

Taniwha of the pool,  
 This mere I cast to thee!  
 Spirit of my father  
 Accept my sacrifice,  
 The head of thine enemy!  
 And receive thy son!

As he finished the whirlpool spun down the current. First he cast into it the mere, green as the river itself, which clove the water almost without a splash. Then he balanced above his shoulder the head of Tarawhai, and threw it in.

That whirled once round the swaying hollow and then sank slowly, and as it vanished the hiss of the breaking wave came up from below.

He heard the fighting men crash through the fern behind him, and he called aloud:

“Mata! This is the end! Come! I have sacrificed to the taniwha and to those who talk below. Let us leap and go down together into the place of the dead.”

She rose up silently, and he mustered his last strength.

They leaped and fell together.

In the midst of the whirling current their hands strained and met, and the two lovers went together down into the place of the talking voices.

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Above the confused quarrelling of the river, I seem to hear their laughter now.



## A Sonnet on Sonneteering.

A Sonnet is composed of head and tail,  
 In fourteen lines, the first the octave named,  
 Consisting of two quatrains neatly framed  
 Through both of which the same two rhymes prevail,  
 Arranged like this; nor must the metre fail;  
 Five feet iambic for each line are claimed;  
 Neglect these precepts and the work is lamed;  
 This form is fixed—none other will avail.

This is the sestet. In the best, three rhymes  
 Re-circle in two tercets same as here,  
 With measure as in octave. Thus arrayed  
 Your numbers ring the sonnet's silver chimes.  
 Take heart, ye rhymers, for the sonneteer,  
 Unlike the poet, is not born but made.      MACANDER.