

name of Paerau struck against the heavens. The wailing widows of the land of Awa cursed him in fervent terms. The Children of the Rippling Sea looked sideways, and gave the wall to Paerau. The Pu Taewa of Te Whaiti furnished him with sundry square meals. So Paerau waxed old, full of honour, and was renowned beyond measure.

Paerau said :

"I will hie me to Napier and there view the fire canoe of the white man."

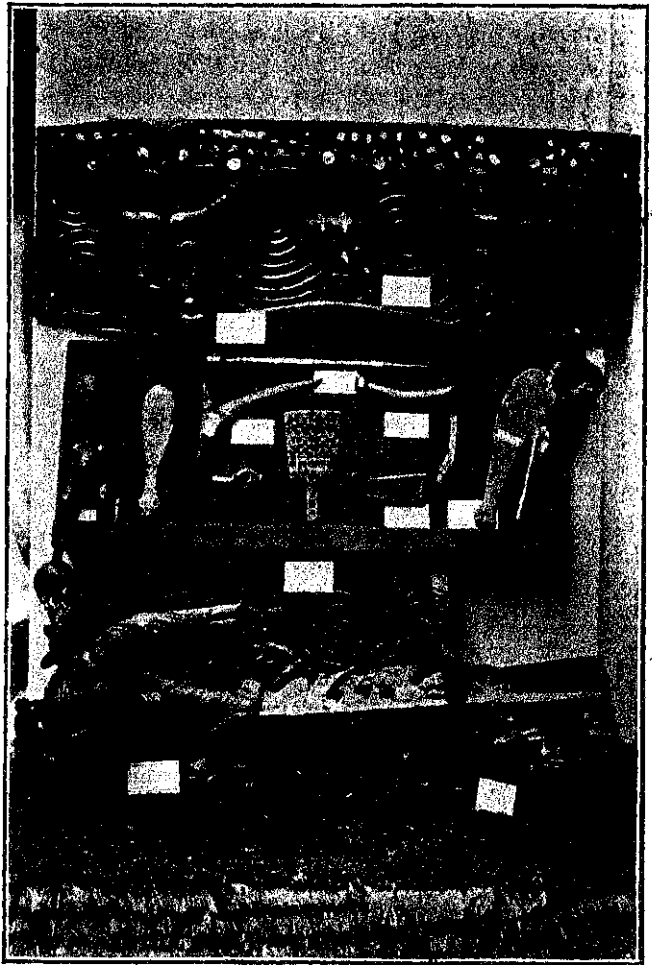
And Paerau went.

They got him aboard the train all right, and as she pulled slowly out of the depôt, he seemed to think it a very good sort of canoe. But when the driver opened her out, and Paerau saw the whole world flashing past him in dread flight, he became truly alarmed.

Quoth Paerau :

"This is pakeha magic."

He put his head out of the window, and gazed in awe on the mad flight of his native land. Truly this was enchantment. Just then—*Awe!* A frightful weapon is hurled at him. More devil's work here. With the instinct of the trained fighter, the old warrior threw up his weapon hand to parry the missile of the gods. Not in vain had this Son of Tu been trained in the art of war, not in vain had he been dedicated at birth to the service of the gods who live for ever, not in vain had he gone through the solemn rites of yore—the parry was successful—and the telegraph pole flashed past to the rear. With a sigh of relief, but with dark forebodings in his savage heart, Paerau lowered his guard, doubtless calling upon his gods for protection, when—*Te mamea*



HOUSE AND CANOE CARVINGS, ETC.

*roa E!*—another fell weapon of god or man is about to sweep him from the earth, but another *karo* is successful—and pole number two sweeps backward to the sea.

Then Paerau came off.

She pulled into the next station in safety. But Paerau had had enough. Paerau the fearless, the man of the stone shoulder, the most renowned fighter of Tuhoe, he who looked the shining sun in the eye, and lowered his own before none, the *Scourge* of the Pu Taewa and a god in his own right, Paerau quailed before the awful works of the pakeha and their wondrous gods. Then Paerau went home.

But you must not think that a weapon is of much use to man, unless the gods have rendered it effective. Here the deep