

continued speaking rapidly, making fierce gestures towards the boy. He seemed surprised to find him alone in the house, and became more and more enraged. Then suddenly bounded close to him, and thrust his tongue out to its fullest extent, rolling his eyeballs in such a horrible manner that I would fain have covered up my face, only that I was overpowered by a terrible fascination.

Then he said something to him in a loud voice, and pointed to the door, evidently still enquiring where we were. I could not see whether the boy refused to tell, or whether he was too terrified to speak, but he made no answer. Raising his hatchet, the chief struck him on the head, and before my horrified gaze poor Johnnie fell bleeding to the earth uttering a dying cry.

They will now look for me, I thought, but they all sat unmoved while the chief continued speaking. He ceased, and they still remained quite silent, and then to my dismay baby began to whimper. I wrapped the shawl so tightly round him that I began to fear that I had smothered him, and unwound it a little. Luckily he grew quiet, but I shall never forget my feelings at the sound of that tiny cry.

At last the Maoris rose and walked stealthily round the house, and with a low moan of relief I rose to my feet, hoping I could leave my precarious hiding place and gain a thicker clump of shrubs lower down the garden. Two or three times I tried to venture, but my heart failed me, till I found that no choice in the matter was left me, for a great cloud of smoke burst from the front door. They had set fire to the inside

of the house, probably for the purpose of discovering whether anybody was hiding within.

This proved my salvation, for under cover of the thick, black smoke, I escaped to the coveted shelter, and lay hidden, watching in an agony of terror and dismay the destruction of my pretty home, the smashing and despoilation of all my books and wedding presents, which they dragged out of the house for the mere purpose of destroying. The flames from the burning



"AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE HEAD OF MY DEAR HUSBAND."

house scorched my face, and almost singed my hair.

Now a fresh terror assailed me. Jack, riding across the plain, would see his house in flames, he would think his wife and child had perished, or been reserved for more horrible tortures. If I could only get down and meet him! But I was afraid to venture, as the gleam of my white dress in the moonlight would attract the attention of the savages on the look-out for anybody escaping, so I stayed on enduring indescribable