals, and at the clubs are writing-rooms and dining-rooms where they can work in quiet, and get a comfortable meal in semi-private, for the strong work some of them produce does not come to life on buns and tea. On Friday afternoons the members are permitted to ask their gentlemen friends to tea, and usually there is a crush, and the mere woman gets a glimpse occasionally of one of those awesome personages who perhaps sent her into a heaven of delight—or as the case may be—plunged her into a fit of despair with a first review.

The *Master Christian* has brought the most scathing criticism upon Miss Marie Corelli. The columns of *The World* of October 3rd are devoted to it. The boy Manuel (who is supposed to represent Christ, and who denounces the Pope, and the great organisation of the Catholic Church, in the scene where the lad stands on the steps of the Pope's throne) has offended. *The World* says:—"He may be intended for a guardian angel of some kind, and let us hope he is. That may pass for bad art, no worse. But the name . . . seems to suggest that he was intended to bear another and more awful meaning. The benefit of the doubt may be given . . . For to every reverent spirit in the world the thought is blasphemy. All the world should know now that the life of the Roman Catholic priest, I dare say, is, on the whole, a model of devotion and self denial. And these are the men whom Marie Corelli takes on herself thus insultingly to contemn. . . . Let us admit there are bad priests to be found in places. Likewise bad novelists, and very bad ones too. . . . The author of this *Master Christian* might at least have the Christian-mastery to remember what but a few years since Manning was doing here in England for her much-talked-of poor. . . . Now France, we learn, has steadily lost everything—honour, prestige, faith, morals, justice, honesty and cleanly living. Her men are dissolute, her women shameless, her youth of both sexes depraved, her laws corrupt, her arts decadent, her religion dead. 'What next can we expect of her?' asks the Evangelist. Well, it's rather difficult to say. It is almost as much as can be fairly expected of one nation. As for the Italian, he cares for nothing but his money and his skin, and sacrifices to them all that is beautiful and sacred . . . so saith the Corelli oracle. . . Actors and statesmen come off, with the new Evangelist, equally well. She has a Socialistic Anglo-American hero of the lofty *Master Christian* sect, who begins by turning actor for no special reason except that he may feel to the core his sordid uncleanness, and repulse the painted drabs called the ladies of the stage. Really we can't all kill our fathers. (This man's father is a priest whom he attempts to shoot). . . After all, such an all-round knowledge of the Tree of Evil does look like inspiration. . . As for actresses painting, how can they help it? I have even known drawing-room drabs, and charming women, too, who have painted sometimes. . . What particle of Christ," Herman Merivale, the reviewer, asks in conclusion, "is there in this 'Master-Christian teaching?' Miss Marie Corelli talks as if she were by special appointment blowing the Trump of Doom for an expiring world of sin. A mistake of one letter, is it not? It may be the Trump of Boom, after all."

A new novel by Louis Becke is to be published in 1901. This announcement of a work by the author of *By Reef and Palm*,

and other stories of wild life and adventure in the South Seas, will undoubtedly be of interest to the reading public. Hitherto *Edward Barry: South Sea Pearler*, has been the longest and most sustained of Mr. Louis Becke's works; but the new book, which, for the present, the author has entitled *Tom Breachley*, will contain about 90,000 or 100,000 words. It is something more than a novel: it is a fascinating and extraordinary narrative of adventures by sea and land, told by the hero himself, written in the simplest language, and yet holding the reader from the very beginning by its dramatic force, and readers of *By Reef and Palm* will have a treat in store for them in *Tom Breachley*. The hero does not attempt to disguise his own shortcomings, or palliate the part he takes in certain very tragic occurrences in the North Western Pacific before there was such an official as Her Majesty's High Commissioner exercising his functions in those wild seas. From the outset, young Breachley, without inherent wickedness, is handicapped by his environment and strange associations, and his susceptibility to female beauty proves his frequent undoing, till the ennobling and elevating influence of one young girl saves him at last in a measure. From the shores of Australia, away from the rough life of the Queensland goldfields, we are taken to the South Seas and California. We are shown the horrors of the Kanaka "labour trade" —a synonym for slavery—the habits, mode of life, and morals of the white trader, and the strange, incredible and dreadful customs of some of the native tribes of Micronesia, with whom Tom Breachley lives as one of themselves. Then we are given a picture of social life in San Francisco, clear and vivid in its truthful colouring, and culminating in a terrible tragedy. Yet although the reader will be held breathless by the starry grimness of many of the episodes in the book, there are some intensely humourous situations, particularly in that portion of the book which narrates Breachley's connection with a French colonising expedition. In brief, Mr Becke has surpassed all his former work, good as it is, by this extraordinary, yet truthful tale.

The following is a synopsis of *Four Ounces to the Dish*, by T. McMahon:—"A tale of Australia and New Zealand, full of adventure, with incidents of murder, mining, bushranging and Maori witchcraft, while there is a strong love interest throughout. The story opens with the discovery by Harvey Marsden of a murder in Melbourne; he is arrested under suspicious circumstances, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. His *fiancée*, Jean, is prostrated by this, and goes with her people on a sea voyage, during which she is wrecked, and the party, in the end, lands at Golden Coast, New Zealand. Here we have an account of life in a mining centre, and a stirring affray with the Maoris. Jean is blinded by a lightning flash. She now meets a man called Dixon, a rascal, who is also a dabbler in Maori magic; he discovers that she can write, and makes money by selling her stories and saying they have been rejected. Harvey now escapes, and under the name of Graham, resumes his place in the story; Jean, of course, does not recognise him. Dixon defeats a chance of Jean's sight being restored to her by an operation by bribing the doctor to say it is useless; he also becomes engaged to her; she, thinking Harvey lost to her for ever. The bushranger Watson now comes on the scene as an associate of Dixon's, and the pair in conjunction commit many crimes, both for gain, and to get inconvenient persons out of the way. Harvey's dearest friend is murdered, and he himself has some dreadful experiences in a bushranger's cave. Finally Watson is captured, and to avenge himself betrays Dixon's crimes. Dixon has in the meantime at last got possession of a wonderful Maori cure with which he goes to Melbourne, and heals people, gaining an amazing reputation. He has also abducted Jean. Eventually he is caught, Jean is rescued, and it transpires that Dixon did the murder for which Harvey was imprisoned. Jean regains her sight, and all ends happily.

Rugby Football in New Zealand.

By W. McKenzie (Off-side Mac.)

IN New Zealand, where the passion for æsthetics may be defined as microscopic, considerable attention is devoted to field sports, of which Rugby football is the chief factor, and "Globe-trotters" often wonder, and ask the reason of this paramount influence evinced in the minds of all ages and sexes of the colony. A portion of the fascination is due to the love of excitement innate in all Colonials, numerous holidays—by the way, a perennial delight—and a climate which neither ennervates the powers, nor militates against the game being played under favourable auspices. Our progenitors had a belief that, if an individual subsisted for any length of time upon partially raw beef, a sanguinary lust was the sequence; perhaps the quantity of mutton and beef consumed by Colonials is responsible for the special liking for the exciting rushes, chaotic rallies, and evidences of British pluck, which are characteristics of Rugby football in Maoriland.

Baden-Powell remarked that, though football was an exciting game, man-hunting was more so. Colonials have had few chances of man-hunting, therefore, they have succumbed to Rugby, even as Antony did to Cleopatra, *sans* the misfortunes which eventually befel the Roman hero.

If the Boer rebellion could have been settled upon a football ground, the vigour and grim earnestness of a Maoriland team would have effectually controlled all exigencies; inasmuch as no "drawing-room" tactics are allowed in their illustrations of the game; "drawing-room" tactics meaning if players do not offer themselves to voluntary immolation when disaster is threatening their side. Were there even a suspicion of this in a big inter-provincial match, newspapers and populace would cry out for the obliteration of the delinquents, thus providing a modern analogy to the conduct of enlightened citizens in the Cæsarian epoch.

From the urchin of six to the sexagenarian, the allegories pertaining to that voluminous *olla-podrida*, *i.e.*, the laws of Rugby, are the subject of much study and discourse, and life becomes a curse to the referee when these enthusiasts diagnose contrary to his interpretations. Indeed, the arbiter whose adjudications have been ill received, is frequently pursued from the ground with volleys of flaming superlatives, road metal and mullock. In a game that has not been interesting, this last act always recompenses the public, who like to get their moneys worth; it bewilders, and at times, irritates the referees, but they are gradually accustoming themselves to the procedure, and, up to the present, none have been killed, although this is not entirely the fault of the spectators.

The remark made by the Ulysses, that Colonials absorbed stimulants always between meals, is not applicable to the disciples of Rugby, whose preparations for an interprovincial or intercolonial contest are worthy of a Spartan. The average Maorilander is strong, fast, and has more stamina than his Australian brother; his perception is first-class, and his love for the national game is only equalled by his

patriotism, and his belief in the dominant powers of the Anglo-Saxon.

In games that are played between "crack" exponents, commonsense, "slimness," and the physical powers co-operate. Amongst the backs, touch-line kicking is an art, and the "lengthening interval" is seldom seen after gaining ground, as invariably the ball falls with mathematical precision just outside the "touch." As in England, drop-kicking is conspicuous by its absence, unless when resorting to a "pot." A favourite mode of attack in New Zealand is the bump, *i.e.*, the player with the leather crouches himself while going at full speed, and butts with all his force (using hip or shoulder) at the opponent who is essaying a tackle. The aboriginals are very proficent in this style of play; sometimes a fourteen stone three-quarter coming down the field, gathering impetus at every stride, creates much devastation. It is only fair to remark that among the Maoris, New Zealand has found some of the most brilliant disciples of Rugby. A Maori dearly loves to take his boots off during a game—usually in the second spell, when play is getting more exciting—the threatened loss of a few toe-nails troubles him not; his pachydermatous foundation seems to revel in prodigious punts.

In collaring the backs "go low," but very few tackle with the electrical energy of Jervis, Harper or Gage. One of the most brilliant three-quarter backs of the colony was G. Smith, who earned for himself in Australia the sobriquet of "The New Zealand Greyhound." He has frequently raced against Stan. Rowley, the Australian sprinter, who has lately been appearing in England and Paris, and when the latter could only stand Smith up a yard in a hundred, it will be seen that the name is no misnomer. I may mention that in 1900, Smith was the Amateur Champion of the colony, over sticks and sprint distances.

N.Z. REPRESENTATIVE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1893.

The Maorilander is especially brilliant in the forward play, handles the ball nearly as skilfully as the rearguard, while the following up of high kicks, charging and dribbling is characterised by the desperate tenseness of a man fighting for life. It will easily be understood that accidents are numerous.

The practice of playing winging-forwards is almost universal, and they are supposed

to have an all-round knowledge of the game. Their methods of nullifying a back attack are decidedly humourous; instead of tackling in the orthodox style, each opponent is pushed as he becomes possessed of the leather.

This is done with the idea of rendering the pass inaccurate, sending each adversary to Mother Earth, while the Destroying Angels, as if cleared from all *incubi*, pursue their course.

In dribbling the forwards charge hard and fast in a solid phalanx; this has been found most successful in gradually wearing down the bravest and most resourceful of backs.

Seventy-five per cent. of the New Zealanders who proceeded to South Africa are ardent devotees of the pastime. One contingent had not been at East London a week before it picked a team which effectually demolished an Afrikander combination, while other teams were equally successful in their efforts against fifteens of Buluwayo and Pretoria.

During the season, the Rugby player attends a gymnasium twice a week, besides playing every Saturday. Due consideration is also given to massage treatment and diet. The same interest is shown as in prize-fighting in the States, only, of course, on a smaller scale. Members of the House of Representatives are "commandeered," and exercise their influence in getting leave of absence for players, which, when a team visits Australia, occupies six weeks. On one occasion a Cabinet Minister, not agreeing to the release of one of his clerks, the Secretary of the New Zealand Rugby Union formed himself into a deputation, and interviewed the Premier, the Right Hon R. J. Seddon, who gave the required consent.

N.Z. REPRESENTATIVE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1897.

During the occasions that a team has invaded the Australian football world, thousands of people have paraded the streets in front of the bulletin boards of the newspapers, waiting for the results which would be cabled through. Brilliant successes have attended the efforts of the teams. Out of twenty-eight matches played in Queensland and New South Wales, twenty-six have been won and two lost. Points scored: For, 559; against, 134. Of the defeats, one was sustained in 1893, and one in 1897. The people received the news of these

disasters with disbelief, then sorrow; the Press commented with a gravity that could not have been augumented if the Capital City had been the scene of a *debacle*.

There are no half measures in the New Zealanders' love for Rugby. Absorbing interest is also manifested during the period of interprovincial contests, viz., province against province. All over the colony the matches take place in the latter portion of winter, and the principal dailies devote fully three columns every Monday morning to the reports of games which have been played on the preceding Saturday. Indeed, in Auckland, where the apotheosis of Rugby is most noticeable, the incidents of *one* interprovincial contest will frequently extend over two columns of newspaper type.

A team would go to England this season (1900-1901) if the laws relating to professionalism could be modified. All colonials have to work for their living, and they cannot afford an eight months absence without pay. In fact, they are, monetarily, in the same position as the Northerners of the Home Country.

The New Zealand Rugby Union is the governing body, but play under the rules of the English Rugby Union; all appeals not settled satisfactorily are submitted to the Mother Union, which is the "Areopagus;" and the only way in which a team can visit England and comply with the rules, is for the Home Union to make a special proviso in the Laws of Professionalism, allowing payment for lost time for the members of New Zealand teams while visiting the Old Country. The New Zealand Union would see that the abrogation was not abused.

Accompanying this article are photographs of many athletes whose names are prominent in the world of Rugby.

The Native Team boasted of not a few brilliant exponents, notably:—P. Keogh, the most resourceful attacking back ever seen; D. Gage, the best all-round back who has played in New Zealand; Madigan (like his contemporaries, Whiteside, Walker and McLean), the most destructive of attacking three-quarters; Joe and Bill Warbrick, paladins in attack and defence; finally, T. R. Ellison, the most subtle and vigorous of forwards. It may be interesting to state that, when it departed from New Zealand, the Native Team was nothing more than a disconnected *congeries*; eight months' play in Great Britain welded the disconnections into a composite, inflexible combination, which, hard as nails, operated with machine-like precision and rapidity. Its illustrations of Rugby were the acme of football science, delightfully thrilling, and gladdened the eyes and hearts of all who had the pleasure of witnessing them.

The '93 team, albeit it contained a large number of "cracks," also had a number who were only good for guarding "the lines of communication." Jervis was the best back, Butland and "Tab" Wynyard, of that division, the most brilliant. Lambie was the best forward, but Hiroa, Fred Murray, Watson, Rab. McKenzie and Oliphant were very little inferior to the Taranaki representative. The most successful match played by the '93 team was the final against Queensland, where the latter was defeated by 35 points to nil. Spectators averred that the exhibition was equal to that given by the Native Team in '89. The worth of the encomium may be gauged by the fact that the Native Team played one of its best games in Queensland.

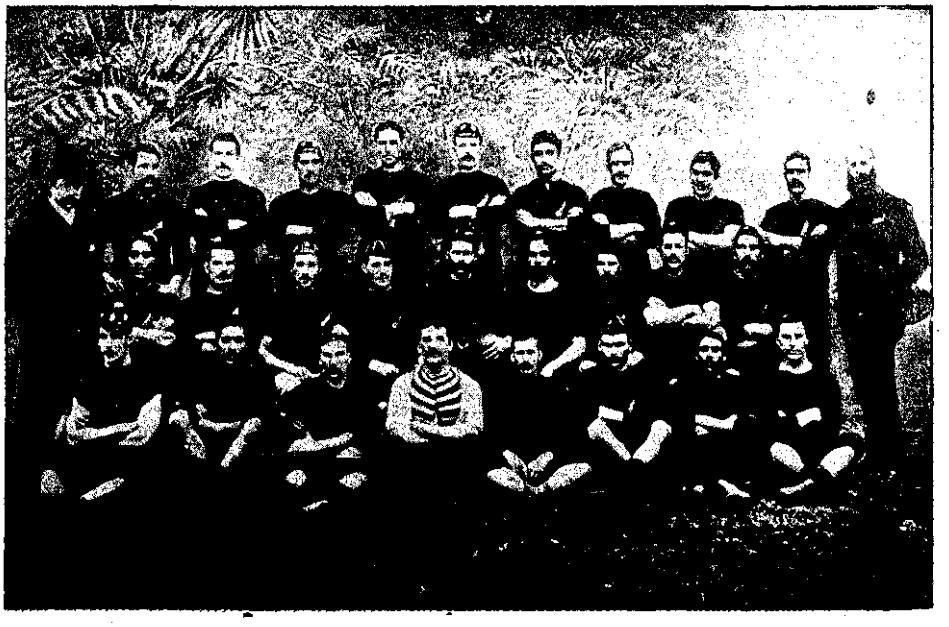
The 1897 New Zealand Team was superior to its predecessors. It travelled longer distances, averaged more points in scoring, and played with fewer days for resting than any Rugby team that has visited Australia. The '97 team went to Australia with the laudable intention of making every effort to win all the contests. Football fields which were as of concrete, barred the success of the project—at the conclusion of one game there were six doctors attending the Maorilanders. However, in the final match against New South Wales—played in the presence of 25,000 people—the Marsupials received an awful beating. So destitute of locomotion were they that towards the completion of the contest the New Zealanders were racing over their

opponents' goal-line like hounds after a hare. The itinerant, who visits Sydney, and incidentally mentions he is a New Zealand footballer, is received with the deference which a microscopic state extends to a great power.

In addition to G. Smith, in the back division, Armit and Roberts proved they were pastmasters. I shall never forget the astonished expression upon a Newcastle player's face after he had attempted to prevent "Barney" Armit scoring a try. "Barney" put his shoulder into the unfortunate's abdomen, and the Newcastle man disappeared over a three-foot fence. "Barney's" bump was very depressing to the recipient. "Barney" Armit—peace to your ashes! You met death with the composure of a Leonidas!

Amongst the '97 forwards Tom Pauling was the "Eclipse," and he deserved the eulogies which were showered upon him for his play. Pauling was in the Permanent Militia when the New Zealand Team was picked. He could not get leave, so resigned the army. He was a man of perfect physique, weighed over fourteen stone, measured six feet one inch, strong and remarkably active. In the final match against New South Wales, his efforts were simply superhuman. On one occasion he seized the ball on the line-out, a shrug of his shoulders shook off four opposing forwards, he headed his way through the Marsupial rear-guard—a distance of twenty-five yards—to the goal-line, and touched down. The Sydneyites applauded this splendid piece of play to the utmost.

In conclusion, when anyone avers that the interest of New Zealanders in Rugby is abnormal, let the pessimist remember the words of the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton University: "The most important business here is to make men—not to develop scholars, philosophers."



THE N.Z. NATIVE FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH TOURED GREAT BRITAIN AND AUSTRALIA IN 1888—89.

Back row (reading from left to right)—A. Warbrick, A. Webster, Wi Karauria, D. Stewart, G. Williams, Nehua, W. Warbrick, Te Rene, J. Warbrick, —. Scott (Manager).

Middle Row—Ihimana (Smiler), Maynard, W. Wynyard, D. Gage, J. Warbrick (Captain), T. Ellison, C. Goldsmith, G. Wynyard, W. Anderson.

Front Row—P. Keogh, R. Tiaroa, W. Elliott, H. Lawlor (coach), McCausland, Madigan,* F. Warbrick, H. Lee.

Photographs of Curiosities.

IN placing before our readers the first of this series of collections of photograph curiosities it may be well to remind them that we shall be pleased to receive contributions for the next number and subsequent ones. Those who have kodaks and no curiosities should make use of their friends who have curiosities but no kodaks.

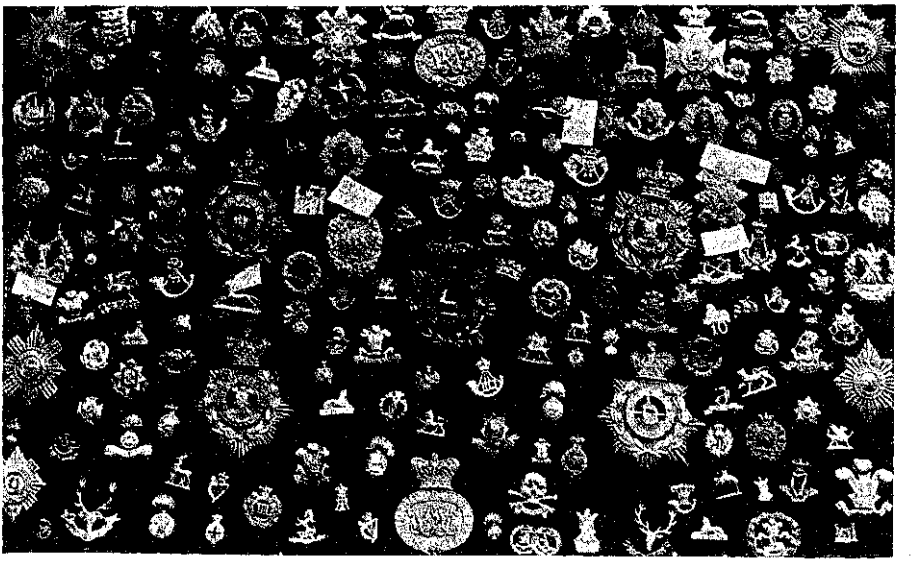
MUMMIFIED HEAD OF SETI, THE WARRIOR.

The first curiosity to which we call attention is the head of the well-preserved old warrior, Seti the First, of the 19th Dynasty, 1462 B.C., father of Ramses the Great. For the illustration, from which this reproduction was taken and the history of the original, we are indebted to Mr. Henry Green. The mummy now reclines in its coffin in the Museum at Gizeh. Seti undertook several campaigns against the Aramaic tribes who were in league with the Khittim (the Hittites of the Bible). As a god on earth he considered he could do no wrong, and that to defend oneself it is often best to attack. Acting on this principle, he plunged into the Grand Duke of Khita's dominions, for he it was who sat on the Hittite throne. Outside the city were peaceful herdsmen, Seti routed them, and then took the stronghold, and the poet of the period composed the following characteristic song of triumph in his honour:—"Pharoah is a jackal which rushes leaping through the Hittite lands, he is a grim lion exploring the hidden ways of all regions, he is a powerful bull with a pair of sharpened horns. He has struck down the Asiatics! he has thrown to the ground the Khita! He has slain the princes, he has

SETI THE WARRIOR.
From an illustration lent by Mr. H. Green.

Charles Salmon.

A MUMMIFIED HAWK.



Edwards Studio.

A COLLECTION OF BADGES.

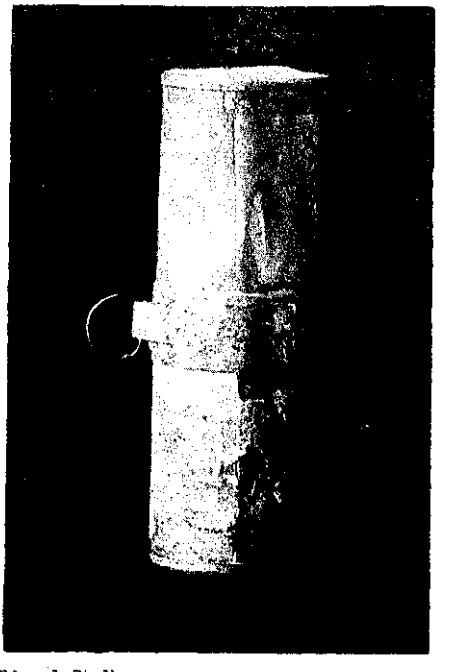
passed through them as a flame of fire, he has brought them to nought!" Seti erected many fine buildings, notably the Memnonium at Abydos, and had a sepulchre hewn out of the rock for himself at Thebes. The great canal leading from the Nile to the eastern frontier of this kingdom was completed in his reign, chiefly destined to irrigate the land of Goshen, which it rendered exceedingly fertile.

MUMMIFIED HAWK.

We are also indebted to Egypt for the hawk, which is also a mummy. He had the reputation of being a sacred bird, and was lying in dignified sepulture in a Pyramid, from which sacrilegious hands removed what remains of him, and it is at present in the possession of a resident of Auckland, who kindly allowed it to be photographed. It is supposed to be some few thousand years since he last folded his wings, and was wrapt in the immortal garment reserved for sacred birds only.

A COLLECTION OF BADGES.

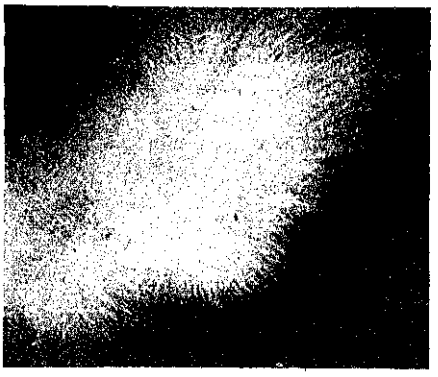
The collection of badges given here was made by Mr. T. Bowley, of Waikato. Many of them were taken from the bodies of men who had no further use for them while he was on transport duty in South Africa, where he had excellent opportunities, as his duties led him to all the scenes of the



Edwards Studio.

EMERGENCY RATION.

engagement. He had unfortunately no complete list of the regiments to which they belong, but military men will have no



Charles Salmon.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.

trouble in picking them out. This item requires very little writing about, but much will suggest itself to the mind of the reader regarding the hot corners that many of these badges have been in.

EMERGENCY RATION.

The battered tin containing an emergency ration is one of those served out to soldiers in the Transvaal. Each man has one in his kit. The most emphatic instructions are issued that it is not to be opened until its owner has been thirty-six hours without food. In its small compass it contains four ounces of essence of meat in one compartment, and five ounces of cocoa paste in the other. This, the instructions on it state, "can be eaten dry with or without biscuit, or one fourth simmered for a quarter of an hour in one pint of water will make liquid cocoa of good strength." The tins are all numbered, and each man has to account for his, if missing, whenever his kit is examined. This tin was the property of a returned trooper. He carried it many miles over the veldt, but fortunately had no occasion to use it.

AN ELECTROGRAPH.

This photograph, or rather electrograph, was taken by a young gentleman who was sufficiently conversant with electricity to induce a spark to give him a sitting. He states that the effect was produced by "passing an electric spark through a sensitive film." There is a certain satisfaction in being able to reproduce and hand down to posterity such an evanescent and ephemeral thing as an electric spark.

A HAYSTACK TAKING A BUSINESS TRIP.

A haystack may be occasionally seen floating down a river at the mercy of a flood in this or any other country, but our photograph represents a well-regulated cutter-rigged and properly equipped Egyptian haystack taking a business trip on the Nile. In a country where inundations are the rule instead of the exception, it appears to be a happy thought to build your haystack on a flat-bottomed boat, so that when the floods come you can step your mast, ship the crew and the rudder, set sail, and utilize the waste of water to take the hay to market.

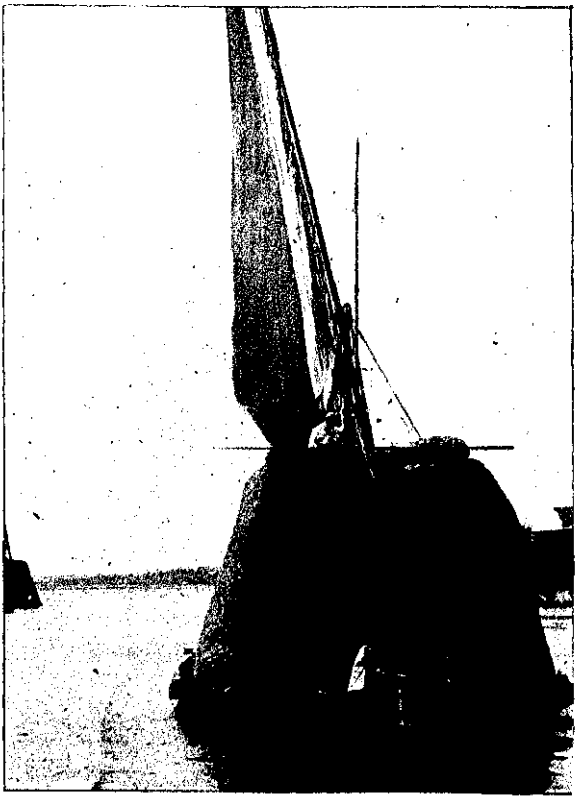
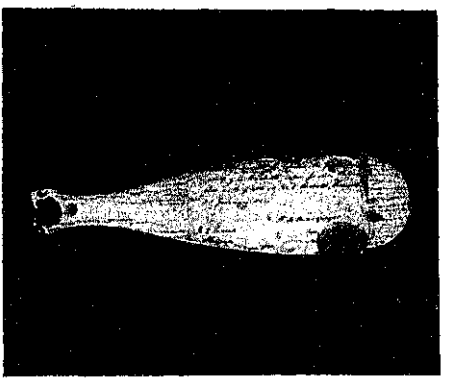


Photo. lent by Mr. H. Green.

A HAYSTACK ON THE NILE.

EPIKA'S MERE.

The whalebone *mere* here depicted has the following inscription on it:—"This *mere* belonged to Epika, the fighting chief,



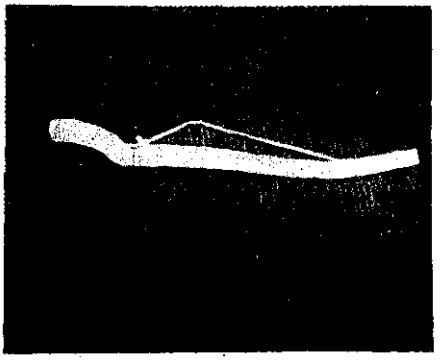
Charles Salmon.

EPIHA'S MERE.

of the Waikato; it was taken from a native shot at No. 3 Redoubt, Kairau, 23rd January, 1861.—R. H. MacGregor, Captain 65th Regiment." Wielded by Epika's powerful arm, it has doubtless done terrible execution on many an unfortunate foeman in the numberless tribal wars of pre-pakeha days. At close quarters the *mere* was a very formidable weapon, splitting skulls with great facility.

A CORNUCOPIA.

The Cornucopia is a shell horn from Fiji.



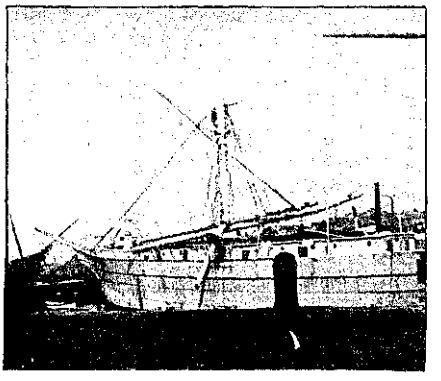
Charles Salmon.

A FIJIAN CORNUCOPIA.

The natives there use it as a bugle to blow calls. They manage to get from fair to medium music out of it, but nothing that could be called classical. However, it serves its purpose, and is useful if not exceedingly ornamental.

THE EFFECT OF A WHITE SQUALL.

The French barque "Max," when she was towed into the port of Auckland a few months ago, was a striking example of what a furious white squall can do if a vessel happens to be in its track. The "Max" was a new boat on her way from New Caledonia bowling merrily along with a fair wind in 33 degrees south and 177 degrees east when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the squall was on her in all its fury. Maintopmast yards and gear fell crashing on to the deck and carried rail,



Miss B. C. E. O'Keeffe.

THE EFFECT OF A WHITE SQUALL.

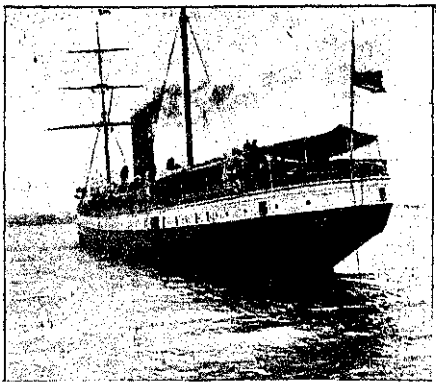
stanchions, and one of the boats away in one act. Fair weather followed, and she managed to reach Auckland to refit.

THE HULL OF THE "WOLVERINE."

Our contributor succeeded in getting the last photo taken of the "Wolverine" just before she was broken up, as she reclined on the North Shore of the Auckland Harbour. It is many years since she first sailed into Auckland as a warship, and acted at one time as flagship of the fleet. Becoming out of date, the old veteran was rigged as a barque, and traded to Sydney, eventually falling lower as age and many infirmities incapacitated her for actual service.

"ALAMEDA'S" FAREWELL TO AUCKLAND.

This photo of the "Alameda" owes its inclusion in the list of curiosities to the fact that she was taken when leaving Auckland on her last 'Frisco trip. It is, therefore, a photo which can never be taken again. It will recall to many pleasurable trips taken in this fine ocean tramp.

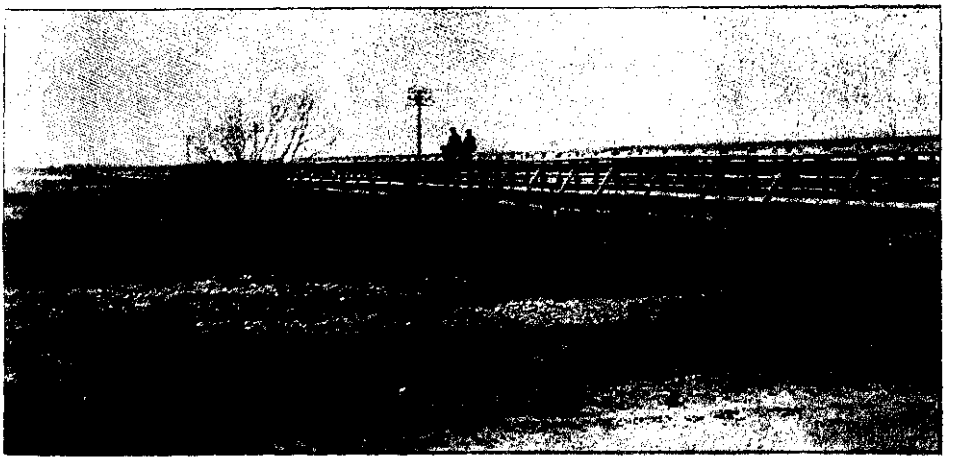


Miss B. C. E. O'Keeffe.
THE "ALAMEDA'S" FAREWELL TO AUCKLAND.

LONGEST BRIDGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The bridge over the Rakaia in South Canterbury is the longest wooden bridge in New Zealand; it is just about a mile in length, and its waters are confined to a narrow channel. A stranger going over this bridge, when the water is low, would marvel at a bridge being required over dry land. But let him cross after a hot Nor'-wester has melted the snow in the wild Alpine ranges above, and he would have no trouble in seeing the necessity. The millions of tons of *debris* washed down by the floods of centuries have filled the river bed and made a wide gravelly plain of it, over which at flood time the waters swirl in furious fashion.

A. E. O'Keeffe.
HULL OF THE "WOLVERINE."



H. A. B. Palmer. THE LONGEST WOODEN BRIDGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Literary Chat.

By Danvers Hamber.

One of the latest volumes in Messrs. George Bell and Son's Indian Colonial Library is *At the Sign of the Cross Keys* by Mr. Paul Creswick. It is written in the first person, and the story is told by "passages from the journal of me, John Dering, of Moreton-Hampstead, in the year of grace 17—." John Dering, a harum-scarum young fellow, with the idea of seeing life strong within him, journeys to London, and straightway falls in with a rather fascinating but not over scrupulous friend, Philip de Vaux. A tavern brawl leads to John Dering becoming one of a band of "gentlemen" who are nothing better than a lot of professional card sharpers. Strange oaths are taken by the members of the "Cross Keys" brigade, and dire punishment follows any who break faith in the slightest degree. John Dering, a fellow with the best intentions in the world, is overcome by the glamour of the cheerful scamp, Philip de Vaux, and throws in his lot with the Ancient Order of the Cross Keys. At first all goes well, but one night playing with a young blood the worse for wine, he wins all the latter's money, and then is shocked to repentance by the "pigeon's" distress. Dering goes next day to return the money, sees the sister, and promptly falls in love. He resolves to sever his connection with the Cross Keys, but the other members are not so willing, and finally Dering and De Vaux, who also finds it best to cut the company, run away to escape being murdered. The adventures of the couple in avoiding their quondam companions are many and varied. In the end affairs turn out happily for most of the people concerned. The story is an interesting one, and is extremely well told. *At the Sign of the Cross Keys* comes from Messrs. Wildman and Lyell, of Auckland.

Three recent volumes in Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s Colonial Library have been received from Messrs Wildman and Lyell, of Auckland. They are: *The Love That Lasts* by Miss Florence Warden; *Between Two Fires*, by Mr Harry Golding; and *Three Little Maids*, by Ethel S. Turner—Mrs Curlewis. *The Love That Lasts* is not by any means a cheerful kind of story, though there are some portions of it which are rather diverting, especially those describing some members of the Roskeen family, and other Highland lairds. Miss Warden's knowledge of Scottish folk appears to be rather limited. Of sensation and weirdness there is abundance, for the authoress of *The House on the Marsh* is endowed with a wonderfully fertile imagination. Alison Miles, a rich English girl, marries Sir Malcolm Roskeen immediately on his return from South Africa, whence he has returned invalided. Travelling at once to the ancient Deeside Castle the bridegroom develops mania on the way. Very strange things occur when the bride and bridegroom arrive at the Castle, for in addition to having a husband slightly mad, the heroine has to live in the fear of a lunatic woman, who has lost her senses through being thrown over by Sir Malcolm, and the malevolent attentions of a French girl, who turns out to be another flame of her husband's. The latter masquerades in boy's clothes, but she occupies a luxuriantly-appointed quarter of the castle, while the rest of the place is bare and poverty stricken. Naturally the wife falls in love with somebody else, and Miss Warden, after prolonging the agony as long as possibly conveniently kills off the semi-madman. This book, like everything else from Miss Warden's pen, is quite readable, but the plot is so impossible that one never gets deeply interested in the story. *Between Two Fires* is a tale of the Boer War. It is fairly exciting, and is sure to be enjoyed by the novel reader who is fond of a stirring story of love and adventure. Mr. Golding

seems to know the Boers and the country well, and probably some of his characters and descriptions are taken from men and places he had seen. *Three Little Maids* is a charming story for the children, and may be very many older folk will enjoy this latest work from Miss Turner's facile pen. The healthy tone of her previous works pervades *Three Little Maids*, and helps to make it one of the best children's books of the day. Valuable lessons are taught in a delightful manner, and the book is written in such a breezy natural style, that it will appeal to readers of all ages.

Mr. O. T. J. Alpers, the writer of the Ode sung at the opening of the Canterbury Jubilee Exhibition, has recently published through Messrs. Whitcomb and Tombs, Ltd., of Christchurch, Dunedin, Wellington, and London, a volume of poetry entitled *The Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes*. In his preface Mr. Alpers says of the poems included in this volume, twelve are printed now for the first time; as to the rest, the names of the books, magazines, or newspapers, in which they previously appeared, is given in the text. The arrangement is mainly chronological; but it has not been thought advisable, for the sake of preserving this sequence, to separate poems by the same author. Many readers will perhaps be disappointed at missing this or that poem they remember; for much good verse has probably altogether escaped the editor's search, and much he has been compelled to pass over from the necessary limitations to the size of the volume. In compiling and editing the work Mr. Alpers was assisted by many friends, for he did the whole while in hospital, and was lying sick in bed for most of the time. In bringing together in one volume a selection from the poetry of Canterbury writers, the editor is entitled to high praise, for such efforts prove that New Zealand is not without a poetical literature. In the volume will be found some of the poems of the pioneers who came out with the Canterbury Pilgrims, and poems written by a younger generation "who are but now leaving the world of the schools." The editor hopes that the young writers may find in their inclusion in this book "some encouragement to still further pursue the cult of the Muses." If the severe critic should find them immature, let him attribute their inclusion to their promise. For it is even possible that the future may discover in this little volume the earliest verse of a New Zealand Tennyson, or, at the least, of a New Zealand Kipling. Froude says, "If it is written in the book of destiny that the English nation has still within it great men who will take a place among the demigods, I can well believe that it will be in the unexhausted soil and spiritual capabilities of New Zealand that the great English poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen, soldiers of the future will be born and matured." In addition to the poems of the pioneers written between 1850 and 1870, which include verses by J. E. Fitzgerald, Sarah Raven, Crosbie Ward, E. J. Wakefield and Marsh Pringle Stoddart, Mr. Alpers quotes from C. C. Bowen, Dean Jacobs, W. P. Reeves, W. J. Steward, G. P. Williams, Jessie Mackay, Mary Colborne-Veel, Dolce Cabot, J. C. Anderson, Dora Wilcox, W. M. Marshall, A. H. Adams and others. I should like to quote the whole of C. C. Bowen's "The Battle of the Free," but the concluding stanza of this finely patriotic poem must suffice:

To Arms! To Arms!
When the battle rages fierce,
And the deadly volleys pierce
The small outnumbered army of the Island of the Free!
When her dauntless hearts have chosen either death or victory.
Where her warriors are fighting, as the bravest only dare,
For the birth-places of freedom and the liberties of men;
Then New Zealand shall be there,
In the van.
Young New Zealand shall be there—
Her rifles from the mountain and her horsemen from the plain,
When the foeman's ranks are reeling o'er the slain,
Few in number—stout of heart—
They will come to take their part

In the dangers and the glories of the brave,
To share in their triumph of their blood-stained
grave.
England exult!
For thy numberless sons are coming o'er the sea,
To rally round the banner of the Island of the
Free.
Oh, England! bear thee proudly
In the direst need of war;
For thy sons—the sons of Freedom,
Are sailing from afar.
They are coming! They are coming!
To surround the banner of the Island of the Sea,
And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

"Change Not the Name," by the same writer, is grandly eloquent. Here are the three last verses:

Change not the name, the watchword it shall ring
From pole to pole of truth and liberty.
Our sons' sons proudly to that name shall cling
As ivy to the tree.

Oh, change it not for newer, vainer claims,
To fools and children leave such paltry toys;
Let fettered lands delight in idle names,
In glitter, pomp and noise.

Be ours brave deeds beyond the vulgar reach;
Be ours to seek a nobler, purer fame—
A fame that lives beyond the power of speech,
That rests not on a name.

Three sonnets and the "Jubilee Hymn," by Dean Jacobs are given. I like this immensely:

THE AVON.

I love thee, Avon! though thy banks have known
No deed of note, thy wand'ring course along,
No bard of Avon hath pour'd forth in song
Thy tuneful praise; thy modest tide hath flown
For centuries on, unheeded and alone.
I love thee for thy English name, but more
Because my countrymen along thy shore
Have made new homes. Therefore not all unknown
Henceforth thy streams shall flow. A little while
Shall see thy wastes grow lovely. Not in vain
Shall England's sons dwell by thee many a mile;
With verdant meads and fields of waving grain
Thy rough uncultured banks ere long shall smile;
Heav'n-pointing spires shall beautify thy plain.

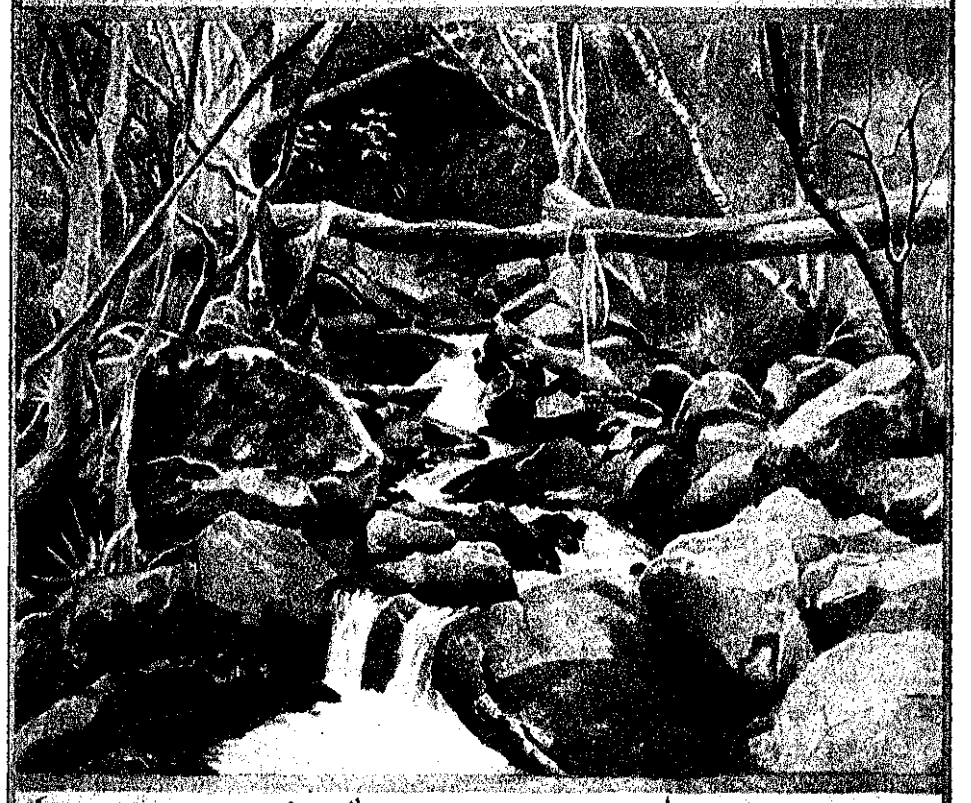
"The Passing of the Forest," by W. P. Reeves, is splendid poetry. This is the last verse;

Keen is the axe, the rushing fire streams bright,
Clear, beautiful and fierce it spreads for Man
The Master, set to change and stern to smite,
Bronzed pioneer of Nature. Aye, but scan
The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
Is this for progress—beauty swept away!

I would like to quote many other verses, but I cannot. It only remains to congratulate Mr. Alpers upon producing such a valuable little volume, and the publishers upon the excellence of the printing and binding.

Mr. W. H. Webbe is entitled to the heartiest congratulation upon the publication of his invaluable work, *The Pianists' A.B.C. Primer and Guide.* The work, which is dedicated to H.R.H. the Duchess of York, is published by Messrs Forsyth Brothers, of London and Manchester. In his preface Mr Webbe says:—"This volume is not intended in any way to take the place of other existing Primers and Guides, or works on piano-playing, but rather to supplement and add to their usefulness, being, as it is, a collection of hints, rudiments, rules, reminders, and references, which may prove of some value to both teachers and learners." Attention is drawn in a concise manner to many subjects of importance connected with the art of piano-playing, some of which are either omitted or else dealt with in the most cursory manner in ordinary tutors, as for instance, technique, touch, and tone production, fingering, rules for practising, pedalling, metrical accentuation, rhythm and phrasing, musical forms, accompanying, sight reading, ensemble-playing, memorising, expression, general faults, and interpretations. Mr Webbe also gives a brief history of the pianoforte, including an admirable description of the instrument, a guide to the piano manufacturers of the world, and he writes fully and carefully upon many other matters of interest to musicians. The *Pianists' A.B.C.* can be obtained through any bookseller in the colony.

THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN.



ITS MELLOW SONG
THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG
IS BORNE AROUND IN TRANQUIL VALE,
AND THROUGH THE DAY
IN CHEERFUL LAY,
IT CHANTS A NEVER ENDING TALE,
THE HISTORY OF ITS LIFE AND BIRTH,
THE SECRETS OF THE VALLEY, WHEN
FROM THE EFFUSIVE FORES OF EARTH
GOD CALLED IT DOWN THE GLEN.

THE TITS TRILL,
UP THE HILL,
IS A SWEET REACTION AND NOTES,
TILL O'ER GRAIL SWELL
FROM BROOK AND DELL.
UNTIL THE MORNING ETHER FLOATS;
BUT THE VOICES SUBDUED AND LOW,
WHICH TELLS OF THINGS BEYOND OUR REN
THE BROOKLETS GENTLE ACCENTS FLOW,
MEANDERING DOWN THE GLEN.

AS SHE FLOWS
THE ROSE GROWS,
UNTIL IT KISSES IN THE SEA;
AND THUS THE BOY
FROM CHILDISH JOY
RUNS INTO MANS ANXIETY;
THE FAIRY TOWERS WE LOVED TO RAISE,
ARE SWALLOWED IN LIFES WHIRLPOOL THEN
THERES FOOD FOR THOUGHT IN ALL IT LAYS,
SWEET BROOKLET OF THE GLEN.

ENGLAND.

THE death of the great musician, Sir Arthur Sullivan, which has just been announced by cable, deprived us of one whose works have made him beloved wherever the English tongue is spoken. The brilliance of his talent was only equalled by its versatility and prolificness. Sacred music, beautiful oratorios and cantatas, sparkling comic operas and songs, dropped from his pen with equal facility. Few, if any, composers have had the universal gift of pleasing all classes; few indeed have been capable of combining such brilliant execution with the simplicity and purity which has always been a marked feature in Sullivan's compositions. One of his latest, if not his last work was the music for a Te Deum to be used after the proclamation of peace. His father was a bandmaster and professor of the clarionet at Kneller Hall, London, and young Sullivan at a very early age was a chorister at the Chapel Royal, and could play on almost any instrument given him. As might be expected of a man of his exceptional talent, Sir Arthur Sullivan held many important positions in the musical world, and it will be remembered that he was awarded the Order of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and received knighthood at the hands of the Queen in 1883.

Dealing with the English elections a contributor remarks that Winston Churchill had a sharp fight at Oldham with the cotton spinners. His South African experiences—especially his escape by the train—had made him popular. He was a contrast to the grave men who usually represent Lancashire work folk. Young, impetuous, and full of vigour, he brought the verve and picturesqueness of experiences outside the precincts of a country tour, and stirred the imagination of the hard-working men. At the end of one of his addresses he was asked why he gave up soldiering. "I'll answer your question," he replied. "And I'll ask you another when I have done. Why the deuce shouldn't I leave off soldiering? You fellows leave one job to get a better. Why shouldn't I do the same? I left soldiering to become a candidate for Oldham. Now I want to ask you, Do you mean to hint that I left off soldiering because I had to, or because there was anything I was ashamed of? If you do, it's a lie!" This brusque style of talking naturally appealed strongly to the class of electors before him.

CHINA.

THE situation in China has shown no marked alteration during the month. The Powers appear, from the cables, to be unanimous in their demands, and it only remains for these to be accepted and carried out in their entirety to close a page of history which, when it opened, bid fair to lead up to most disastrous complications. But the page has not yet been closed. That the Chinese Government will eventually agree to the demands seems almost assured, but it is not the Chinese nature to act promptly and straightforwardly. Every pretext for delay, every quibble over the smallest detail that can be devised, will be used to the best possible advantage. Li Hung Chang's letter

to a friend, in a late cable, briefly but very clearly expresses the general Chinese sentiment—"Keep quiet; sit tight; do nothing. The foreign devils will fight amongst themselves."

FRANCE.

KRUGER'S reception in Paris has been of a very half-hearted nature, and would have been very galling to any one of keener susceptibilities than the old Boer. It had all the requisite outward pomp and show—it included every detail that would be expected of a nation which flatters itself on its politeness and adherence to etiquette; but it missed altogether the inner feeling that inspires the hearty and boisterous welcome which would be accorded to a man with whom the masses of the people were entirely in sympathy. This is in no way surprising as, however France might have wished to see England worsted in her attempt to assert her rights, Kruger's acting of the *rôle* of injured innocent was of so muddled a nature, and so saturated with selfish regard for his own welfare, that it was impossible for him to gain true sympathy, even from those whom other considerations would have made most willing to accord it. The Press and the people, it is pleasing to note, most carefully avoided any approach to a demonstration of anti-British feeling.

INDIA.

SOME interesting letters by a famine officer recently appeared in the *Times Weekly*. In one of these he suggests that "the best way of employing famine labour would be upon water storage and irrigation, which would serve as a means of insurance against future famine." This is one of those common-sense suggestions which one would suppose should be the first thing thought of, but which the Government never does think of. It appears that in the present case the Government had no irrigation scheme prepared, and that much of the famine labour was employed on preliminary earth works for road making where the first rains would wash away the greater part of the work done, and in localties where the natives did not really require roads The camps along these lines of roads each hold some 5,000 people, and have each an officer in charge, generally a native. He examines applicants, and sets them to work, and pays them daily, as it is found when paid weekly they eat up their earning in a few days and starve afterwards. Private shops supply the food, although there is a Government kitchen in each camp where the children are fed gratis. Shelter huts were not provided, which the famine officer considers a defect in the system pursued. The workers arranged the most temporary shelter for themselves and families by hanging mats on poles, or using a few branches of trees, thus the suffering from exposure entailed in the weak, especially the children, was naturally great. The men do the digging, and fill the baskets which the women carry, and deposit where required. There is a hospital in each camp, but these are not crowded, as the desire with all appears to be to earn money, which they cannot do in hospital, therefore they will not give in till obliged to do so.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE news of the surrender of the British garrison at Dewetsdorp, four hundred men and two guns, which arrived at the time of writing is extremely annoying, in that it gives the Boers encouragement, and tends to still further delay the final surrender. It also shows that sufficient caution has not been observed. Now that Lord Roberts is leaving, and the command of the campaign devolves on Lord Kitchener, it will be interesting to note the effect of the vigorous attempts of the new broom order to bring matters to a climax. That the new Commander of the Forces will more rigorously carry out the less leniency policy, lately inaugurated by his predecessor, goes without saying, the only pity is that it was not adopted at the commencement of the war.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW SERIAL STORY, by "ALIEN."

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the sole serial rights of that talented authoress "Alien's" new Story, "Another Woman's Territory" (its predecessor, "The Devil's Half-Acre," has received excellent reviews). It is only necessary to add that the authoress pronounces it to be the best Story she has ever written. The opening chapters will be found in the present Number.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The New Zealand Literary and Historical Association Prize Story Competition has closed with the very satisfactory number of eighty-six contributions. The prize winner will be announced, and the story published, in the January Number. There will also be an article on the Competition by one of the Judges.

FRIENDS at HOME.

It is not our intention this year to bring out a Special Christmas Number of the MAGAZINE, but we would call the attention of our readers to the fact that the contents of the present Number render it especially suitable to send to friends in England and elsewhere instead of the usual Christmas Card. At a time like the present, when so much interest is taken in our rising young Colony, a copy of THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE will be highly appreciated as an example of what can be done here, and as giving an interesting and realistic idea of life in the colonies. The price is as usual (9d.), and the postage is ½d. in New Zealand, and 2½d. elsewhere. Those desirous of obtaining extra copies for the purpose should send orders in early either to their booksellers, or to the Office of the MAGAZINE, Auckland.

PHOTOGRAPHS of CURIOSITIES.

"Photographs of Curiosities" form one of the new features of the present number of THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. Most knights of the Kodak have, from time to time, snapped curiosities, or have curios worth snapping. We therefore invite our readers to forward us any photographs of curiosities they may happen to have. The term is a comprehensive one, so much the better; the more varied the material the more artistic the result. No restrictions or limits whatever are placed on contributors, either as to descriptions of curios or time to send in. If not in time for one number they will be for another. All photos used will be paid for, and contributors names published. When required (and stamps must be sent for the purpose) originals will be returned. A few lines descriptive of each curio should be sent.

—o—

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

THE PARLIAMENT OF 1870—Some of its Members—Sketches from the Press Gallery.—By Geo. Robt. Hart.
PEOPLES' PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS.—By Edith Searle Grossmann.
SPIRITUAL CONCEPTS OF THE MAORI.—By Elsdon Best.
HOW I READ CHARACTER BY THE HAND.—By H. I. Westmacott.
THE EXTINCTION OF THE COLONIAL.—By W. G. McDonald.
ETC., ETC.