

She let the head fall on the rustling fern, and glided to his side, sliding her arm round him as he sat, and looking up sideways from his breast, she repeated, more softly,

"Again we are two, O Tama."

The flickering fire made demoniac glows in her eyes; and he shuddered as he gloomily assented.

"At even, Peti, I saw tutu berries; and now, convulsions."

"As for the berries, Tama, surely they were hinau," she answered,

smiling; "for I myself gave her of them."

He looked at the dead girl, quiet and stricken; then he looked at Peti, quiet and potential; and he sighed.

"How I love thee, soul of my life," said she.

"Nor hate her, . . . now?" said he.

*Tutu* berries, unless prepared in a certain way, are poisonous. *Hinau* berries, which resemble them except in size, are used as food.



## The Proposal.

UNDER the willow trees  
Where the leaves quiver,  
And where the quiet breeze  
Sighs to the river,  
By a green nook, whereat  
Flows the stream clearest,  
In the still evening sat  
I and my dearest.

Liplets of living red,  
Eyes of all glamour,  
Smiles whereon love is fed,  
Frowns—that enamour.  
All these are hers, nor ere  
Warbled the starling  
With such sweet note as there  
Trills from my darling.

There, where the loving stream  
Stirred the long cresses,  
Gold in the moonlight beam  
Rippled her tresses.  
And, as I whispered brief,  
Bright her eyes glistened,  
While ev'ry yellow leaf  
Bending low, listened.

Then all her snowy brow  
Burned; and all through me  
Thrilled her soft answer, now  
Clasping her to me,  
And the dear lips she lent  
Felt my soul quiver,  
Till we arose, and went  
Then, from the river.

And, as to-day I lay  
Under the trees there,  
I wondered why so gay  
Rustled the breeze there;  
And, as the long leaves stirred  
Over my pillow,  
How much they, too, had heard  
Under the willow.

W. F. ALEXANDER.