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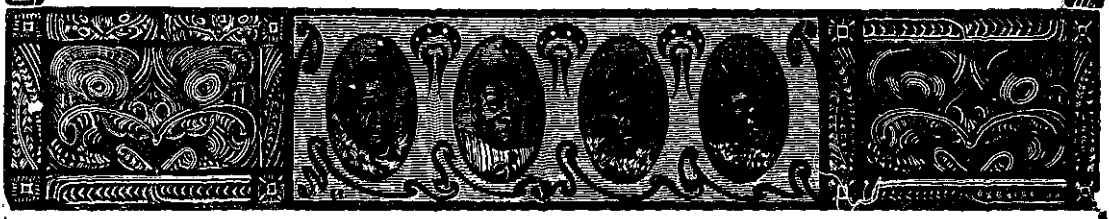
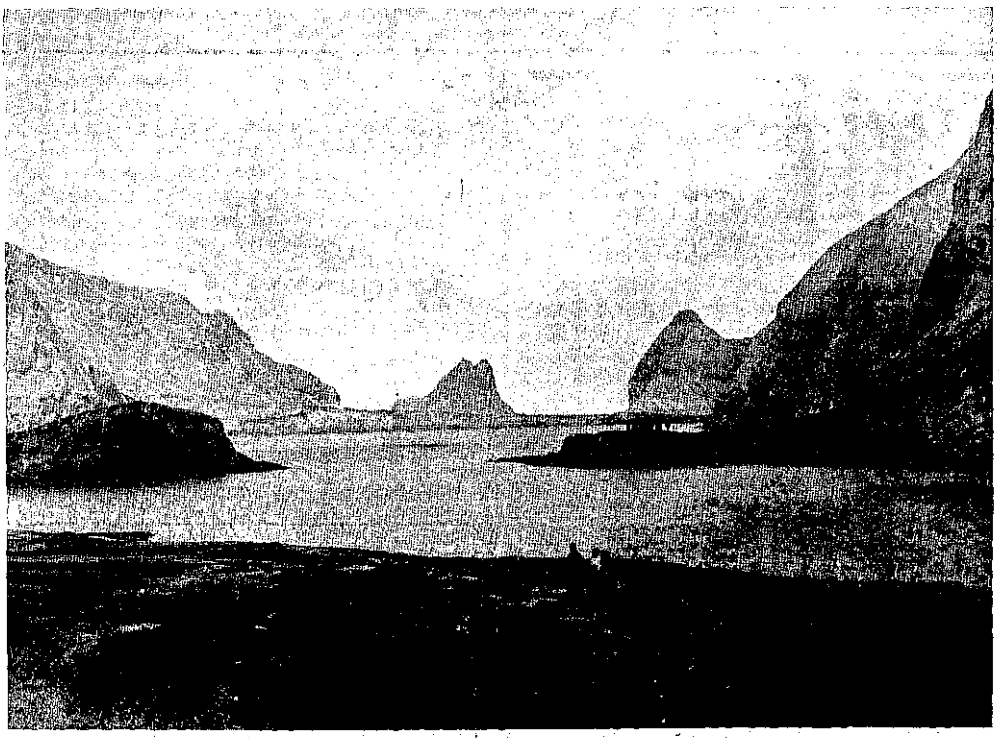
THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.





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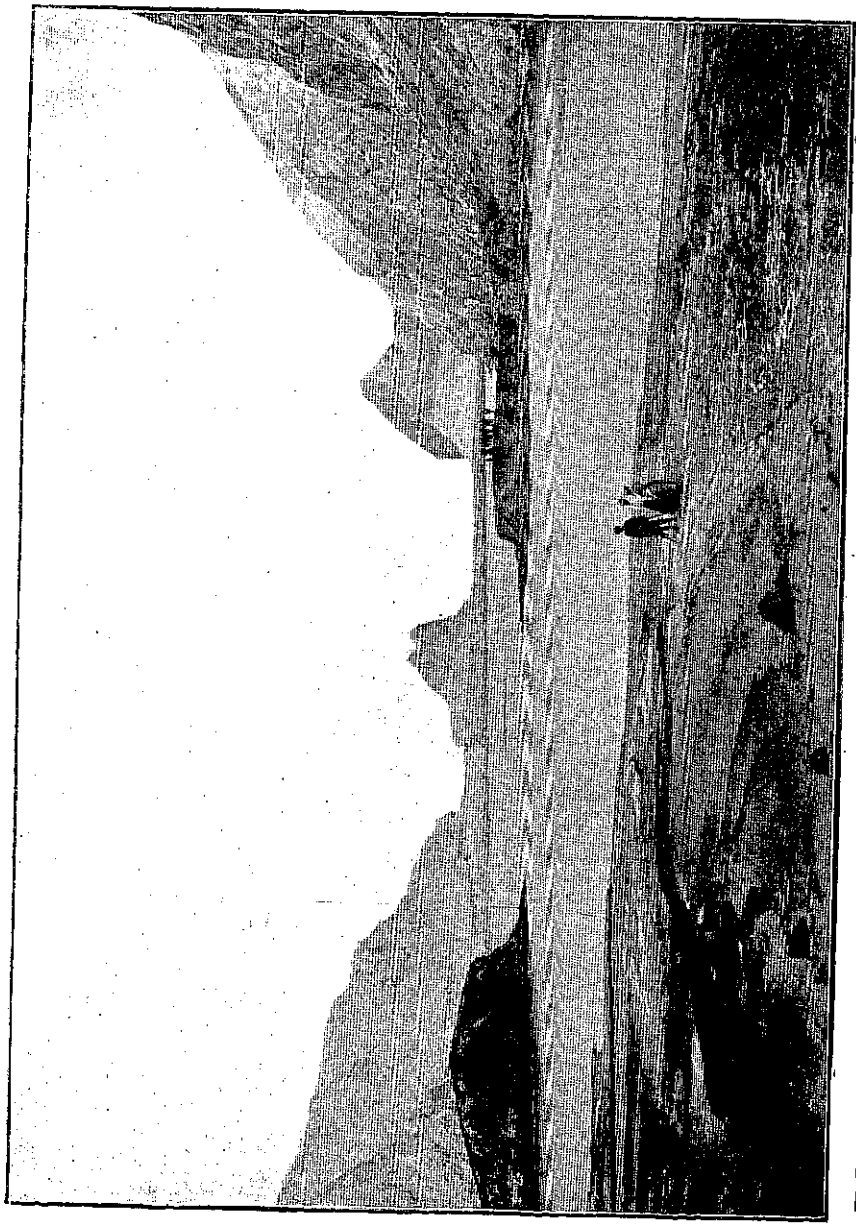


The Lake, White Island.

W. Beattie, photo.

Rambling Recollections.

By ROLLINGSTONE.

AN OLD IDENTITY.

AS we sat over a quiet game of poker in the bar parlour, and the rosy-faced, genial old fellow again scooped the pool—he had done so on several other occasions that evening—he called for drinks and smokes, and said he had had enough of it for one night, and added that it wasn't much fun playing with boys after all.

"I'll tell you what, lads," he said afterwards to two of us; "I'm riding on home to my station to-morrow. What d'ye say to coming down to dine with me? I'll show you some shorthorns worth going much farther to see, and my game-cocks can't be beaten in the country."

We were utter strangers to the old man, never saw him before that evening, or he us. My friend mentioned the fact in thanking him for his kindness, adding that we valued it the higher on that account.

"No, I certainly don't know you," he replied, "but I jolly soon will. That's why I asked you; I like the look of you, but if I were you I'd give up poker."

As we jogged quietly out of the hotel-yard the next morning my friend remarked that the punchy little pony the old gentleman rode looked hardly up to his weight, which was certainly over sixteen stone. He smiled softly to himself, merely uttering the single word, "Taihoa!" We took this for the pony's name, but made a mistake. He was certainly a perfect little picture of a weight-carrier for his inches, which were limited in the extreme. He was mouse-coloured, with a black list down his back, and a neat head ornamented with tiny, ever-twinkling ears. He kept our horses at a jog while he was doing a fair heel and toe walk. The old fellow smiled yet again as he saw our ineffectual attempts to make our nags keep in line with him without breaking into a jog. Then as we came to a good stretch of fairly level, unmetaled road he spoke again.

"Poor walkers, those mokes of yours, boys. It isn't very pleasant for you jogging all the way. I wouldn't own a nag that wasn't a good walker. Can they trot any?"

We assured him that they could, that in short we considered them out and outers at it, and talked of matches they had won, but as we did not wish to distress his pony we didn't mind jogging a bit.

The old fellow looked as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"Don't want to what?" he asked.

"Distress your pony by riding faster; we're in no sort of a hurry, and don't mind jogging a bit," repeated my friend.

A hearty guffaw burst from the old fellow's lips—the pony's ears played backwards and forwards, faster and faster—the sleek sides of both man and mount shook convulsively. We could swear they were both bubbling over with mirth at our expense.

Then they were off like a shot. We followed in the distance; it was all we could do. Our boasted trotters were nowhere. That chubby little dot of a pony could give them five stone, and knock them into a very disreputable old billy-cock.

"Ah, this is all very well for a

half-mile spurt, then we'll have the laugh against the old boy," said I, and we spurred on hopefully.

But this little demon trotter never seemed to slacken his speed. He kicked mile after mile behind him in slashing style, never breaking from the trot. It was only by spurring our horses into a gallop and going at racing speed that we could eventually catch him. Then he pulled up, but we had to admit that this pony of his even now obeyed the rein unwillingly. He danced along like a racehorse who has just had his preliminary canter, and wonders when the race is to begin.

"Best bit of stuff this side the line, boys," grunted the old chap complacently. "I never keep bad uns."

We readily agreed with him. We thought we'd seen all sorts of horses before, but had evidently made a mistake.

The old gentleman invariably pulled up at every wayside accommodation house we passed. He always required accommodating with either a long beer or a whisky. It was part of his creed. "A man spends his capital in putting up a house on these upcountry tracks to supply travellers with drink," he said, "and where is he if the travellers won't give him the opportunity? I reckon the man who doesn't stop and take a liquor, even if he isn't extra thirsty, is a mean hound. He's depriving a fellow-creature of his living. Knocking shingles off the poor fellow's roof, that's just come there to oblige him and his fellow travellers. I'd make it a penal offence—that's what I would!

"Here, landlord, fill these up again!"

And the old chap looked fiercely around as if to see if any of the delinquents he denounced were within hearing.

"Mind you, boys," he added, mildly, after the order was obeyed, and his share of it had gurgled down his capacious throat, "I don't advocate drunkenness. It's disgusting. Especially in fellows of your age. But a glass or two taken like this hurts no man."

It amused us to notice how careful the old chap was to warn us boys, as he would persist in calling us, though we considered we had passed that stage ages ago.

We came to the conclusion that there were many in the district of the same creed as our old friend, or that the nature of the road made it an exceedingly thirsty one to travel for houses of call were thicker than usual.

After passing a number, and carefully avoiding showing any preference, in our treatment of them, the old gentleman became still more loquacious.

"We shorthorn breeders in New Zealand, you know, boys, are a jovial lot. We can hold our own anywhere when the whisky goes round."

"I can easily believe it!" said I.

"I remember a trip I once took to Australia," he continued, ignoring my remark. "I wanted to see what sort of cattle they had over there. I was driving up in a coach to some place with an ungodly name. It was raining hard, and the five passengers were all inside, no one hankered after the box seat. I never in my life saw such an unsociable lot of fellows. Two of them were parsons. I didn't expect much from them. The other two looked like station holders, and should have had something to say. I didn't care to tackle the parsons, but I put a question or two to the others. They replied certainly, but a bare 'yes' or 'no' doesn't make a fellow communicative. I stood it all the morning as well as I could. But it was a terrible strain. I'm a bit fond of a chat myself. When we stopped at a pub, I asked them to join me. I thought it was maybe the want of whisky that had tightened their tongues. But they

refused. What d'ye think of that ?" and the old chap looked at me in a manner that showed plainly what he thought of it.

" Perhaps they weren't thirsty," I ventured.

" Weren't thirsty ? That's no excuse. D'ye think I'd wait to think whether I was thirsty or not, if a respectable stranger, who I could see was feeling lonely, wanted me to join him in a whisky ?"

" No, I really don't think you would," my friend replied.

" Downright rudeness, sir, that's what I call it. No one who had the slightest respect for himself would be guilty of such atrocious conduct. I turned on my heel and asked the driver to join me. He had some gentlemanly feeling about him. After starting again we drove on in the same studied silence till I couldn't stand it any longer. 'Hang it all, gentlemen !' I said, 'I come from New Zealand, and I'm not used to this sort of thing. How much longer is it the etiquette of this country for us to sit, each in our own corner, glaring at one another like a lot of mopokes ? For Heaven's sake say something, if it's only——" and the old fellow gave them their choice of several uncomplimentary remarks which need not be particularized here.

" The infernal fools," the old man continued, " had positively mistaken me for a bushranger. I wasn't so stout as I am now, and I wore my riding boots and breeches. Directly I said I came from New Zealand they cottoned on to me properly, and I had no occasion to round them up again. I had been right in my surmise—two of them were station holders, and what's more, shorthorn men. They were going up to the Agricultural Show, whither I was bound, and I didn't have to drink with the driver alone after that."

I'd let a friend up there know I was coming, and they had a great dinner on for me after the show. Every man jack of them would have pressed me to drink, but you know pressure isn't required among shorthorn men. I soon saw there was a conspiracy among them to knock the New Zealander under the table, but they didn't know the stuff I was made of. It put me on my mettle. One after another the weakest of 'em left—carried out for the most part.

My two mates on the journey up were warriors ; they held out the longest. Then one tottered and fell and I had only one left to tackle. Only one—but what a one ! Must I give in. Never, I thought to myself. New Zealand for ever ! For the honour of my country I must see it out, and I did ! But it was a hot time, lads. I never had a hotter, I give you my word !"

The old fellow looked as proud as if he'd won a much more important championship.

When he began his yarn I hoped we should have had some interesting information about Australia. But this was all he seemed to remember. The importance of it had so impressed him that everything else had dwarfed in comparison and dwindled out of memory.

" But, boys," he added after a short interval, " I don't know why I told you this. I wouldn't advise fellows of your age to take on any such contracts, mind that now ! "

By this time we had entered the boundary gate into the old gentleman's domain, and certainly he had laid his lines in pleasant places. Before us lay a model farm, rolling downs and verdant valleys richly grassed, ornamented with small clumps of native bush, and stocked with superb shorthorns of all sizes and correct colours. Here, verily, the old fellow had something to be proud of for this perfect stock-farm had been won from the wilderness under his own hand. He pointed out the spot where he had himself ploughed the first acre turned over in the district by a white man, and showed us afterwards a number of stalwart plough horses, the

progeny of the prolific old mare which had then trod the furrow. Some of these were now approaching the sere and yellow leaf themselves, but they bore the stamp of power and endurance which can carry a horse through a long life. They positively gave one the impression, by the way they looked when their master approached, that they shared his pride in the home they had so materially helped to create. The shorthorns, in their turn, came in for much undisguised admiration on our part, and we listened with very pronounced interest to the circumstantial account the old fellow gave of their family histories and achievements. The odd thought would obtrude, as I listened to him, that this quaint racy style of dealing with genealogies would have immensely improved a certain chapter in Genesis. It was not exactly inspiration, perhaps, but it sounded ever so much better.

As we approached the homestead, we found it in perfect keeping with its surroundings. What the old fellow called light refreshments were on the table in view of tiding us over till the promised dinner in the evening. They served the purpose admirably. Then a stroll round the homestead, followed by a look at the game cocks. A dozen or so of these were in as many small cages.

The old man explained to us that they were all from one brood, and packed up to send as presents to friends—"fellows that are likely to buy my young bulls," there was an expressive twinkle in his merry eyes as he said this. It appeared that the bullock-dray which was to have taken them that morning could not now go for several days, so he determined to give them their liberty again. They were each addressed to their new owners, the names being written on luggage labels suspended round their necks. These the old gentleman decided not to remove, as it had taken him some time deciding which to send to each friend, the best going to the most likely purchaser of the noblest and therefore highest-priced scion of his bovine aristocracy, and so carefully down through the respective probabilities and grades. We helped him turn them out into an empty run, having previously asked him whether they would not fight.

"Fight, not they!" he replied. "Don't I tell you they're all one brood; been together since they were chicks!"

The result astonished him—but not us. We expected it. The amiability of this happy band of brothers had certainly in the first place been somewhat disturbed by irritating confinement. But I honestly believe not one of them knew his dearest brother when he met him attired in a white luggage label.

In any case, at it they went with hearty good will, and in a moment six pairs of birds were engaged in mortal combat, changing partners rapidly and indiscriminately whenever the exigencies of space or propinquity of another foe seemed to suggest it. Such a set to I never witnessed before. Instead of trying to separate them, the old man stood entranced by the prowess shown by some of his favourite birds, and astonished at that of others which he had evidently undervalued. He seemed to be making mental notes.

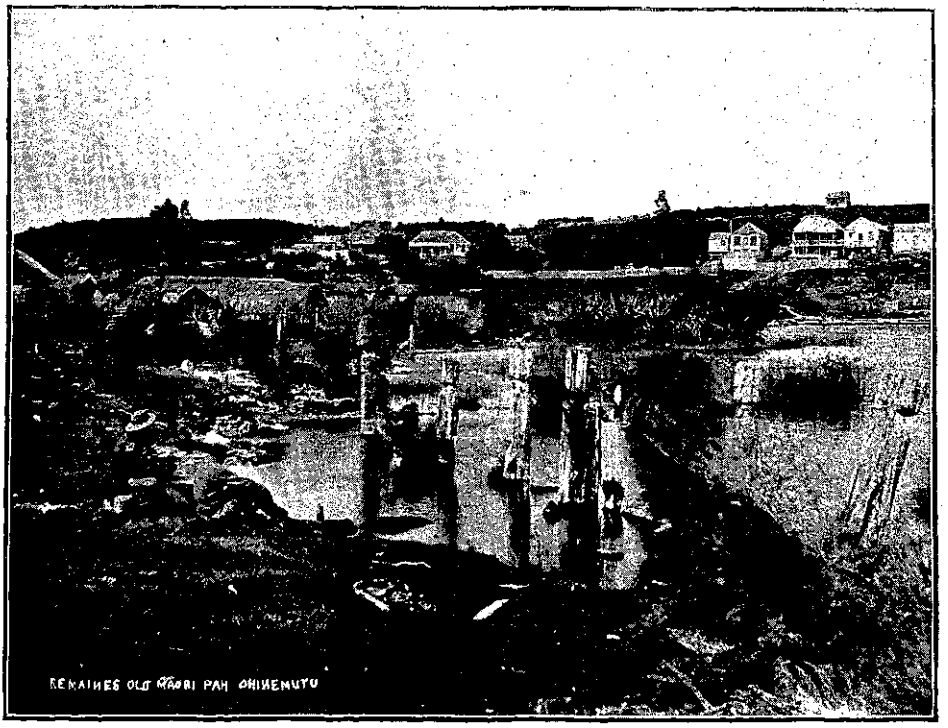
"I'll have to alter some of those labels after all," he said presently, in a musing tone. "It'd never do to give Jones that plucky little fellow in the corner. I never saw him fight before. Robinson must have him. He's good for my best bull."

Though much blood was shed and the yard was strewn with feathers, there were no fatalities, and after a time the combatants mutually agreed to give the disfiguring labels the significance to which their colour clearly entitled them, and peace again reigned. Seeing which we retired, and the dinner-gong sounded.

A real old Stilton cheese, a pre-

sent from a brother of the craft in the Old Country, into which a couple of bottles of port-wine had been carefully poured at correct intervals, proved yet further the attention to detail which had been one of the principal factors of our host's success in life, and fittingly concluded a repast, which, like everything else connected with the old gentleman, was one of the best of the sort obtainable.

As we rose from the hospitable table that evening, and sought what our host called "the shake-downs," he had insisted on us occupying, we certainly would not have owned the relationship, had we had the misfortune to have been connected with the royal family.



Pulman, photo. Remains Old Maori Pa, Ohinemutu.

The Editor and His Contributors

III.

REV. W. CURZON-SIGGERS, M.A., F.G.C.M., once held the Vicarship of the Cathedral at Pretoria. He published his experiences there, but the book is now out of print. He edits the "New Zealand Guardian." Under the nom de plume of "Esegar" he published "The God and Religion

Rev. W. Curzon-Siggers, M.A., F.G.C.M.

of Science and the Bible," "The Immortality of the Soul," "The Catholic Faith," and a number of other works. He has also written several hymns for special occasions. He has done good work on the executive of the Dunedin Competitions Society for the Encouragement of Literature, Music, Elocution and Art.

Mrs "Alien" Baker, who contributed a serial, "Another Woman's Territory," to this Magazine, spent her girlhood and early womanhood in New Zealand. Amongst the many letters of appreciation she received when the serial referred to was published in book form, was one from Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. "Alien" contributed largely to New Zealand papers before

Mrs. "Alien" Baker.

she went Home. Since her arrival there the title of the New Zealand novelist has been bestowed on her in London. Her latest works are her favourite one, "A Maid of Mettle," published in America, in which her two children pose as the small hero and heroine, and "Not in Fellowship," which closes a crusade against, in her own words, "any sort of marriage that does not give a trinity of union, body,

soul and mind." These works have already received high praise from competent critics.

Edgar M. Dell, of New Plymouth, has written short stories for The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine,

Edgar M. Dell.

the "Bulletin," and other periodicals. He is a very busy man, and has only a little leisure time to spare for writing, but what he does is generally well worth reading.

Miss Laura Stubbs is an English lady, who on a recent visit to New Zealand expressed herself delighted to find a magazine here which compared so favourably with its English contemporaries, and has since contributed both prose and verse. She also writes for English periodicals, and a lecture on "Samoa," which she gave in London on her return, is shortly to be issued in book form by a London publisher.

Trevor Lloyd, who has done a good deal of illustrating work for this magazine, was a pupil of the well-known Auckland artist, Mr L. J. Steele. He is specially happy in his delineations of New Zealand bush.

Miss Dora Wilcox was born in Christchurch, and matriculated at Canterbury College. For some time she was teaching in New South Wales and New Zealand, since which she spent two years in travel, seven months of that period in Italy. She has been a frequent contributor of verse to the "Bulletin," and has contributed both prose and verse to this magazine, the "Australasian" and "Weekly Press."

Michael Flurscheim, who, since his retirement from business, has devoted his life to social reform work, and who contributed to the Symposium on money in this magazine, published his first works in German, followed in 1890 by "Rent, Interest and Wages" in English, and a little later "The Real History of Money Island." His latest literary work, which was reviewed in a late number of this Magazine, was "A

Miss Laura Stubbs.

Trevor Lloyd.

Clue to the Economic Labyrinth," in which the whole social problem is discussed.

Mrs C. Hawker Wilson was born in Victoria. She has written from time to time a number of short stories, many of them dealing with Maori legends, for the "Sydney Mail," "Bulletin," and several New Zealand papers. Her favourite "nom de plume" is "Victor Zeal."

Miss Dora Wilcox.

Mrs. C. Hawker Wilson.

W. Thompson ("Rusticus") was born in Ireland and educated in Scotland. He was for some time Editor of St. Andrew's University Magazine. He has contributed at different times to the "Fife News," "Chamber's Journal," "The Scottish Field," "Taranaki Herald," and this magazine.

Henry M. Stowell ("Hare Hongi") studied languages and ancient

Michael Flürscheim.

W. Thompson ("Rusticus").

history at Three Kings College, Auckland. His contributions to this magazine and the journal of the Polynesian Society, both in prose and poetry, are always considerably above the average. He has also published a comprehensive exposition of the Maori tongue, a "Maori Hymn to the Creator," "Sons of the Southern Cross," etc., etc. He is at present engaged by Government in the collection of Maori legends and folk lore.

Henry M. Stowell.

"Lola," or "Lola Ridge," for she uses both pen names, has written and rhymed since while yet very young, she had some of her first work accepted by the "Canterbury Times." She has contributed to this magazine, the "Otago Witness" and Sydney "Bulletin," and is now preparing some short stories and also a volume of verses for publication in book form.

"Lola."

Henry Allison's interests are scientific and poetical. He has also a fondness for philosophy. He uses his pen principally as a means of recreation in an active business life. He has written from time to time essays on moral and political subjects. Several of his poems on various subjects have appeared in this magazine, and his illustrated article on the "Marvels of the Microscope," and a recent lecturette on "Photomicrography"

Henry Allison.

prove that his leisure time is well occupied.

Alan E. Mulgan's early taste for literature and poetry enabled him to win several prizes for essays at school. He has contributed verses to this magazine, as well as the "Star," on the staff of which he is employed. The Imperial and Colonial Magazine of London also printed one of his poems. This speaks

Alan E. Mulgan.

well for its merit, as quasi-scientific magazines eschew poetry unless of striking quality.

Mrs E. Parkes has written descriptive articles for this magazine. She is also travelling representative for the South Island, and has been exceptionally successful in securing subscribers. Her best record was eighty-three in one week. She attributes her success to the exceedingly popular character of the periodical, and its widely-spread interests.

John St. Clair is a solicitor. He was born in the first weatherboard house built in Auckland. He takes a great interest in the Ancient Folk Lore, Traditions and

Mrs. E. Parkes.

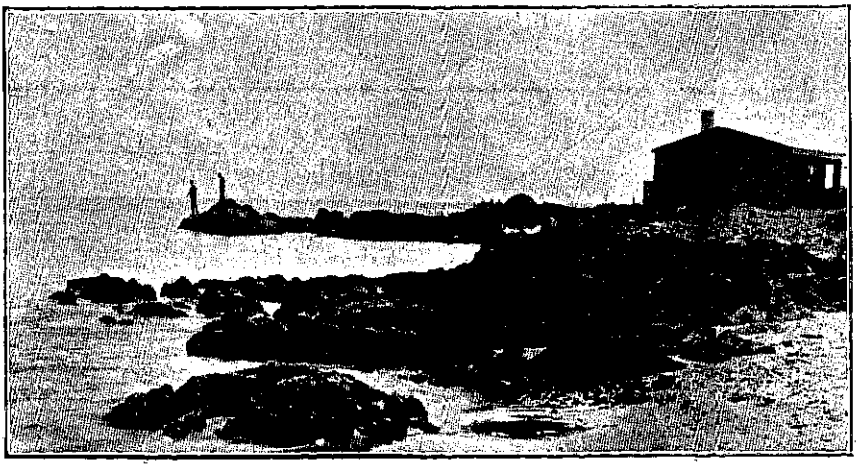
Poetry of the Maori. His intimate knowledge of the race and study of the subject give him special facilities for tracing esoteric and hidden meanings in their legends and songs, of which he is making a collection. He has also in preparation a "Manual of Law Cases relating to Native Lands and Maori Customs and Usages."

Samuel H. Moreton is a Christchurch artist, who is fond of taking

John St. Clair.

Samuel H. Moreton.

exploration trips into the wild mountain fastnesses of the West Coast. Several accounts of the trips he has taken with his pupils have appeared in this magazine, with reproductions of the work done amongst the mountains. Mr Moreton has always been actuated by a desire to make the scenic beauties of our country better known, and thus create a much larger tourist traffic.



C. E. Caley, photo. Day's Bay, Wellington.

A Dilemma in White and Brown.

By AWAKIMO.

TO begin with, he had been struck on the white girl—Mabel Denton her name was—three or four years previously, and had found her by no means unwilling to reciprocate, pour passer le temps. But when he had suggested more lasting relations, he found there was an easy-going, but permanent opposition in the background, against whom he hadn't the slightest chance. So he took the only possible course—backed out gracefully, and tried to cure himself as quickly as possible.

They still remained on fairly intimate terms, however, and I think he called her his Mother Confessor. Things were at this stage when the brown girl came into the matter.

She was decidedly pretty for a Maori, but with that rather sensual type of face not uncommon to her race; likewise intelligent and remarkably clean—which is rare.

He had first noticed her on a yachting cruise in the harbour, when he had been storm-bound for a night at the kainga, where her father was head man. The village schoolmaster there told him all he knew of her, which did not amount to much, and he did not include any mention of a lover. (It wouldn't have mattered to Freddy if he had, because he meant business).

Freddy's visits to the kainga became frequent, and he made no secret of their object. He was really head over heels in love. So on the whole it was not surprising that he began talking of Ngaia one day to Mabel. He was telling her how superior to every white girl she was, and where he was sending her to be educated and learn European etiquette. He was also going to have her voice trained; she sang hymns in a fine, clear voice. What was surprising, though, was that Miss Denton suddenly interrupted him by starting to cry hysterically.

Freddy's an impulsive sort of youth, and the next thing was that he was kissing her tears away and calling her "dear old chum" and "little sister"—words which are pretty harmless as far as the meaning goes, but depend a good deal for their force on the tone in which they're spoken.

By the time she was rational again, he was feeling ashamed and anxious; but she was not—took it all as a matter of course. And then he gathered the news that the permanent was permanent no longer (this was the first he'd heard of it), and—well, as I've said, he was an impulsive youth—lost no time in getting himself hopelessly complicated—"well in," he termed it.

It was about this time that he came to me to talk about his troubles.

"You see," began his request for guidance, "I'm fairly in love with both of them, and I honestly believe, without egoism, that they're both in love with me—Ngaia is at any rate, and so is Mabel, too!"

It was then also I learned something of his courtship of the former. The old chief had at first not looked on his suit with favour—being only too well acquainted with the ways of white men—but after Freddy had pulled the heir-presumptive to the village sovereignty, Ngaia's juvenile nephew, out of the harbour, and gained a couple of

huia feathers from the grateful grandpapa for doing it, his pretentions were viewed with an unbiassed mind, and finally he was accepted with open arms. I ought to have said that Ngaia had been more than agreeable all the time.

"And now—oh, if this was only Salt Lake City!" he groaned.

I told him he ought to be ashamed of saying such things, and of showing such a weakness in the first place. I asked him what he thought of doing.

"I'd jolly well like to cut altogether; clear out and leave the colony," he answered, "only it's so sneaky. And it's just as mean to hang on with both—besides, the risk if either finds out about the other."

I remember quoting from an epistle of Paul to the effect that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways, and then he shouted:

"I know! I'll toss up!"

Then he proceeded to shift the blame on to the shoulders of Fate. After manipulating a coin two or three dozen times he announced, doubtfully, that Fate had shown favour to the fairer claimant.

So I heartened him with suggestions about the white man's burden and the worth of an equal helpmeet, and sent him off to harden his heart, and disengage himself as best he could from the claims of Ngaia.

I don't know that he ever noticed any particular slackening of her affection for him before, but certainly that evening, as they sat up in the bush, he detected a calmness that helped him very quickly to the distasteful task of picking a quarrel, and that once started, she kept up her end of the conversation with such agility that he soon stopped feeling he was acting like a brute, and began to look upon himself as the injured party.

Finally she went off, smoking the clay pipe of open rebellion, which for all their lovers' quarrels she had never flaunted since he had induced her at the beginning of the affair to abjure tobacco altogether.

Freddy didn't know whether to be sorry for himself or glad. You can imagine then what sort of things he said when he got this note next morning:

"Dear Old Fred,—

I am sorry I shall not be at home this evening.

Jack came back yesterday and made up everything. I know it was very wicked of me to let you hope as I did, but please forgive me and let us be friends always.

Your old friend,
Mabel Denton.

P.S.—We are going to have croquet on Thursday, and should be pleased to see you if you care to come.

After he had cursed his luck with more willingness than fluency Freddy decided the only thing to be done was to try and win back Ngaia.

At the kainga he found the place strangely deserted, but the chief turned up as though he had been watching for him, and starting talking nervously:

"Tenakoe, Heredi!"

"Hullo! seen Ngaia?"

"Oh, yes; she orrigh'! You want bacca?"

"No, thanks!" I said, "Is Ngaia knocking about?"

"Yes; her knockin' 'pout. Good weatter for fishin'!"

Freddy got suspicious.

"Look here, you old heathen, where's my Ngaia?"

Honi's eyes shifted, and he made another vain attempt at propitiation with tobacco.

"Hang your bacca! Where's Ngaia?"

"Well, look 'ere, boss. You see she bride. Her bound make-a-marry. You no marry. Her get that feller Whoanoa. They scoot las' night."

"Scoot! Where?—Say quick!" screamed the frenzied lover.

"Down coast, to Hokoana, in

canoe. They go Whoanoa's uncle's pa!"

"Where's a canoe? Find a man, look sharp! I'm going after her!"

But Honi had prevented pursuit by the simple expedient of sending the able-bodied men of the village out fishing in every available canoe. The cliffs prevented land travelling.

In any case it would probably have been too late by the time they were overtaken to do anything. So Freddy went home lamenting.

But it was pretty rough on him, after his really praiseworthy attempts to act honourably by both girls; it hit him hard. No, he's not married yet.

Slow Shall Ye Build and Secure.

TAKE ye the power that your forefathers riveted—
Strange land, and valour, and care—
When they beat out away from the ancient days,
Linking the new to the ancient days
By the red of the beacon flare.

Know ye the word of the Lord to the conqueror?
"Plough out your furrow alone.
Though the sun has no shade for the long day's work,
Till the ripe fields roll through the long day's work,
And the scythe cries out for the hone."

For he comes not with clamour nor shouts from the gallery,
Sword, nor law-gear, nor pride.
But a straight man giving straight worth to his country,
Purposeful, leaving the dear old country
That so may her world be wide.

This is the creed that your forefathers left to ye;
"Slow shall ye build and secure.
For the world has no place for the scamped work done,
And a Nation will crumble on weak work done—
Prayerfully build ye and sure."

G. B. LANCASTER.

A SPLENDID REVENGE.

By F. B. CROUCH.

THE scorching rays of the Indian sun were eating their way into every crevice and corner, and even the shady side of the old Fort wall of Mudulla was hardly the place for a cool nap. The men of the English Regiment stationed there were very much in undress, while the native grooms and servants, men inured to the Indian summer, had sought the shade. Hardly a creature moved inside the courtyard, and the only living things upon the arid and dried-up plain were a few transport bullocks, that wallowed in a slimy lagoon, the only water of the Nulhi stream which had, so far, braved the summer sun.

Towards evening the heat became less strong, and a light breeze fanned some life into the weary and wan faces of the men newly out from the Depot, whose first experience of an Indian summer was rather a trying one. As soon as this change made itself felt the officers strolled out into the courtyard and up the steps to the turret of the old Fort, where chairs had been placed around a large table which supported several bowls of cooling drinks and a box of fine cigars.

The company seated themselves and were in a heated discussion on the merits of India and other Eastern countries, when a footstep sounded on the stone steps, and Morley, the senior Major, made his appearance, still dusty and travel-stained. The conversation stopped abruptly, and they all leaned forward that they might not miss anything which the Major might say. The reason for this was that the regiment had been without a colonel for some weeks, and it was only the day before that Morley had proceeded to headquarters to conduct a newly-appointed man to Mudulla.

"I say," whispered a young sub., "I wonder how old Morley liked acting the attendant to the new colonel. I hear that he has practically stepped into Morley's shoes."

"And they say he's a young man, too," returned the officer addressed. "Rather rough on the Major, but I say, ask him how he likes the new colonel."

Just then Captain Thomkins broke in, "Well, Morley, how do you like the new boss? Who is he; have you known him before?"

"I should rather say so," returned the Major. "Why I was in the same regiment, but was myself shifted when he won his commission."

"Won his commission," interrupted the Surgeon; "why I know Colonel Clere to be a 'Varsity man; are you sure he was once a private?"

"Yes, Cartwright, he was a ranker once, but all the same a 'Varsity-bred man. He never went through Sandhurst or any other academy; he won his way from the ranks, and at last by a gallant action, got his commission, together with a V.C. and a young lady of high standing whom he never expected to meet again."

"Why, it's quite a romance, Major, and as you seem to know all about it, you had better spin the yarn. I suppose you were with the regiment at the time?" said Captain Thomkins.

"Well, to tell you the truth," re-

plied Morley, "I was very much with the regiment. In fact, I was the man who mixed up Clere's love affair with Miss Delavel; that was the young lady's name."

"Then out with it all like a good fellow. I don't suppose it'll do any harm," said the Surgeon.

"I'm sure it won't improve my character," returned Morley, laughing; "but it'll give you an idea of your future commander, so I'll trust you with the history. You may think what you like, but I know I acted like a fool, and that Sergeant Clere—he was an N.C.O. at the time—acted like a true gentleman, and afterwards saved my life from the hands of a horde of bloodthirsty savages. It was up on the higher slopes of the Himalayas, and a miracle it was that the whole column was not destroyed, but perhaps I had better start at the beginning.

All present assented, and after they had lit their cigars, and the Major had quenched his thirst, he began:

"It was soon after I joined the old Lowlandshire Regiment that I was first introduced to Miss Delavel, who was a very handsome and accomplished young lady, and only daughter of the baronet of that name, who was at one time a commissioner in Burmah, and a great friend of my father's. She was always surrounded by a large number of suitors, but was to all the same; and though urged by her father to marry one or other of the wealthy and titled young men about her, she allowed his advice to go unheeded. I was on as good terms with her as any of the rest, and tried to get into a more favourable position, but we were all rather startled when we heard rumours that all the time she was very much in love with a young fellow who had recently returned from the Cape.

"The baronet favoured my suit, but I got no further, and when I heard I had to proceed to India with my regiment, I determined to raise the siege and leave the field open for the 'Africander'—our pet name for the favoured one. He was never seen at Delavel's house, as old Delavel was averse to his daughter marrying one out of the pale of society. But here he made a big mistake, for we afterwards learned that Clere—that was the fellow's name—was an Oxford man, and had only been to South Africa to take over a large property left him by his uncle. Anyway, the Baronet knew nothing of this, and would not sanction the engagement.

"Just as I was about to leave England a very unexpected event happened, for young Clere, who seemed to have all the running to himself, was put out of action. It was this way: Clere went boldly to the Baronet and pleaded his suit, and told him of his splendid property and prospects. Delavel was pleased with his manner, and certainly saw his finances were good, so he promised to consider the matter. Next day poor Clere got news, not that he was rejected—oh, no; but that his mining shares were involved in the breaking of a South African bank, and that he was almost penniless. Old Delavel was very wild at the time, and declared that poor Clere knew that his fortune was gone when he asked for Miss Delavel. Of course Clere was in the right, and made up his mind to struggle on and win the approval of the Baronet. But another blow came, for old Delavel gave Clere to understand that he would never give him permission to marry his daughter, and told him, in fact, that I was her affianced husband. At that time I did not know the 'Africander,' even by sight; and one day, while telling some brother officers I hoped to call the Baronet my father-in-law, he happened to be near, and heard the conversation. This, together with the Baronet's direct refusal, seems to have temporarily crushed his spirit. He left the district and enlisted in the

Army, believing himself to be left in the cold, even by the lady he loved.

"By chance he was drafted into the very regiment in which I held my commission, and I soon began to see that he had found out who I was, and not knowing his frank and honest nature, I was suspicious of him, and in many ways made the barrier between us wider and wider, which is saying a good deal, as we were naturally separated by that gulf which divides the ranker from the commissioned officer. As to Miss Delavel, she remained as true as ever to her old love, even though her father was greatly put out, and gave her no chance to see or hear anything of Clere.

"Backed up by the Baronet, I proposed, and was quickly told my fate, though, of course, Miss Delavel and I remained on very good terms.

"As to poor Clere's feelings about the matter, all I can gather is that he gave up hope and banished her from his mind.

"This was about the state of affairs when the regiment was ordered to India.

"We went out by the troopship 'Terry.' I fancy some of you fellows know the old tub; anyway we arrived safe in Bombay just in time to have a chance of some fighting. I must not forget to mention that during the voyage Private Clere was rather badly treated by his comrades, but he soon won their respect by his never failing energy and spirit, combined with his natural ability to rise over difficulties.

"I think it was owing to his being better educated and smarter that he was molested at first, be this as it may, these qualities won him his sergeant's stripes ere we landed in Bombay. In his new position he did not give himself airs, but earned the respect of the officers, and made himself a champion of the men, whose rights he stuck up for. We had barely time to settle down in quarters before the order came to prepare for active service, as we were going to accompany a small column, which was proceeding to the hill districts to punish some raiding tribe. Rather a paltry affair some of you young subs. may think, but I can tell you that there is often more hard work and danger when you are with such a force, but very seldom much show for promotion. Not the sort of warfare you might care for, no dashing soldiering, but hard marching, bad weather, treacherous foes, and all this in rough country composed of rocky hills, covered with loose boulders and tangled scrub. We had two British Infantry Regiments and a Mounted Company of the Lowlandshire Regiment, to which I was attached, for a party of our men were formed into mounted infantry. The rest of the troops were purely native. As we were possibly to proceed far beyond the frontier we had a very numerous transport and baggage train, slow vehicles enough even on a paved street. Sergeant Clere was in my company of mounted infantry, but acted as sort of mounted orderly to the field officer commanding the column.

"It was weary work toiling over the roughly-beaten tracks, hurrying on the crawling teams of bullocks, and trying to instil life into the lazy native drivers. Clere was just the man for this sort of work; he won the hearts of the toilers and also their respect, for he was always ready to spring from his horse and haul on a drag rope, or put his shoulder to a waggon. I can see the sight now, the weary column struggling up a long slope one sultry afternoon. It has always clung to my recollection as a memorable scene. The long straggling line of transport waggons, guns and men, crawling up the mountain slope, needing all the energy and support of those in command to get the weary men and still wearier bullocks to move at even a snail's pace. So far we had not encountered any of the enemy. They were doubtless only waiting

for us to draw further into the rough hill-country, where we could not deploy in regular fashion. We were all tired of the long marches, the hot days, the cold nights and the everlasting sameness of the whole proceedings, and longed for a sight of the tribesmen.

"One afternoon, as I rode to the head of the column, I observed a deep rift in the range of hills ahead, and then I knew that, for a time at least, we could rest, for this was the pass that we had to occupy ere the wily tribesmen could man the position. So the little army brightened up, the British regiments trudged steadily along, the native battalions swung briskly past, and the heavy ammunition and transport waggons, drawn by an army of bullocks, wound like centipedes among the low hills, and far in the rear a little body of native troops acted as the rear-guard of the force.

"But before I tell you any more of the fighting in the hills I must go back and relate an incident which occurred just before the column left headquarters. One day I happened to be going out to inspect some new transport waggons. Just as I got to the gate of the courtyard I found a letter lying in the roadway. To my surprise I noticed that it was addressed to Miss Delavel, in England. I did not post it on, for I knew that the Baronet and his daughter were en route for India, and that I should see them shortly, so I put the letter in my box and thought no more about it, meaning to deliver it on their arrival. I felt that I ought really to try and find the sender, but as there were hundreds of British officers in the town, I guessed it would be a hopeless task unless I advertised. This I was loath to do, as the sender might not thank me, so I retained the letter for the time being.

"We reached the Pass in safety, and after the camp was formed the infantry occupied the position, which was a strong one, and would have cost us many lives had the enemy forestalled us. As our men were mounted, they were not called on to do infantry duties, but a detachment was sent out in the direction of the enemy to discover, if possible, their strength. I was picked to command this small party of scouts, who numbered in all twenty men. As soon as day broke we started off in the direction of some low hills from which position we might obtain a view of the country beyond. I rode ahead with two privates, while the rest of my command followed some distance in the rear, under the charge of Sergeant Clere, who was N.C.O. under me. Proceedings at a walk, it was some time ere we neared the hills. As we commenced mounting the first slopes I became aware that the enemy were in the vicinity, for I observed that small earthworks of boulders had been erected to cover sharpshooters. You may think we were foolish to have come so far from the camp, but the commander himself thought the enemy were not within thirty miles of the Pass, as we had not seen a native village for days, and the country seemed bare of inhabitants. I at once halted my command, and ordered them to proceed on foot, leaving four men in charge of the horses. I was, no doubt, foolish to press forward, but I had hopes of capturing some native who might be able to give us some information.

"The ground became rougher and our advance more difficult, and I was about to give the order to fall back, when a trooper on my right drew my attention to a figure that lay as if asleep under a large bush. I gave the word and we both rushed to grab our man. He sprang to his feet and made at me with a long knife.

"I avoided his rush, as I feared to use my revolver, lest it might draw the attention of other undesirable natives, but my precaution was a failure, for the man who was glaring at us, knife in hand,

sent out a yell which drew the mountaineers from every corner and bush on the slope. I beat back the nearest and shouted to my troopers to run. We retreated steadily, and had almost gained the horses when I put my foot in a hole, twisted my ankle, and fell. Seeing this the tribesmen made a rush, and it was all I could do to get on my knees and fire. Several of the troopers, now mounted, tried to reach me, but were shot down. My revolver fire deterred the enemy for some time, but a rifle bullet struck me in the shoulder and I fell forward. As I did so the hillmen with knife and sword rushed in to finish me. I closed my eyes, for I was powerless to resist. Suddenly there was a whirl and a rush, and they scattered for an instant. In that instant I was saved; a mounted man plucked me from the ground, and drawing me across the saddle in front of him, galloped through the surging horde of savages. We tore down the slope at a swooping pace, the clattering of the flying horse's hoofs almost drowned by the yelling of the savages, baulked of their helpless prey. The man held me firmly on the horse, and I heard him murmur something. Turning my head, my eyes rested on the face of Sergeant Clere, who smiled grimly.

"I gasped out a few words of gratitude, and then suddenly began to lose consciousness, and as the horse dashed over the boulders at a furious pace, I seemed to sink lower and lower, and then there was a sickening crash and I knew no more.

"The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and seeing Dr. Owen—the same man who was in the regiment last year—beside me. I was in the hospital at headquarters and lying in a small private room. Owen was greatly pleased at my return to consciousness, and told me I had been insensible for a week. Next day I felt much better, and asked the surgeon how I had been saved. He gave me a full account of the matter. After Sergeant Clere picked me up and dashed off, he would have got safely away, but the horse, overburdened with the double weight, stumbled and fell, throwing us heavily to the ground. The noble Sergeant then took me in his arms, and ran for the lines amid a shower of slugs and bullets, which fortunately did not touch him. I asked if he was to get a V.C., and was told that he had been recommended for one, and that he would also be almost sure to obtain a commission.

"Some weeks after, being fairly strong again, I determined to see my rescuer. I went across to the sergeant's quarters and found Clere. I thanked him for his noble conduct and assured him of my intention to do all in my power to promote his welfare. I also asked for his forgiveness for my past conduct in trying to wed the girl he loved.

"'Trying!' he exclaimed, 'Why I thought you were engaged at least!' Thinking I was the favoured one, he had given up all hope.

"I told him not to despair as the lady was on her way to India, and that I would forward his suit by every means in my power.

"But he would not hear of it, and on my pressing him, he said that in a fit of anger he had written to Miss Delavel, throwing her over for good, and that he had been bitterly sorry since for allowing his feelings to get the better of him.

"I asked from what place he had written, and on his telling me, I had the satisfaction of drawing the letter I had found from my pocket and handing it to him.

"He seemed dazed for a minute, and then, tearing the envelope and its contents in pieces, he grasped my hand.

"I explained to him that I had judged it best to retain it, and hand it to Miss Delavel on her arrival.

"For a time poor Clere did not seem able to utter a sound, and when he did it was to thank Pro-

vidence that I had found and kept that letter.

"To bring my story to a close, I cheered the good fellow up, and told him that now he had prospects of a V.C. and a commission, he must again enter the lists and ask for old Delavel's consent. My whole heart was bent on making my deliverer happy, so on the arrival of the Delavels, I promptly saw the Baronet and his daughter, and gave them a full account of Sergeant Clere's noble deed.

"The bravest and noblest man it has been my luck to know got his V.C. and a commission into the bargain. I need say no more about his love affair, for if you look down into the courtyard you will see our new colonel himself. The lady by his side was once the much admired Miss Delavel, but is now Mrs Colonel Clere."

Away Beyond the Sea.

THE storm-tossed waves are raging wild,
Loud shrieks the angry blast,
The sullen sky with lowering clouds
Is darkly overcast.
The warring elements around
May ravage bold and free,
They reach nor stir the peaceful calm
Away beyond the sea.

When gentle zephyrs waft us on,
And sunshine lights the wave,
What thought then of the tempest's power,
The threatened watery grave?
When upward soars the praiseful song,
The rapture of the free,
An echo mingles with the strain
From far beyond the sea.

What hosts that once were tempest borne
Now taste the heavenly calm!
What reck they of life's tumult span
In the seraphic psalm!
Where life and love in fullness meet
For all eternity,
'Tis theirs to sing the glad new song
Away beyond the sea.

Roll on proud waves, lift up your heads
Till crowned and crested hoar,
Ye yet will yield your secrets up,
And vex those depths no more.
A light will pierce their inmost bounds,
Their dark immensity,
And ye shall hear and roll no more,
There shall be no more sea.

WALTER MONRO.

Oversea to New Caledonia.

Photos by J. G. Peace.

IT was scorching hot, and not a breath of wind came from off the land as the "Ville de la Ciotat" passed through the Sydney Heads, bound for New Caledonia. The passengers were all on deck taking a long, last look at the lovely harbour. Its shores, green carpeted and studded with villas and cottages, make it one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. As the ocean swell was felt, I noticed a pathetic, pale-green expression settling upon some of the countenances of my fellow passengers as they made for their cabins. Like Gringoire, they asked themselves, "If I am, can this be? If this is, can I be?" The rest of us who had recently travelled from France were not affected by the movement of the boat. For four days the blue sky and the white-capped waves were our only companions. The following day we sighted the lighthouse, a structure of brick standing upon a small coral island.

At intervals those recovering from mal-de-mer came on deck. One of the gentlemen, who would have beaten a shrewd Yankee at a guess, caused quite a flutter amongst his friends. Shading his eyes with one hand he pointed far out to sea. Eager eyes followed his movement, and at his cry, "There is the pilot!" great excitement ensued—the men betting freely as to the possible colour of his eyes and the clothes he wore, also whether he was tall or short. All strained their eyes to identify the small object bobbing so jauntily upon the smooth water. It was indeed the pilot, and he was soon on board.

The ocean swell was lost as we neared Noumea, the capital of New Caledonia. There seemed to be no harbour, only a vast expanse of ocean, studded with beautiful islands. Between these islets are great waterways, many fathoms deep on their leeward sides.

A long range of mountains was silhouetted against the bright blue of the heavens, the highest peak being Mt. d'Or, aptly named, for gold is found here as well as other ores—in fact, the whole island is particularly rich in minerals.

The hot, scorching sun still accompanied us as we cast our eyes over the water—still no harbour appeared.

A Group of New Caledonian Natives.

Without warning two large islands loomed ahead, apparently overlapping each other. Upon a nearer approach it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle would save us from destruction. A sigh of relief escaped us as we saw that

A Type of New Caledonian Beauty.

these islands were a majestic gateway opening a channel which eventually carried us into the Noumea harbour. At the end of this channel are two islands inhabited by convicts. The most desperate of the men live on Ile Nou, the island to the left, while on Goat Island, to our right, live those who are classed as petty offenders.

A little further on we approached a huge limestone cliff standing straight up from the water's edge, with forts cut out of the solid stone. It looks across the foaming sea—a giant watch tower.

At this point a signal is given, and the steamer veers to the left, disclosing to our curious eyes a most beautiful harbour.

Now the sea is live glass, and we catch glimpses of men-o'-war, merchant steamers, traders, timber vessels, fishing boats and native canoes.

Beyond the long stretch of valley, with its pure white streets lying at the feet of sharp-peaked mountains, an unbroken view of iron roofs belonging to the French houses is seen, and then the Cathedral of white stone on its high promontory, a shining light to the way-worn traveller.

Before the city lies the broad bay, broken by its little islands, behind are the blue-tinted hills that stretch away in the distance, cutting the clear atmosphere like great spikes.

A small steamer came out to meet the incoming mail. "The Semaphore has thrown up its arm," as the inhabitants say when an English mail arrives, and the jabbering Kanakas and chattering Frenchies created such a babel of sound that I was glad to be sent

A Native Girl.

ashore in a private boat.

Cabs awaited us. Not a jimrikisha did I see, but the nicest of landaus with a "cabby," who yodled as we rolled along the clean streets.

Great reservoirs hold a conspicuous position on the hill facing the town, and the overflow from these forms a steady, rippling stream down the gutters of the streets.

What a strange feeling came over me upon entering this quaint place! No other land between us and Sydney, no life, no "go" in the whole surroundings.

For a real live Yankee it was doleful in the extreme. However, I managed to get over it, and had a tolerably good time during my visit. There were no cables, no electric cars, no "sales," no bargains, dear to the woman's heart, no nothing—just a settlement or military station belonging to the French. It is called the little Paris of the South Seas. This sounds gay, and it really is so when one knows the ropes, but not before.

In the Cocoanut Square.

The next day we walked to the "Cocoanut Square," which lies in the centre of the town. The cool, soft breeze gently swayed the flamboyant with its flaming red blossoms; the tall cocoanuts that stud the outer border also felt its influence. The sun's rays on the iron roofs dazzled the eyes so much that we were glad to enjoy the quiet shade.

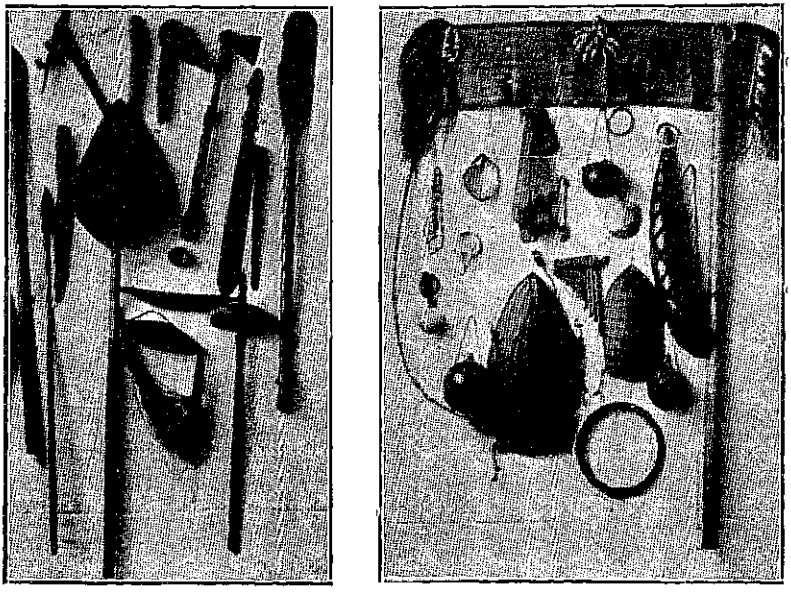
Presently the three bells of the Cathedral rang out a glad bridal song. Inquiringly I looked at my companion for an explanation. Having lived there as government photographer for the last fifteen years, he knew all about it, and kindly gave me the necessary information.

"A mariage de convenance!" observed my companion. "The three bells denote the class of marriage; first-class always use the three bells, second two bells, and third one bell. Even deaths are given the same designation. The marriage of soul to soul, of temperament and temperament, the marriage of will, mutuality and essence—the kind of marriage that Coventry Patmore has so exquisitely described in his 'Angel in His House' is the rarest thing in this island. We are brought face to face with the fact that marriages are for the most part a matter of dower and position. The French girl, previous to her marriage, secludes herself for three weeks, i.e., she denies herself to all visitors. The eventful day arrives and she is robed in her finery. The long line of carriages with the bride and her father bringing up the rear, parade the town. Inquisitive eyes and not always too flattering tongues follow the procession. The civil service is performed at the 'mare,' after which the party proceed to the Cathedral for the blessing. As I previously stated," continued my companion, "the funerals on this island are conducted much on the same principle, i.e., bells for the first, second or third class, according to position. One delightful day when the sun was not so powerful as usual, I followed a train of mourners to the Cathedral, where a short service was held. Directly afterwards came the hearse, bearing its silent burden with its 'weepers,' hired for the occasion, solemnly

walking behind. Relatives and friends preceding a long line of empty carriages slowly moved toward Rue d'Alma, the main street, thence through the town to Hospital Hill, on the outskirts. Here the carriage entered and the remains were carried to their last resting place, four miles further out. Those who did not care to continue the journey returned, myself amongst the number."

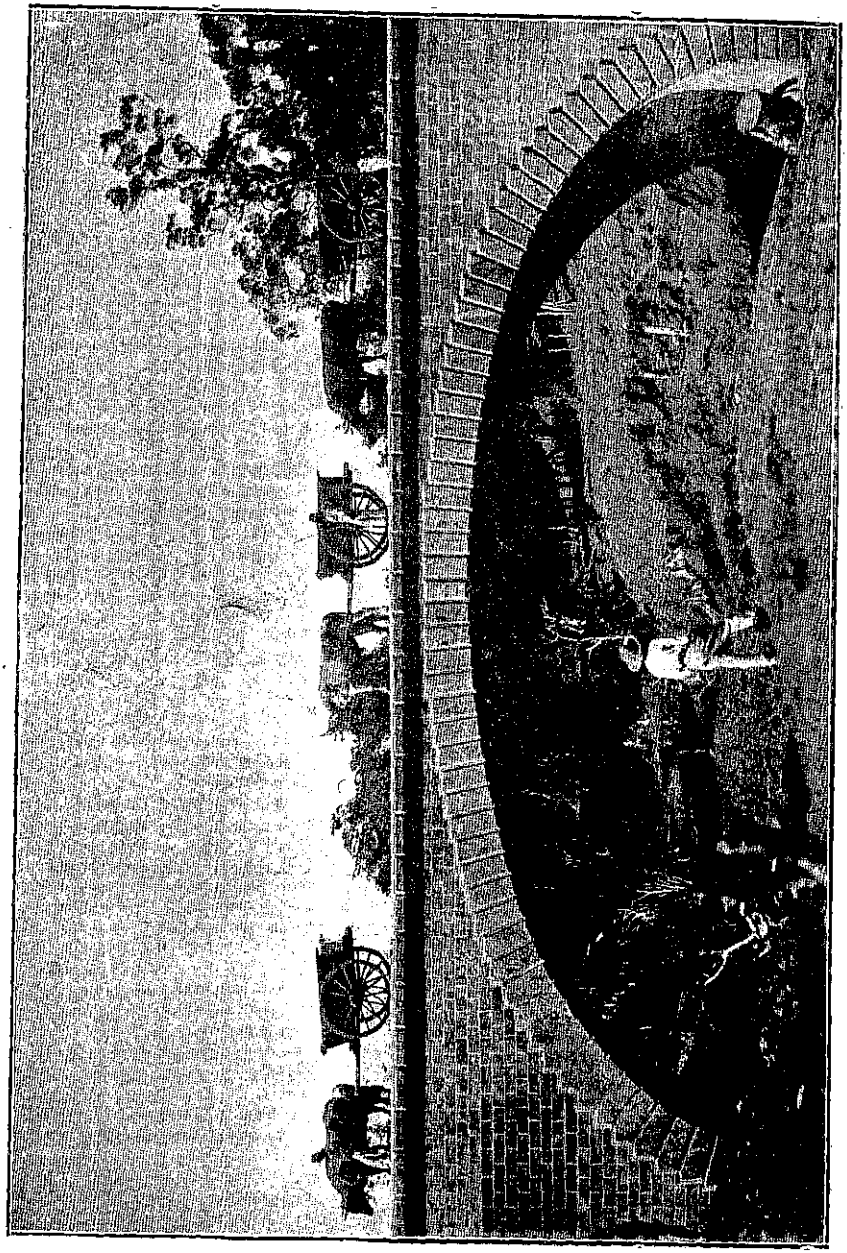
The inhabitants of this place are rather mixed. The Chinese and Japs take up a small corner for their wares. The Tonkinois, with blackened teeth from the chewing of beetle-nut, are chiefly seen working amongst the shipping. The indolent Malabar lounges lazily about or snores under the shade of a neighbouring banana. Next come the New Hebrides and New Caledonian natives, both used as labourers in the coffee plantations, shops and private houses. These Kanakas range in colour from copper to deepest black. Like the African nigger the blacker the skin the handsomer they are considered. As in all races, an occasional albino is found, but a native spotted like a leopard is of greater rarity. Hired at one of the largest stores is just such a curiosity. From head to foot this freak is covered with large spots of black and greyish white. There is no disease, no sign even of that dreadful elephantiasis which attacks such a large number of natives.

Riding towards Canala one day we passed a most startling object. It was a native. One leg was about six times the size of the other. Apparently he had no pain, only a considerable inconvenience when walking. Apart from the natives there is also a strong population of English and French, the latter being chiefly military.



Implements of War and Peace.

The streets and government buildings are kept in perfect repair by the convicts. They are sent in squads into the town every morning at six o'clock, under the care of a keeper. During the heat of the day, from 10.30 a.m. until 1 p.m., they, as well as the inhabitants, breakfast and indulge in a siesta, after which work is resumed until 5 p.m. The day ended, the convicts



Convicts at Work.

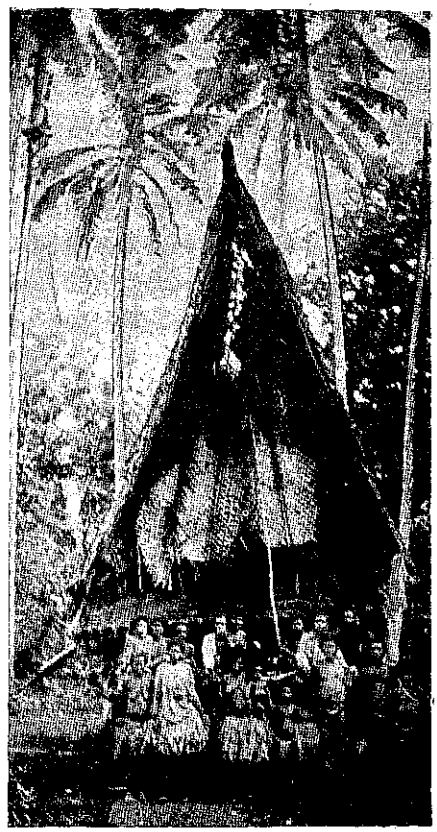
form in line. When all have been mustered they march through the streets, and are sent to their respective prisons, either at Ile Nou or Moravelle, one mile and a-half from town. Each day, each week, each year the same thing occurs. According to the number of years served the "ticket-of-leave-man" must stay under the watchful eye of the police for a corresponding period before he is allowed his freedom, i.e., he is allowed to marry and make a home during that time, but he is still under the eye of the law. One peculiar way they have of choosing a wife is this: At Bourail is a female prison under the guardianship of nuns. The inmates of this place are naturally desirous of their freedom. The "ticket-of-leave" man is in need of a partner, so he visits the prison. The women are then marshalled out and stand in line for his inspection. Some put on their best smile, others by coaxing words try to make an impression. They would go with the worst man under the sun to obtain comparative freedom. Finally the choice is made, and the two depart regardless of the taunts and bitter remarks from the unfavoured ones. If their conduct has been satisfactory during their surveillance the "libre" is then allowed to return to France. How the heart hungers for la belle France!

This reminds me of a convict who had just finished a long term at Ile Nou. He had been placed there unfortunately through the false evidence of his wife. He lived but for the day of his release, when he had sworn that he would return to France and find the faithless woman. Revenge! that most awful of words, was his one thought. Rolling the word in his mouth, as only a Frenchman can, it was like some sweet morsel—R—r—revenge! At last he was free to return home.

His words had been heard by his comrades, but laughed at with scorn. He would not dare, they said.

His sentence finished, he started by the next mail for France, with the intention of fulfilling his awful threat.

The guilty woman, all unconscious of her doom, was found. A bright flash of glittering steel—a gasp and then silence. Two months later he was sent back again to Ile Nou on a life sentence. He had dared, and



Native Grass House.

his companions looked at him in wonder.

There is another department in these prisons whereby time is served between "bars and spaces." A certain number of picked musicians from the convict list is taken—a leader is chosen, and a full-stringed band is equipped. The instruments are all of the best make. Practising from

morning till night, it is not to be wondered at that they have the most perfect band this side of the line. Their services are always required at Government levees, balls, etc. In a retired corner, hidden from curious eyes by surrounding shrubbery, they produce exquisite melodies, which float on the heated air, and dainty feet trip and glide to their strains. Twice a week for years they played in the rotunda on Cocoanut Square, but this practice has been since abandoned.

On the broad bay many pleasure boats are kept by Englishmen who are either employed in business in the town or in the various mines. A strange law exists whereby a Frenchman must be part owner of these boats. Again, if one is so unfortunate as to have his boat stolen by some convict meditating escape, the English owner must make good all damages occurring, despite all the inconvenience to himself. The laws are for the French, not for the English.

THE · MINGY · COCKATOO.

TEN or fifty miles from nowhere,
By a road that's on the map,
Where the bush is wild and thickest,
You will strike a new cleared gap,
There will be a punga whare,
And a bearded fellow who
Drops his axe and growls "good morning,"
As he turns and stares at you.
Look at him and stop and ponder—
He's a Mingy Cockatoo!

He's the man who pays your taxes,
Raises children for the State,
Works from daylight unto darkness,
Hardly knows the day or date;
Yet 'tis he cements the Empire,
And from such are born the great.
Stop, O citizen, and ponder!
Think these facts are somewhat new?
Why the backbone of the country
Is the Mingy Cockatoo!

Who has felled the mighty forests,
Ploughed the fern and burnt the flax,
Cleared away the stumps and rubbish,
Formed the roads and cut the tracks,
Made your boasted butter merchants,
Builded up your meat exports,
Brought the trade that raised your cities,
With their shipping and their ports?
Look around you, pause and wonder!
Think it over: it is true—
He's the maker of your country
Is the Mingy Cockatoo.

You may cheer your Transvaal heroes,
Ye may sound your fife and drum,
Ye may laud the God of Battles,
But remember ye the one
Who is fighting a lone-hander
With an axe and not a gun—
Fighting Nature in the back-blocks
In heroic silence, too,
For the hero of your country
Is the Mingy Cockatoo!

COLIN C. BIERNACKI.

E KOE, maidens, then take up the garments,
The pui-pui, the tiki and mat;
For the white girls would play at the Maori to-day,
And the dancing of hakas in orthodox way
With a "Ka mate, Ka mate, Ka ora, Ka ora!"
(Keep ye the time over that!)

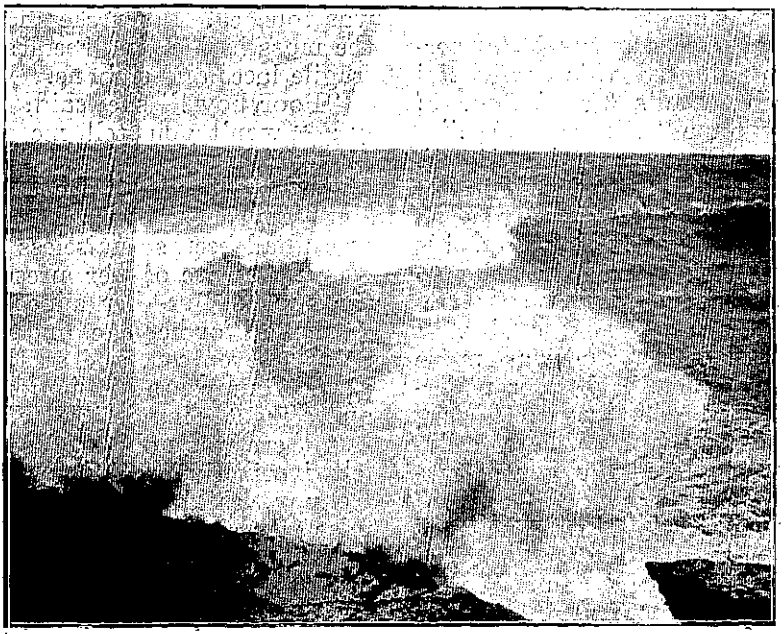
Thus greet the strong man, the hairy-armed warrior;
(Maidens, stand up where you are!)
Ruahine will grunt as she sits in the front,
But she cannot talk Maori, nor join a pig-hunt,
Shout out the words of it—"Nana koe i tiki
Mai whakawhiti te ra!"

What would ye have but a haka of welcome?
(Softly, and stand at your ease.)
For the Chief is in sight, coming home from the fight,
And the old woman's features are due left and right;
So it's "Hupane, Kaupane, Hupane, Kaupane,
Whiti te ra!" The next, please.

"Ha!!!"

Laugh, oh, ye maidens, in plumes that are borrowed,
But yet shall your pulses be stirred.
For a moment ye played at the game that was made
When by hand of the Maori New Zealand was swayed,
As Her spirit is still by his word.

ERETI.



E. T. Firth, photo. Surf on the West Coast.

THE ⁘ MILK-CART ⁘ BOY.

By EDITH M. CARMAN.

DOSSIE was a thin slip of a girl, with a small, brown, sensitive face, brown, tangled hair and dreamy, dark eyes. To her wonder-loving, fanciful little nature, life on the bush station, "Toi-Toi," was strangely unsatisfying. At thirteen she had outgrown the eagerness which took her small sister and brother every morning to the road-fence, to watch the milk-carts rattle past on their way to the creamery.

It was the only diversion, the only unalloyed pleasure that the long days held for the two wee mites, and every morning they rode proudly down from the milk-stand to the big gate that opened on to the road, Bran proudly grasping the reins, and Cherry the whip, which was too heavy for her chubby hands to wield.

And the gracious, wonderful person who allowed this delightful thing (with Dad's permission, of course) was the "Milk-cart Boy."

He was a personage in himself, this milk-cart boy, who called himself Ted Brown. His figure was so well shaped, his hair so sunny, his honest gray eyes and his smile so winning, his grammar so irreproachable. Even Dad said that "the boy had seen, and was made for, better things." Mother understood, and Dossie, but to Cherry and little Brandon to be a milk-cart boy appeared the consummation of bliss.

It was Dossie who firmly believed that the milk-cart boy was not Ted Brown, in spite of all he might say, Dossie alone who knew that the boy's life held a sorrow and a great regret.

That was because on Christmas Day, when she had slipped away from all the merry-making to dream of Christmas fairies in a dear little dell she knew of, she found a gray-clad figure stretched upon the moss. It was the milk-cart boy, and for a moment Dossie felt aggrieved.

It was so particularly her own, this little nook where the sunshine came in patches through gaps in the green canopy of leaves above, where a crystal-clear creek rippled along between its fern-clad banks, and the waving punga ferns and trails of wild clematis hung over and shaded the cool, clear water that the bush-birds loved to drink.

And this boy, stretched beneath the big rata, was an intruder in this fairylike spot.

And yet he looked so sad—so very sad that Dossie's tender little heart was touched. Down she slid on to the moss beside him, heedless of her fragile laces and ribbons.

"Poor boy!" she said, pityingly; "won't you tell me what is wrong?"

The boy lifted his head hastily. Her approach over the yielding grass had been so noiseless that he was not aware of her presence till she spoke. But—her appeal? She was small for her age, and he—well, he was seventeen, and at that age, a girl four years his junior seemed an almost impossible confidant. But there was nobody else—and he felt instinctively that, with Doris Kenyon, child as she was, a promise was a thing to be kept, not broken.

"Won't you tell me what it is?" Dossie repeated, wistfully. "Is it because you are someone else, and not Ted Brown at all?"

The boy gave a violent start, and his brown fingers clenched tightly. His voice shook in spite of himself.

"Not Ted Brown? What do you mean? Who told you? How could you possibly know?"

"I'm sorry," Dossie said; "I only guessed. You're like a story-book. Won't you you tell me who you are? I wouldn't tell a soul."

The boy hesitated. He felt that he must confide in some one, and he also felt that this thin atom of a girl could be trusted implicitly.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I—— ran away."

Dossie nodded her dark head wisely."

"Why, of course!" she said. "When they're not stolen, they always do run away."

"They wanted to send me to college, and I hated to go. I want to do great things, not to grind all day, so——I ran away. I thought it would be fun, but——" The pause was expressive.

"You haven't told me your name yet?" Dossie said, calmly.

"You won't tell?"

"I promised!" with dignity.

"I beg your pardon. I'm Maurice Cheriton."

Dossie clapped her hands.

"I thought you might be a Roland or Ferdinand, but Maurice is a lovely name. I knew you weren't a milk-cart boy."

Maurice made a little grimace.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, fervently.

Dossie's dark eyes were glowing with excitement.

"Of course you'll go home now. They always do."

"I shall consider that you are my Christmas Princess," said the boy, half in jest and half in earnest.

"Will you? How lovely! But you can't go on being a milk-cart boy now that you're not Ted Brown?"

Perhaps it suddenly struck Maurice that a more fitting occupation could be found for a colonel's son, and he flushed.

"As soon as your father gets someone to take my place, I will go home," he promised.

"Dossie—Dossie—Doris!"

The summons echoed and re-echoed through the bush glades, and the radiance died out of the dark eyes as Dossie started to her feet.

"I must go! Someone is calling! As you're not really a milk-cart boy"—she stooped over his hand and kissed it, then sped away, while Maurice lay listening to the musical tinkle of the creek over its stony bed, and regarding his favoured hand curiously.

A month later, to his great annoyance, Mr Kenyon lost, for no apparent reason, the best milk-cart boy he had ever employed. Dossie went down to the gate with her hero, and kissed him good-bye, no one being near to see.

"Good-bye!" she whispered; "don't forget I was the Princess who found you."

"I will never forget," the boy answered.

And so Ted Brown disappeared from "Toi-Toi," and Maurice Cheriton returned to his home.

The Colonel was not angry. He had not even been anxious when he learnt that his only son had disappeared. "A Cheriton can take care of himself," he said, when the mother's tender heart feared for her boy. The old soldier admired the Cheriton spirit and pluck that enabled Maurice to stand out for six months, but upon one point he was immovable. When he did return, Maurice was to go to college, so to college Maurice went.

The Colonel went to Mr Kenyon and told him the whole story, and a friendship sprang up between the two families, which finally resulted in Maurice spending half his holidays at home and half at "Toi-Toi" with his Christmas Princess.

Then came the year of the terrible bush-fires, and Maurice, just home from college, heard that "Toi-Toi" was surrounded. Nobody could get to or from the homestead through the fiercely-raging flames. Rescue

seemed impossible. Nothing could save the Kenyons except the rains which would not come.

It was sunset when the news reached "Cheriholme," and before an hour had passed, Maurice was riding in the direction of the conflagration on the fleet young thoroughbred that had been his Christmas present from his father.

On and on he rode, through the warm, still blackness of the summer night—on and on, past bush and paddocks, confident that love could find a way where sympathy had failed.

At last he reached the smoke—heavy, brown, and so thick that he could scarcely breathe. Here, too, a new difficulty arose. His horse, hitherto so willing, refused to face the fire.

Precious time was spent in coaxing, but at last the frightened animal gave in to his rider's indomitable will, and, gathering his limbs well under him, rushed wildly into the fire. It was a never-to-be-forgotten ride. The terrified horse plunged and tore madly at his bit. On all sides trees were falling, their trunks a mass of glowing red. The wind swept the heavy smoke aloft, and it hung in dense clouds above the glare that could be seen for miles.

A few moments of scorching, intolerable heat, and the horse and rider, singed and burnt, and almost maddened by the stinging sparks, emerged into the little fire-lit hollow where lay the homestead Maurice sought—so far unharmed.

Mr Kenyon, unaccustomed to face danger, had regarded escape through the raging fire impossible, until Maurice's opportune appearance proved that it was not so.

There was time for little questioning, and but a hurried planning. In a very few minutes Mr and Mrs Kenyon were mounted on the only two available horses—Mr Kenyon with Bran, wrapped in a wet blanket, in front of him, Maurice with another bundle that meant Cherry. Dossie had insisted on being the one to wait till Maurice could return.

They had great difficulty in getting the frightened horses to face the rush and roar of the flames, but Maurice led the way, and after a few awful minutes, which seemed an eternity, they were able to breathe once more the cool, calm night air.

Mr Kenyon dismounted, and set Bran on the ground, and Maurice prepared to hand Cherry to her mother, but, overcome by the heat, the smoke, the scorching flames, and anxiety for her eldest daughter, Mrs Kenyon swayed and fell fainting into her husband's arms.

Bran screamed, and Cherry began to sob in a broken-hearted way, but Maurice did not hear them.

"I must go back for Dossie," he said. "If I don't—if we don't—they are expecting you at home, and you'll give them my love, and tell them that I did my level best, and that Royal is a Briton!"

He stroked his horse's smoke-blackened neck, and swung round to face the smoke for the third time.

There was not a second to be lost, for little dark-eyed Dossie was alone. She had been left in that horror-haunted valley to face, unaided the almost inevitable death that was sweeping down upon her. Maurice set his teeth as he thought of her little slender figure in the grip of the cruel flames.

Royal faced the fire nobly. Now that he understood what was required of him, he would go till he dropped. "Till he dropped!" What a volume of meaning lay in those three small words. He had come many miles, and Maurice had not spared him. Twice he had passed without much injury through the raging fire. Still he bore himself bravely, but he staggered, and Maurice, recognizing the mighty spirit that refused to give in, prayed that it might not fail until his work was done. And so, slower this time, the circle of flames, ever growing wider, was passed once more.

Dossie was waiting on the verandah, all unharmed as yet, although the flames had leapt the drive width.

Maurice lifted her to his saddle.

"You must ride astride," he said. "I'll lead him. He will not carry a lady."

"You walk! Ah, no, Maurice! Let me!" she cried.

Maurice shook his head. He felt half stupified with the smoke. The cool of the night air was soothing to his burnt arms and face—vaguely he dreaded the pain that the heat would bring into them.

But there was Dossie to save—soon it would be impossible.

So, for the last time, the blinding, sickening smoke was faced. But progress was slow this time—very slow—and Royal was not so obedient as when his master was in the saddle. After a few minutes Maurice noticed with dismay that Dossie seemed quite stupified.

He had to hold her in the saddle and let Royal go his own way through the almost impenetrable smoke.

The flying sparks caught the flimsy muslin of Dossie's hat. Maurice threw it away. Her hair blazed. Maurice took off his coat and crushed out the flames—and his shirt-sleeves flared up and went out.

His arms ached intolerably, and Dossie was quite senseless, but somehow safety was reached at last.

As Maurice stood on the verge of the fire, a big drop of water splashed on to his up-turned face. Another fell, and another. Soon a steady rain was falling.

The drought had broken—the country was saved.

Maurice muttered a thanksgiving as with his last remnant of strength he lifted Dossie from the saddle, and laid her on the parched grass.

He had a vague idea that he ought to find some water, but before he could move something in his brain seemed to snap, and he fell beside her.

And so they found them lying, side by side, in the drenching rain—Dossie with her white, wet face turned towards Maurice, and he with one badly-burnt arm thrown protectingly around her.

By their side stood a shivering, spiritless, scorched horse, which they found hard to recognize as the fiery-tempered Royal who had started on the mad journey only a few short hours before.

Dossie soon revived, and remembered little of that dreadful ride—Royal also was soon himself again. The new growth of hair made him forget even the horrors of that night-mare journey, but Maurice was ill for many weeks.

The rain did not come in time to save "Toi-Toi," and but for the boy's pluck several lives must inevitably have been lost.

But Maurice had not neglected the opportunity of doing something great that had come to him, and of all the heroes of that dread time few could surpass Maurice Cheriton —ex-Ted Brown — the Milk-cart Boy!

NOTE.—The incidents related in this story actually occurred.

A Letter from White Island.

From one who lived there during an Eruption.

By VICTOR ZEAL.

According to my promise I at last write you a short account of my life on this little volcano.

So far I have lived here for two years, and wildly exciting have been some of my experiences.

White Island, as you know, is marked on all maps as a volcano, and is full of hot springs and steam holes, also great quantities of sulphur, and is, perhaps, one of the finest sights in the world. It is about nine miles in circumference, and at one side rises abruptly out of the ocean to a height of 1200 feet. It is always canopied by a snowy cloud of steam.

The cliffs, which rise to the full height of the mountain, are of the most dazzling colours. Red hematite, black obsidian, and yellow ochre blending with the brown and white rocks, whilst green and golden sulphur crystals glint everywhere.

In the centre of the island is a lake of about twenty-five acres area. It is highly charged with hydrochloric acid, and is of a pea-green colour.

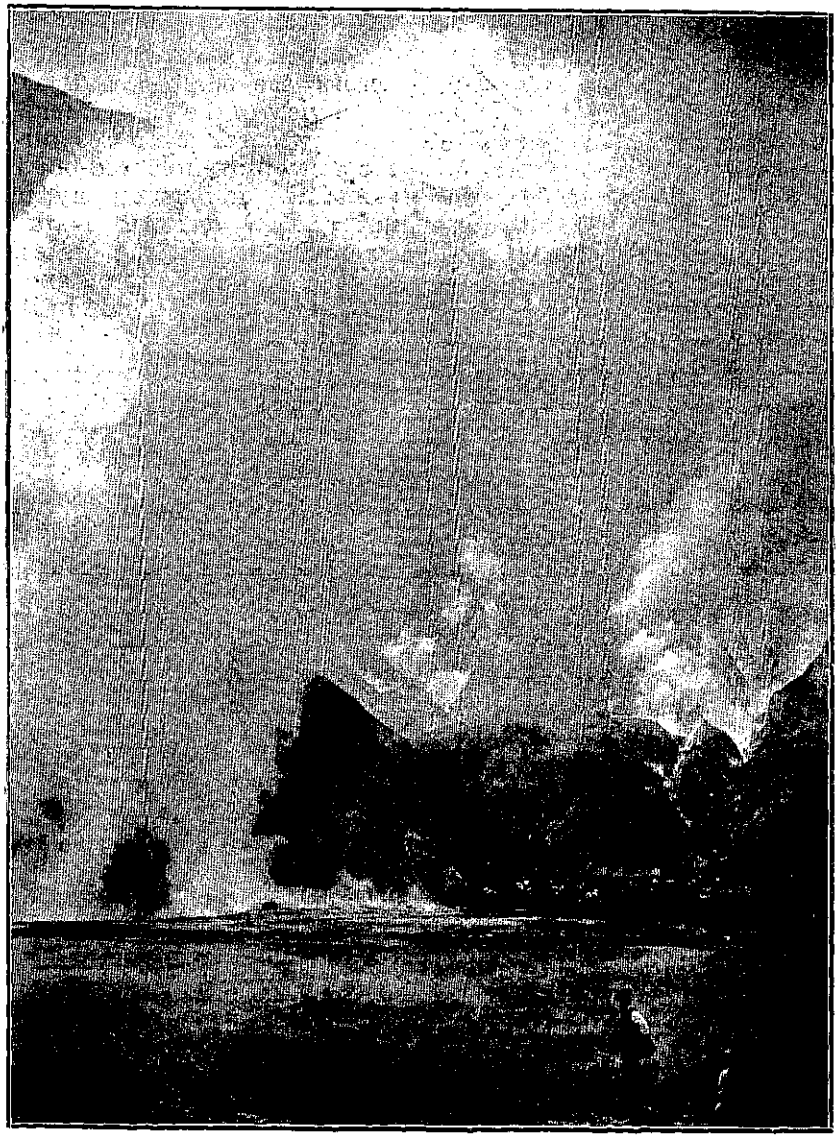
It is a magnificent sight to stand on the far side of this lake on a sunny morning, and to look seaward.

On either hand are the towering cliffs, in the foreground the bright green lake, overhead, like a bridal veil, floats the snowy cloud of steam, while stretching away to the horizon lies the sapphire sea, all tipped with dancing, white-crested waves.

But sometimes the east wind springs from sleep, and then how different is the scene. The gale rushes upon us with all its fury, and the gigantic swell of the Pacific Ocean sweeps upon the little island as if no power on earth could stop its course. Up the high cliffs it mounts, a hundred feet or more, looking like a solid green mountain. Then with a report like thunder it bursts into a mass of snowy foam, and in seemingly baffled rage tosses about great boulders, tons in weight, as if they were so many marbles, and the roar and the rattle of its anger can be heard many miles away.

But most strange and wonderful of all was my experience of an eruption on the island, and one from which there was no getting away. I had three of my brothers and two sisters staying with me for their holidays. All the men but two had gone to the mainland with the last shipload of sulphur, and would not be back until the steamer called again, which was never any stated time. The two men and I were laying down a steel tram-line from the sulphur platform to the landing place.

The children had been with us about three weeks, and were having a fine time on the island, when, one morning as we were working away, we heard the noise of a great explosion. We dropped our tools and ran as fast as we could to where we could get a sight of the crater. The first glance showed us that a



W. Beattie, photo, Clouds of steam are always rising. Auckland.

new blow-hole had broken out, and, instead of sending out steam as the others did, it was sending up a straight shoot of red, living ashes. From where we stood (about a mile away) the blow-hole appeared to be about a yard across, and so great was the force with which the ashes were ejected, that for the height of about fourteen hundred feet the column rose like a jet of water, straight as a walking stick far above the cliff, then spread out like the top of a fern tree. As I looked the thought flashed through my mind, "that is the way the younger Pliny described Vesuvius as starting when Pompeii was destroyed." I knew then that this was an eruption. The noise was not so great as at first, but a roaring sound continued, accompanied by sharp percussions.

The men were much alarmed, and I was dreadfully anxious about the children. I went to the whare, and found them much astonished at the noise. I told them that the volcano was very active, but that it might only be a blow up, and would most likely go down again soon. My eldest sister looked very nervous, but she tried not to show it before the children. I called her aside and told her to pack up everything as soon as possible, so that if the worst came to the worst, we could put to sea at any moment.

The men and I went down to the boat-house and got out the best whale-boat, then we put into her a keg of water, some provisions, oars, sails, etc., in readiness for a start.

I thought it best to keep the men working, to prevent them from dwelling on the situation.

The position was this: We were forty-five miles from the coast across a strip of water nearly always rough. My two whale-boats had just done a year's rough work, and were leaking in every seam—so far gone were they that two others were being built in Auckland to replace them. The trip across, even in a good boat, well manned, was one that old coasters would think it madness to try. I had only two men, the weather was bad, and getting worse, and the volcano becoming more and more active every hour.

We were all very grave at tea that evening, though we tried hard to think it would all be over before morning.

As soon as it was dark I went across the sulphur flat to get a good view of the new crater. What was my surprise to see all round the new blow-hole red-hot! I felt something falling on my face like hot soot, and found I was being covered with falling ashes. The noise now was terrific, and had a sort of screeching sound in it. You have heard a large ocean steamer blow down steam, well multiply that by any number you like, and it will give you a faint idea of what this noise was like!

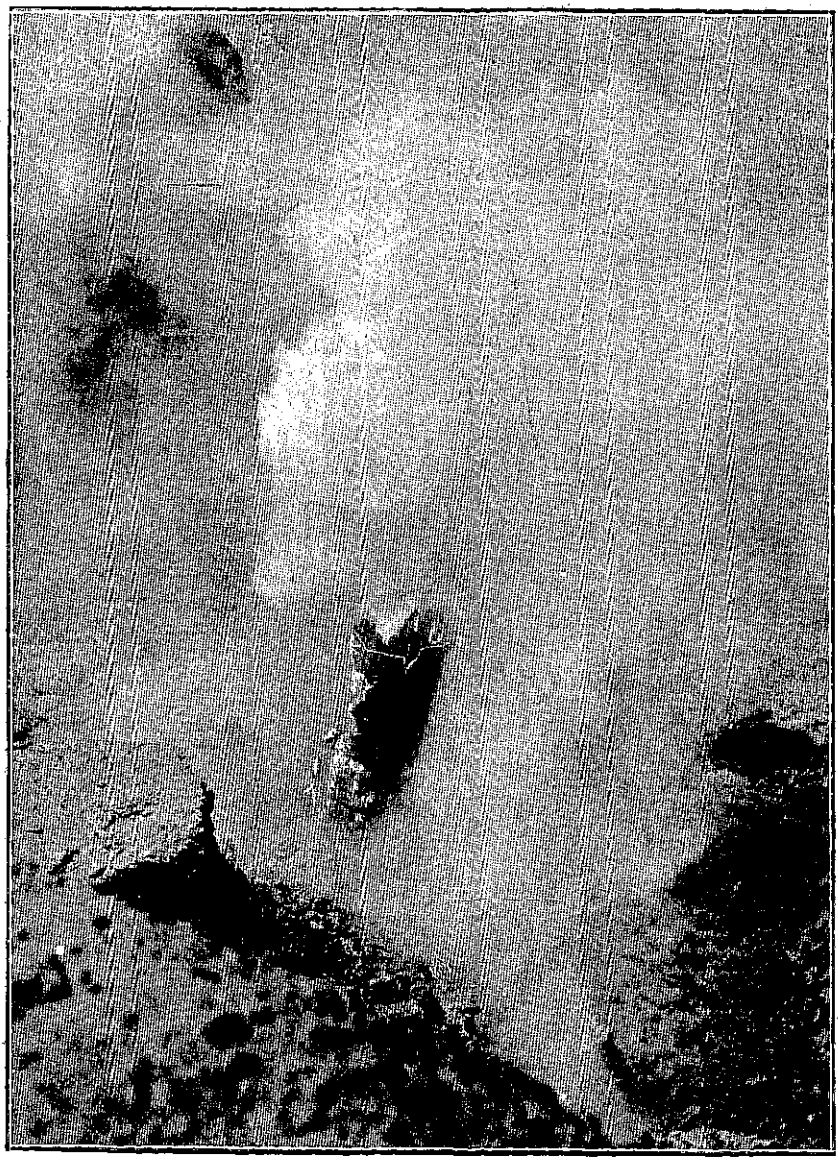
I need not tell you that none of us slept that night except the youngsters. We sat up listening to the roaring and screeching all night, and in the morning we found that two new craters had broken out, and were vomiting stones and ashes to the full height of the mountain.

Great clouds of ashes were rushing up into the sky, like bales and bales of dark brown wool. There was now a stiff gale blowing from the south-east, directly from us to the volcano, so that fortunately no ashes came our way. Launching the boats in such a sea was out of the question, so we busied ourselves in fixing up the boat-house to live in, as it was more sheltered from the volcano than the whares.

We had on the island some hundreds of sleepers (six inches thick), to be used for laying the tramway. With these we covered the boat-house all over, as a further protection from falling ashes.

My sister did some cooking, as she said there was no knowing when we would have to leave, and the children must have food in the boats.

About an hour before sunset the



W. Beattie, photo. Auckland.

The Blow Hole, showing curious formation resembling stump of tree.

wind shifted to the west. As soon as it did so the whole mass of brown, billowy ashes began moving towards us. Fully a mile high in the air it passed over our heads, while the ashes fell unpleasantly, it looked like another brown world travelling swiftly past us, so solid and impenetrable was the cloud. As the wind freshened down came the brown, solid, drifting mass, till it was not more than twenty feet above our heads. The ashes fell quite hot now, and as thick as sand through a sieve. By and bye the lumps became larger and larger. We plugged up every aperture in the boat-house with empty sacks, but even then could not entirely keep the ashes out.

The children all behaved like little heroes. Poor little Evie, only six years old, when the hot ashes got in her eyes, only called her cat Blacksmith to her, and brushed her eyes with his tail, saying, "Come, Kitty, doctor, and cure my eyes," the tears running down her little cheeks all the time with pain.

By this time the island was shaking like a jelly, and the noise sounded right under our feet, resembling the rushing of a thousand trains through a vast tunnel. The night was inky black, the only things which relieved the darkness were the three great glowing eyes which marked the three craters of the volcano.

With these surroundings the awful night wore slowly away, the air so thick as to be almost unbearable. The children were sitting on a mattress bathed in perspiration and black with ashes, until in a huddled heap they fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

After what seemed an eternity of time, a dull brown light began to creep over the island, and I knew that morning had come, and slept myself.

When I awoke the sun was up, and things did not look so dreadful as by night, but the eruption showed no sign of abatement. The sea was now smooth and the wind fair, so I decided to try and reach the mainland in one of the whale-boats. The boat was ready, so we launched her and set forth. It was a beautiful morning, a good heave and swell on the water, the sky blue, and the seagulls playing round us as if there was no such thing as an active volcano in existence.

The boat was leaking badly, and some one had to keep bailing most of the time. The children were sitting on a rug in the bottom of the boat, the pet cat on little Evie's lap. Once I saw the great black fin of a shark come close to my steer-oar. None of the others noticed it except the men, and I motioned to them to keep quiet; it must have glided away, for we saw it no more.

Everything appeared to be going on well; we were ten miles away, then fifteen, and by three o'clock we were about half-way across. The island was sinking lower and lower into the water, and the mainland began to look closer and closer. If this wind had kept favourable we would have been in Whakatane harbour by two o'clock the next morning, but unfortunately it changed quite suddenly, and sprang up dead ahead.

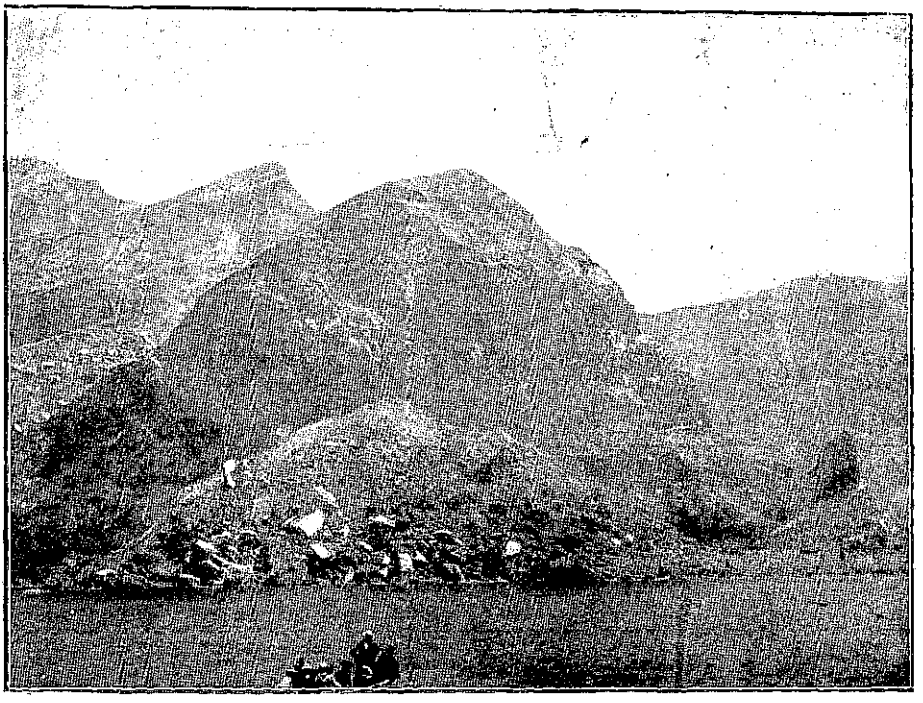
There was nothing for it but to run back to the island, and away the boat flew with its load of bitterly disappointed hearts.

The wind was freshening all the time, and as the sea got up it took the two men all their time to keep the boat free of water. As we neared the island the sight of the eruption was very grand. The whole island looked like a chimney belching forth a volume of smoke and ashes fully three miles in height, and extending away to the horizon. The great feature was the force with which the ashes were ejected.

When we reached the shore it was like trying to face a burning house. The smoke and heat were so great that I had to alter the course of the boat and beach her under a

cliff in a more protected spot. About midnight the wind changed again, and drove the fumes away from the landing-place, so we all got ashore once more. Just then, glancing to seaward, I caught sight of the red light of a vessel. I rubbed my eyes to make sure it was no illusion, but no, there it was still, and now the green light also, showing that she was making straight for the island. In great excitement we got some empty tar barrels and fired them to attract attention. As the barrels blazed up now, the green had disappeared; the vessel had changed her course and was sailing away from us.

At this the poor children broke down completely, and even I felt that we were utterly abandoned. We were in danger of death from two great elements, fire on the one hand, and water on the other. We knew not, from moment to moment, when the quivering island would blow up altogether, and the sea rushing in, claim the spot as its own where once White Island stood.



W. Beattie, photo, The Landing, White Island. Auckland.

what a picture the flames threw out! The great towering cliffs rising grim and black behind us, the little group of eager watchers in the foreground, the cloud of living ashes roaring into the sky, and away on the dark waters, two little twinkling lights that meant so much to us.

"They see us!" the children cried; "they are coming nearer." But, no, there was only one light

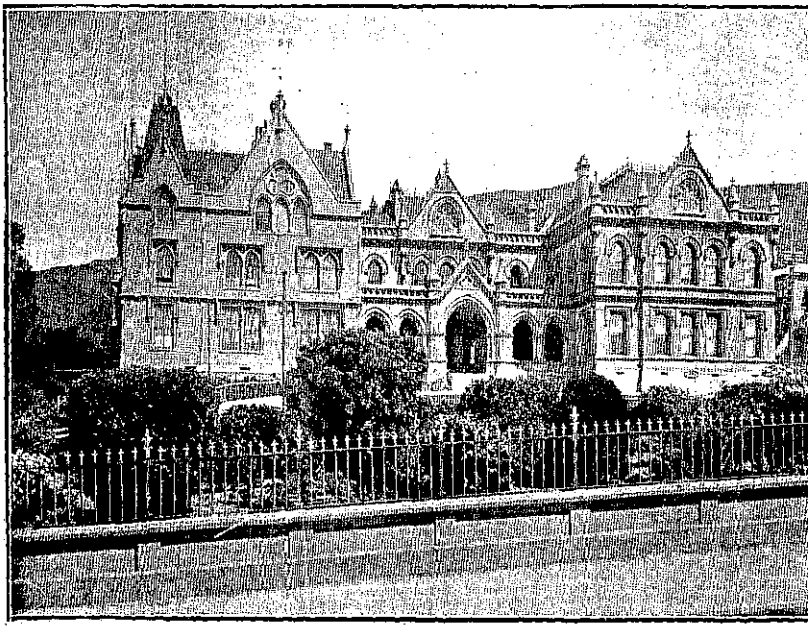
For some days the wind remained in our favour, but the sea was too rough to attempt to launch a boat. The island became hotter and hotter, and as days went on we could hardly bear to touch even the boulders on the beach. The little gray rats, which are peculiar to the place, came out from the cliffs in thousands, and lay dead everywhere, killed by the heat.

One of the craters had built up a

hill of ashes to about a third the height of the island. It used to throw up stones as big as a table, but fortunately none came our way. Fancy all this going on, and we not a mile away! However, in about a week the craters showed signs of abating. There were times when the noise would stop all of a sudden. One moment there would be roaring and screeching, the next, dead silence, and after the noise the silence seemed terrible and ominous.

This sort of life went on for nearly a fortnight, in stench and ashes, the earth shaking and the volcano screeching, until just at daybreak one morning we were awakened by the welcome whistle of a steamer. I sprang up, and there I saw lying in the bay one of the Union Company's fine steamers. In less than half-an-hour all questions had been asked and answered, the children had been kissed and petted by the astonished passengers, and by next morning we were safely home again.

I cannot describe to you what a load of responsibility seemed to roll off my shoulders as I set the children on the mainland once more, and I often wonder who will be on White Island at the next eruption.



C. E. Caley, photo. Parliamentary Buildings, Wellington.

"FINES LIBRORUM."

By "RUSTICUS."

"When *Finis* comes the Book we close,
And somewhat sadly Fancy goes
With backward step from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage—
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!

. . . . . .

And Time will sweep both friends and foes
When *Finis* comes."
"Old World Idylls," Austin Dobson.

"SIR," said old Sam Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "there are two things which I am confident I can do very well. One is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion showing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public."

I doubt if the great lexicographer had been much in request as a writer of "prefaces," still less of "conclusions," in these marvellous polite times on which Grub-street has fallen, when criticism is synonymous with log-rolling, and the "savage and tartarly" days of the Quarterly are of the sacred past. Be that as it may, the fashion has changed little in two centuries. The demand for "prefaces" still exists. Rarely a book of any pretensions goes on to the market without a fulsome introduction from the pen of some broken craftsman or influential Maecenas. Each author, however, must indite his "Finis" proper, and it is with these we propose to deal. As in a play much depends on the drop scene, so we cannot under-rate the value of an effective ending, whether we have in hand old Omar's "Book of Verses underneath the Bough," a romance of Sir Walter's, or a fin-de-siecle storiette from the blase brain of Mr Henry James. The interest of the plot is worked up, page by page, till it reaches a height in the closing chapter, and the reader lays down the book with a sigh of satisfaction and a murmur of appreciation, like the epicure who has dined well, and rises from his wine and walnuts in excellent humour with himself and the world at large. The fashions in the endings of books are legion. There is the ending melodramatic, endings cynical and pathetic and apologetic; endings, in sooth, to suit every taste.

The yellowback, with a florid atmosphere of princes, noble lords and grand dames, of estates, town houses and Mediterranean villas, ends a la mode in the strictly Ouidesque manner. It is doubtless familiar to the reader. I spare him quotation.

Again we may have our "Finis" attuned to the chimes of merry marriage bells, the sine qua non of conventional noveldom.

Thousands, I may safely say, of Edwins and Angelinas fade from the tear-blurred vision of their friends in the dear, old-fashioned way. And somehow, next time we meet their facsimiles we are eager as ever

to follow them down the same love-lit paths to the stereotyped consummation of earthly bliss. Ah, me, these amorous Edwins and Angelinas, Romeos and Juliets, 'Arries and 'Arriets, call them what we may, the theme is the same, and the story old and oft told—old as the days when Ruth found favour in the eyes of Boaz as she gleaned in the cornfields—yet we never tire of it. Now and then our "Finis" quest is rewarded by a gem of the harmlessly exotic type of ending where some fond swain, sighing like a furnace, voices a true lover's plaint. The ending of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is sentiment which we cannot gainsay. Rassendyl leaves us with the words :—"Shall I see her face again, the pale face and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing. Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment, But if it be never, if I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why then this side the grave I shall live as becomes the man whom she loves, and for the other side I shall pray a dreamless sleep."

Beshrew me if the sentiment doesn't ring true! Some time or other most of us have our little romances, and we retain a soft side for their ideal presentment. When I closed "The Prisoner of Zenda"' I found my pipe had gone out, and the fire burned low, and my thoughts went back——but "that's another story," as Kipling says. After all, "il y en a toujours une autre," if not Rosalinde, then Juliet, for—

> "If she think not well of me
> What care I how fair she be."

Consoling, indeed, the philosophy of these gay Caroline poets in their lisping love lyrics full of quaint conceits and graceful imagery!

It has never been my fortune to discover an ending of greater delicacy and simplicity than that from Disraeli's famous novel, "Lothair" :—"I have been in Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose." This is a chef d'oeuvre of literary artifice; more fragrant than rare exotics this rose from Corisande's garden. "Yet ah," as Omar sings—

> 'Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the rose,
> That youth's sweet scented manuscript should close!
> The Nightingale that in the branches sang
> Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows?"

God wot, the mystery is passing strange; too strange for our comprehension.

"Candide" ends fittingly thus :—"Cela est bien dit, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin."

The "Finis" apologetic is not a little irritating :—"In like manner, gentle reader, returning you my thanks for your patience, which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present." One is tempted to express the irreverent wish that the writer may not soon emerge from his self-imposed seclusion and inflict himself on the "gentle reader."

"Gentle reader," forsooth! The very phrase is sycophantic if not insulting. It savours overmuch of the "nunc plaudits" for our customary attitude of frigid reserve; the enlightened reader refuses to have his vanity tickled by the doubtful compliment.

One of the finest pieces of writing in our English language is that from Thackeray's pen, describing the death of Colonel Newcome, noblest type of English gentleman that literature affords us :—"At the usual evening hour, the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum," and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and,

lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

This is Thackeray at his best, and here he is inimitable. The picture is perfect. As I read it I cannot but think of another, that English knight, that "tun" of a man, the stout Sir John, to whom life was one long, merry jest, a season of "cakes and ale," and to whom death came thus :—

Quickly :—"Nay, surely he's not in Hell ; he's in Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child ; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled o' green fields."

So the old knight died with a quip on his lips anent the flea on Bardolph's nose, which he said was like a "black soul burning in hell fire." The effect is grim, grotesque and ludicrous ; like a Hogarth engraving from "The Rake's Progress." I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare owed not a little here to that immortal page from Plato which describes the death of Greece's earliest martyr for truth, who, as the hemlock ran its course, bade his weeping disciples remember that he owed Aesculapius a cock, and so died.

"On n'entendait autour ni plaint, ni soupir
C'est ainsi qu'il mourût, si c'était la mourir."
LAMARTINE.

But I wander from my theme. There is still another type of ending, the sensational, which leaves the gasping, neurotic reader in a state bordering on nervous collapse.

"The thing starts towards me, silently, irresistibly. I feel its ghostly presence. I am spellbound ; held in an icy grip. My limbs tremble under me. Voice fails me. I swoon ! I die !————ugh—splutter, splutter." And so to bed creeps the awestruck reader with a shiver and a shrug, to sleep, perchance to dream of weird and pale, wan faces, of demons dark and dread. For choice we ourselves prefer setting out with Edwin and Angelina as they wander, hand in hand, out towards the golden west and the setting sun what time the sounds of the work-a-day world are hushed, and the pensive hours of twilight lend themselves to lover's lispings. "C'est l'heure exquise !"

Dickens has always appeared to me a little disappointing in the ending of his novels, though in the breadth and richness of his canvas the lacking touch may pass unnoticed. "David Copperfield" provides the exception :—

"And now as I close my book, subduing my desire to linger yet, these faces fade away. But one face, shining on me like a heavenly light by which I see all other objects, is above them and beyond them all. And that remains. I turn my head and see it in its beautiful serenity beside me. My lamp burns low, and I have written far into the night ; but the dear presence, without which I were nothing, bears me company. Oh, Agnes, oh, my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed ; so may I, when realities are fleeting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upwards."

"Trilby," quaintest of modern novels, ends in verse :

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going, and so, Good-day !

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing, and so, Good-night !

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing, and so, Good-morrow !

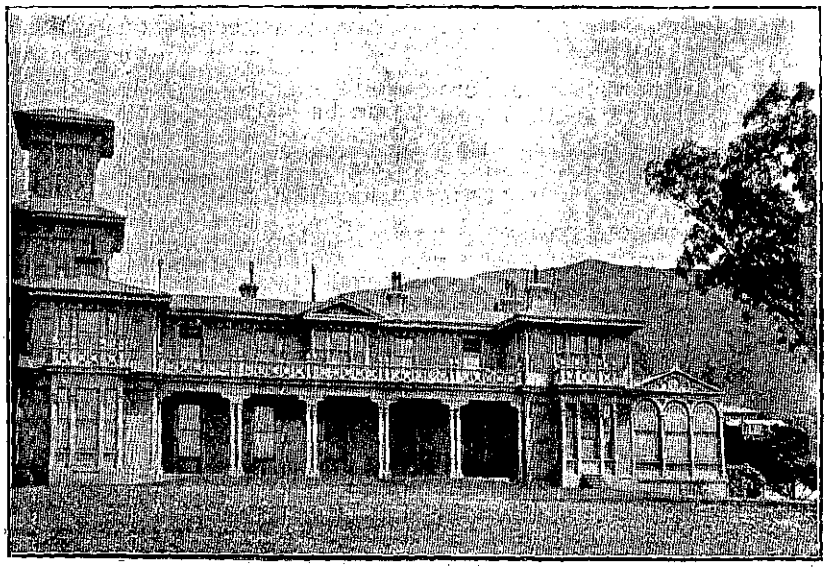
A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so, Good-by !"

In the closing paragraph of Drummond's "Ascent of Man," the writer reaches a high level of literary style.

"In the profoundest sense this is scientific doctrine. The Ascent of Man and of Society is bound up henceforth with the conflict, the intensification and the diffusion of the struggle for the Life of Others. This is the further Evolution, the page of history that lies before us, the closing act of the drama of Man.

"The struggle may be short or long; but by all scientific analogy the result is sure. All the other Kingdoms of Nature were completed; Evolution always attains; always rounds off its work. It spent an eternity over the Earth, but finished it. It struggled for milleniums to bring the Vegetable Kingdom up to the Flowery Plants, and attained. In the Animal Kingdom it never paused until the possibilities of organization were exhausted in the mammalia. Kindled by this past, man may surely say, 'I shall arrive.' The succession cannot break. The further Evolution must go on, the Higher Kingdom come—first the blade where we are to-day; then the ear where we shall be to-morrow; then the full corn in the ear which awaits our children's children and which we live to hasten."

Such are a few of the endings of books jotted down haphazard in the course of reading—sufficient, perhaps, to prove that the ending of a book plays no small part in forming the impression left on the reader. We may conclude, not inappropriately with the half cynical, half pathetic words in which the author of "Vanity Fair" bids us farewell:—"Ah, vanitas vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or having it is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets for the play is ended!"



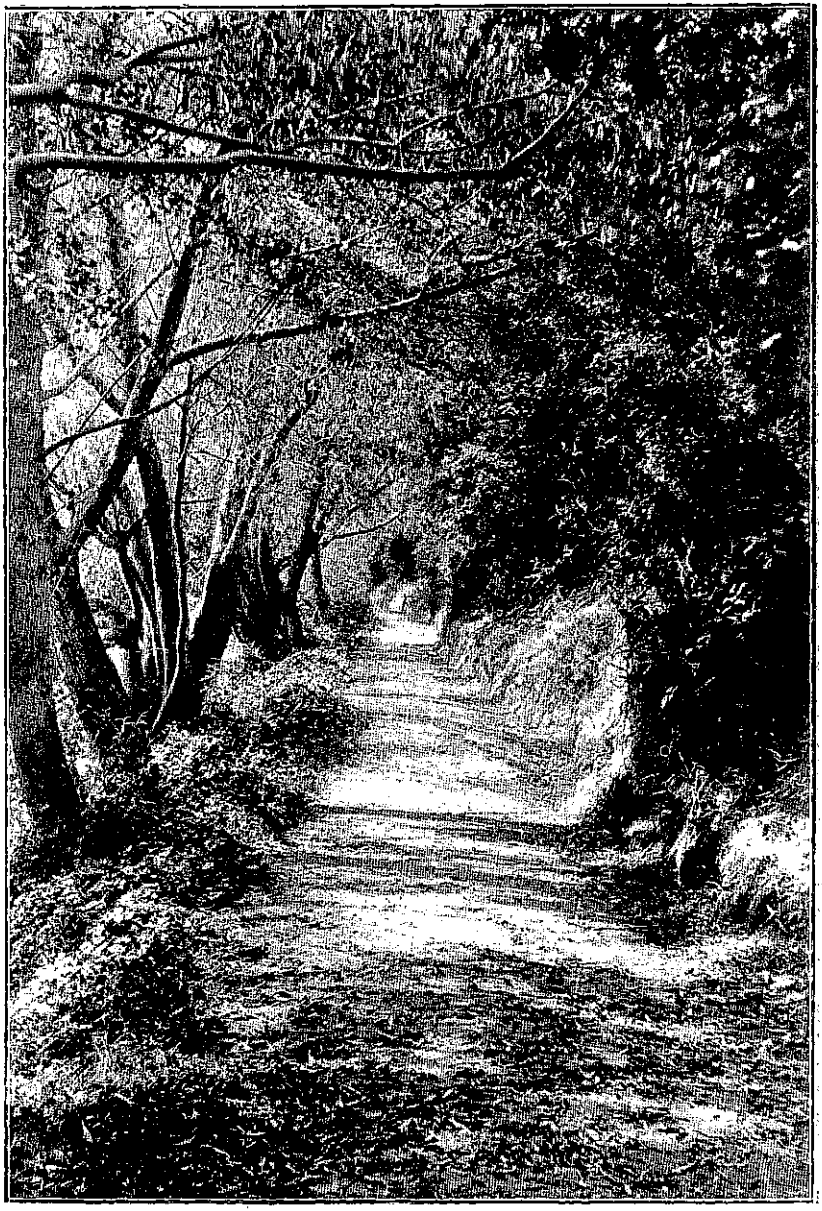
C. E. Caley, photo. Government House, Wellington.

The Charms of Dunedin.

By "ROINA."

APPROACHED from the East Coast by a channel passing between the greenest of hills, the Southern city gives a most pleasing impression. Dunedin is the place of soft rains and mists. This abundance of moisture probably accounts for the extreme verdancy of the surrounding hills. Most of them are cleared and under cultivation, which thus imparts a tamer aspect to the approach of Dunedin, as compared with its Northern rivals. The channel through which the vessel steams from Port Chalmers is quietly beautiful. We travel slowly, for the channel is not yet very deep, although, thanks to strenuous exertions and unwearied labour, navigation becomes, each year, easier.

Fairly round the bend, Dunedin appears—a green-walled city. The business portion is built on the comparatively small area of level land, of which the greater part is due to reclamation, still in progress. By a road built through the water, the upper portion of the harbour, known as Loch Lomond, is shut off. From this part one sees, running right round the near circle of hills, a belt of native bush. The authorities of the town deserve warm congratulation for preserving nature within five minutes walk of city life. Indeed, one cannot speak too highly of the value of this lung of Dunedin. It is a surprise to Northern eyes to see native bush valued as it should be. Not only is the growth left in its wild state, but to enhance its value, well-made roads run through every part of the bush, and many are the charming walks through it, the ferns and shrubs being under protection. From "The Drive" an excellent carriage road, in winter white and hard with frost, in spring gay with blossoming sides, may be seen an excellent view of the harbour, with the opposite hills round Broad Bay. Towards evening the effects on these are beautiful. Soft, hazy blue tones contrast with the water, thrown into deep, grey shadows, and, in the open, reflecting the brighter sun tints. Out to the South is the wide sweep of ocean, and between is the level isthmus that looks so low that one expects the Ocean Beach waves to break across to join the harbour waters. Undoubtedly, Dunedin is a pretty town; and its surroundings are all the more charming that they are so near and so easily accessible. Glance, for instance, at the Northern Cemetery. One does not expect such a place to be denoted as a beauty spot. The road leading to it runs along the hillside, bordered with bush. The latter is not imposing, is by no means forest growth, but it is bush, scrubby, if you will, but still native New Zealand bush. The road is damp with the damp of the side growth; and in its twists and turns one feels a freedom strange when so close to a city. In the graveyard one runs full tilt upon a monument reared to the memory of those who perished, in Northern seas, in the wreck of the Wairarapa. After this reminder of civilization, we look down on the green, weed-covered waters of Loch Lomond, and past them, o'er the blue harbour to the wild Ocean Beach. When so well kept, and so prettily approached, even so mournful a place as a cemetery has a distinct charm. Leaving it, we

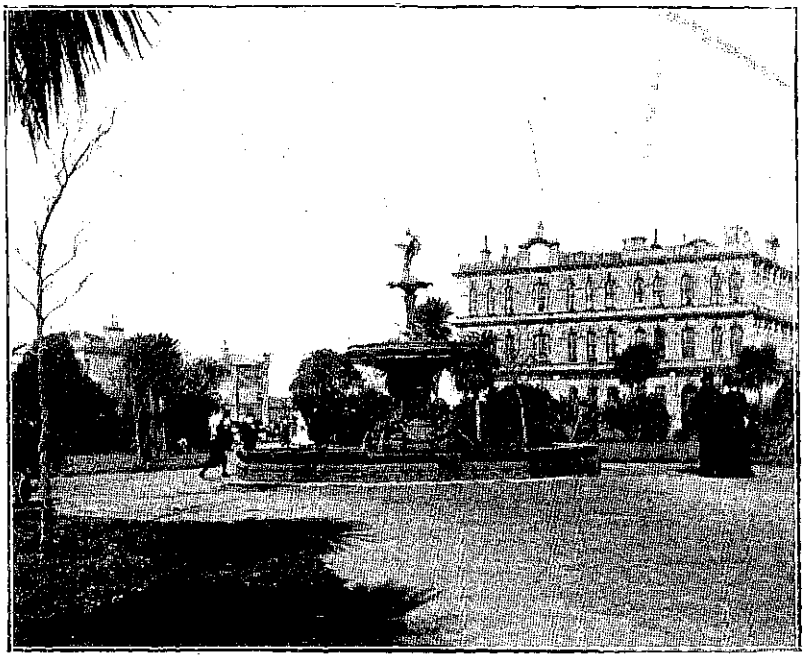


M. Dunne, photo. Lovers' Walk, Botanical Gardens.

turn off, on the hillside, to another walk, bordered by willows dipping low to the stony-bedded Water o' Leith. The walk takes us to the small, but very pretty Public Gardens.

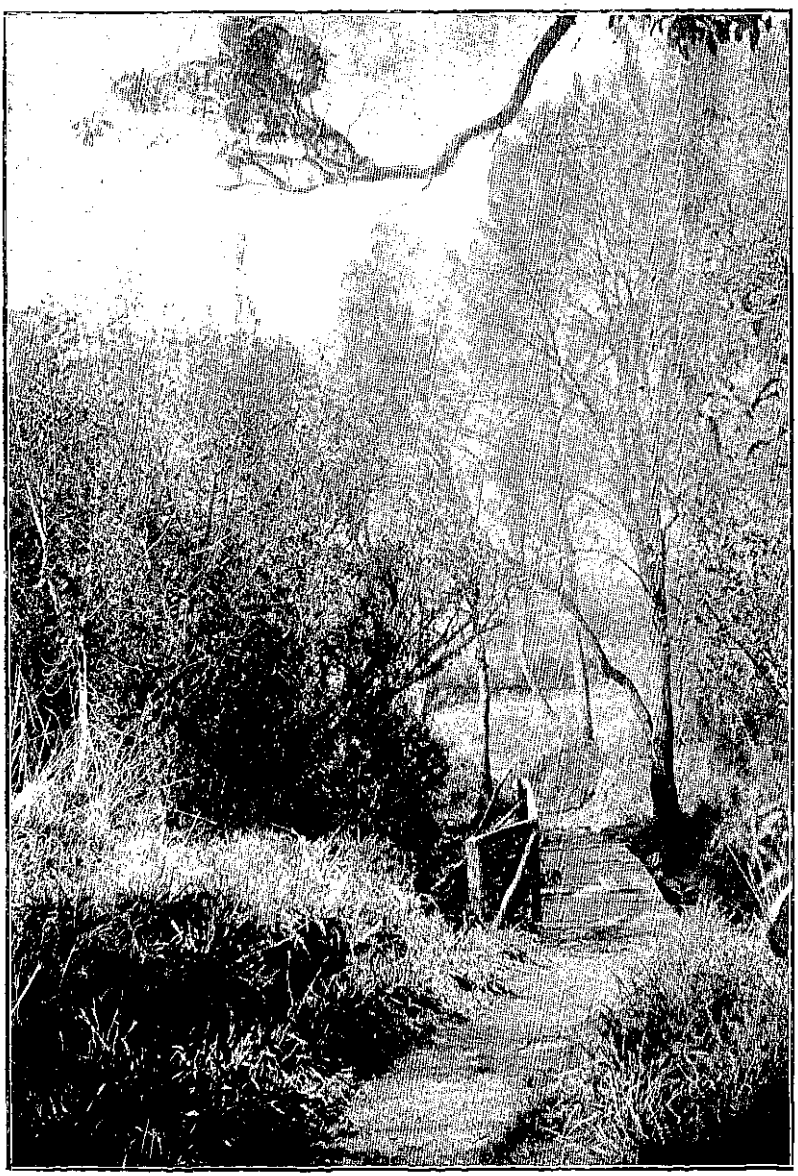
Ocean Beach and St. Clair are too well-known to ask much comment. The former is grand in its desolateness, in its reach of gray sandhills, in its great gray-blue waves. The latter, seen on a spring morning, when the clouds are gently lifted, and the waters proudly rearing their crests before rolling in shoreward, is a beautiful combination of soft colours. A charming haziness blends the water and sky into harmony of mid-colour, the rocks stand sentinel, their brown hue toning softly, while ever the great waves come dashing in. Round the corner is a sheltered rocky bay, where one may sit on the boulders, revelling in the peace that comes of blustering billows.

One day in springtime we visited Tomahawk Bay. Passing Anderson's Bay, which revealed on the flats some richer red-brown colouring than is usual in Dunedin, we walked on by a road bordered by masses of glorious golden broom. The scent of it was in the air; the wet clouds lifted, and the sunshine met and kissed the glowing yellow. The richness of its hue, as it grew in great masses along the roadside compelled admiration. Then round another bend, another overpowering sweetness greeted us. A pale lemon-coloured lupin was growing thickly along, trying its best to outrival the sturdy broom. Down below us stretched a level, half-marshy island, half water, while away in the background rose the green hills. The road, yellow-bordered, wound over a bridge. Turning sharply off, we came upon the beach, flanked by sandhills and rugged rocks.

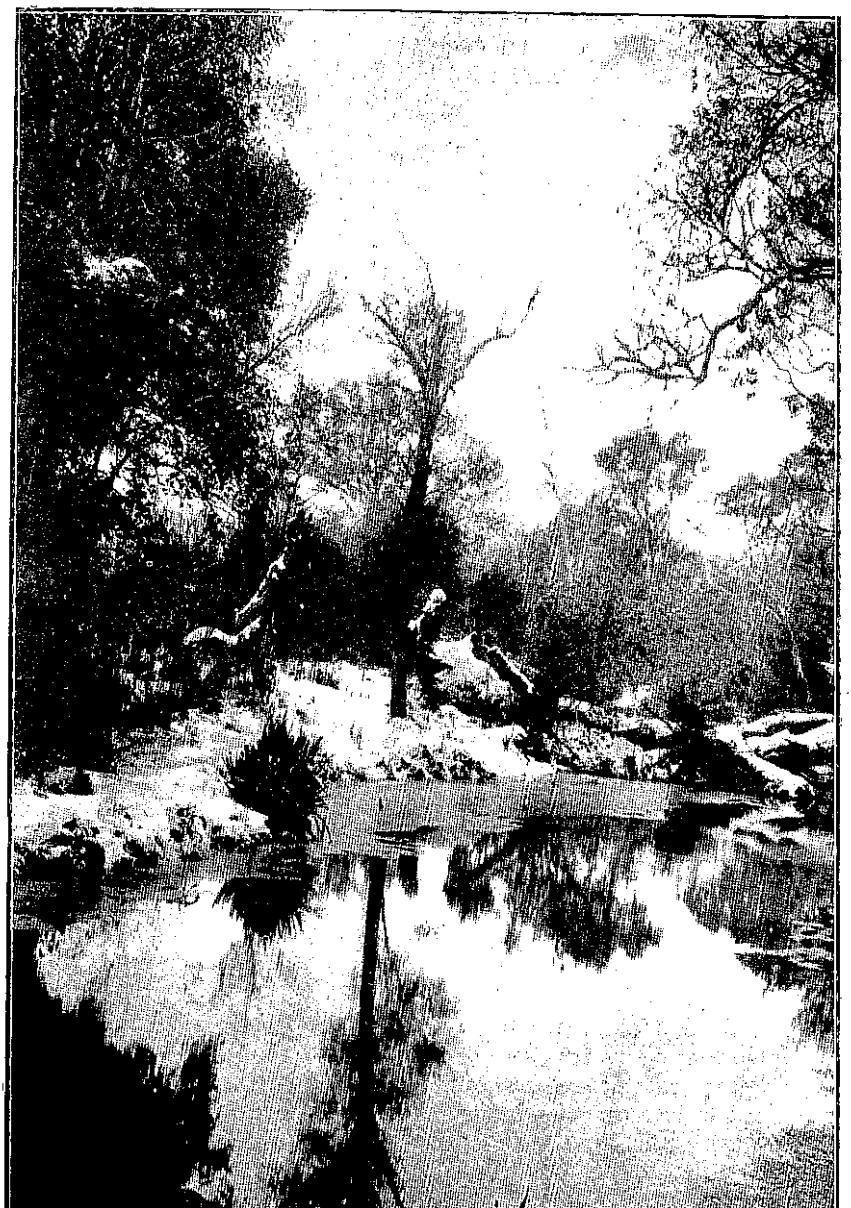


The Triangle, Dunedin.

No description of Dunedin would be complete without a mention of the Waterfall. The road to the North leads past the Leith, with its great boulders and stones so thickly strewn. Finally, we turn in at a broken-down gate; and, scrambling



A Summer Morning, Woodhaugh Park.

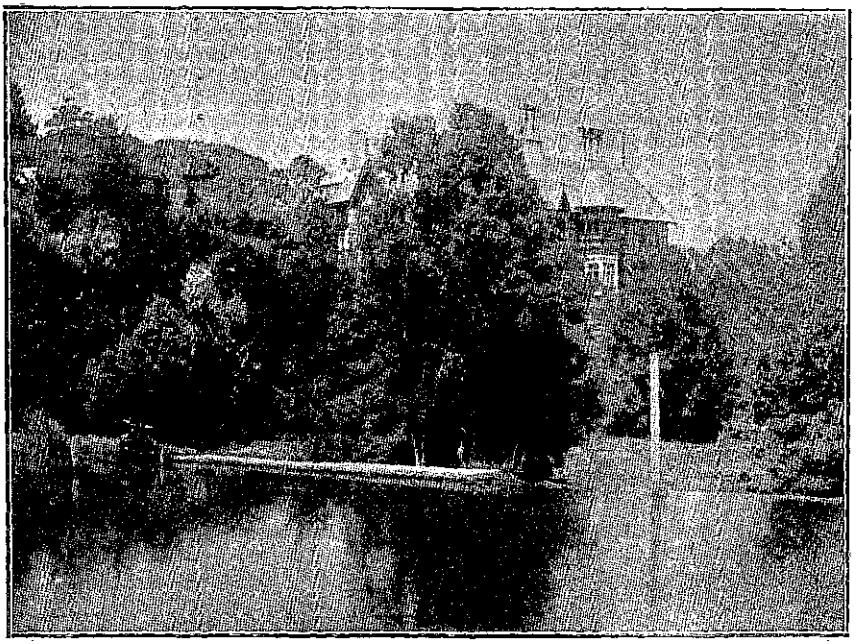


M. Dunne, photo. Midwinter, Woodhaugh Park.

over some piled-up fuschia timber, begin our walk up stream. In one minute we have come from the open roadway, covered with rough metal, to the heart of nature. The little stream is crammed, as full as can be, with rocks smooth, rough, mossy. Over all is the still silence of the bush, except for the music of the water. We scramble and slip over the rocks, always ascending. We arrive at a place where it is scarcely light. On either side the hills, rent apart by the water in some bygone age, stand perfectly perpendicular, grim and dark. The scene is weird. We continue upwards, and a few yards further, the brown walls burst into graceful fern growth, the narrow stream, all the while, tumbling and swirling into tiny cascades. Then the dark passage widens again, and the ferny banks are less precipitous, but still high, and at last we come sheer upon the fall, only some hundred odd feet in fall, but daintily beautiful. So much filmy lacework, falling from the height to the rocks below. Higher up, are two other cascades.

Not far from the Waterfall is Bishopsgrove, the property of the Bishop of Dunedin, who, in restoring to its native condition much bush that had been partially destroyed, by planting pungas in shady bowers, and otherwise preserving and assisting the growth of forest land, has not only made for himself a charming retreat, but has also added to the beauty of the city. While at the northern end of Dunedin an interesting detour may be made to the Reservoir. Turning in at the gate of an old mill, one makes way along a well-made road, paved with flat stones. It is built up at the side as a stone wall, which is continued down to the stream below, falling over rough rocks and pebbles. The reservoir is a long, oval-shaped pond, with cemented sides in good order and in the heart of grass fields and bush land. Following the path, up well-built steps, one can picnic in the bush at a distance of five minutes' walk from the tramway.

Again, taking the car to the Northern terminus, one can walk for a mile along a road which is an



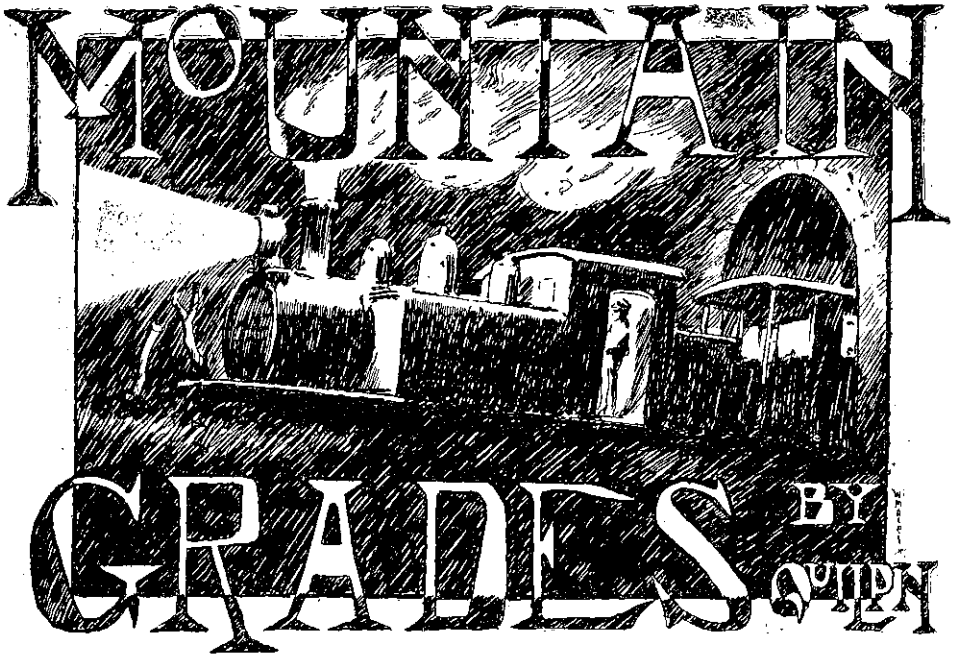
Bishop's Grove, Dunedin.

avenue of the glorious yellow broom, past a field which is one white mass of daisies, then straight into climbing bowers of native clematis and bush-lawyer, falling in scented bouquets of pale pink blossom. The stream is there, stepping stones and all, just in the very place for a picnic. This abundance of retired picnic spots so close to town is the great charm of Dunedin. They are within a few moments' walk of the main tram routes. Fraser's Creek, for instance, is a charming combination of bush and stream, at the end of a walk of a few minutes from the Kaikorai terminus.

For the sake of variety, one may drive along the Portobello Road, which leads past Anderson's and Broad Bays—a perfectly level road with cliff on one hand, harbour on the other. The drive is delightful. Numbers of cyclists are met, for the road is level to the end, where is Portobello, an exceedingly pretty seaside resort. For more ambitious picnicers, Waitate, Outram, Woodside, Brighton and others furnish a twenty miles drive, with delightful scenery at the end. But I do not wish, at present, to expatiate on these more distant holiday spots.

To beauty lovers, there are so many charms about the suburbs, and during October and November, the hillsides fairly glow with the glory of the broom. Great yellow patches of it rivet the attention everywhere, throwing perfume into the air, painting the landscape with splashes of colour. About the same time, white clematis blossoms profusely along the belt of bush. In the Roslyn district are large areas of undulating country where homes are springing up plentifully. Along quiet country roads, bordered by paddocks, one may walk in the bracing air high above the city. While walking one day along one of these lanes I was greeted with the scent of violets. Looking over a hedge I saw a great plantation of the sweet English flower. Planted out in the same manner as strawberries, they were in full bloom, and the picture of that hill slope, purple-painted and extravagantly throwing wild its delicious perfume, was one to have come miles for.

The citizens of Dunedin deserve the warmest congratulations for the care they have taken to preserve natural beauties. Their Beautifying Society is evidently a live one, to judge by the manner in which spaces have been reserved along the public streets, and kept as gardens glowing golden in spring with daffodils, or clad in summer with scarlet geraniums. Northern cities have had so much better chances with their broader sweeps of blue harbour, and their more genial skies, but as compared with Dunedin, they have neglected their opportunities. They have one garden to the half-dozen of the chilly South, they push back the forest growth further and further, they destroy Nature instead of assisting her. In the matter of taking care of their property, they have a useful lesson to learn from Dunedin.



THE big-wheeled rig whose head-light
Cuts light from darkness clean,
Blows long at every red light,
And drives when lights show green
The long, grey plain-lands meet her
With scornful nonchalance,
And nothing built can beat her
That ever has the chance.
Across the silent levels
By day and night she reels,
As though a horde of devils
Were howling at her heels.
Hers is the speed and glory—
The glitter and the praise—
Ours is a duller story
Who work the mountain ways.

Who work the lonely ranges
(Oh! hear the short curves squeal)
With groaning rods and flanges,
Where steel meets stubborn steel—
Who scarcely know what change is,
And yet have hearts to feel.

The sullen mountains wonder
What shakes their hoary walls,
And when the tunnels thunder
And strident whistle calls,
The hill-gales swoop to wreck us,
The echoes shout "Begone!"
But never wind can check us
Who tramp and blunder on.
With belching funnel thrashing
The blackened bricks and lime,
And golden head light flashing
Against the cliffs we climb;
Up, toiling up, untiring,
With shovel all a-clang,
For everlasting firing
To give her steam to hang.

We'll lift our load of cattle
And take it down again,
With couplings swung to rattle,
And buffers on the strain,
Then back she'll heave and battle,
And so from plain to plain.

The racer's bogie chatters,
And tells her driver lies,
The mountain engine scatters
Her soot-grits in his eyes;
And neither imp nor devil
Would ever dare deride
When she is holding revel
Along the mountain side,
With angry funnel running,
With scarlet flaming light,
And smoke shot skyward stunning
The very soul of Night.
But spite of reek above us,
We are not mountain gnomes,
We toil for hearts that love us—
As men should—for their homes.

With sweat streams on our faces,
And cinders in our eyes,
We check her when she races
(She curses engine-wise),
We drive at easy places,
And nurse her round a rise.

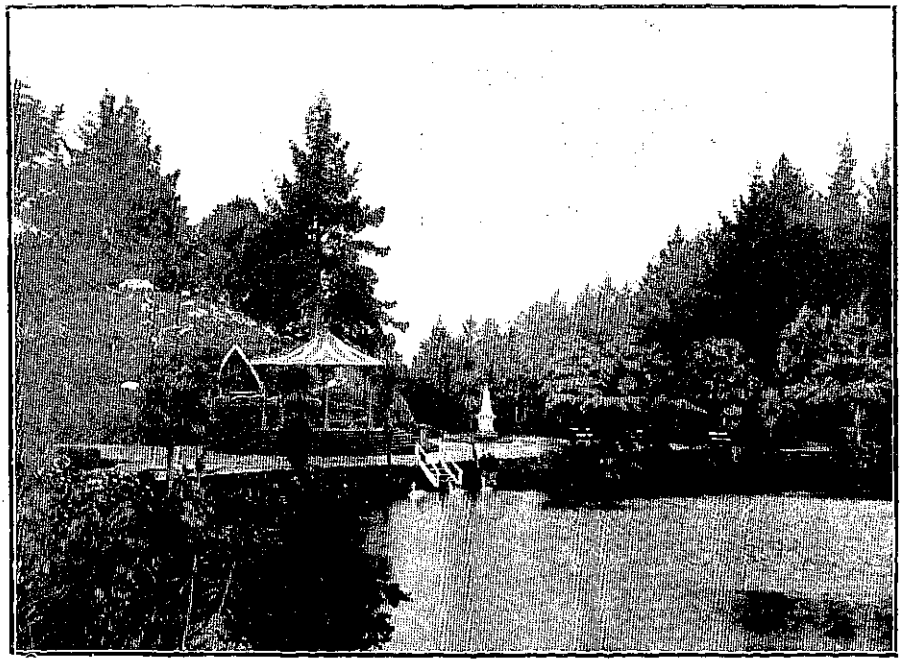
The cars behind us glisten
With life that laughs and throngs,
And often when we listen
We hear men singing songs
Of girls whose smiles are winning,
Whose lips are all a-glow . . .
Such songs may do for spinning
Along the plains below.
But when in inky fountains
The smoke roars high and fades,
And Night has seized the mountains
And hidden all the grades,
The songs of laughing maidens
Are vain; the clanking rods,
With rythmic, solemn cadence,
Make music for the gods.

The coast towns do not know us;
The white towns nestled in
The valleys far below us
Have never heard our din;
When grades conspire to show us,
How we must strive to win.

With cheery boastful "tootles"
The racer brings us loads,
And leaves them at the foot-hills—
We work the mountain roads.
For though the graceful flyer
Outstrips the mountain rig,
This "tank" can lift loads higher,
And keep them all a-jig.
Up where the white star-hosts line
The clear-cut mountain crest,
We join the plains and coast line,
We link the East and West;
And where there are no levels
Our funnel snorts and swears
To set hell's wildest devils
A-tremble in their lairs.

The big hills hear and wonder
What shakes their solid wall;
The little towns down under
That hear our whistle call,
Have never heard our thunder
Nor seen our black smoke-pall.

QUILP N.



C. E. Caley, photo. In the Recreation Grounds, New Plymouth.

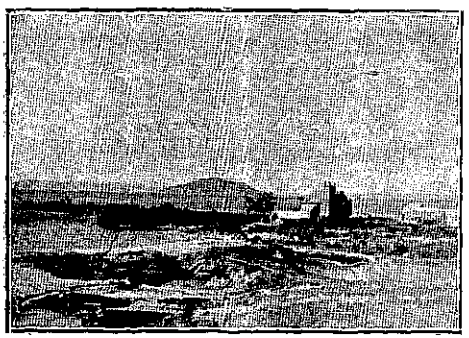
My Lady's Bower.

By Alma.

Lady readers are invited to discuss current topics in these pages, suggest subjects for discussion, and also to contribute photographic studies on any subject of interest. Contributions should be addressed: "Editor My Lady's Bower, New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," and should arrive early in the month. In all cases where stamps are enclosed for the purpose photos will be returned.

FREE SECONDARY EDUCATION.

IF anything concerns the women of New Zealand, the question now before the public of the colony certainly does. It is a question of paramount importance to the mother who has ambitions for her children, and who yet finds herself unable to realize those dreams. If, as he intends to try, Mr Seddon finds himself successful in carrying through his scheme for free secondary education, he will have earned the gratitude of every good mother in the colony.



Nettie Trewheellar, Photo.
Old Mission Church, Rotorua.

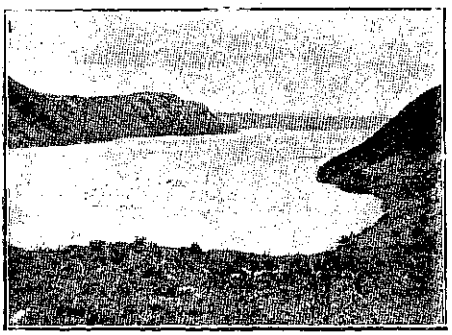
Nettie Trewheellar, Photo.
Carved Maori House at Whakerewarewa.

It is an inborn instinct that the parent shall deny herself in order that her children may have all possible advantages. Whether this is altruism or selfishness is not quite decided. Granting the former—it is yet a matter of more than doubt whether self-sacrifice on the part of the mother is altogether for the good of the children. But, in any case, that opportunities may be put in the way of her boys and girls, is a natural ambition of the mother.

Now, it very often happens that, while deeply impressed with the advantages of a thorough school education, the head of the family cannot easily see her way clear to carry out her desires. The other children have to be fed and clothed, and fees at a High School for the eldest become, in many cases, an impossibility. Or again, in the ordinary family, ages are so close that even if the fees for one child can be squeezed from the family income, another child has passed his standards at a primary school, and there is not enough to pay for his secondary education. He must either wait or seek employment. And it is rarely the case that, having once left school, a boy or girl will ever again seriously become fond of study.

It seems perfectly necessary that for studies to have good effect, they should be carried on without intermission. But the crux of the whole question is money.

There is another aspect to the matter which concerns girls and women more than it does men. Mr Seddon has touched upon it, in



Nettie Trewheellar, Photo.
Peep of Green Lake at Wairoa.

answering the objection urged by some secondary schools that they have no room for an influx of primary school pupils. "Out," he says, "should go the children of tender years whose parents look down on those who send their children to public schools." If there is one thing more detestable, and at the same time ridiculous, in such a community as that of New Zealand, it is the rank snobbery exhibited by girls who seem to acquire it while, and by virtue of, attending a school where fees are paid. I have known girls, who have won scholarships which will take them to the secondary school. They have been apparently nice-natured girls. But after a few months of secondary school they seem to lose their eyesight when quondam teachers and pupils of the primary school meet them in the street. The next step is contempt for their simple parents, their father's occupations become professions, or if this is impossible, are carefully hidden from the knowledge of other snobbish friends.

Now the Premier's ideas on the subject are most praiseworthy. He is essentially a democrat, and does not attempt to disguise the fact. What good are young children doing at a secondary school? Far better to teach them the elements soundly, as they can be taught in the common Board school. Secondary schools should be only for secondary work. Primary education is attended to in its proper place.

It is my honest opinion that if every child of the colony were taken through the Government primary schools, the average education would be on a higher footing. For what is learnt there is quite sufficient to implant, in likely soil, a desire for the so-called higher education. When standard classes are done with, let the bright boys and girls go, if they so wish, to the High School, and from there to the University.

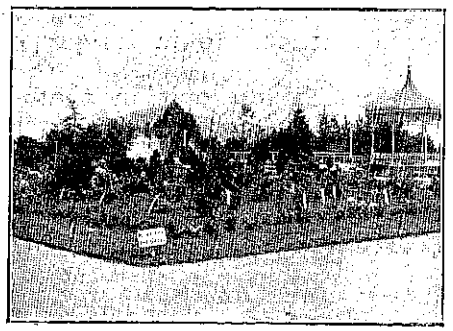
What happens now? George or Mary attends a secondary school for a year. After such a course of honour, parents cannot dream of letting him or her earn a living as a common carpenter or dressmaker. No. George must keep equal to his genteel acquaintances. If he cannot, through lack of means, be allowed to study for a profession, he

Nettie Trewhee'lar, Photo.
Pigeon Geyser at Whakarewarewa.

must sit on an office stool and become the well-dressed, ill-paid clerk. Mary's dreams never condescend to the level of common housework. She must, if she is forced to earn a living, unwillingly teach, or spoil her eyes and nerves

over a typewriter. Thus the weary struggle with Sham, commenced at the secondary school, follows the child into manhood or womanhood.

And the clever girl, whose mother goes out washing that her girl may get through her standards, is shut



Nettie Trewheellar, Photo.
View in Sanatorium Grounds at Rotorua.

off from all opportunity of gratifying a wish for education that would probably do her much real good. Even if her mind still sees the common sense of taking pleasure in work at home, the educated girl has lost nothing by her education. Her intelligence is all the better fitted to cope with the domestic work which her more ignorant forbears have made slavery of. It is the educated girl in whose hands lies the solution of the domestic service question.

Why then should not the child of the poorest parents have given the opportunity to cultivate her intelligence ? Why should the dull child of moneyed parents waste the time of teachers and live a life of weariness just because " it is the thing " to send girls to a secondary school ?

The Premier is right. Parents who now pay fees can, in most cases, afford to pay much higher ones. Let them, if they do not care for the association of their children with poorer ones, give help to the many " select " private schools which struggle on badly in the competition with the large colleges.

There is still a point to claim attention. This is the matter of diligence. There are so many anxious parents who will wish, if the scheme is carried, to avail themselves of the opportunity. A great many children have not the least desire for more knowledge. It should be made compulsory to have genuinely true reports so that those who honestly are not availing themselves of opportunities may be sent away to give place to really deserving scholars. If something of the kind is done, there will, undoubtedly, be heartburning for many a mother, but in the main issue, which is the weal of the nation, there will be no doubt as to the result.

" F.J.H." sends the following on " Superstition in Woman " :—

Considering all we hear as to the enlightenment of the age, and the progress of women, it is strange what hold silly, trivial superstitions still have over many women otherwise sensible. Many hold peacock's feathers in horror as unlucky, and would not for the world employ these for decorations. I am constantly finding out that this, that and the other is decreed " unlucky " by some female acquaintance whom I had hitherto looked

Nettie Trewheellar, Photo.
Falls on Waimate River at Orope.

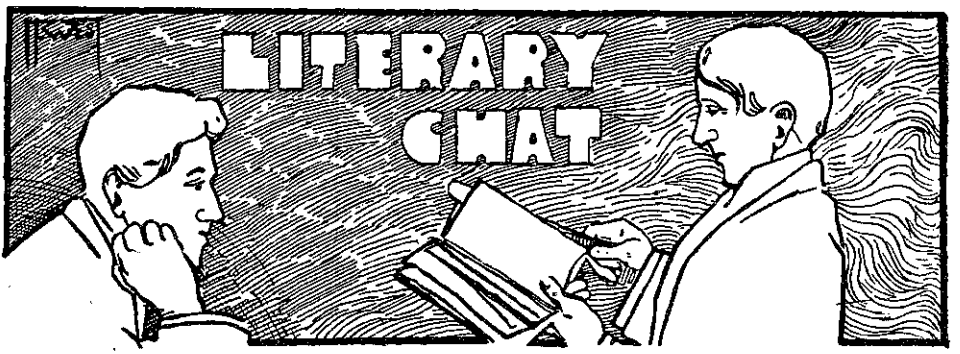
on as a rational being. One lady looks on it as terribly unlucky to prepare the short clothes of an infant before it requires them, and apparently took the death of the

baby of a friend as the direct result of its clothes having been prematurely made. Another will on no account employ black pins for any purpose. No doubt all of these would be made miserable by any thing in the light of a portent or warning. Such beliefs imply a total incapacity to reason from cause to effect. They must add much to the burdens of life, and to those not sharing them, they seem wholly inconsistent with a belief in a Providence ruling the world. But arguments are to no purpose. "How can you believe that a fan of peacock's feathers placed in the drawing-room caused your neighbour's child to sicken and die of typhoid fever?" you may ask. Your friend will not attempt to explain how; she only assures you that the fan did cause the calamity, or at all events had something to do with it; because the child became ill soon after the feathers were brought out, and she has known of other instances of peacock's feathers causing ill-luck.

No wonder that Dowies, Worthingtons, and a crowd of faith-healers, fortune-tellers and other imposters reap a rich harvest from the credulity of the masses!

The old ungallant idea was that reason belonged to man alone—woman was briefly defined by one masculine censor as "a creature that cannot reason and that pokes the fire from the top!" Do not women often try their best to justify this prejudice?

F. H. Combes, photo. Duck Shooting.



By "THE SAGE."

"The Hole in the Wall" is the title of a new book by Arthur Morrison, published by Methuen and Co., and forwarded for review by Messrs Wildman, Lyell and Arey. In several of his former works this author has proved to us how well he knows his London, and at a time when so many of the old landmarks are being swept away, it is a special pleasure to read a book the scene of which is laid amongst them. The greater part of the book is taken up with little Stephen's tale, and the two opening sentences give the reader a good idea what to expect. "My grandfather was a publican—and a sinner, as you will see. His public-house was the Hole in the Wall, on the river's edge at Wapping; and his sins—all of them that I know of—are recorded in these pages." Stephen was a small boy whose mother had died while his father was away at sea, and Grandfather Nat took him to reside with him. Much happens at the Hole in the Wall and in the neighbourhood, which Stephen finds hard to understand, but his childish impressions of what he sees and hears and his comments thereon are charmingly given. His grandfather does a good business in a very undemonstrative way by purchasing smuggled tobacco, or watches and other trifles from the crowd who live on Jack ashore, and think nothing of knocking him on the head, and chucking him in the river if he is likely to prove too troublesome a customer. A pair of scoundrels, partners in the shipping firm, "Viney and Marr," are described. Their vessels are "pawned up to the royals." Marr absconds with all the cash he can lay hands on, some eight hundred odd pounds, gets murdered, and flung into the river, another murder follows at the door of the Hole in the Wall. Little Stephen picks up a pocket-book with the eight hundred pounds in it which the second murderer has dropped. His grandfather declares it is his, and puts it by to start him in life. The news that Stephen's father has been drowned by the "piling up" of one of the heavily-mortgaged vessels, gives little Stephen a stronger claim to it, the old man considers. The rest of the book is taken up with a number of plots by Viney and other villains of a pronounced type, to secure this money for themselves. The book is admirably written, and goes to prove in a graphic manner that for poor Jack the dangers of the deep were at one time, at least, eclipsed by those he had to encounter ashore.

"Felix," by Robert Hichens, another addition to Methuen's Colo-

nial Library, also sent me by Messrs Wildman, Lyell and Arey, is entirely of a different nature. It is a detailed and most intricately-written character sketch of a highly-imaginative and sensitive young man whose father, a country squire, was dead. At the time the story opens, Felix was living at home with his mother and sister in a country village, and was heartily sick of it. He persuaded his mother to let him see life by visiting France instead of going to college. France delighted him, though he spent his time in a secluded spot chosen by his mother. In the forest he met old Louis, a tailor whose one great achievement in life had been making a pair of trousers, sown up at the feet, for the great Balzac to keep warm in while writing. He worshipped the illustrious author, and lent Felix all his books. Having read them, the young man goes home with the idea that he knows life through and through. Home life disgusts him more than ever. His sister, to his horror, is about to marry a quiet country parson, who gets terribly on his nerves every time he meets him, as do, more or less, his mother and sister, whom he pities for their deplorable ignorance of life. He takes chambers in London, and goes to a School of Journalism in order to study life at first hand. He gets introduced to Mrs Ismey, a publisher's wife, and her bosom friend, Lady Caroline Hurst, two characters such as one rarely meets, but need not regret one's loss overmuch. But Felix is at once fascinated with the former lady, and becomes her tame tomcat. She confides in him that Carrie is a confirmed morphinomane, and borrows money from him ostensibly to take her to Paris to get a specialist to cure her friend, but in reality to revel herself in the morphia dens. For although the reader easily understands that Mrs Ismey is the greater morphia fiend of the two, the innocent Felix does not, until he is told by her maid, when he suffers horribly, and conceives it to be his mission in the absence of her husband, to rush off with her to Paris with the idea of effecting her cure. He is not eventually over and above satisfied at the result of his experiences of life, and when he re-visits the old tailor, and is asked whether he is happy, has to recall the old saying, "Happy is the man who has a good mother," before he considers he can consciously answer in the affirmative. As a description of the morphia habit and its victims, the book is certainly well worth reading, but the reader may consider Felix's character scarcely worthy of such a long drawn out delineation.

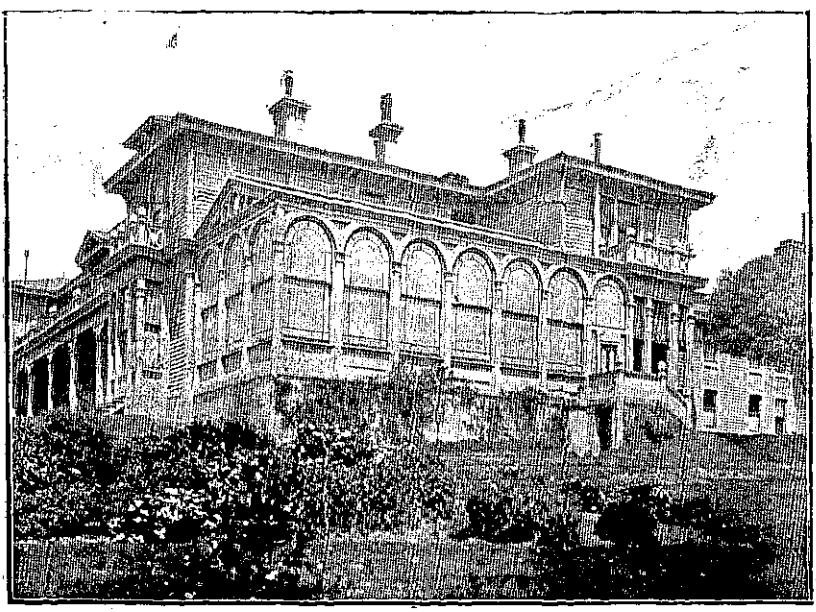
That universal favourite, Andrew Lang, is to the fore again. "The Disentanglers," publishd by Longman, has just been forwarded for review by Messrs Upton and Co. The story opens in a dusky little room in Ryder Street, in which we see two impecunious young gentlemen, Merton and his friend Logan, who commenced the conversation by the gloomy assertion: "It is a case of emigration or the workhouse." Merton does not favour emigration, and Logan continues, "Oh, hang it, where is there an opening, a demand, for the broken, the stoney broke. A man cannot live by casual paragraphs alone." Merton implores him to "Be inventive! Be modern! Be up-to-date! Think of a felt want, as the Convenanting divine calls it: a real public need, hitherto but dimly present, and quite a demand without a supply." The conversation continued until a great thought flushed Merton's brain, and he announced that he had hit on the Felt Want himself. It was in effect that they were to start business as "Disentanglers." Their advertisement explained the nature of the business. It was headed, "To Parents, Guardians, Children and others," and set forth the sorrows and anxieties which beset families in the matter of undesirable matrimonial engage-

ments and entanglements. The advertisers proposed by a new method to restore domestic peace and confidence. No private inquiries were, in any case, to be made into the past of the parties concerned. Highest references given and required, etc., etc. A wealthy friend finances the Disentanglers, and they start the firm under the respectable title of Gray and Graham. They have previously enlisted the services of a few impecunious young ladies and gentlemen of undeniable good breeding and attractions, but with affections previously engaged. This was to serve as a guarantee that the cure would not be worse than the disease, for these lively young parties were to be thrown, quite casually, of course, into the way of young couples whose parents objected to their union, and their superior powers of fascination were to effect the desired disentanglement. The firm prospered exceedingly, and the book describes humorously and graphically the different instances in which they were employed. Perhaps the best two stories in the book are the Adventure of the fair American, whose father had willed her to the man who, fulfilling certain conditions, should bring and add to the Museum, he had himself founded, the most original and unheard of natural variety whether found in the Old World or the New, and that of the Canadian Heiress. In these the principals of the Firm take prominent parts, and as Andrew Lang is nothing if not up to date, wireless telegraphy, motor cars and submarine boats are in great requisition in the recovery of the heiress. The book is one which should on no account be missed.

Is there yet room for a fairy story? Has not the world already store enough of dainty chronicles of the quaint little folk that for all of us who keep our memories green enjoy an existence essentially as real as the personages of history? One might think so, and yet the theme, being almost as old as the oldest of human passions, it is capable of a variety of treatment nearly as great. If there be space for a new love story these must be a vacant corner for a new tale of fairyland. To be welcome, however, it must conform to a high standard. It is not everybody that can draw the bow of the genius who, in antediluvian days, very probably, pictured for the children of all time, and all ages, the story of the Giant Killer, or that wielded by the Grimm Brothers, or even the slimmer weapon of Hans Andersen; nor is it everybody who, having the strength, can avoid the tendency of the strong to teach. Fairy stories must not teach, they must reach and win the heart in other ways. What does "Alice in Wonderland" "teach." Nothing at all; it simply refreshes, as the dew does, and that is the office of another story, not at all like "Alice" in other respects, that has just reached me from the author, Mr Harry A. James, of Liverpool, whose publishers, George Newnes and Co., have collaborated with him to some purpose. The title of the book is "The Doll Man's Gift," and the author, like Mr Dodgson, is a grave man verging towards middle age, whose serious business in life is the pursuit of science. If his leisure is given up wholly to the creation of such books as I have before me, he is to be envied by all men grown weary with the monotonous round of life. It reveals a world of fresh and gracious beauty, or rather another aspect of that world to which glimpses have been given to us by the errant fancies of our noblest poets, in language that is comprehended by those who still trail the "clouds of glory." It were a thankless task to outline the story, which is its only fit interpreter—though that is hardly right, since the thickly-interleaved pictures, from the pencil of Mr K. M. Skeaping are as much a part of the

book as Tenniel's are of Lewis Carroll's immortal production. I can only invite my readers to ask for it through their booksellers. It is exquisitely printed and bound, contains 200 pages, and the published price is only one and sixpence.

The Premier of New Zealand, recognizing the good that may be done by the encouragement of literature in New Zealand, has offered a Special Prize of Three Guineas through the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association for the best original story. He has aptly chosen for the subject one which gives the author an admirable chance to display his descriptive abilities in dealing with adventurous pioneering days, viz., that of goldmining from the time of the earliest discoveries in Otago, the West Coast and the Thames. The only other conditions of the competition are that the story shall not exceed 3000 words in length, and that it be forwarded to the Registrar of the Association, P.O., Box 540, Auckland, not later than June 1st. As is usual in such competitions, the story must be signed by a nom de plume, and the name of sender and his or her nom de plume enclosed in an envelope. Judges will be appointed by the Council of the Association. It is to be hoped that others will follow Mr Seddon's example of offering prizes, as the Association is well worthy of support in this direction. Full particulars can be obtained from the Registrar of the Association.



C. E. Caley, Another View of Government House, Wellington. Photo.

The Stage.

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

MR CUYLER HASTINGS, the young American actor, and the company supporting him have been making a triumphal progress through the colony. They have brought something wholly new with them, and their mode of representation also is not without originality. What specially differentiates the plays produced under the direction of entrepreneurs like Mr J. C. Williamson from those of the ordinary type is their completeness. Not only are the leading roles filled by artists, but the parts of the footman, the errand boy, the paltriest accomplice of the villain, the maid-servant and the nondescript personages who merely walk on and off, are taken by actors and actresses who can, and on occasion do, perform work of much higher importance. Further, the scenery and mechanical effects actually fulfil the requirements of the playwright, by completing the illusion and inducing a momentary belief in the reality of the life behind the footlights. The involuntary indications of fear, apprehension and relief, the deep inspiration, the faint shudder, and the sighs of varying degrees of duration, form the best tribute of audiences not easily moved, not quite uncynical, and certainly not uncritical. "Sherlock Holmes" would be interesting as an ordinary melodrama acted by a scratch company, but it would not draw the quality of audience that Mr Gillette and Mr Hastings can command. In the story of the sad scamp, Francois Villon, whose life and adventures are idealised by Mr Justin Huntly McCarthy, the Company are seen in a fitter setting, one according more with their degree of excellence; yet Villon does not excel Holmes in point of interest, the interest that absorbs. The words are better, the ideas are grander, the ideals are nobler, the atmosphere is not so essentially sordid in the one play as in the other, while the love story is infinitely more natural, more captivating. But Holmes is of our day, and that fact ensnares our sympathy. "Secret Service" is a striking incident in the great Civil War in America. Love and war, these are the themes that discover the greatest charm for us, and Mr

Miss Mabel Lane.

Mr. Cuyler Hastings.

Hastings and his Company know how to make the story live before our eyes. Mr Hastings is supported by a company that responds to every call upon them. It is impossible to appreciate them at their real value without seeing them in every play. No one who had observed Miss Chevalier in "Sherlock Holmes" only could form any adequate conception of the delicate power she wields as Katherine in "If I Were King." And so with the others. Mr Atholwood, as the crafty Louis XI., seems to have stepped out of the pages of "Quentin Durward," closely followed by the barber-courtier Olivier de Dain.

In this number are reproduced the

Talma Studios, Sydney. Miss May Chevalier.

portraits of the leading members of the Company, and some outlines of their biography will be appropriate. Mr Hastings is a native of Toronto (Canada), where he was called to the bar in 1890, but he has never practised. Adopting the stage as a profession he has played all sorts of parts under the leading managers of America, and was specially selected by Mr Gillette for the roles in which Aucklanders have been privileged to see him.

Miss May Chevalier, the leading lady, came out to Australia under engagement to Mr J. C. Williamson for the "Ben Hur" production. When seen by Mr Williamson in England, she was playing the part of Mrs Dane in "Mrs Dane's Defence," having been specially chosen for the part by the author,

Edwards Studio. Mr. J. B. Atholwood.

Mr H. A. Jones. Miss Chevalier has had a varied experience, ranging from Shakespeare to broad farce. She has played under the management of the Messrs Gatti, of the Adelphi, Mr Charles Frohman, Mr George Edwardes, Mr Charles Wyndham and at Drury Lane.

Miss Mabel Lane, another member of the "Ben Hur" cast, is a young Victorian who studied and began her professional career in England in Miss Sarah Thorne's Company, with whom she played a round of old English comedy, and the leading parts in dramas such as "Called Back," "Alone in London" and "The Woman of the People." Joining Mr Penley, she played leading parts in "Charley's Aunt" and other comedies of that school, and afterwards toured South Africa with Mr George Edwardes in "Under the Red Robe," "Settled Out of Court," etc. Returning to England, she created the leading part in "The Blind Witness." Since then Miss

Miss Minnie Terry.

Lane has played Queen Elizabeth with Mr Fred Wyndham's Company in "Kenilworth," and in many other parts before returning to Australia last year. Miss Lane is singularly gifted, and is still in the springtide of her career.

Miss Minnie Terry, whose sympathetic acting has so won the hearts of New Zealand playgoers, belongs to the gifted family which has Ellen Terry for its chief glory. Miss Minnie Terry is a niece of the great actress, and the stage has been her home since she could walk. She has played with Mr Irving and her aunt in "Olivia" and "Charles I.," with Mr Charles Wyndham in "The Silent Battle," and with Mr and Mrs Kendal in "A White Lie" and "The Pharisee." She created the principal part in "Bootles' Baby," and after a period of study in France she returned to play in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," "Sweet Lavender," and Shakesperian and other old English comedy. Her "Sweet Anne Page" is a most delightful memory. Before leaving England

Edwards Studio. Mr. Hamilton-Stewart.

for Australia she played with Mrs Langtry in "The Regenerates."

Mr J. B. Atholwood is an Australian actor, a pupil of the veteran William Hosking, and trained in the good school of William Holloway. He is of the band of youngsters who played in the 'eighties with Essie Jenyns. Richard Stewart (now Mr Williamson's business manager) was another, and they have all done well. Mr Atholwood is one of the best character actors the colonial stage has ever seen, and for the last five years he has filled that post with Mr Williamson. He was in New Zealand with the "Sign of the Cross," with Nance O'Neill, Wilson Barrett, and was also a member of Mr George Darrell's "Sunny South" Company. He has numberless triumphs before him.

Mr Hamilton-Stewart, also a member of the "Ben Hur" Company, is a young actor of great promise, who has evinced a decided talent for "villainy," in which he

Edwards Studio. Mr. Lumsden-Hare.

has shone in almost every successful drama during the past dozen years. Perhaps his greatest success was in the Drury Lane production, "The Price of Peace." Before coming to Australia he played at the Haymarket, under the management of Messrs Harrison and Maude, the part of Lieut.-Col. Anstruther, in Captain Marshall's play, "The Second in Command." He has also acted under the aegis of Mr Chas. Frohman, the Messrs Gatti, Mr Edwardes and the late Sir Augustus Harris.

Mr Lumsden-Hare is a handsome young Irishman, from Dublin, now in his twenty-seventh year, with a bright career ahead. His family wanted to make a doctor of him, but his first love was the sea. Then at 'Frisco he became enamoured of the stage, and played at the Alcazar Theatre in small parts. Returning home, he went with his brother (now a doctor) to St.

Thomas' Hospital, where he acquired the knowledge that fits him so well for "Dr. Watson's" part. Since his return to the stage he has played a variety of parts. That of the Colour-Sergeant, in "One of the Best," was created by him. For eighteen months he was leading man at the Pavilion, where he was engaged for Australia.

peared in a round of comedy parts at the leading London theatres, his last before leaving England being in Charles Hawtrey's "The Man from Blankley's."

Mr Frank Hollins was with Mr Forbes Robertson's Shakesperian Company when he was engaged by Mr Williamson for "Drusus," the light comedy part in "Ben Hur,"

Vandyck Studios, Melbourne.

Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

Kyd Sawyer, photo.

Mr. Frank Hollins.

Mr Edmund Gwenn is an actor to whom nothing comes amiss. He has played pantaloon, and he has taken Cassius in "Julius Caesar." After trying experiences in the English provinces, where the "ghost" walked with much uncertainty, Mr Gwenn got his chance with Mr Weedon Grossmith, and played for a year in "The New Boy." Next, under Edmund Tearle, he played no less than forty Shakesperian characters. Since then he has ap-

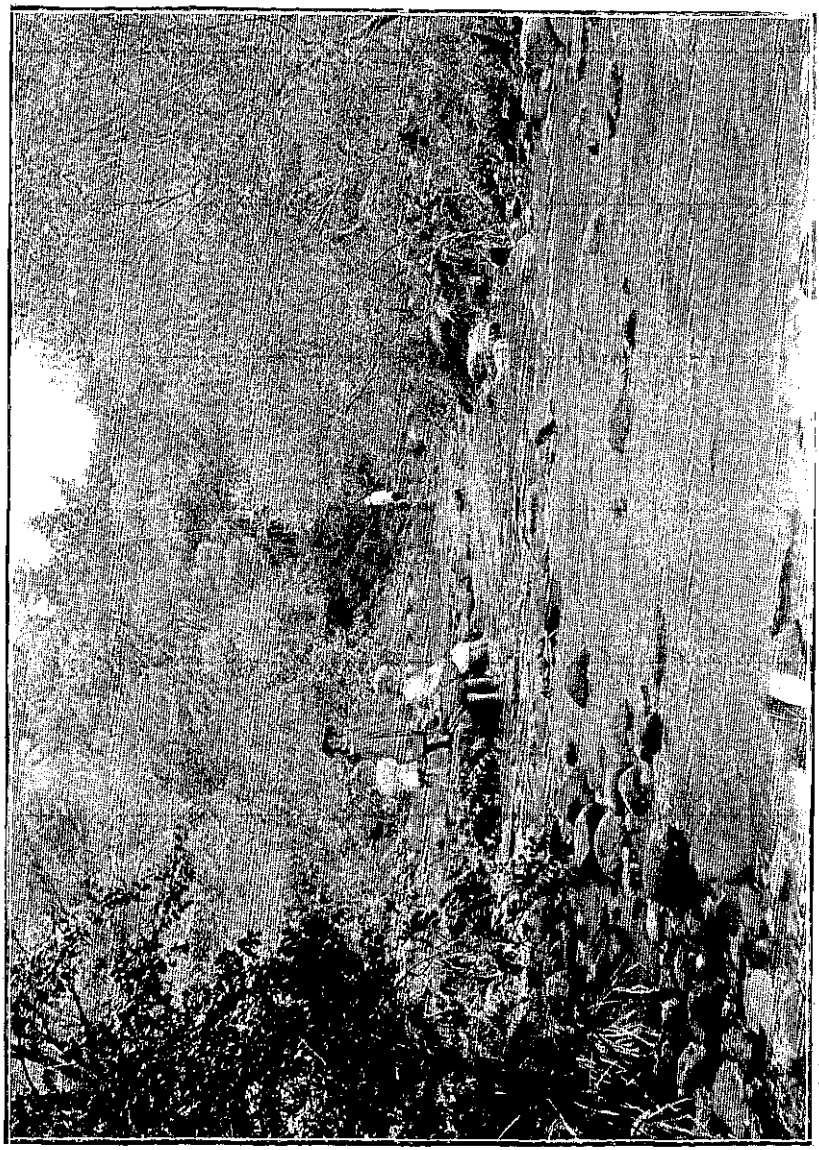
and he has proved the wisdom of the choice by his spirited impersonation of Noel de Jolys in "If I Were King." Mr Hollins has played in most of the successful modern comedies, including "Our Boys," in which, under Mr Thomas Thorne, he appeared as Charlie Middlewick.

It may be of interest to the ladies to know that in private life Miss Chevalier is Mrs Hamilton Stewart, and Miss Minnie Terry is Mrs Edmund Gwenn.

Madame Melba.

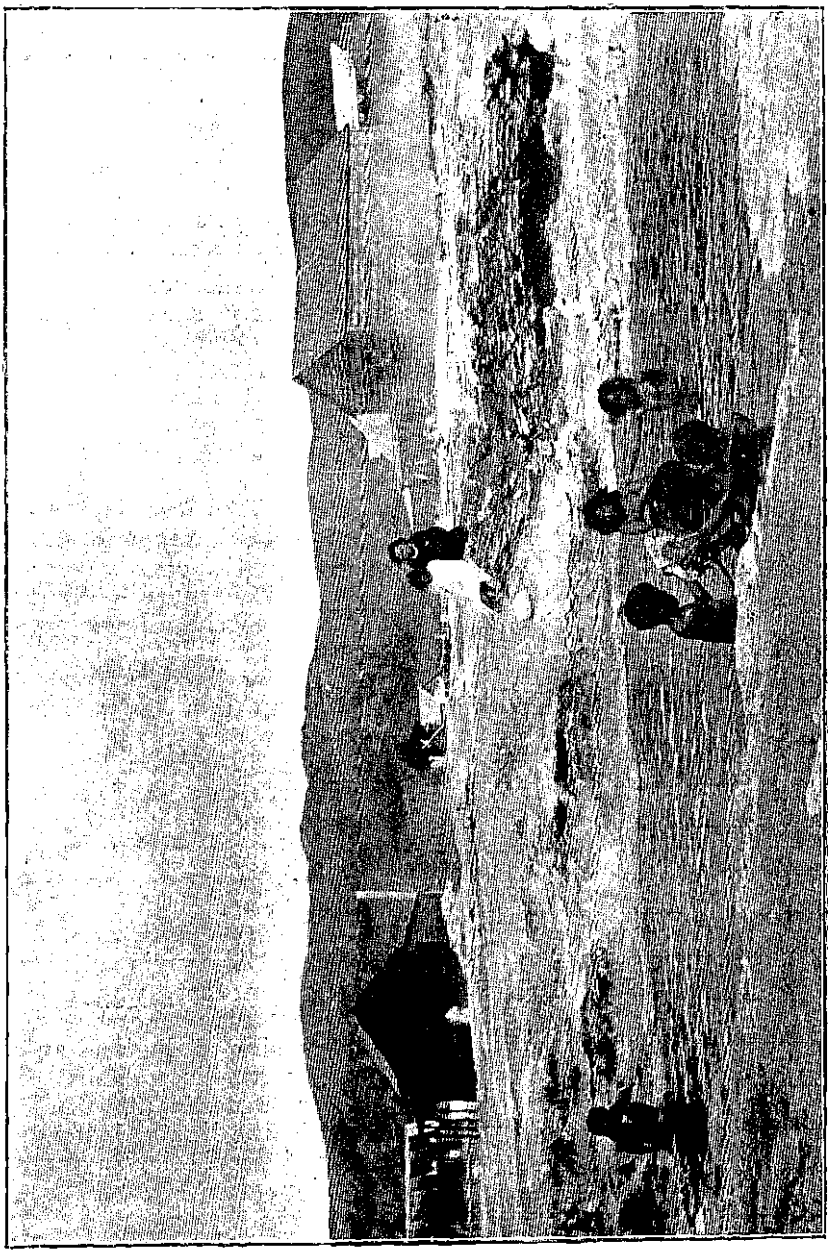
Probably there are no faces more familiar to the English people than that of the great Queen of Song, who has just completed a hurried tour of the Colony in pursuance of a promise made some time ago. Her genius has made her kin to the whole race, and pictures of her are prized alike in the mansion and the cottage. Nevertheless, it has been considered fitting that the number of this magazine issued at a time made memorable by the diva's visit should embrace some souvenir of the occasion. Our portrait is one of the latest. The season, short as it was, and confined to the principal centres of population, was unequalled in brilliancy, and such that no memories of the past can challenge. Melba simply demonstrated to stay-at-home New Zealanders, what the human voice can do under the fairest conditions granted by nature, genius, and consummate culture.

R. D. Sutherland, photo. A Sylvan Solitude, Woodhaugh.

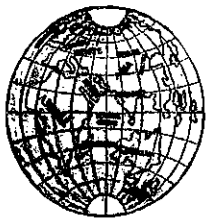


A modest dip in a cool creek.

E. Bradbury, photo



E. Bradbury, photo. Posing for "The Altogether" in a hot bath, Whakarewarewa.



ROUND THE WORLD.

IMPERIAL MATTERS.

The Imperial Parliament has again been opened, and the Speech from the Throne duly delivered. Since so much has been done for the consolidation of the Empire, it is natural that an additional interest should be taken by colonials in the sittings of this august body. There can be but little doubt that the men composing it are not likely to let new measures pass without adequate and full consideration, wherein they differ essentially from our colonial statesmen. Everything must be done with due deliberation and exemplary caution, no matter at what expenditure of time and trouble. Innovations cannot be rashly hurried in, or obnoxious bills passed, because it is less trouble to let them go through and get away than remain and fight them out. It is in this extreme caution and conservatism that the Britisher shines, but it is through it also that he does not often get the credit of instituting any very practical reforms, either in matters political, commercial or social. The stress of life and the adventurous spirit predominant in new countries leads one to be always on the lookout for something to make matters go more smoothly and easily, and there is a decided tendency to relax in some measure the caution which might prevent the adoption of some of the reforms which appear so feasible without overmuch of it.

The measures specified in the press cables as before the Imperial Parliament do not, at first glance, impress one as being very difficult questions to dispose of, nor is there, comparatively speaking, much of colonial significance about them. But we can feel convinced on one point, that the interests of the colonies will no longer be ignored and neglected by the legislators of our Mother Country as they have undoubtedly often been in the past.

The Venezuelan trouble appears to have been satisfactorily settled, and the Commission employed to consider the Alaskan boundary question should shortly enable that to be definitely fixed. Mr Chamberlain's reputation as a statesman promises to render the restoration of peace and order in South Africa a comparatively easy matter, so that it cannot be said that the Imperial outlook is by any means unpromising.

The movement in favour of creating a North Sea Squadron to counteract Germany's activity in increasing her fleet, was originated by a recent discovery that in case of an invasion of England an attack could be most successfully directed in those waters, and a landing effected in the North, instead of as Mr Stead prophetically announced, in London.

RIGHT REV. C. J. ABRAHAM, D.D.

Many old residents in New Zealand will remember Bishop Abraham, of whose death at the advanced age of 88 we heard by cable

last month. His first connection with New Zealand was when Bishop Selwyn sent for him to assist in taking charge of S. John's College, Tamaki. When in 1853 the main operations of the College were suspended for a time, he carried on an English Boy's School, a proceeding for which his distinguished scholastic career and twelve years' experience as assistant master at Eton College admirably fitted him. In 1853 he was appointed Archdeacon

Right Rev. C. J. Abraham, D.D.

of Waitemata, and also Bishop Selwyn's chaplain. It was with his able assistance that Bishop Selwyn first formed a Church Constitution for New Zealand. In 1858 he was consecrated Bishop of Wellington, and did excellent work in that diocese for some twelve years. On returning to England, he was connected with the Lichfield Cathedral as prebendary of Bobenhall, coadjutor bishop to Bishop Selwyn, and residentiary cannon and precentor, for different terms, holding the latter office to 1890. During his residence in New Zealand he took great interest in the Maori race, and championed their cause on several notable occasions. He was one of those unostentatious workers to whom the Church owes much.

THE NEW PRIMATE OF ENGLAND.

It would surprise no one that the Right Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, was selected for the new Primate of England in place of the late Archdeacon Temple. The nature of his career, his undoubted abilities and the great influence he could command, were bound to lead up to such a preferment. He had only been ordained three years when he was appointed chaplain and secretary to Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury. A year later he married one of the Archbishop's daughters. He continued to hold his post of chaplain and secretary to Tait's successor after that prelate's death. The late Queen showed him the high esteem in which she held him by appointing him to the Deanery of Windsor. He held the Bishopric of Rochester before that of Winchester. It is pleasing to note that the new Archbishop has none of the old narrow views which have done so much to retard the greater usefulness of the Church—that intolerant uncharitableness towards other sects which has not unnaturally caused so many of its enemies to blaspheme. He is essentially broad-minded in his religious views, has a charm of manner which is not too common amongst those in high positions, and never spares himself when work is to be done. The cause of temperance owes much to his untiring energy. King Edward showed his appreciation of this distinguished and genial ecclesiastic last year by conferring upon him the honour of Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

IN THE OLD WEST COUNTRY.

We would call especial attention to an article which will appear in our next number, entitled, "In the Old West Country," by E. F. H. It gives a graphic account of "that ancient Duchy of Cornwall from which our recent Royal Visitors, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, took their premier title," which will gladden the heart of every West Country man amongst us. The fact that many scions of the old families mentioned in the article either reside amongst us or have done so, adds materially to the interest. The article was written expressly for this Magazine, and the photographs with which it will be profusely illustrated were obligingly sent the writer by friends on the spot.

N.Z. Literary and Historical Association.

STORY COMPETITION.

We would call the attention of our readers to an announcement in Literary Chat that the Premier offers a Prize of Three Guineas, through the N.Z. Literary and Historical Association, for the best story of Goldmining in New Zealand.

CARELESS CONTRIBUTORS.

We occasionally receive photos without either title or name of sender on them. Both should invariably be pencilled lightly on the back of the photo. We recently received four photos, two of Day's Bay, one of Picton, and one of Queen Charlotte Sound, on which the sender has given the titles but omitted to write his or her name. We should be glad to hear from whom they came.

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

THE EDITOR AND HIS CONTRIBUTORS—Continued.
IN THE OLD WEST COUNTRY.—By E. F. H.
THE MASON BEE.—By H. L. Machell.
CARLYLE AND DEMOCRACY.—By W. G. McDonald.
THE NATIVE SCHOOLS OF AUCKLAND.—By Edith Searle Grossmann, M.A.
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES IN NEW ZEALAND.—By Rev. C. A. Tisdall, M.A.
THE PAPER NAUTILUS.—By E. Hodgkinson, M.A.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS.—By Rollingstone.
IN THE SCRUBLAND.—By Racey Schlank.
THE LOVE OF PETI—By Johannes C. Andersen.
THE FLOOD OF '63.—By. F. L. Combs.
THE TAMING OF TIMOTHY.—E. S. Worgan.