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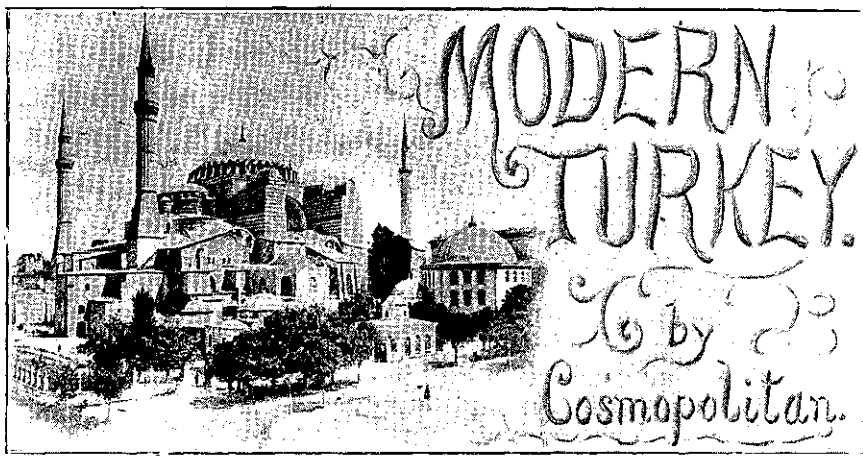
Harata Rewiri Tarapata, widow of the late Chief Paul of Orakei.

From the painting by C. F. Goldie.



MODERN Turkey, as represented by its capital, is the most cosmopolitan of all cosmopolitan cities, and indeed, a stranger arriving there, and not being aware of his precise locality, might well question in what country he had inadvertently landed, the language, dress and general appearance furnishing no clue as to his whereabouts; the dress of the men being mostly European, crowned by the fez, but this is worn in other countries, too, and veiled women are seen in more than one, so the hopelessly befogged traveller would give up the conundrum in despair. But there is no chance of such a thing happening, for great are the formalities to be gone through, before a foreigner can put his foot on Turkish soil, a mighty passport, signed by the Turkish Consul in London, being indispensable to anyone desiring to visit the Turkish Empire. Having obtained that, he must take care not to wound Turkish susceptibilities by carrying books mentioning the Sultan; manuscripts are looked upon with an eye of suspicion, and all written or printed matter is subjected to a rigorous investigation; anything considered objectionable is promptly confiscated; in my case, my unfortunate belongings remained three days at the Custom House, and finally arrived in a very untidy condition, but I was too thankful to see them again to grumble at anything.

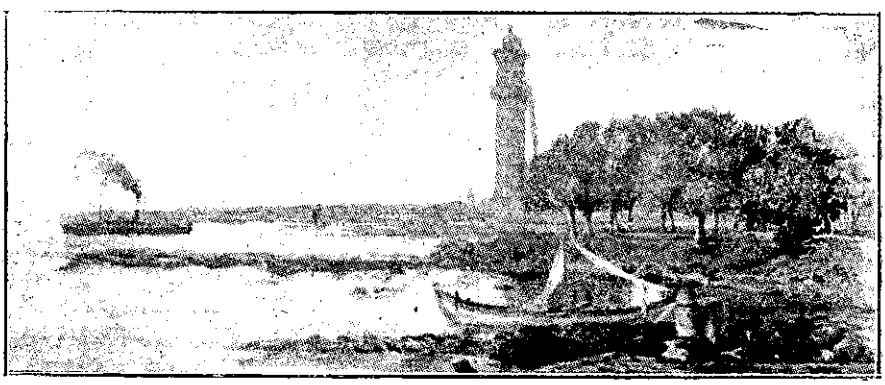
Viewed from the sea as one approaches, the first thing that strikes one is the unparalleled beauty of the city, the natural magnificence of its site, the countless domes and minarets, the masses of building rising tier upon tier to the summit of the heights, a glimpse of the blue ribbon of the Bosphorus, bordered by marble palaces and high-walled gardens, the "Seraglio" or old palace of the Sultans, its gardens stretching down to a point where it dips into the water. After rounding this point one sees the Golden Horn, and loses sight of the Asiatic Coast with its villages of Scutari, Haidar Pasha, Cadekeni (the ancient Chalcedon), the whole forming a panorama of loveliness, which it would be hard indeed to eclipse.

But on landing it is not the beauty of the city that strikes one, but the dogs, the dirt, and the general air of dilapidation. What a disillusionizing as one descends from a frame of mind eminently peaceful and poetically admiring to

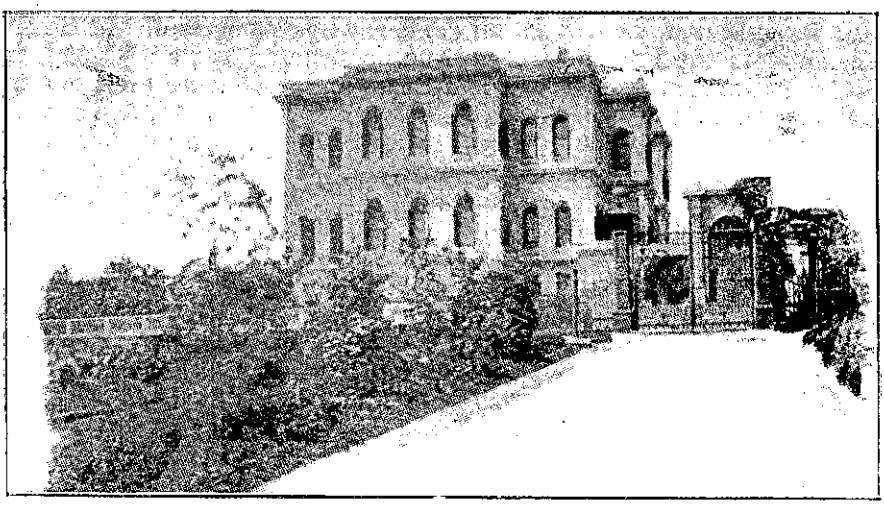
one of extreme disgust at the apparent neglect. Oh, those pariah dogs! Such numbers swarm around, all sorts and conditions, large and small, toothless patriarchs, and playful puppies, dogs with all their limbs intact, and others, mere wrecks of the canine species, three-legged, one-eyed, tailless, minus an ear, the result of carriage accidents, for they lie peacefully sleeping, in the very middle of the street, and are often too late in moving, the only wonder to me is that there is a dog left. The fate that watches over unmitigated nuisances evidently protects them, and they increase, and multiply, and replenish the streets, which could do very much better without them. Formerly, they were absolutely necessary, as scavengers, for all refuse was thrown into the street, now, since the institution of rubbish carts, they can scarcely pick up a living. Enough of them, though they are, indeed, one of the "sights" of the place in more senses than one.

Horse trams and carriages form the usual means of transit, the latter very cheap, but, owing to the rough state of the roads, by no means enjoyable. The trams are really more comfortable, but I always felt too sorry for the poor horses to patronise them. There is also an underground electric railway between Galata and Pera, which is a great convenience. Boats run frequently between the villages up the Bosphorus, the Asiatic coast, and the "Islands," as the picturesque group situated about two hours journey from town, is usually termed. They are nine in number, four only inhabited. Much of outdoor life can be seen on these boats, and studied at leisure, but it is not with the view of introducing "all sorts and conditions of men," that I am writing this, but rather to describe the lawful owners of the soil.

The commerce of the place certainly lies in the hands of foreigners, and the Turks are well content that it should do so, for they are proud, and consider mere business beneath their dignity, but the army is quite another thing, consequently, all of the better class hold some military rank, but the occupation of the lower is an unsolved mystery; they cannot all be soldiers. As a nation they are proud, dignified, grave, and kind-hearted. Start not in astonishment, a Turk is a very lamb for gentleness, when he is not engaged in fighting. As some one pithily puts it, "He is very mild, excepting when he is cutting off heads," and really as far as my personal experience goes, I am inclined to share that opinion; but I must admit that I have never seen him when engaged in the latter occupation. He is passionately fond of his children, and devoted to them. As a husband his character



Sea of Mamora, Asiatic side, view of Constantinople in the distance.



The Sultan's Palace.

is not quite so good, but he is, contrary to the general idea, the husband of one wife only ; although the Koran allows him four, the Turk of to-day seldom takes advantage of the permission, probably he finds life easier with only one. I certainly heard of one cunning man who had two establishments, with a help-meet in each, and neither was aware of the other's existence. How he accounted for his frequent absences, I do not know, possibly he pleaded "military duty." But he is lazy, and again lazy, and yet again lazy. The busy march of civilization that entails restlessness and energy, does not interest him. He prefers to sit quietly in his cafe smoking the interminable cigarette, and drinking endless cups of coffee, undisturbed by the turmoil of Western life ; and so he will continue to smoke, and sit and sip, until his life as a nation is finished, and his government is swept away to make room for his successor who is already shouldering him out, slowly but surely. That point, however, has not yet been reached, and he is still a nation governed by a body conducting its work by means of espionage, for the land is simply a nest of spies with other spies to spy on them. Every public meeting is an object of suspicion, and theatres and concerts must obtain a permit from the government before each representation, or woe betide the unlucky manager. I was present at a concert given at a pretty little Greek theatre, when, during the first item on the programme, a posse of police marched up the hall and mounted the platform. The performers sat as if turned to stone, the bow of the violin remained glued to the strings, and the pianist's hands were poised in mid-air in the very middle of an elaborate flourish, while a short dialogue ended in a general seeking of wraps and departure, minus our evening's entertainment. All this, forsooth, because the manager had forgotten to obtain the usual permit, accompanied, I suppose, by the usual "backsheesh."

A Turkish theatre is generally a wooden erection of the covered shed style of architecture externally, and a pleasing compound of circus and stable within. Mud floor, plain deal arrangements (not unlike horse-boxes) represent the "boxes," while the "stalls" are rush-bottomed chairs, and the "gallery" is reserved for the ladies, and screened by lattice-work. As for the acting, well, it would make one weep, only it is such an absurd caricature of the histrionic

art, that one feels inclined to laugh instead. A play, I saw, was an adaptation from the French, translated into Turkish, usual subject of adopted child, and death of mother in the first scene. And how she did die to be sure, just like a flounder! but during this process there was scarcely a dry eye in the place—men in military dress weeping freely, with the tears falling unheeded on their gaily-decorated breasts. Of course I could not understand much of the dialogue, but I don't think it would have made much difference if I had. The actors were Greek; imagine a Greek company playing a French tragedy, translated into Turkish, but it is on a par with everything else. The Turks never do anything for themselves, if they can possibly get some other nation to do it for them, and there are always plenty to take the trouble—and the money.

According to his lights, the Turk is a religious man, keeping his yearly fast during the sacred month of Ramazan, with pious exactitude. And what an ordeal it must be! for none must touch food from sunrise to sunset, when guns are fired to announce the beginning and end of each day's fast. It is a sight to behold the "arrahbadges" or public carriage drivers, standing in their ranks, with a piece of bread in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other, and a cigarette planted behind an ear, waiting anxiously for the welcome signal, no sooner heard than each hand moves to each mouth as one, with most wonderful unanimity. This fast tells hardly amongst the workers, the rich simply spend as much time as possible in sleep, and they have a wonderful gift of somnolence.

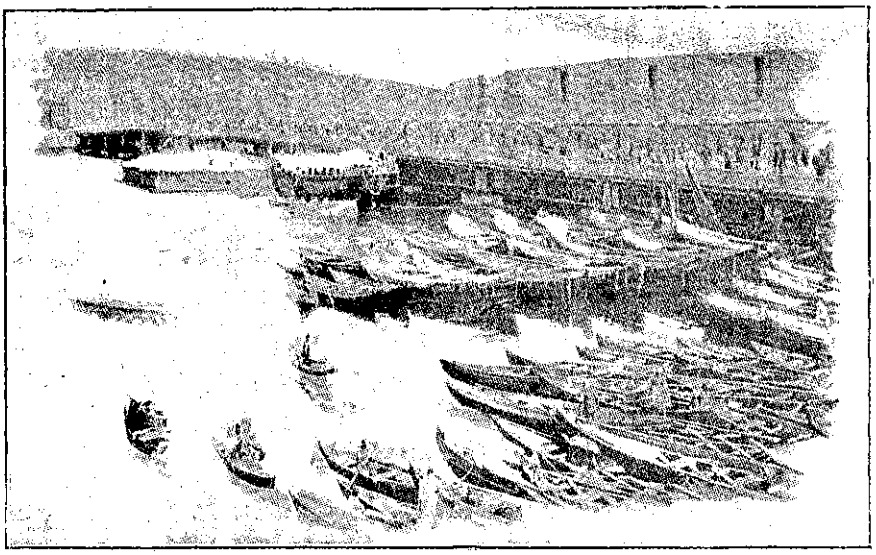
In the middle of the month is a feast called Bairam, when everyone enjoys himself as much as possible, and the Sultan for the only time during the year, leaves the shelter of his palace walls, and proceeds to Stamboul in state, to kiss the Prophet's coat, which is guarded carefully in a mosque, and taken out annually for the purpose. Yildiz, his charming palace on the Bosphorus, is situated some distance from Stamboul, and there are three ways between, two by land, and the other by water, but the way which will be taken remains a mystery until he actually appears, which is rather a disappointment to those spectators who are waiting for him on the ways he does not take. I happened, on one occasion, to be one of these, having been deluded into a long wait by the presence of the sand, which is spread over the road to the depth of several inches so that His Imperial Majesty's limbs may not be too rudely shaken over the terribly uneven stones, miscalled "pavements" in Constantinople. But, on this occasion he returned by water, as I afterwards learned, this sanding is always done in case he should drive that way. On this day every year, he has a new wife, as a reward, I suppose, for his unparalleled bravery in passing through crowds of his so-called loyal subjects.

Although I was disappointed at Bairam, I had a glimpse of the Sultan later, when I attended at the Pavilion and saw him drive down and enter the "Mosque Hamidieh," which he has built for his private devotions just outside the gates of Yildiz, and every Friday he "says his prayers" there, which is the Turkish way of saying "goes to church." Of course a card from one's Ambassador is necessary before one can be admitted (it really seems impossible to move without a card, or permit, or passport, or tesharry, or something in Turkey), having obtained which, the rest is easy. On arrival at the Pavilion, a long room with many windows, facing the mosque, we presented our "tickets-of-leave," for such they literally were, to a handsome officer clad in a most gorgeous and picturesque uniform, secured chairs, and found that by craning our necks almost to dislocation we could obtain a good view. To the right of the road up which we had just

passed, was a large open space, now speedily occupied by troops of cavalry, their arms and accoutrements glittering in the rays of the sun, presently joined by others, cavalry and infantry, until the whole scene was a mass of smart uniforms. Bands playing martial music passed the window, and lined the road down which the Royal carriage would drive, the grounds of the mosque were crowded with Pashas and Beys covered with medals and decorations. Carriages containing ladies of the Royal Harem drove into the grounds and

The Turkish Cemetery at Scutari.

waited there, for none of the fair sex are present during the prayers, then came the carriage with the Sultan's favourite grandchild, a boy of six or seven, who waited on the carpeted steps for the arrival of his august grandsire. Nor was his waiting of long duration, for a curious sound, the Turkish equivalent to a cheer, rose from the throats of the crowd, greeting the appearance of a plain open carriage, drawn by a pair of bays, in which sat no less a personage than Abdul Hamid II., a small plain man in dark blue uniform, unrelieved by medals or decorations. On the opposite seat was Osman Pasha (the hero of Plevna, since dead), whose handsome face, fine physical development and dress glittering with decorations, quite eclipsed his royal master in outward appearance. When they had disappeared in the mosque, the silence of the Pavilion was broken by many voices, criticising and commenting on the scene just witnessed; servants brought round cups of tea—without milk—much to my surprise, I quite expected coffee, trays of cigarettes were also handed round, I accepted one and kept it as a memento of my visit. A small group of veiled women were the only representatives of their sex outside, and an object of great curiosity to the visitors. After a while another carriage drawn by a pair of cream-coloured horses drew up at the steps; another curious apology for a cheer arose as the Sultan made his appearance, slowly descended the steps, entered the carriage, and, taking the reins, drove himself back to the palace, where a reception



Pont de Galatea This bridge opens to allow the passage of large vessels every morning.

was held which closed the ceremony of the "Selemlih," the same programme being repeated every Friday.

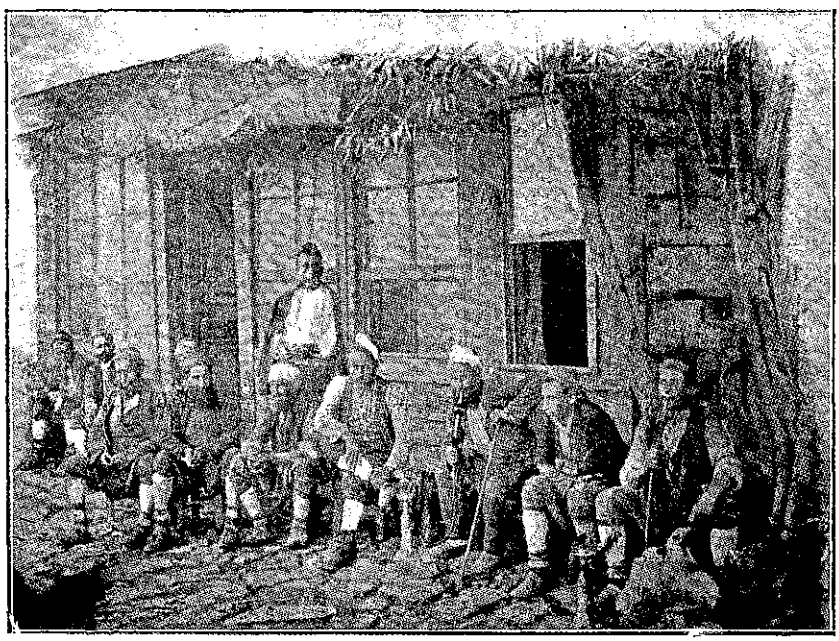
The mosques of Constantinople are very interesting, though, as they number 480, to visit all is impossible; St. Sopia naturally ranks first, as the oldest building in the world still utilized for the purpose for which it was originally erected, first as a place of worship for Christians, now for that of Mahometans. It is certainly a magnificient pile of buildings, I was rather unfortunate in my visit, as workmen were engaged inside, and the scaffolding hid a great part of it. One's first impression on entering is the vastness, the second a sense of something crooked, for the East window and the direction of Mecca, not being the same, the carpets have been arranged to face the latter, and the result is somewhat confusing to the eye. There are no seats, as the devotions are always conducted sitting on the floor, cross-legged, kneeling, or in a standing position. Such of the carving and decorations as I could see were superb, though I must confess to a sense of disappointment as I left the place which has been the scene of so much that is interesting in history.

The Pigeon Mosque is noted for the hundreds of tame pigeons which fly down to eat the corn from one's hand, as tame as their famous relatives at St. Mark's, Venice. After feeding them, we paid our fee, were presented with the customary shoes, so that our feet, contaminated by contact with the stones of the street, should not soil the purity of the holy carpets. On this occasion also, I was unfortunate, for my slippers slipped off at every step (not that my foot is unusually small, but the shoe was unusually large) to the great disgust of the old man who escorted us. Muttered threats reached me at frequent intervals, presumably about my wickedness. In any case, I really saw little or nothing of that mosque, owing to my unfortunate footgear.

The Seraglio, or ancient Palace of the Sultans, the grounds of which reach to the sea, and form the point called Seraglio Point, is now used as a Royal Treasury, a sort of Turkish Tower of London, and only occasionally opened to visitors. I and a friend were fortunate enough to join a party of sixteen, and after a great deal of fuss and examination

of our cards of admission, were finally allowed to enter the huge doors that guard the entrance, and walked some distance before reaching the Treasury doors which were opened with much ceremony, for the Turks are proud of their collection, and like to impress visitors accordingly. In the centre of the room first entered is a throne, its seat, arms, and back encrusted with pearls; it is not an ordinary sized seat, but large enough for a man to sit cross-legged, with feet under him, "a la Turque," so the number of pearls may be imagined. Around the room glass cases are ranged, containing beautiful carvings, arms, and objects of art, and last but not least, bowls full of loose precious stones, the sight of which made Eastern fairy tales appear a reality, ancient coins, medals, and set jewels, a dazzling display. Our guides, who enjoyed our astonishment, then hurried us upstairs, where the walls were lined with effegies of deceased Sultans, each in his habit as he lived, sword in hand, the hilt of each encrusted with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, or pearls. Next we were shown the library, containing many ancient volumes, and the Prince's Kiosk, separate buildings, the latter, richly and daintly furnished with rugs, divans, gorgeous velvet hangings and carpets; there was an air of combined comfort and magnifience in this room which struck one pleasantly.

On reaching Seraglio Point, we found three of the Sultan's caiques, each rowed by ten men in Royal liveries of white, with embroidered sash, zouave jacket and fez, waiting to convey us up the Bosphorus, to visit the Palaces of Beyler-bey and Dolma-Bagtche. Neither of these were inhabited; great wildernesses of magnificent suites of rooms, marble bathrooms, literally marble, floor, walls, and ceiling all of the same material. In the latter palace is a long, dark, narrow picture gallery, so dark, indeed, that the paintings were scarcely visible, and a staircase of crystal—which must be a grand sight when artificially illuminated. These treasures are not often displayed, except when the exchequer is unusually low, and there is nothing wherewith to pay



Turkish Cafe.

the usual wages, it is then opened, as the money thus received serves this useful purpose. But the Royal Exchequer is continually running dry, and the means employed to fill it are many ; one is to confer medals and decorations on either subjects or foreigners, deserving or undeserving (principally the latter). It is incumbent on the recipients to appear to feel highly honoured, and to pay from £10 to £20, in many cases for a thing they do not want, and, in the case of the foreigners at least, never wear. This practice accounts for the superb glitter at the " Selemlih."

Every Turkish gentleman speaks French, and many English in addition, a knowledge of languages being the criterion by which his education is judged ; but as for the general mass, the less said the better, the schools are dirty to the last degree. Children of both sexes attend the same school, up to the ages of nine or ten, and learn to read and write Turkish after a fashion. I have frequently watched a party of school children, accompanied by their master, marching homewards, and, as a rule, he looks more dilapidated than any of his pupils. I believe some of the poorer priests take pupils to eke out their scanty incomes. They are supposed to wash five times a day, before each prayer. Perhaps they do, but the result is not visible to the naked eye. Everything is in arrears in Turkey, education, payment, army, navy, and even soap-and-water. Literature, needless to say, is almost nil, the educated reading French or English books, and the uneducated nothing at all.

At night the guardianship of the streets is given up to the watchmen, who wander round, armed with a large stick, with which they strike the number of hours, half and quarter, on the pavement, Turkish time of course. How puzzled I often felt, when awakened by them, counting the strokes, and trying to calculate the time a la European—difficult enough for a stranger, but doubly so when the said stranger is half asleep, for the Turkish day begins at sunset, and finishes at sunset, with no regard to the changes of that luminary. It is always twelve o'clock at sunset, all the year round, so that hour is always changing ; sometimes it is twelve at 4 p.m., and sometimes at 7-30 p.m., thus it is an awful puzzle to catch the last boat, if one doesn't know when the sun goes to bed. Still one gets accustomed to anything in Turkey, even double hours, double calendars, double pounds (English and Turkish), and double dealing.

One cannot even change one's residence without a " tesharry " or permit from the Government, leave the capital for the interior, or one town for another, within the Empire, without permission, as for leaving the country, it is scarcely necessary to say, one must have a wonderful piece of stiff paper, setting forth, in Turkish, one's nationality, age, and general appearance, besides other little items of information, in order to identify the bearer in case anything is wrong. And so, to my mind, at least, the conclusion of the whole matter is, that Constantinople is the best city in the world " to live out of."

Rambling Recollections.

By ROLLINGSTONE.

WILD CATTLE HUNTING.

REAL old-fashioned wild bush bull had always a powerful fascination for me. I have a typical one in my mind's eye now. He might have been first cousin to the old brindled outlaw, Tommy covered himself with glory by shooting on his uncle's run—but that is an old story now.

These wild bush cattle were the descendants of beasts which had strayed from earlier settlers' herds, and taken up their residence in the bush back blocks far from the haunts of man. At times some of these outlaws strayed from their mates, and appeared amongst the cattle we and other settlers turned out to forage for themselves on the land, then owned by the Maoris, giving them what they considered ample remuneration for the privilege, and on that point we were quite willing to be guided by their opinion. In the spring our stock came out of their snug winter quarters in the neighbouring warm bush gullies, sleek and fat from feeding on the lower branches of the Karaka trees and similar delicate leaf fodder, to bask in the glorious sunshine, and enjoy the complete change of diet which the juicy young fern-shoots on the open land afforded. Not having seen a human being for months the tamest cattle get to regard the race as one which it is desirable to keep at a very respectable distance, and our animals happened to be originally none of the tamest.

We had several times seen from a distance the old patriarch alluded to above with a small mob of the wildest and choicest spirits of our herd. They never ventured very far out into the open country, but fed near the edge of the friendly bush. He seemed to take special care of that. The few occasions on which we had a gun with us, he had dived into the dusky shades long before we could get within shot.

He was a huge limbed, coarse-headed, rusty black brute, and evidently gloried in his strength as with a thunderous crash and rattle he tore his way through the dense supplejack-tangled bush, regardless of all obstacles, his head thrown well back, his mighty muzzle extended, and his wide-spreading horns turned swiftly from side to side to allow the thicker branches to slide off them instead of bringing him up standing. Talk about "the men who made the tracks"—a man is a mere amateur at the business, compared with a genuine old pioneer bull when his route lays through an apparently impenetrable thicket.

At a tearing gallop, with his new adherents at his heels, he burst through entanglements which would tie up a man—if he had not his sheath-knife handy—or a horse, or paddock bred beast hopelessly in their own lengths.

All sorts of reports had been circulated about this old black demon of a bull. The few crack-shots our settlement boasted had already been out, and, if they were to be believed, had managed to get to closer quarters than we had. They told us of marvellous shots they had made. They swore they had hit him every time, for they saw hair fly in clouds, but concluded his hide was too thick for an ordinary bullet to penetrate, for far from being

maimed, he appeared to rather enjoy the tickling than otherwise. On several occasions he seemed to have frightened timid individuals, who had met him accidently, into the firm belief that he was charging them, when in all probability he was only seeking his own safety in a totally different direction, as they might have seen, if they had not been in too much of a hurry to look. At least that was how we interpreted many of the stories of hair-breadth escapes which filled the balmy air. That he would be only too ready to charge if in a tight corner, we did not in the least doubt, but we had not much of an opinion of the parties referred to, we did not believe them capable of getting him into a tight corner, even by accident.

In any case, Bob and I considered it was quite time that we took a serious hand in the game. So one day we mounted our stock horses, and armed and accoutred for conquest—which meant in those days, when choice of arms was limited, double-barrelled, muzzle-loading fowling pieces, bullets, tomahawks and sheath knives—we sallied forth determined if possible not to return without his hide.

It was a glorious spring morning, and the country we rode through with its pleasant alternation of magnificent clumps of bush, fragrant with the mingled scents of myriads of spring blossoms, and waving fern flats, could not be surpassed for beauty. The track was one made by the Maoris, winding intricately about, disclosing fresh beauties at every turn. Our horses were all that could be desired. My mount was a nuggety four-year-old colt I had purchased for a song because none of his former owners could sit on his back long enough to enjoy a ride. It was only after considerable practice and failures—with no spectators, I took all sorts of precautions on that point—that I succeeded, and thereby gained for myself a high reputation as a rough rider, of which earlier publicity would have prevented the acquisition. Once not only his master, but his firm friend, he became, out and out, the best stock horse I ever got a knee grip of. Bob was a bad enough judge of horseflesh to disagree with me on this point, he always persisted that the nag he was on that morning was points ahead of mine in every respect. He was a horse with a past, too. We both had a decided predilection for animals with evil reputations, providing we got them in time. It cost Bob a fiver finding out which of the two was the swifter. He would not take my word for it, so it served him right. But neither the loss of that, nor all my efforts to convince him as to my animal's general excellence were any good, though goodness knows I spent time enough over it. Anyhow, his obtuseness had its advantages, we were never at a loss for a subject of conversation to fall back on in slack times, and I always knew how to set Bob's jaw wagging when I wanted a spell myself.

As we slung merrily along at an easy canter on this particular morning, however, our chat was of our anticipated sport. We agreed that there was only one thing wanting to make life on this beautiful earth of ours so supremely perfect that we would not care to leave it for any future happy hunting ground of them all. The one thing needful was of course to get within range of that old ruffian of a bull. As we approached the flat on which we expected to find him, we pulled our horses into a walk. Riding down a winding cattle track through sweetly scented manuka scrub, we got our first view of the open ground below, and there where the bush swept down to its further border was the mob of cattle which the old veteran had so recently deigned to take under his fatherly care. With a field-glass we scanned every inch of the flat for him in vain. There were beasts of all possible colours save black. Not a solitary one that could possibly be he! This seemed

strange, and was distinctly annoying. The fern, having been recently burnt off, was of too short a growth to hide such a huge beast, if he should happen to be lying down. We knew no one could possibly have shot him without making such a song about it as would have gone from one end of the settlement to the other, and it was not the least likely that he had voluntarily left his new found harem.

There was of course the chance that he was in the bush a few hundred yards behind the other cattle. If so, he might appear at any moment, for they were busily feeding. We waited where we were until our patience was exhausted, and then decided to work our way warily round the scrub that bordered the bush, getting as near the cattle as possible, and there to await results. We felt that we could safely ride some distance farther as the manuka was high enough to hide ourselves and horses, when it ended we should have to dismount and creep quietly on foot through the heavier bush where the twining supplejack prevented the passage of our horses.

Once let the cattle get sight or wind of us, they would be off into the bush like redshanks. We had dogs with us, but they would be useless as far as bailing up the cattle went. We could certainly rely on them following the scent of some of the mob, and by this means we might possibly have got within shot of them after a long trudge through the bush. But wild cattle invariably split up when chased, and we might, more likely than not, find ourselves following the trail of any of the others rather than the bull. No, we were not in the humour for that sort of amusement. We meant to get the old gentleman in the open, or as near it as possible.

We therefore proceeded to carry out our plan. In single file we urged our horses along through the thick scrub. Bob was riding in front. I always allowed him, or anyone else that hankered after it, that privilege in rough country. It is just as well to do so, one is so much better able to avoid hidden holes or swamps when one sees one's comrade flounder into them.

But it was no hidden morass which made Bob draw rein suddenly, and signal excitedly but silently to me to do the same. What could it be? I was not kept a moment in suspense.

Bob's gun was up to his shoulder in a jiffy. A loud report, a mighty roar of pain, a heavy crashing followed by a dull thud which shook the ground like an earthquake. Simultaneously, a few paces only in front of Bob, I caught a glimpse of a huge black body rear up in the tangled scrub, and fall heavily on its side, mowing down the tough manuka for yards around.

"By gum!" said Bob. "Lucky I spotted him! The old warrior must have been dozing, or he'd have heard us coming. Just caught sight of the white part of one of his horns glistening through the bushes, and popped where I judged his forehead would be. Cripes! if I hadn't seen it, another moment and the old moke would have been on top of him, and there'd have been the devil to pay and no pitch hot, in a hole like this, with no room to slew round!"

We pushed our horses on a yard or two, and Bob threw his leg over the pommel of his saddle to slip off in leisurely manner as was his custom, exclaiming: "Stone dead, by the Lord Harry! It was a great shot considering I only saw his horn. Clean between the eyes. If his head hadn't been well dropped, the bullet would have glanced off even at that distance, the beggar's skull is like the side of an ironclad."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when, with a sobbing husky apology for a roar, in which defiance rang superior to pain, the mighty head was raised. Indomitable fury filled his bloodshot eye, blood-streaked foam fell from the wide-spread nostrils, and blood poured from the round hole in the

broad matted forehead. He staggered to his knees, and hurled himself with all the remaining force at his command at Bob and his horse, then fell over again on his side never to rise again.

"Crickey, that was a close shave!" exclaimed Bob, as the under horn ploughed up the ground where a moment before he and his horse had stood. "If the brute had had an ounce more life left in him, he'd have been on top of us."

Tangled up in the thick scrub as we were, we had certainly displayed a surprising lack of caution in approaching such an enemy. I felt this instinctively, and as Bob was still in front, and I quite two feet behind him, I felt perfectly justified in rating him for his careless disregard of danger, telling him he might have had some consideration for his poor horse, if he hadn't for himself. I never liked to lose an opportunity of giving Bob the advantage of my superior knowledge, and just now I was a trifle sore, for I felt that my considerate politeness in allowing him to precede me in riding through the scrub had given him the chance of the shot which had brought down the bull, and raised him immensely in his own estimation, which I thought a pity. He did not heed my well-meant reproof, for the silly beggar was positively beside himself with the honour and glory which he considered he had achieved.

We now had time and opportunity to make a close inspection of the fallen patriarch. He was certainly a grand specimen of his class. One could scarcely believe that he came of the same species as the sleek, pampered, squarely-built shorthorn, the contrast was so exceedingly striking. Black as your hat along the ribs, shoulders, and flank, shiny and well-groomed with constant brushing through thick scrub; on the back and limbs the hair was much longer, and showed a rusty tinge turning to a decided tawny on the neck and head, for he had a mane like a badly hogged Maori pony. His proportions were huge, and the amount of flesh he carried could have only been acquired in the exceedingly rich feeding ground of a bush little frequented by cattle, and we marvelled how he could be so agile with it.

Our next business was to secure the horns and strip off his hide. The former were an exceptionally fine pair, deeply serrated with black rings which denoted extreme age, then glistening white, with black points brilliantly polished with constant use, breaking down branches of trees for provender. The hide was abnormally thick, and the number of bullets we found embedded in it made us think we had misjudged the accuracy of aim, the marksmen previously alluded to had possessed. We formed a better opinion of them on the spot. Bearing the fact in mind that hides are sold by weight, we did not trouble to cut them out. Taking it in turns to carry the bulky bundle in front of our saddles, we rode leisurely home. Several of our friends met us on our return, and noticing the spoils of the chase, the news flew round the settlement that a soft spot—comparatively speaking—had been found at last in the old veteran's hide.

Bob made a great point of the clever way we had stalked the animal, and asserted that he had always known that unless fellows went out who were cute enough to get within a very few yards, and literally chuck the bullets into him he might as well be peppered with a pea shooter, for all the harm it would do him. He said that he could not understand any fellows being such fools as to dream of bringing down a bull like that at an ordinary range. It was only flinging away lead, and allowing smart fellows like us to make a good haul by selling it second-hand.

I nearly strained myself in refraining from checking Bob's highly imaginative description of the stalk, and thus correcting the erroneous impression he conveyed of his prowess as a mighty bull hunter. But I

did refrain, and was rewarded by the amusement the thought afforded me of how the lad would have fallen in the estimation of his hearers if they knew that we had been as nearly caught napping as we caught the old ruffian, when we nearly tumbled over him in a spot where we had never dreamt of finding him. However, he was slain, and all is well that ends well, and it must be admitted that the hunt had ended well for all concerned except the bull, but then, it is impossible to please everyone.

On the whole, our cattle speculations were remunerative, and we enjoyed the wild gallops over country, which really was not fit to ride over, as only lads of our age could. As giving more prolonged pleasure we perhaps preferred a day spent with whip and dogs, mustering our own cattle with perhaps, a stray wild heifer or two amongst them, to the shooting excursions of which the above is an example.

The open country in the North is a curious mixture, strips of gum land, deeply dug in awkward holes for this useful commodity by the Maoris (who in those days were practically the only gum-diggers, whites considering the occupation too degrading) lay side by side with rich chocolate volcanic land. Here the ground was thickly strewn with rugged stone heaps, gathered by the Maoris of successive generations, when one portion after another had been used as kumera gardens, and allowed to drop out of cultivation. Thickly matted fern of different degrees of luxuriance according to the nature of the soil, alike hid these obstacles from view. But over them we had to go if we wanted the cattle. It was highly exhilarating work, and if we came a cropper or two, we got up again with no bones broken, thanks to a more than usually merciful providence.

We took a special pleasure in purchasing as cheaply as we could, any settler's cattle which had strayed and become so wild that the owner had given up all hope of ever recovering. Many a gloriously reckless gallop we had after these. One old liver and white cow which cost us some fifty odd shillings, beat us for three or four years, but she was prolific (twins on one occasion, I remember), and we eventually received a handsome cheque for her and her progeny. Beef was high that winter.

One day Bob and I had a serious difference of opinion about something connected with our partnership. I don't remember what it was all about, except that I was of course in the right. Bob was always inclined to be hot-headed, and he declared he'd dissolve the partnership on the spot. I begged him to wait till he was cool and fit for business. He distinctly refused to wait a moment, and declared hotly that he was never cooler in his life. We were out on the run at the time. I let him have his way. It seemed the easiest thing to do. We knew the colour of every beast we had, and Bob, in the absurdly dictatorial way he had on these occasions, ordered me to toss up a coin on the spot. The one that won the toss was to have first pick, and then each pick alternately all down the list.

There were two magnificent fat four-year-old steers, the others were stores as the rest of the fats had been sold. At a time when beef was fifty shillings a hundredweight, these steers were each worth at least five pounds more than the stores. But one of them was regarded by us as being much more valuable than the other, because he was running with a quiet lot of cattle close at hand, while the other was as wild as he could well be, chose his company accordingly, and haunted a very awkward bit of bush. We had often tried to get him in and failed.

Bob won the toss, but in his flurry he entirely forgot the best steer, and choose the best of the stores. "I warned you, Bob, my boy, that you ought to wait till

you were cooler, and fit to transact business. I really scarcely like to take advantage of you in this state," I exclaimed, as I quietly selected the fat fellow. He was furious at his mistake, and did not take the remark at all in the kind manner in which it was intended. We then chose alternately some of the best stores. Then seeing Bob was not anxious to possess the wild four-year-old, I selected him, trusting to luck to get him in before beef fell in price.

Scarcely a week after this occurred we were out for a riding party Bob had organized. He had asked me before we had the difference of opinion, and I was not going to let a little thing like that stop a certain young lady of my acquaintance from enjoying herself. I did not think it right.

Half way to our destination we saw some cattle feeding and amongst them was the wild brindled steer. They were in fine open country, where securing them was only a question of hands enough and hard riding. The riding party, ladies included, all entered into the fun except Bob, who made some excuse about his horse. Off we went, helter skelter, and after one of the most enjoyable gallops I ever had, the cattle were safely yarded.

I never remember seeing a prettier sight. The mob of frantic cattle of every conceivable colour tearing in all directions over the plain; the vivid blue of the sky, the sober green of the fern and the many shades of the bush hills which formed the background; the graceful figures of the girls, perfect horsewomen as most bush girls are, flying about and doing quite as much as the men to counteract the attempts of the maddened beasts to break and strike a line for freedom.

Poor Bob rode sulkily home by himself, for, to add to his disgust, his girl, mounted on his pet horse, was foremost in the chase, and she chaffed him unmercifully afterwards, for what she termed "funking it." Bob had another difference of opinion then, and another partnership—or what would very soon have been one—was badly broken up. I never saw such a fellow in my life.

Ti-trees and the Kuku.

A GROVE of the Southern Palm
On an islet, alone
In the bosom unrippled and calm
Of a lake with its mountain-zone:

The wild bees' singing
Has ceased in the great white bloom,
And the once-gay scented plume
Hangs lazily swinging:

White? it is still milk-white
In its green top serried,
Still milk-white,
But drooping, heavily berried.

In the midst, iridescent and glowing,
Full-breasted, bead-eyed,
Bright as the Argus showing,
Not knowing its pride,—

Low and gentle the call,
Cooing, and cooing:
Wood-pigeons;—that is all,
Cooing and wooing.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

THE SANATORIUM TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

BY W. HAWES DYER.

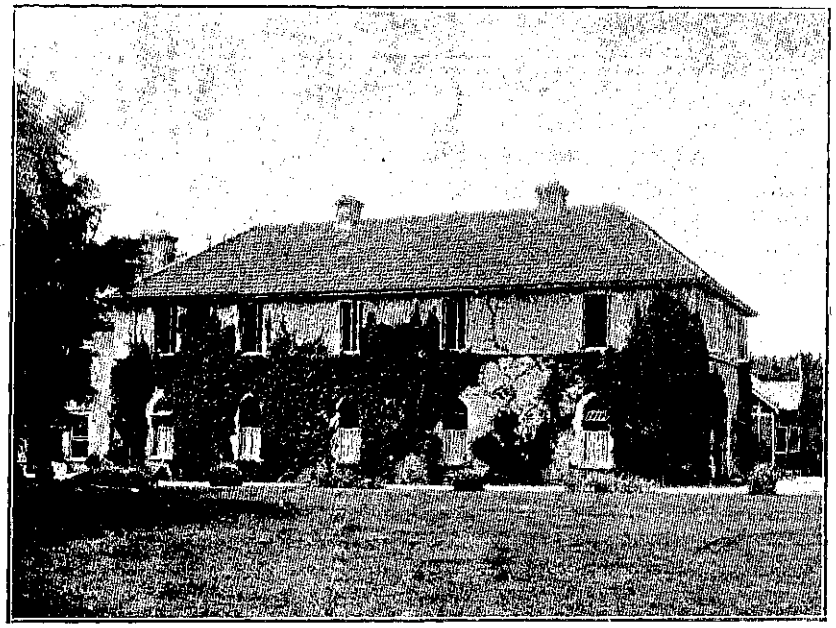
MY claim to be heard on this subject, not being a medical man, is this. Three years ago, in England, I was in advanced consumption. I underwent the open-air treatment at Nordrach-upon-Mendip, the famous Sanatorium in Somersetshire, with the result that to-day I am free from disease, and—though not inclined to challenge Sandow—perfectly able to fulfil the duties of my profession.

The Sanatorium treatment will always be associated with the name of Dr. Otto Walther, of Nordrach-Colonie in the Black Forest, who is practically the father of the treatment. Years ago, as a young man, Dr. Walther was a throat and chest specialist in Germany. He had long devoted himself to the study of phthisis, and had become entirely dissatisfied with the then methods of treatment. He had come to believe that the only cure for the disease was fresh air and over-feeding, but no opportunity had occured of testing his theory. An opportunity, however, came. His wife became consumptive. He at once took her to the Black Forest. He put up a wooden shelter which was fully exposed to the air, and here they lived for nearly a year until Mrs. Walther was completely cured. Men laughed at the madness of the Doctor, but the cure was undeniable. Other consumptives, hearing of the case, asked for treatment. A small sanatorium was built in the Black Forest, which has since developed into the world-famed Nordrach Colonie. Of late sanatoria have sprung up everywhere, especially in England. The large proportion of cures have demonstrated beyond a doubt the entire success of the treatment. In New Zealand the treatment does not seem so widely known, though there is at least one Sanatorium here. It has struck me, as a "new chum," that the general attitude toward the disease here is not nearly so hopeful as in England. Consumption is still, I find, regarded by the majority as incurable, and often the most lamentable misconceptions prevail as to its treatment. To correct these misconceptions and to give hope to consumptives are the objects of this article.

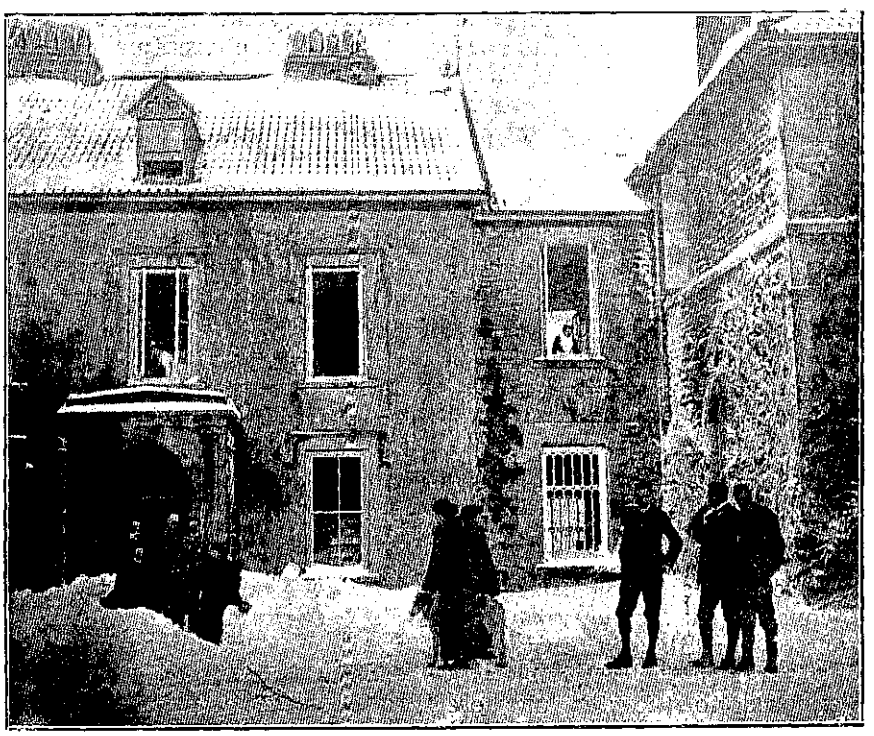
Now the Sanatorium treatment may be said, roughly, to have a three-fold aim :—

(1) To check the waste.
(2) To reduce the Fever.
(3) To prevent the spread, and to decrease the number, of Bacilli.

Let us take these in order. The Sanatorium treatment strives to check the waste of consumption by proper feeding. A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the way consumptives are



The Sanatorium, Nordrach-upon-Mendip.



Nordrach-upon-Mendip, front entrance.

"stuffed" in sanatoria. I regret to say that even the statements of old patients do not always scrupulously adhere to fact. To illustrate, I knew a lady who was about to enter as a patient at Nordrach-upon-Mendip. A gentleman who had been cured there called upon her.

"I understand," he said, "that you are going to the Sanatorium on the Mendips."

She conceded the fact.

"I thought," he said, "that you would like to know something about the life there and the treatment."

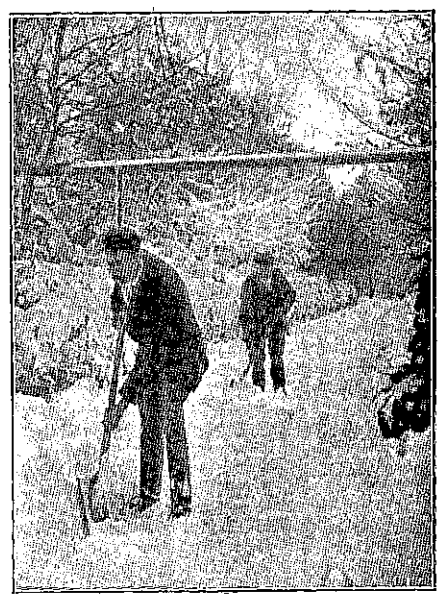
The lady expressed herself grateful for his attention.

"Well," said the visitor, looking the patient-elect in the face with every appearance of candour, "the only difficulty is the feeding. At breakfast, for instance, you are compelled to eat six of whatever is provided. If it is sausages, you must eat six, if eggs six, if bacon, six rashers, if fish six ordinary helpings, in addition to ten slices of bread, and fourteen pats of butter."

The lady was alarmed and expressed doubts to her husband afterwards of the advisability of going to the Sanatorium. However, she did go, and was considerably surprised to find on sitting down to breakfast the first morning that she had to eat but one slice of bread and butter. The fact is, a patient in a consumptive sanatorium eats little more than a healthy person outside. I have often seen a man at a table d'hote dinner eat far more than a doctor would ever think of forcing upon a patient. The food may seem a huge lot to the patient himself, simply because having no appetite, all eating is distasteful to him; but he is forced to eat no more than he requires. The waste of the disease must be checked, and there is only one way of doing it—by eating. It is an extremely unpleasant way, truly. I have often sat two hours and longer at my mid-day meal, literally fighting for every mouthful; but the reward would come at the weekly weighing, when I saw the lever go up "bump," and knew that another pound was added to my weight, another stride taken towards recovery. It is really marvellous how thin, emanciated, deathly-looking patients put on flesh after a few weeks' compulsory feeding, and, like the Hebrew boys in Babylon, become "fairer and fatter in flesh that all the children that did eat the portion of the King's meat."

The second aim of the Sanatorium treatment is to reduce the fever. This is done by proper rest.

Undoubtedly the best method of rest is to lie in bed, and this is always prescribed for a real fever case; bed for weeks and months if needful, until the temperature at least approaches normal. Semi-febrile patients rest outdoors in deck chairs or hammocks, only those who have little or no fever may take exercise. When the temperature becomes normal, exercise is of course encouraged. Short walks are at first taken, always under the direction of the Doctor, and the temperature is taken immediately on returning. If it is



Hard Work for the Gardeners. Clearing the Snow from the Walks.

high, the patient has gone too far, and a shorter walk is prescribed next day; if the temperature is not raised abnormally, the same distance may again be traversed. The length of the walk increases with the strength of the patient, some who are nearly cures walking as

The writer before the sanatorium treatment.

much as ten miles daily, but the exercise is always regulated by the temperature in the way I have indicated above. There are prescribed hours for rest for all the "walking" patients, and no person is allowed to take any exercise during those hours, of any description whatsoever. The patient must lie back on a couch and "laze," and after a long walk, duty usually coincides with inclination. This compulsory rest is one of the great advantages of residence in a Sanatorium. At home, the one thing a consumptive will not do is rest. His temperature may be high, but he does not feel particularly ill, so he takes a long walk, and talks for an hour on returning; he cycles—or even plays tennis! I knew one man whose lungs were badly diseased, who actually went through an exhausting course of dumb-bell exercises daily, hoping thereby to benefit himself! The result of such indiscretion is that the temperature does not have a chance to drop; the exertion adds fire to the fuel of disease · the candle is lighted both ends, and only one result is possible. Nothing can be done with consumption until the fever is reduced, and the rest enforced under the Sanatorium treatment is the most successful method of its reduction.

The checking of the waste, and the reduction of the fever, both tend to prevent the spread and to decrease the number of tubercle bacilli, whose presence in the lung is the cause of the disease. But the greatest adversary of the bacillus is fresh air, pure and uncontaminated. Therefore the patient is always in the open-air. When in bed, he is practically out of doors, for each bedroom is fitted with a large cabinet window which, night and day, winter and summer, cold and heat, is never closed. The wind may

The writer after the sanatorium treatment

sweep the photos from his mantelpiece; the rain and snow may beat into the room; he may wake in the morning to find his sponge a brick, and the ice in his water-jug unbreakable, yet the window is kept

wide open. The meals are taken in a dining-room with the windows open—I have eaten my breakfast with the snow blowing across the table—and the shelters in the grounds afford protection only from the rain. No notice, with the exception of wind, is taken of the weather. An extremely high wind is injurious, and patients do not walk against it.

"But don't you take cold?" asks the gentle reader, alarmed. Gentle reader, we do not. For eighteen months—including two severe winters in England—I carried out the Sanatorium treatment in all its strictness. I never wore an overcoat, a hat only in the heat of summer; I sat out of doors on the coldest days; I had my window wide open on the coldest nights; I was drenched with rain and snow; yet, during the whole of that time I had not so much as the suspicion of a cold. Neither have I known one solitary person "catch cold" under the treatment. Closed-up rooms give cold, and contact with an infected person: damp and draughts, fog and cold do not. The very first lesson a patient must learn at a Sanatorium is that all that he has been taught from his youth up concerning draughts and cold is most utterly and perniciously wrong. The draught from an open window prevents cold—it cannot by any possibility cause it. It is easy, of course, to pooh-pooh this, but the fact is incontrovertible. Night and day the patients in a Sanatorium are exposed to draughts, yet colds are never heard of. And if some one should ask why ordinary people take cold more in the winter than the summer, seeing damp and cold are innocuous, the answer is easy. In the winter you close your windows, in the summer you open them; hence your immunity from cold.

Off for a morning's walk. Heavy snowfall during night.

Now I have roughly described the modern treatment of consumption. What are its results? The record of Nordrach-Colonie in the Black Forest (the parent Sanatorium), will suffice as an answer. At Nordrach-Colonie, since its opening, over ninety per cent of the patients treated have been cured. Better percentage than that could not be obtained in a hospital for measles. An incurable disease, yet ninety per cent absolute cures! I would, if need were, give the names and ad-

A sunny corner on a winter afternoon.

dresses of scores who once were weak, and ill, and helpless, but who are now pursuing their vocations in perfect health. There is hope for the consumptive; he need be regarded as an incurable no longer; in the Sanatorium treatment is salvation, it has passed beyond the stage of mere experiment into that of proved success. Phthisis, especially in the early stages, can be cured as surely as any other disease. It may take a considerable time—for consumption is not as a cut finger, but of the possibility of cure, there is now no shadow of doubt. In the Acts of the Apostles, we read that when the enemies of the early Church "saw the man that was healed, they could say nothing against it." In answer to those who pooh-pooh and ridicule (as some may do on reading this article), we point to "the man that was healed": the men and women who, to-day, are strong and well through the Sanatorium treatment, are its all-triumphant vindication.

A rest by the way side.

The Taming of Timothy.

By E. S. W.

CHAPTER IV.

THE second crop of roses was over, and Miss Crayley looking forward to chrysanthemums long before her nephew mentioned leaving.

"I was asked yesterday by an old identity, and consequently a privileged idiot, if I intended settling here," he said to his aunt one morning.

They were moving clumps of bulbs.

Miss Crayley peered into the open mouth of a sack on the path.

"And what did you say to that?" she asked in an interested tone. "Don't mix the Capes with the Dutch, Harold——I want them separate."

"I don't feel like settling anywhere," said her nephew in tones of unexpected gloom. The fact is, Aunt Mattie, I have never felt so unsettled in my life."

Miss Crayley looked at him attentively.

"You have enjoyed your stay, I hope," she said. "I never thought you would find the place attractive enough to stay the time you have. I hope you have not been good-natured enough to do it for my sake." Her sweet voice had a tinge of mockery in it. Her nephew looked up at her doubtfully, and she smiled at him with a world of kindness and understanding in her eyes.

"You are a brick, Aunt Mattie," he said gratefully, and no more was said. Aunt Mattie left him to superintend the small maid's idea of jam making. Moving about the house, she heard him singing, tunefully and vigorously :

> "My love is like a red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June."

"And so she is," said Aunt Mattie to herself as she weighed the sugar, "and a good little rose too. I am sure I wish the dear lad would propose and be happy ; but he is absurdly diffident in this matter. I daresay it is very becoming on his part ; but there——all men are fools."

She scolded the little maid in her softest tones for not having the blackberries ready.

* * * *

Timothy Haggart was so profoundly interested in the friendship between the Dragon and his teacher, that it almost kept him out of mischief. He haunted the neighbourhood of the enchanted garden. He shadowed the unconscious couple when they walked home from church together. Miss Wildon never spent an evening at Miss Crayley's house without Timothy's knowledge. Sitting with his back against the fence outside, he listened to the sound of music within, and sometimes a voice so clear and sweet came through the open windows that Timothy could hear the words of the song. That his conduct was peculiar never occurred to him ; and if it had, would probably not have troubled him. Sometimes they came out into the garden and walked about—to see how the Hydrangeas looked in the moonlight. Timothy often felt annoyed because he could not hear what they said—they talked in such low voices.

One evening he received a shock. The Dragon came out alone into the garden, and after walking about moodily for some time, he paused quite close to Timothy on the other side, and said audibly and with emphasis—

"I am a confounded coward!"

He threw away his cigar, and turned and walked indoors.

Timothy, after securing the cigar, sped home to brood over this piece of information.

"Wonder what makes him a coward? What's he frightened of, any way?"

"A great chap like that a coward!" thought Timothy.

Presently he had a great idea. His eyes shone and sparkled wickedly.

"I'll do it," he said aloud. I ain't going to let teacher make up with a coward, so there!"

He went to bed and slept peacefully.

* * * *

A couple of days later the weather changed. A strong westerly wind brought rain and clouds. Miss Wildon drew the fascinating little red hood of her cloak over her curls, and set out cheerfully for choir practice. She played the harmonium in the building known as the church, but which was really an old Mission house, and not at all ecclesiastical in appearance. Harold Crayley had joined the choir during his stay, and helped considerably with his fine tenor voice and thorough musical knowledge. It is just possible that Miss Wildon thought of him when she put on that red hood. He invariably walked home with her, so how could she help it? She was a little late, and when the practice was over she stayed to lock the harmonium and sort some music. Harold Crayley stayed also—to put out the lights, and then they left the building together. The rain had ceased but a gusty wind was blowing dark clouds across the moon. While passing a tall briar hedge, a waving spray of the prickly shrub caught Miss Wildon's hood, and they stopped to disentangle it. The moon shone out as Crayley touched the red hood reverently, and showed him her face gay with youth and happiness, and the little, bare, curly head thrown backward so as not to strain the captured hood. He was very close to her, and his heart beat uncomfortably fast. There is no knowing how courageous he might have become, but just then the briar sprang back to its place, and she was free. They turned the corner, and then a little shriek of horror from Miss Wildon and an exclamation from Crayley broke the silence that had fallen between them. Miss Wildon grasped her companion's arm with both hands and asked wonderingly:

"What is it? Oh! What is it?"

A tall figure, draped in white with one long arm extended, holding what appeared to be a human head with gleaming eyes, was standing in the middle of the road.

"Don't be frightened," said Harold quickly. "Someone is playing us a trick. I must teach him a lesson. Let me go!"

But Miss Wildon, though Harold thought her an angel, was only human and very feminine.

"Oh! don't go and leave me here! What is it?"

She held him if anything tighter than before. Harold Crayley lost his head.

"You must let me go, my pet," he said tenderly. "Stand by that gate across the way, and you will be all right, my darling."

She released his arm hurriedly and turned and fled round the corner to a gate leading into a paddock. There she waited in terrified silence. Supposing Harold were hurt—shot or knocked on the head, or something dreadful like that—? She ought not to have left him! But she was such a coward. Yet in the midst of all her fear something thrilled her through with pure delight. He had called her "pet" and "darling." Hark! He was calling her. Without a moment's hesitation she ran to him. He was bending over a long white figure lying prone on the road.

He looked up at her.

"It's as I thought," he said. "Someone playing a foolish trick, and I fear I've hurt him seriously. He fell on his head. Help me."

In silence she knelt by him, and together they unwound the sheet from the body of the supposed ghost. A pair of stilts accounted for the height of the figure, and a carved hollow pumpkin for the head, and a lighted candle for the gleaming eyes inside. Presently Miss Wildon gave a startled cry—

"It's Timothy Haggart," she said. "Oh! Harold, what have you done?" She did not know she had called him "Harold."

"Raise his head," was all he said. "I expect he's stunned by the fall."

The moon was shining triumphantly bright now, and Timothy looked small and white lying on the road. Crayley took off his coat, thrust the stilts through the arms, and buttoned the coat. Then he lifted the little figure gently and laid him on the coat.

"In case he has some bones broken we must carry him so."

Miss Wildon understood readily, and lifting the stilts together, they fell into step and marched forward.

"I shall take him to Aunt Mattie. It is close by, and she knows something about ambulance work," said Crayley.

Timothy was borne slowly and quietly along the garden path where, a few hours' before, his activity would have been his only safety. The little maid, crossing the hall with the supper-tray in her hands, caught sight of the trio on the steps and crash! went the tray bringing Miss Crayley quickly to the scene.

"Murder! Funerals! Corpses!" cried the maid. Then she tried to faint, but Miss Crayley slapping her firmly and with intent to hurt, she thought better of it, and only beat her hands wildly in the direction of the door.

"A cup and two saucers and the red sugar basin," said Miss Crayley in a resigned tone. "Quite gone, and not to be replaced in the colonies."

"Never mind the crockery, Aunt," said Crayley. "There is something more valuable broken here, I'm afraid."

"It's a matter of opinion," said Aunt Mattie, who prided herself on never being surprised at anything that happened in the bush. Nevertheless she was a little astonished when Harold and Miss Wildon laid their burden in the hall.

"It's that imp of a Haggart boy, I know," she said. "I knew he would come to a bad end." But even as she spoke, Timothy's eyes opened, and he looked up at her vacantly for a moment, and then closed them again.

"Put him in the spare room, Harold, and then go for the doctor. You can tell his parents afterwards. A pretty thing to have happened, truly."

So Timothy was put in the big white bed in the spare room of the house with the enchanted garden.

* * * *

A little later, Timothy woke with a dreamy consciousness that the lines had somehow fallen unto him in pleasant places. A scent sweet and subtle was in his nostrils, and the broad whiteness of his pillows was a thing to marvel about. He was marvelling quietly, when a cool hand was placed on his forehead. Miss Crayley, holding her knitting in one hand, was looking down at him with satisfaction in every line of her face. Timothy stared at her with a Hast-thou-found-me-O-mine-enemy look in his wide eyes.

"How do you feel now, Timothy?" said Miss Crayley, gently. Her voice was as sweet and delicate as the scent of lavender in the white sheets.

"I'm all right," said Timothy, hoarse with surprise. Then, moving his arms, he groaned. "What's yer doing with me, anyway, and why am I here? My head feels queer." His hands went up to his curls, and he found bandages. Memory returned to him with a rush, and he sat up quickly.

"I were a ghost," he said excit-

edly, "and the gentleman ain't a coward after all. He——"

Miss Crayley placed her hands on his shoulders and laid him down again.

"Yes," she said, "he knocked you down, and you hurt your head. You must keep quiet now, and you will be quite well in a few days."

"He said he were a coward," said Timothy positively, "and he ain't. I were an awful ghost, I——"

"Drink this," said Miss Crayley. She held a glass of something to his lips, and Timothy swallowed it obediently before he had time to realise he was obeying an order.

"Tell teacher," he said drowsily, "he ain't a coward. Not by a long chalk." His eyes closed and he slept.

Miss Crayley returned to her seat by the fire, and knitted briskly for a few minutes. Then she laid her work on her lap, and clasping her idle hands together, she leant forward and gazed into the fire. Who knows what shape an old woman's thoughts take when she gazes into the glowing embers? Truly her days of castle-building are over. In her life she has seen too many airy structures, "lightly, beautifully built," crumble into ruins before her eyes. Still the embers fascinate her, and though she sees no castles, perchance she sees more than youth with all its wealth of imagination and passionate desire to dip into the future, can ever see. For she gazes back over the long stretch of years that have been—she has "lived and moved and had her being" in the scenes that great Magician, Memory, summons to live again in the gloomy fire.

Miss Crayley sat thinking until the arch of embers fell in with a soft crash. She rose and looked long at Timothy's sleeping face.

"A little child," she said, at last, softly. "A little human plant flourishing in a bed choked with the weeds of mismanagement and dishonesty. God surely meant you to live and grow in a soil less evil. You have no chance, little boy, no chance. Without proper support and training you will grow crooked like the people round you. Poor little fellow, I have a good mind to take you in hand—try what transplanting into a fresh soil will do. No doubt you will need much pruning—no doubt whatever." She smoothed the counterpane, and began to pace softly up and down the room.

* * * *

When the settlement knew that Miss Crayley had, in its own language, "sort of adopted" Timothy Haggart, the knowledge only intensified the general conviction that she was wanting. Timothy thought so at first, but with the quickness of childhood he soon discovered her real worth, and her motive in taking him into her household. He responded to her kindness with the shy diffidence of one not accustomed to receiving kindness. Gradually he learned to watch for her with shy, loving eyes, and then all was plain sailing between them. The woman seeing he was pliable as a willow wand, rejoiced that Providence had placed it within her power to train him up in the way he should go. His parents parted with him readily enough for a lump sum down and a small yearly remuneration. It paid the rent, a thing Timothy could not do, and there was one mouth less to feed. The plan would never answer, they felt assured; Timothy would be back on their hands before long, so they made hay philosophically while the sun shone. But the days and the weeks and the months passed, and Timothy—God bless him—did not return. He went away with Miss Crayley as soon as he was well again. The gates of the enchanted garden were locked and the house closed, with the exception of two rooms for the use of the woman in charge. The flowers bloomed in their seasons behind the high walls, and when the roses were out, Harold Crayley and the school teacher were married. Everyone agreed that the bride looked as

pretty as the flowers the children strewed before her. They went home, and the Settlement knew them no more, and another teacher reigned in the school-house.

CHAPTER V.

At the end of six years, just when the settlement had decided that it was no use wondering when Miss Crayley and Timothy would return, they came back. Not with any flourish of trumpets, but quietly, so that no one knew of their return until they were established in the house with the enchanted garden. Then the settlement received a shock. Timothy Haggart was dying; and during the day it was rumoured that, not only was he dying, but also that he was a hero.

* * * *

Once more Timothy lay in the big white bed in the house with the enchanted garden. Miss Crayley sat again by the fire, and gazed into it as though hoping to find in its glowing heart, the answer to some problem over which she was puzzling. For six short, precious years—how precious only her own heart knew—she had had a young life to watch over, had come in daily contact with a mind bright and enquiring, had watched it expand under her care into a thing of intelligence and beauty. How she had striven at first to separate the wheat from the tares! The boy had exceeded all her most sanguine hopes. His masters spoke well of him, and his ready wit and skill at all games made him a favourite with his school-fellows. His bright, handsome face won him friends wherever he went.

And it had ended in this.

Miss Crayley glanced toward the bed and stifled a sob. Well: she had done her best, the boy had been happy once he had settled into the routine of school life. But something akin to the bitterness of Death passed through her when she thought that, but for her, he would probably be well and strong now. What right had she to lift him from the life wherein he was born, and expected nothing better than to live it? She pictured him in that other life—his energies misdirected, and his nature warped by his surroundings. Better thus, she thought, a thousand times! But oh! the pity of it! In the embers she saw him, as he would have been, had God let him fulfil life's promise—tall and strong, doing good work in the world, and the comfort and prop of her old age.

Well, the settlement had reason to be proud of him. He had practically given his life for another. With a pang of unreasoning jealousy, she thought for the first time of his mother, taking her last long rest in the Settlement Cemetery. Untutored, hard-worked and slovenly she had been, but somewhere in the woman's heart lay the capacity to understand and rejoice in the great thing her son had done. Well, death would restore them to each other. Timothy would lie beside her, for such was his wish. After all he was hers, and she was only playing at Motherhood—"pretending" as the children say.

She took from her pocket a letter and leaning forward, read it again by the firelight. It was stamped with the crest and motto of a well-known College. "Dear Madam," it began, "I regret very much to tell you that your nephew, Timothy Haggart, has met with an accident, and your presence here would be welcome both to him and to us. A fire broke out in the wing where he occupies a room, and in carrying a stupified companion down a ladder, an iron support fell on Timothy's back, and we fear injury to his spine. I must tell you that the brave lad went back at the risk of his own life to save a friend who is unhurt. Need I say that we and the whole school are very proud of him?"

She could read no further, tears blurred her sight. She thought of the scene when she arrived at the

College—the silent little groups of boys, and her passing among them to the room where Timothy lay. The doctor told, quietly and frankly, that nothing could save the boy. His lower limbs were paralized, and it was only a question of days before paralysis reached the heart. He was in no pain, and the end would probably come quickly. Timothy's one wish seemed to be to get home, not to the little cottage she had taken by the sea, during his schooldays, but home to the house with the enchanted garden.

Outside, the river hurried noisily over its pebbly bed to the sea. Timothy moved his curly head restlessly. "Auntie," he called. She knelt beside him. She put his clinging brown hands to her heart as though their touch could still its wild beating.

"My dear boy," she said, and the sob in the sweet throat caught his ear.

"Don't cry, Auntie," he said boyishly. "Don't cry, or I shall think I have not done right. You taught me to be brave, and when the chance came, I could not but take it. Only I did not think it a chance then, it was just Barker minor I wanted to save. Did you hear the boys cheer me?" he asked smiling. "Of course, Auntie, it is dreadful to die, but it is better than being a cripple for life—not to go swimming or fishing, or to help you in the garden anymore. Oh, I could not stand that! And now I want to thank you—you know you have never let me mention it—I cannot do it properly of course—for all you have done for me. I was an awful little vagabond; wild as they make 'em, and I took a lot of training. By Jove! this is the very same bed you put me into that night six years ago. And I can smell the flowers, and the river sounds just the same, Auntie." He choked back the tears, and looked up at her.

She kissed him again and again, stroking his curls lovingly.

"You have been more to me than I can tell you, Timothy, the debt is all on my side, my dear. You cannot think how proud and happy you have made me, my brave boy."

She wept silently. Presently he took one of her hands, and placing it on his pillow, he laid his cheek against it, and so fell asleep.

* * * *

A week later the Idler, lounging thro' the vast Cemetery with its few graves, passed near Timothy Haggart's, and carefully placed a couple of red roses on it. He had picked them over the fence of the enchanted garden. A vague recollection that he had sometimes seen Timothy do the same thing, prompted him to place them on his grave in passing.

"Well," he said, surveying the crimson roses amid the mass of white flowers that covered the grave, "well, you've got enough now and to spare. Should'nt wonder either if, somewhere or other, you're a wearin' of a crown of 'em."

He opened the gate and passed out.

(THE END.)

THE LOVE OF PETI.

By JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

PETI was a little woman, judged by the native standard, but with vitality for one with twice her stature, and vivacity for two. In her passionate nature there ran a strong undercurrent of jealousy, which her husband Tamaiti discovered, and attempted to stem it more than once, not unpleased with his want of success.

Her eyes were the full lustrous brown eyes of the Maori girl, lighted in her vivacity like a mountain lake when the evening sun is about the shoulders of its confining peaks and ridges; but when her love was crossed, even in jest, her whole nature was concentrated to lightning-like looks, words and gestures, and her eyes were sinister as hot lakes reflecting the fierce flashes of intermittent volcanoes.

It was this jealous tendency that one evening induced the contemplative mood in Tama as he sat before his whare. Quietly smoking, he sat gazing steadily on the bush-clad mountains before him, as they faded from green to purple, and from purple to the sombre tints of night.

As a warrior, Tamaiti had been but indifferent: not sufficient intrepidity to secure him the name of toa—a hero, and not sufficient backwardness to cause his being dubbed hume—a coward. He was too prone to debate on probabilities—no characteristic of a warrior man.

Thus even now he was debating; but with a bias.

His caution had not advanced him greatly in his native sphere; but it had brought him wealth from the pakeha; enough to justify him in considering the question of procuring for Peti a "helper."

"Peti!" he called at last.

"Tama," and she came from within, her flax mat flung over her shoulder like a bandolier, leaving her left breast and shoulder bare.

He puffed lazily, but his thoughts were not idle. He was still revolving ways and means.

"It has seemed to me, Peti, (puff) that our whare, (puff) which grows with my wealth, (puff) calls for much of thy time."

In surprise, her brows arched towards the glossy hair billowed over her forehead. "It is nothing," said she.

"I could wish another kaitaka; (puff) finely woven and ample; (puff) mine is now but ngetangeta; (puff) rags."

"It was finished but a moon ago; it is yet good, and becoming withal." Was it vanity, thought she, and why?

"Ngetangeta;" he insisted; "Humu's is magnificent; (puff) but thy time is little; (puff) wherefore Peti,"—and he paused.

"Anana?" she queried, "well?"

"Thou knowest Waimarie?"

"Ae," with a quick glance, and a momentary gleam in her full eyes.

"A daughter of Ata, deity of morning;" said Tama, dreamily.

"Of Punga, god of all things ugly;" interrupted Peti, though scarcely above her breath.

"Nay; nay;" remonstrated Tama; "for she is to be thy helper."

"And thy helpmate?" asked Peti, sharply and bitterly.

"There is enough for two—"

"Then why three?" again interrupted Peti.

"Helpmates:" Tama finished placidly; for the volcano was but threatening, and in the darkness the lakes reflected nothing, as yet.

Posing as Peti.

"Have I given thee cause for complaint? or have I myself complained? hast thou even once been able to call me To kaha kei te kaki —strong to eat, weak to work?—have not I loved thee well?—then why is thy heart turned aside?"

"She is but a little one."

"Ae,—the sweeter therefore to cherish; but," with venom, "needs must thy love for her be deep that in it she may lose the fear of my hate."

The volcano was lurid, and Tama winced at first touch of the lava. Yet to-night he cared not to see the reflections; rather the thought of them troubled him. Therefore he arose, saying, "Enough, kaka (chatterbox); I have said it;" and stalked away.

Peti followed him with her eyes till he disappeared in the increasing darkness; then, moaning "Aue, aue, alas," she turned back into the whare.

Tama soon returned; for no native loves to roam in the dark. Peti was kind and caressing as ever.

Tama smiled, but doubtfully; for he knew.

* * * *

Afternoon was wearing towards evening, when two women, one twenty, one perhaps eighteen, sat in the mahau, or verandah, of Tama's whare. The elder, Peti, was pounding fern-root.

"Lo, I thought to have made me an enemy," said Waimarie, "but find a friend."

"Wait till thy friends have come and have left thee," said Peti, smiling, "then may'st thou be in need at least of one."

This she said, for the relatives of Waimarie would soon appear, and in a party seek to carry her to her hapu again, Tama in duty resisting. This was the custom, and this Waimarie dreaded.

But Tama sat close by, his eyes glistening: he awaited their coming; and the greater their number, the greater his honor.

"Hearest thou aught, Peti?" at length he asked.

"As yet, nothing; but the curs are barking as at the coming of many."

Quietly he sat, but alert with expectation. In the manuka scrub close by were hidden friends, ready to answer his call for aid, if need were.

Peti and Waimarie prattled together; Waimarie as a child, and afraid, Peti as a child in words only, and unafraid.

"Hearest thou aught, Peti?" again Tama enquired, his head bent forward, and eyes on the ground, but all his muscles a-quiver.

"A tramp of many feet, Tama," said she; and Waimarie was still: "yea, a score of braves," she continued, as she peered round to right of the whare; "great and mighty men of war. I go," she said, rising, "farewell awhile, Waimarie, and remember thy friend."

So saying, she placed her pounded fern-root in a corner, and slowly sauntered to the thicket of manuka, joining the men there lying hidden.

Waimarie commenced to whimper, and wring her hands. A score; mighty men of war, with hearts untamed and hands untender: perhaps they would remember their little rata-bloom and be merciful.

"It is well," thought Tama, and arose. "Get thee within, Waima," said he, softly touching her on the shoulder. His mere hung at his waist, but no weapon was in his hand, for there was to be no bloodshed—if possible.

He stood before his whare and turned toward the visitors; and seeing them near, he cried, "Haere mai! Haere mai! Welcome! whom seek ye?"

"Is it Tamaiti?"

"Know ye not his arm?"

"He hath stolen a woman."

"And what he stealeth he keepeth."

"If he prove he can hold." Therewith six of their number rushed on him to force a way into his whare, where Waimarie cowered on her couch of fern, her face hidden in her arms. But Tamaiti stood firm, and ere long the front was torn apart, and Waimarie seized on.

Then Tamaiti cried to his fellows, and they broke from their covert and also seized on Waimarie, part of them standing by to close with those of the party not now in the struggle. The maid was dragged this way and that, helpless, naked, and crying for pity.

* * * *

At even, as the korimakos, or bell birds, were uttering their incessant calls of te te te te te te, Tamaiti lay amid the ruins of his whare, panting, but exultant; Waimarie lay beside him, catching her breath and moaning. Her friends had departed, and Tamaiti had won his wife. Presently Peti returned, equable and smiling. She touched Waimarie here and there, each time causing her to shrink and moan with pain.

"Sore need hast thou of a friend.

A modern prototype of Waimarie.

Waimarie," said she ; never was so lusty a wooing !" and she laughed softly, beating her hands together.

" Alas, Alas," moaned Waimarie.

* * * *

Peti was kind to Waimarie, as the injured girl lay on her bed of fern in the rebuilt whare. Tamaiti saw, and quoth he, " It is good for the woman that I have taken this other to wife." And he went forth, leaving the two together.

For five nights Waimarie slowly, very slowly, bettered of her hurts ; but on the sixth, she was seized with convulsions ; and, the fits continuing with delirium through the night, she died ere morning.

As her last throe passed, Peti, who held her head on her arm as she knelt beside her, turned to Tamaiti and said softly, " Again we are two, O Tamaiti."

But Tama sat moodily silent : again he was debating.

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.

Carlyle and Democracy.

By W. G. McDONALD.

CARLYLE is often accused of being the Cassandra of the Nineteenth Century. That this will be the final verdict on his life's work is daily becoming more uncertain. True, his sentiments and opinions were in startling contrast to those held by any of the great political parties of his time; his attitude was one of pronounced antagonism to the general movement of his age; its modes of thought, its aspirations, its pursuits stirred within, what Horace and Burke call "splendid bile"; its falsity, its "gignaminity," its respectable shams, its stump-oratory, filled his soul with indignant scorn to which he gave expression in biting sarcasm, in bitter disdain, in contemptuous irony.

We are told by critics that he was a mere croaker, a Jeremiah, an unpractical visionary; that the march of events has falsified his predictions; that consequently half of what he has written is utterly valueless, except for its weird imagery, its striking metaphors, its rugged Gothic melody and rhythm; but that his fame will endure as the prophet of duty, the apostle of work.

A decade ago such criticism was considered sound doctrine, though signs were not wanting that the period of its orthodoxy was about to end. It was generally agreed that Carlyle had not understood the conditions of his age, and that when he parted company with his early friend, Mill, he stamped himself with the brand of eccentricity, and deliberately closed the door on a career of usefulness. When he laid aside his pen forever, and his voice was stilled in the tomb, Mill's theory of government was in the ascendant. England, believing that the Land of Promise lay in the direction of the enfranchisement of the masses, was on the eve of granting practically manhood suffrage. From 1884, whether Liberals or Conservatives have held the reins of government, they have been under democratic influence.

Democracy, the "self-government of the multitude by the multitude," regarded by reformers as the final goal, the winning post of progress, has been reached, and we seem no nearer a solution of life's problems than we were before. The poor are still poor, the homeless require to be housed, the worker does not receive the just recompense of his labour, wretchedness and squalor abound in the midst of plenty, Ireland is still in a state of chronic rebellion; and, if we can trust the conclusions of competent observers, the House of Commons has failed to preserve its high level of intelligence and administrative ability, with the consequence that the power of the Cabinet is constantly increasing. Skill in debate is valued above real governing power, and an able parliamentarian is but a euphemism for an artful dodger. Outside of English-speaking peoples democracy is an acknowledged failure. Quite recently Italy, France, and Belgium have each enjoyed the luxury of riots; parliamentary government in Austria is at a deadlock, revolution being prevented only by the personality of the Emperor, and Germany is being skillfully engineered by the Kaiser back to medieval ideals and conceptions.

All this was foretold years ago by Carlyle, when the movement to-

wards democracy was in its infancy. He assured us in "Chartism" that "in democracy can lie no finality, that in the completest winning of democracy there is nothing yet won, that, by its nature, it is a self-cancelling business, and gives in the long run a net result of zero." We are in a position to-day to appreciate this criticism. On every hand evidences of the dissatisfaction with the existing state of things are rapidly multiplying. Lord Rosebery in his famous Chesterfield speech arraigned the whole administration of the affairs of the Empire at the bar of common sense; and public opinion has brought in a verdict of guilty. His plea for efficiency, and the campaign in its favour are admissions of the truth of Carlyle's prophecy. The "business - principle - management-of-the-Empire" agitation, set going by the editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After," is a further recognition of the breakdown of democracy. And what else can we call the searching discussion as to whether we are a nation of amateurs? It seems as if after all we are still in the wilderness, that we have been travelling in a circle, and have not yet reached the Promised Land.

Mr. Arthur Sherwell has lately published the result of an inquiry, conducted by a band of skilled investigators, into the condition of the working classes of England. The poverty, the wretchedness, the glaring inequalities of wealth that exist in London have been so often depicted that repetition becomes monotonous. The conclusions reached by Mr. Charles Booth have been robbed of their startling character by familiarity. The conditions prevalent in the capital of the Empire have been regarded as exceptional and as inapplicable to other large cities. Mr. Sherwell, to arrive at the truth of the matter, selected a city as unlike London in every respect as possible, and where private philanthropy might be expected to mitigate to a larger extent the awful wretchedness of the masses. The Cathedral city of York was the scene of his investigations, and the results are, in all conscience, gloomy enough to justify the most pessimistic of Carlyle's denunciations of democracy as the final end of progress, the goal of human endeavour. If York is typical of English city life, his inquiry reveals that one quarter of the population of the country live in constant dread or in actual presence of hunger, are insufficiently fed and clothed, and are housed in crowded tenements utterly contrary to all principles of sanitation and morality. And this, after sixty years of progress and reform, and the growth of democracy! England still awaits the advent of the Moses of industrialism who shall lead her out of the bondage of Egypt into the land of Canaan.

Facts are stronger than any theory however elaborately constructed, however subtly woven, however symmetrically balanced; and the fact of facts is, as Carlyle proclaimed it, that in democracy there is no finality. The doctrines of "laissez faire," of expediency, of government by the count of heads, of rights of man, were to him merely moonshine. He had looked at life calmly and dispassionately, he had sought knowledge, not in a supposed revelation, but in the experienced facts of the world's history interpreted by man's intelligence, and possessing, as Goethe said, within himself an originating principle of conviction, he felt bound to utter with all the earnestness of which he was possessed, and in a form which is neither prose nor verse, but which is in a class apart, the "poor message," as he sometimes called it, which he had to deliver to his contemporaries.

With the religious side of that message we are not concerned at present, further than to remark that it was Calvanistic in character, "Calvanism," as Froude remarks, "without the theology." But his political and social message grew

out of his religious convictions. The world was divinely governed by forces, "not mechanical but dynamic, interpenetrating and controlling all existing things from the utmost bounds of space to the smallest granule on the earth's surface, from the making of the world to the lightest action of man." Divine law was everywhere, and the welfare of man depended on a faithful interpretation of it. Society was an organism, not an organisation, not a fortuitous concourse of individuals living together on conditions they could arrange for themselves, but on conditions that were inexorably laid down "from the beginning." Every step taken was a step in either the right or the wrong direction, every law passed would be successful or the reverse according as it corresponded to, or deviated from, the "divine law." Convenience and expediency, the rights of man, government by majorities, were but a delusion and a snare.

When democracy was preached as an end, not a means to an end, when it was asserted that the ills of a country would be remedied by an extension of the suffrage, he poured out on all such cant, as he termed it, the vials of his wrath. When "laissez faire" was the political ideal of reformers, when it was the accepted theory that government was to pass a "self-denying ordinance," prohibiting itself from interfering in the affairs of men except to protect property, and the result would be the best of all possible worlds, he thundered against this surrender of authority as the maddest speculation ever conceived by the brain of man. The result would be, he maintained, the worst of all possible worlds—a world in which human life, such a life as human beings ought to live, would become impossible. What captain would dream of sailing his vessel on such principles, of deciding the course, or of calculating the longitude by a vote of the majority of the crew? What general would dream of forswearing discipline in his army, and of winning victories by allowing every man to do as he pleased? And the government of a nation was infinitely more difficult and more complex than the art of navigation or the art of strategy. It was simply inconceivable that a nation could "progress" anywhere but down to Tophet that gave Judas Iscariot and St. Paul an equal voice in shaping its destinies.

Men had "rights" certainly: their rights consisted in finding out the wisest and the best among them, or in Lord Rosebery's phrase, the most efficient, and setting them to rule. He recognized, however, the great central truth of democracy—that it was an effort to get rid of sham-rulers, that no rulers were better than bad ones, and that at heart it was an endeavour after the heroic. "When a nation," he says in 'Past and Present,' "not yet doomed to death, is rushing down to ever deeper Baseness and Confusion, it is a dire necessity of Nature's to bring in her Aristocracies, her Best, even by forcible methods. When their representatives cease entirely to be the Best, Nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to Baseness; and it becomes a dire necessity of Nature's to cast them out. Hence French Revolutions, Five-point Charters, Democracies, and a mournful list of Etceteras in these our afflicted times."

Carlyle had not reached these conclusions without deep meditation and profound thought. He had been born and bred a Radical; the misery that had existed after the Great War had burned into his soul an indelible impress. In his youthful enthusiasm he had hoped great things from the Reform Bill of 1832, which was to be the trumpet peal heralding the dawn of the millenium; but he had been bitterly disappointed. The Reform Bill had become law, and the poor were none the better off: the power in the State had been shifted from the aristocracy to the middle classes.

That was all. The handicraftsman remained exactly where he was—in a worse position than that of a slave. He had liberty, true; but the liberty to starve did not appear to Carlyle the divine thing that Bentham and Mill and Macaulay proclaimed it on the house-tops to be. Disgusted with the "Edinburgh style of mockery, its hard withering influence, its momentary solacement, fataller than any pain," he had retired to the lonely farm house of Craigemputtock to think out for himself a scheme of the universe in which he could believe, to adjust his beliefs, religious and social and political, to the facts of life, and to meditate on the divine-diabolical nature of man. He studied history, not to read a theory into it, but to deduce rules of conduct from its lessons. The Past contained the answer to the Sphinx of the Present—an answer which must be found under penalty of death.

The nature and character of his intellectual life turned his attention to the French Revolution; his studies on "heroes and the heroic in history" to Oliver Cromwell. His "History of the French Revolution," written in the years immediately following the first Reform Bill, contained his "poor message" to the rulers of England: his "Cromwell" was his answer to the democratization of the institutions of the country.

It is impossible in a few words to sum up the two books that have left a deeper impress on the thought of the Nineteenth Century than any other productions of that prolific period. Briefly, however, the French Revolution was the last and most signal example of "God's revenge" overtaking the government of a nation that had failed to preserve justice between man and man, that had led the people in the worship of shams and speciosities, and that had lived for pleasure instead of for duty. The heart of Nature is just, sternly inexorable as ever, and inflicts its penalties for transgression of its laws without fear or favour. From the sentence of the Court of Destiny there is no appeal. Execution may be delayed for a year, for a century; but outraged justice is avenged at last. The Israelites were punished for their sins by the Philistines, by the Babylonians, by the Assyrians. Hordes of barbarians swept away the Roman sensualists. Modern nations, although they may be secure from raids by savages, breed in their own hearts the instruments of their punishment. The outraged millions may endure injustice for centuries; but at last will turn and rend their oppressors.

That to Carlyle was the interpretation of the greatest event of the eighteenth century; and the deductions he drew from his studies of the Commonwealth were corollaries from this proposition. Many people held, and indeed still hold, that had not the Ironsides pushed the quarrel with Charles to extremities, had the Parliament been allowed to conclude its treaty with the King, England would have secured the fruits of that ever-memorable struggle without suffering the violent reaction produced by the execution of Charles. Cromwell, however, judged differently, and his great biographer agreed with him. The Protector could see that wearied England, content with having secured the control of the purse, would have handed the Puritans over to the vengeance of Charles, and that all he had fought for would have been inevitably lost. Carlyle, from this, drew two practical inferences. Taking the Long Parliament as a whole it was the finest representative body ever gathered together. Its members were men of ability and statesmanship, imbued with lofty ideals of patriotism, and with a love of that righteousness that exalteth a nation. Yet they failed and had to be prevented by force from ruining themselves and the real interests of the country. Would it be reasonable, then, to expect any similar body to be more successful? As

long as the wind was fair and the waters smooth a council of pilots could be entrusted with the ship of state. But when storms arose, when the breakers were in sight, Parliaments would be worse than useless. They could talk only; action would be half-hearted, or else a compromise. Injustice would still reign and bring the inevitable disaster. But the world at heart, Carlyle held, was just. The strong were its natural rulers, not because they were strong; but because might in the long run was right. Force and justice were really synonymous terms. A good cause begat in its defenders superior strength, and this virtue, in the old Roman sense, this valour would triumph over evil. They would submit, as long as submission was possible, to any government that approximated to their ideals; but when submission became intolerable, when driven to the alternative of seeing justice perish or of trying other methods, they would prove, to use Froude's lucid phrase, "that though they might be outvoted in the count of heads, they were not outvoted in the count of destiny." Behind all constitutions ever so democratic lay an ultimate appeal to force. Majorities could be as tyrannous as kings or oligarchies, and had no more claim to rule by divine right than they

"Who ever turned upon his heel to hear
My warning that the tyranny of one
Was prelude to the tyranny of all?
My counsel that the tyranny of all
Led backward to the tyranny of one?"

The practical questions we have to answer are—was Carlyle right? Is his interpretation of the lessons of history correct? Is the end and aim of government to free man from the shackles of authority, and allow each to become a law unto himself? Is industry to be left to the guidance of "free competition"? Are we to "muddle through" all national affairs somehow or other? Have we no room in our midst for the expert?

To say that events have proved Carlyle wrong, as we have suffered no revolution, is to mistake his position utterly. The repeal of the Corn Laws alone, he maintained, would give England thirty years at least in which to set her house in order. But Democracy did not stop there: it did more than repeal the Corn Laws. It freed industry from unjust restrictions; it attempted, if it did not entirely succeed, in opening the road to talent; it discovered the use of the Colonies; it developed, and is still developing, the Imperial domain. Nor is that all. It declared war to the knife against Carlyle's pet abomination, the doctrine of "laissez faire." And the result has been the extension of the powers of the State, and the imposition of checks and restraints on human cupidity, and greed, and cunning. The sub-conscious impetus behind such legislation as factory acts, education acts, land acts, adulteration acts, arbitration acts, is derived from the idea that in the interests of the state organism we cannot allow production to brutalise the workers and through them the consumers.

And of "free competition" can we not truly say that its death warrant is signed, and that even now it is awaiting its quietus by the hands of the trusts. Had we but followed the teaching of our prophet, had we not been blinded by the professors of political economy we might have seen, as George D. Herron says, "that industrial progress would arise in spite of competition, rather than because of it, through various forms of modified or unconscious co-operation by which competition was qualified or avoided."

"At its best," he further states, in a passage of singular vividness, "competition is always a moral evil, though under certain imagined conditions it appears to be moral and social vigour. It is profane in theory, when judged by the teachings of Christianity, or by the moral reason, and causes the worst

instincts of life to triumph. It makes the average life a struggle for bread, and a degrading game of chance. It brings the people into wretched economic subjection, with political, intellectual, and even religious subjection logically following. It involves the whole human organism in a strife corrupting from height to depth, cursing ideas and practices alike, poisoning every motive, and perverting every action."

The cry for men of efficiency, that is for the expert, is it not a call for the "heroes" of the Empire, in the Carlylean sense, to reveal themselves, to assume the direction of affairs, to lead us out of the Slough of Despond into which reliance on "expediency," "government by majorities," "the rights of man" have brought us? We want men, not formulas to rule us.

And at the back of this there is arising a new conception of democracy—a democracy that will enlist in its service its greatest and wisest men, that will apportion tasks and rewards according to ability, that will rescue industry from the anarchy of competition, and that will afford each opportunity to develop his talents and to use them for the general good.

"Progress is
The law of life, man is not man as yet,
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'er looks its prostrate fellows."

So says Browning in "Paracelsus," and strong in this faith, we may discern a new world forming, shaking itself free from the cant and hypocrisies so hated by Carlyle, discern the new man rising from the struggle, the agony, the fear, and the dust. Prometheus is unbinding himself. Of the dominion of quacks, of speciosities, of so-called economic laws, we are to have an end. Man is rising stronger than the superstitions that power is other than right, and that only self-interest can summon to the highest effort. He is entering an epoch when in Mazzini's formula, "the progress of all" shall be "through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest."

Dunedin.

Bedecked in garb of verdant green,
Enrobed in nature's cloak alone,
There sits the lovely southern Queen
In quiet state, upon her throne.

As if he would the sov'reign crown
With diadem of purest light,
The genial sun smiles kindly down,
And spreads o'er all his radiance bright.

Above the city's circling hood,
Like giant guardians o'er the land,
That have the blasts of ages stood,
The silent watchers take their stand.

The silent waters of the bay,
Stretch at her feet in peaceful rest,
As if to graceful homage pay
Unto their southern Monarch blest;

While by the bright and shining strand,
With flowing manes of sunlit foam,
As if urged on by unseen hand,
The steeds of Neptune romp and roam.

And when I contemplate the scene
That tells of labour, yet of rest,
I, too, do homage to this Queen,
With beauty and with bounty blest.

Charles R. Allen.

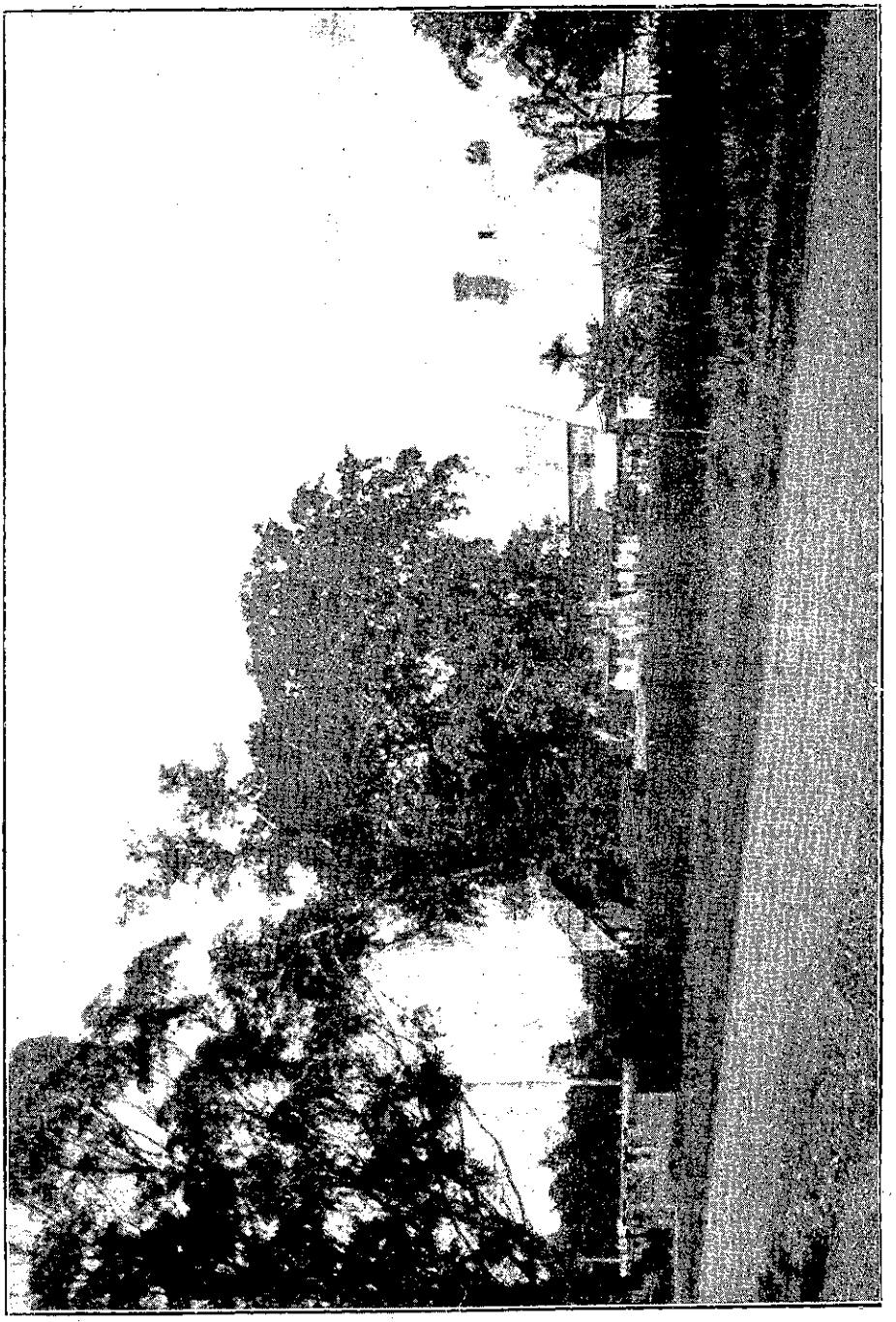
The Native Schools of Auckland.

By EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN, M.A.

PART I.—PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

THE process of turning a Maori into a Pakeha can be seen to best advantage in the Native Schools of the Colony. In the far North, in the gumfields, in districts so lonely that master and mistress can get no help, but must both teach and housekeep for themselves, in spots like Kokako, near Waikare moana, where the tribes still keep to old Maori ways, and where only at rare intervals an adventurous white man comes to explore, earnest men and women are devoting themselves to the task of raising the natives to the level of European civilization, and saving at least a remnant of the race. They are beset by harassing difficulties. In many places parents are suspicious or even openly hostile, in others they are quite apathetic, while in yet others there are feuds still surviving between different tribes and families. Sometimes, in consequence of the heedless way of living from hand to mouth, food becomes so scarce that there is almost a famine. Often there are epidemics raging unchecked in the kaingas. Often the pupils find other attractions like the poi dancing at the Royal visit, or else parents and pupils simply get bored by the slow business of learning. Then the whole school dwindles away. There is no truant officer to recall truants, no means of enforcing attendance, and a half-civilised people cannot be expected to understand the benefits, the necessity of education. Nothing but the teacher's personal influence can awaken them from ignorance and indifference. School after school flickers out into darkness. In 1900, four were closed in the Colony, owing to rigorous climate, want of appreciation, or failure of the natives to keep up the promised attendance.

But still the greater number hold on their way, battling year by year with difficulties that a townsman can hardly understand. There is a genuine missionary spirit amongst these teachers. They have more freedom than the average State school-masters and mistresses, and an added interest in their work. Many of them contrive some special means of interesting their half uncivilised pupils, constructing implements and appliances for manual work, or for object lessons, or making model gardens out of school hours. In Pamapuria the master tried to introduce European methods of farming and gardening. Kawhia has a workshop built by master and pupils together, and well furnished with tools. The teacher must do more than fulfil the instructions of the Code. No mechanical teaching is sufficient. The work requires sympathy with the race, an understanding of its views of life, an earnest desire to raise and to save it, and above all, the power of managing it. It wants not just the bare sense of duty, but enthusiasm. Fortunately that has not been wanting. Of one who died last year, the Inspector says that he was the friend of the Maoris as well as the faithful instructor of their children. This remark applies to many others. Mrs. Barnett, the daughter of Mr. Haszard, of Tarawera, one of the survivors of his family on the night of the eruption



St. Stephen's Native School.

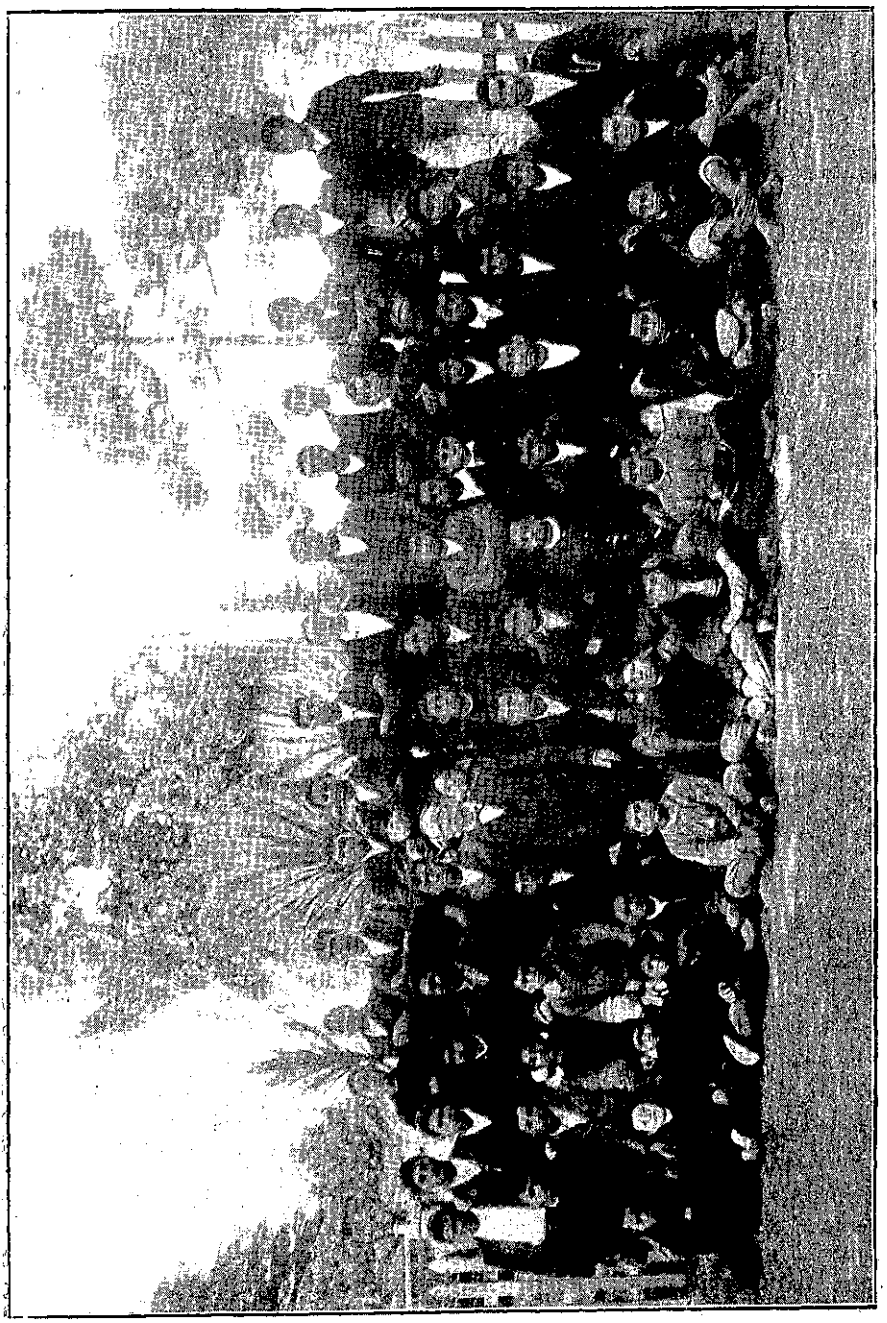
was, until her recent death, an enthusiastic teacher of Waotu, described by the Inspector as representing all that was best in the older school of Maori teachers. She took an interest in the general welfare of the Maoris, and went amongst them, talking to them freely in their own language. It is not the modest salary alone that could tempt men and women to labour on in the wilds. It is a real underlying sense of the white man's burden of responsibility towards native races.

Enthusiasm in the teacher awakens enthusiasm in the scholars. In one place, many of the children had to walk four or five miles daily to their lessons, and yet this school was amongst the best. Sometimes the parents become interested, especially in the results of examination, and numbers of them turn up to see what is going on.

Last year was one of the brightest in the history of primary native education. No fresh schools were closed, the attendance increased, and the number of passes went up. Several new schools were asked for. Speaking generally, there seems to be an awakening amongst the Maoris, one of the signs of a widespread revival of the race.

PART II.—ST. STEPHENS.

The City of Auckland has two native boarding-schools, one at Three Kings, under the Wesleyan Church management, and the other more important school at St. Stephen's, partly under the Government partly under the Trustees of the original endowment. St. Stephen's is known to everyone who takes an interest in the Maori race. It is classed as a secondary school, but we have to bear in mind that the terms applied to native schools have not their ordinary meanings. They are not under the same system or the same regulations as schools and colleges for whites. Education is not compulsory among Maoris, and the standards are lower. Our secondary schools and colleges are meant either to prepare pupils for matriculation or to take them through their University course. Te Aute does some of this work, but St. Stephen's does not aim at preparing pupils even for matriculation. No Latin nor Algebra, nor Euclid, nor any extra subject is taught. It is an Industrial School, but here again we must not suppose it has the least resemblance to the ill-famed Industrial Schools for neglected and criminal children. The word simply means that the native pupils are taught how to work in the house, in the garden, and in the workshop. Its history goes back to Auckland's earliest days. It was built by the great evangelist of Anglican Christianity in New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn. First of all, in those old missionary days that seem as if separated from the present by a chasm of time, the Bishop founded St. John's to be the centre of Christianity and civilization in the wilds of the North Island. Here he had students specially trained for the Church, settlers' sons taught on the lines of Eton boys, and Maoris and Islanders taught the elements of Pakeha knowledge and industries. But his great scheme broke down, and the different branches were scattered in various places. He established, nearer the wharf and little town, a school for Maori girls under the superintendence of Archdeacon Kissling. Bishop Patteson, who stayed here just after landing in New Zealand, describes the house as "a large one-storied building of wood, no staircase in it, but only a succession of rooms." "It stands," he continues, "on a tableland about 400 yards from the sea, commanding glorious views of the harbour, sea and islands which form groups close round the coasts." At that time there were one or two native deacons, and from fourteen to sixteen girls. Two of the old buildings remain, separated by an open courtyard, and they are still just as Patteson describes them.

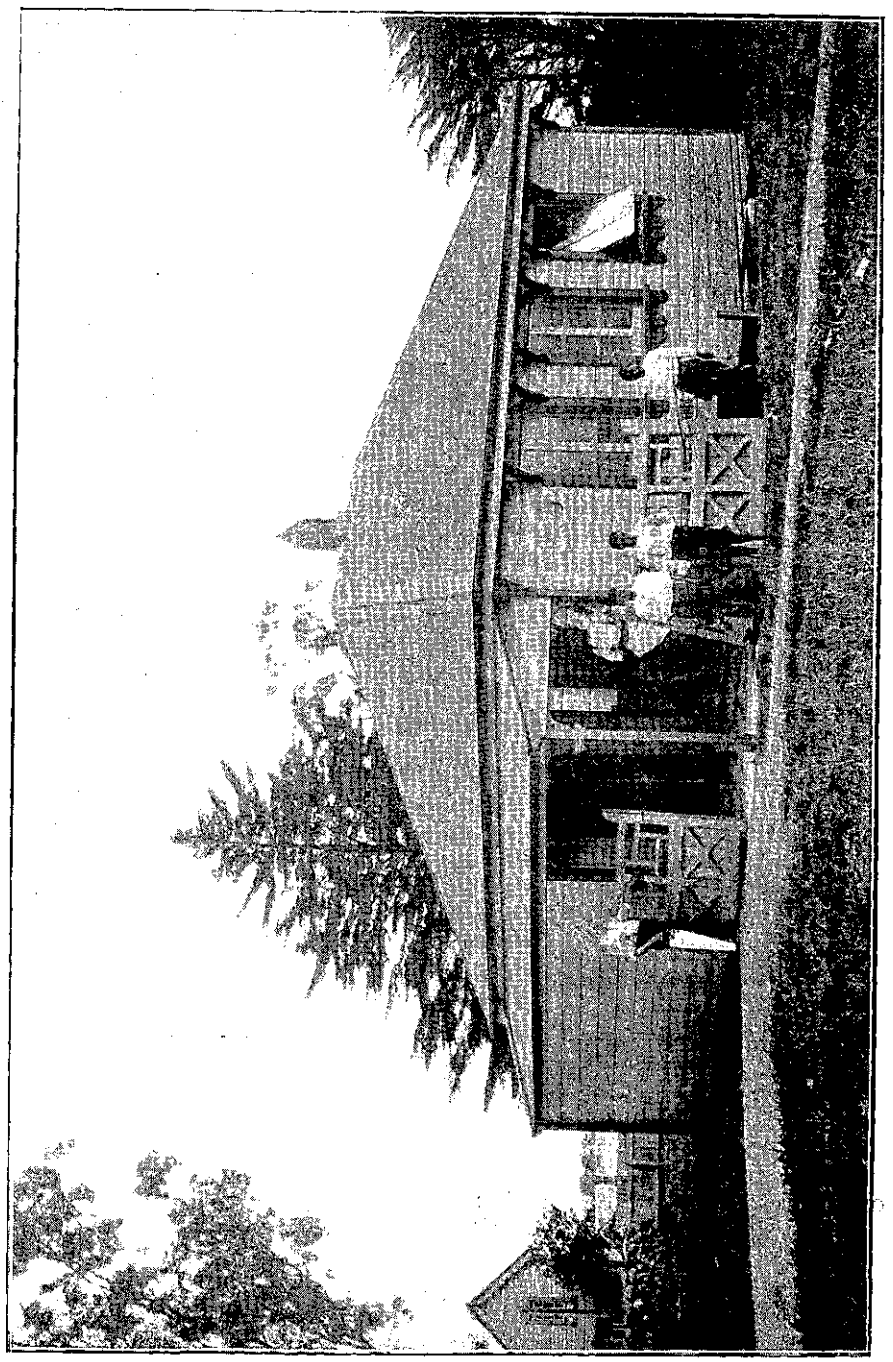


The Principal and his Scholars.

One contains the dormitories, dining-hall and kitchen. The other consists of a row of rooms built for the parents of the native pupils. For the Maoris of those times knew not what to make of the Pakehas, and would not give up their daughters to their care, so they had to be settled on the estate. It is a long, low building, the back and front of dark volcanic stone, the front nearly all taken up by wooden doors and old-fashioned diamond-paned windows. It is now used for the prentices' bedrooms, for mangling room, linen press, and various other purposes. The girls' school did not flourish. It is said they were not so amenable to discipline as the boys, and used to escape out of their windows at night, and wander down town. Then war broke out, and the parents went off and took their daughters with them, and the whole school melted away. Afterwards the Maori boys were sent here from St. John's, and St. Stephen's has remained a school for them ever since. This year there are sixty-four scholars and five or six apprentices. The scholars are of two completely different classes. Thirty-four are chosen by St. Stephen's Trust from orphans, waifs and strays among the natives; the remaining thirty are the pick of those remote outlying primary schools working in the roadless North, boys who come in on scholarships offered by the Government to their race. Naturally there is a great difference of capacity amongst them. One quarter-caste I saw, a child with a fair complexion but Maori type of countenance, who had been found running wild in the Waikato. His father had divorced his mother and afterwards died, leaving two children more than orphaned.

St. Stephen's is kept in excellent order, and the dusky pupils are taught in the most practical way that cleanliness is next to godliness. A different boy is chosen each week to take charge of the kitchen and cook. Every kind of work done on the place is done by the boys, except for some help with the washing, and everything is well done too. The floors and tables are scrupulously clean, the house linen neatly folded, the stores all in order. Once a year the whole interior, including walls and ceilings, is cleaned with carbolic. The long row of beds in the dormitories are covered with snowy coverlets. Now, passing out of the house buildings, we may give a passing glance at the flower and vegetable gardens, flourishing in the charge of the boys. There is no room for farming here, but all over the large courtyard the boys had been digging deep drains, and laying underground pipes—no light task for them. Beyond the courtyard is a pleasant grassy cricket and football ground, where the pupils amuse themselves as they please, out of lesson-time. The gymnasium, which stands by itself, is one of the features of the place, and is well equipped with horizontal and with parallel bars, and with Roman rings, while Indian Clubs are neatly stacked along the side of the walls.

Entering the schoolroom, we find scholars of all shades of complexion, one almost sooty black, others all varieties of tawny brown, one or two quite white and slightly freckled, in no way distinguishable from Europeans. The countenance and general appearance of the Maoris seem to be changing from that of their ancestors, and approximating to that of the British, amongst whom they live. They still keep the thicker features, and the full, dark rolling eye, and the almost gloomy expression common to all native races, lit however, by flashes of winning amiability, the spontaneous smiles of childhood. They are docile, well-behaved boys, intent upon their work. The highest form is somewhere between Standard VI. and Standard VII. What they do learn is taught thoroughly, and it must be better to teach them a few subjects than many, for we are dealing with human beings whose minds

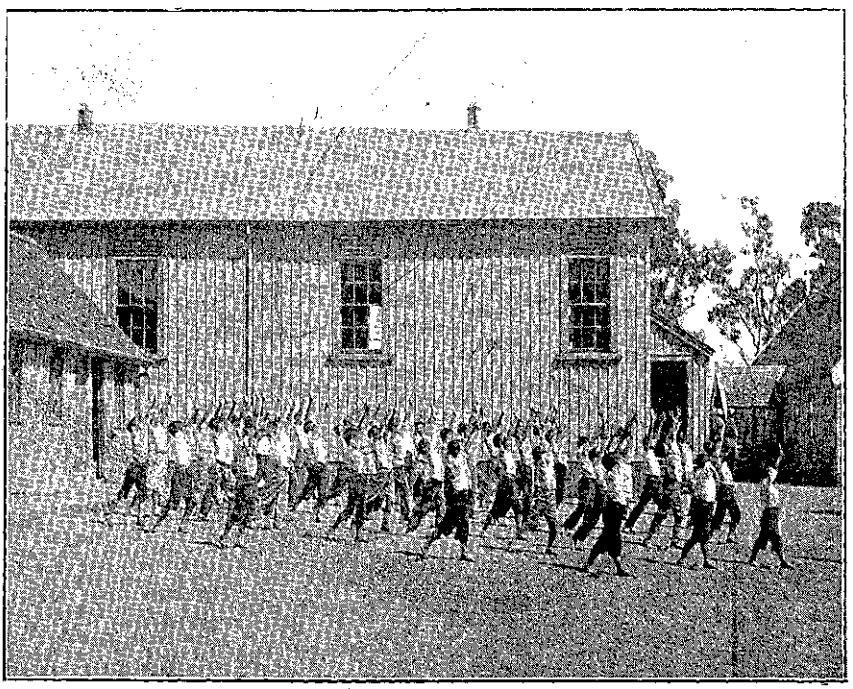


The Workshop

are much less complex than our own. They excel in memory subjects, and in imitation. As one might expect, they can draw and map well. Some of the large maps on the wall would do credit to any school, and there are two very good pencil sketches of old Maori chiefs also decorating the schoolroom. Their singing does not possess the weird fascination of Islanders' voices, that billowy rising and falling characteristic of them, and peculiar to them, but it has some resemblance to the so-called "burr," which is like the backwash of a wave dragging over a rough coast. The Maoris require a large hall or the open-air to sing in, and cannot do themselves justice in a small building like the schoolroom. They would excel in a good rousing soldiers' chorus, or some military hymn, as they have no idea of pianissimo effects. Still, the singing of the St. Stephen's boys is really fine; they have strong, full-toned voices, and are well-trained. The discipline seems admirable.

The Headmaster, Mr. Davies, has been in charge for the last thirty years, and is now teaching some of the children of his old pupils. The Superintendent, Mr. Smith, has held his position for twenty-three years. In Maori schools, it is particularly necessary that there should not be frequent changes, for a teacher needs a very uncommon knowledge of native character in order to be successful.

Technical instruction, chiefly in the nature of cabinet work, is given in the workshop. This was built and painted entirely by the boys themselves. Inside I found four boys at work, vigorously planing planks, and putting their whole heart into the task. They had just set about making a rather elaborate cupboard with panels, drawers and handles, the design for which was sketched on the blackboard. Four different boys are chosen each Monday out of the school, and these employ their lesson-time in the workshop during that week. The woods used were kauri, mottled



Native Boys at Dumb-bell Exercise.

totara, honeysuckle, and grained rimu. The modern Maoris, I was informed, cannot tell one timber from another, though their ancestors knew each one by the smell alone. They were working when I called, for the Maori Girls' Bazaar, and some of their show productions have been sent away, but what remained gave a good idea of the whole. There was a neatly finished box for clothes, a number of easels, small picture frames, and the framework of a model roof. Their most important undertaking has been the ornamental entrance gates to the institution, entirely made by the boys. The Maoris are eager for this kind of work, though they are rather in a hurry to get a lot done than to do anything thoroughly. A poor young cripple, Piki Porima, shows a talent for wood-carving, and has been allowed to indulge it, though as a rule the Government regards that occupation as frivolous and unremunerative. Piki had made two ornamental boxes, one of maple-coloured wood, the other stained dark brown, and decorated with a design of twigs, leaves, and a creeping lizard. Besides this, various other pieces of his work, ornamental panels and so on, are to be seen. This boy came from Kawhia, and was taught there in the Primary School, where the master, who took a great interest in his pupils, encouraged him to follow his bent. Possibly he may make his living at the art. One cannot help thinking, on visiting this school, how much the natives are changed since the days of Selwyn and Patteson. St. Stephen's is one of the most successful results of the Bishop's industrial system. Most of the boys on leaving, settle on the land. It is desired they should stay amongst their own people, and, by their example, raise them to the level of Europeans. Some are carpenters in the Waikato. Some stay in the City, and are apprenticed to trades. One is now a tailor in Auckland. Some are in the Civil Service, a few in the Post Office, and in the Lands' Department. Four have become native ministers. On the whole, the school fulfils its object, that of making the Maoris able to compete with their white neighbours. The Government report pays a high tribute to the effect of St. Stephen's on the native race :—"All over the Northern parts of the Colony one may meet, here and there, intelligent, well set up men, who can converse with one in good English, can transact most kinds of business, and are competent to initiate wise plans and undertakings for the benefit of those depending on them. Sober, shrewd, intelligent men are they who, clinging to their own people and their old way of life to a large extent, have yet modified it beneficially at so many points that it would be hard to suggest a mode in which they would have been of greater service to themselves and their people—a way, in short, in which they would have made better use of their lives. The kind of men here alluded to have the same stamp on all of them; it is the stamp of St. Stephen's, Parnell."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Catching the Mail.

By REVILE.

THE hustling, bustling scene, "Catching the Mail," is a familiar one in almost every evening newspaper office in the colony, especially so in up-country offices where the appliances are of the crudest, and eminently unfitted for speedy production.

At a certain hour of the day a number of papers (perhaps only half-dozen copies), have to be printed, wrappered, and made up into parcels in order to be despatched by train, coach, or waggon service as the case may be. If the mail service is not punctually met, there is sure to be a row. The subscribers affected naturally growl and indite complaints to the editor, couched in the choicest back-blocks Billingsgate, about the irregular delivery of their penny rag—some even containing the ever ready threat to "Knock it off."

In turn, the worried editor becomes exceeding wrath, and passes the invective on to his staff, accusing them of bungling and every other misdeed under the sun.

The causes which lead up to this "catching the mail turmoil" are many and various. In the first place, the natural tendency to get as much copy in type as possible before the mail closes, or train departs, often proves disastrous, as it considerably limits the time for the proper arrangement of mechanical details. In some offices, there is no system or management; on some of the struggling sheets only two men and a boy are employed, and consequently, "the staff" are always working at high pressure. Bad copy, dirty proofs, typograghical mishaps, breakdown of machines (monolines and linotypes in the larger offices not excepted), sickness, &c., all contribute to the trials and tribulations of newspaper life.

As an example, we will select a bush township office, where the oft recurring "scene" is both exciting and amusing, as the following sketch will show:—

It is a blazing hot day, and the afternoon express train from Kauriville to Gumtown is shortly due.

The long-wooled, beery-faced, slovenly-dressed, corpulent bush-editor, canvasser, reporter, type-snatcher, etc., with streams of perspiration pouring down his frontispiece, struggles up-stairs to the composing room.

In one hand he excitedly flourishes a number of proofs; in the other, he holds a huge slice of bread and butter, which he ravenously devours in a couple of mouthfuls.

The poor fellow is so hungry and over-worked, that he cannot spare a moment to eat his meal in a dignified manner.

The hurly-burly commences by the bush-editor howling out innumerable orders.

"Now, Mooney," he shouts, "slap it together; don't wait for anything; cut it down; those woodhen items can hold over; and don't bother about that Grasstown gossip! Express 'll be here in a few minutes! Tompkins swears he's got no paper for over a week! We'll lose every bloomin' subscriber if we don't catch that train today!"

Wobbling round to the printers' frames, he tears up all remaining copy, and terrifies the comps with his wild gesticulations and fiery language.

"Here, you fellows, take up a proof each; they're shockingly dirty, too; full of abominable errors; outs and doubles wholesale! Brainless lot—can't spell—got no idea of punctuation! That fancy dress ball is all jumbled up into a hopeless mixture! I'd get better work from niggers! Plain reprint, too! Bless my soul—can't—oh, I'm simply disgusted with such galoots!"

Recovering his breath, he continues:—

"Here! What's this? Farmer Twinkle's death mixed up in sporting news: 'The deceased suffered from an internal complaint, and with 9st. up, led nearly all the way, till passing the grandstand when Sourgrass came with a tremendous rush, and the pie-bald gelding won by half a nose. He lived a goodly virgin's life, and despite the efforts of the medical man, passed peacefully away.' And here's another nice mess: 'The bride was given away by her father who looked charming, being prettily attired in a beautiful cretonne dress, and wearing the usual bridal veil. Great Heavens, that birth rate article of mine has got stuck in the stock report! Grossly libellous mistakes! Are you all mad? You infernal empty-heads! I'll get rid of the lot of you, making the paper ridiculous with your cursed silliness!"

"Better pay up that six weeks' screw you owe me, or there'll be trouble," mutters Lean Bill from the corner frame.

The B.E. disappears, and there is a lull for a few minutes until he again scrambles upstairs, and exclaims:

"Come on, Mooney, move round, can't you? Express is coming; heard her whistling down the line; and the other rag is out! Now don't hang back, slap the stuff together; we must make a rush for it!"

Mooney, the foreman, has not yet recovered from the previous night's carouse, and is not exerting himself in the least.

"Nearly a column short," he mutters sulkily in reply.

"Goodness gracious! whatever ——" gasps the B.E. in alarm. "You lazy hounds! Stick in a couple of those Sarsparilla blocks; and that Rabbit Board Meeting can go in again, nobody'll be any wiser."

In a hurry-scurry fashion, the "matter" is carried downstairs, and is slid off.

The B.E. is fearfully flurried, and as a consequence is responsible for piles of pye and sundry other damage.

In one breath, he shouts, "Where's the mallet—find the plainer—get some leads—have you spaced out those columns?—I've lost my rule—who's got the shooter?—confound it! that blessed boy hasn't altered the date line, careless young devil, not worth his salt!"

More delays occur.

The B.E. is waxing yet more furious every moment, and vents his wrath on Mooney.

"Why the devil don't you damp the galleys, Mooney. Been on the wine again, you drunken wretch, eh?"

Mooney is indignant, and a heated cross-fire follows. Mooney threatens to leave at once, but is subdued when the B.E. whispers something about "having a drink after."

At last, the formes are on the machine, and the command is sounded, "Man at the wheel wanted." Lean Bill performs this duty, which consists in turning a handle attached to a dray wheel, three revolutions being given to each paper. The handle is released, and the lumbering, broken-down wharfdale set going.

"She's in, and the five minutes' bell's just gone!" exclaims "Peter the Devil."

A couple of papers have been printed, when Mooney cries out, "Stop, stop! Type under the forme! Column rules cutting the paper!"

The B.E. raves and swears. A

handful of pye is brought to light, and a fresh start made.

Another cry from Mooney : "Hold on, no impression ; paper not printing."

Terrible oaths from B.E. He experiments with the screw-driver.

"There you are, go on, go on !"

"One, two, three," he counts up to twenty. "Here you are, don't stop to fold them ; never mind about the string ; hang the stamps ! Run for your life, quick, quick ! There's the whistle ; she's off ! "

The excitement is intense. Even odds are laid against Peter's chance of beating the train, but he fairly leaps over the ground, and covers the distance in record time. He catches the eye of the guard, and springs forward to the van. The official grasps the parcel—thank heaven, the precious bundle's safe. The mail has been caught !

Akarana's River.

WAITEMATA broad and blue,
Dawn peeps o'er the hills at thee,
Art thou not her lover free,
Waitemata broad and blue?
Only Eros can adorn
Akarana's river;
Wooer of the rosy morn,
Akarana's river.

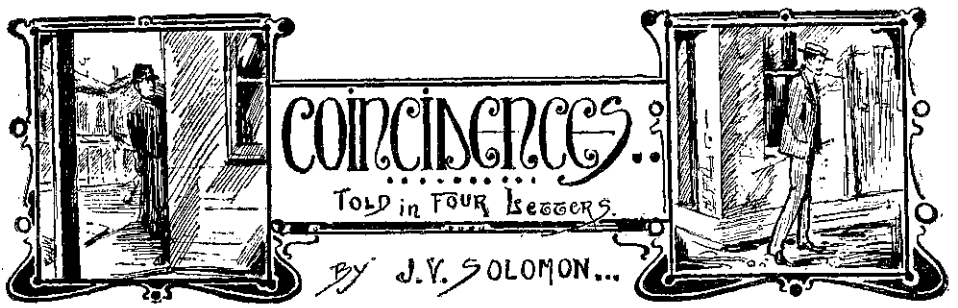
Waitemata broad and blue,
Eve reluctant glances back
All along her golden track,
Waitemata broad and blue,
Leaves her glory on thy breast,
Akarana's river;
Well beloved of the West,
Akarana's river.

Waitemata broad and blue,
Luna leans from her high place
O'er thee with a fairy grace,
Waitemata broad and blue,
Murmurs of her favours low,
Akarana's river;
Silver sweet and summer slow,
Akarana's river.

Waitemata broad and blue,
June shall bring thee night by night
Stars of sevenfold radiance bright,
Waitemata broad and blue;
Wear them for the fleeting hour,
Akarana's river;
Beauty mating thus with power,
Akarana's river.

Waitemata broad and blue,
We will wander back in dreams
From the banks of other streams,
Waitemata broad and blue,
To thy dear familiar shore,
Akarana's river;
Loving once and evermore,
Akarana's river.

ROSLYN.



Illustrated by M. W. Kimbell.

No. 1.—From Violet Grey to Winifred Holmes.

THE VICARAGE, OLDLOVE,
Tuesday, 22nd May, 1900.

Dear old Win,

Don't get too great a shock when you receive this! I would have written before only—but I'll tell you in a minute. The whole parish is terribly down in the dumps, why I don't know, considering the cause concerns nobody but myself. And, O Win, I do feel it so! I'm sure I must be getting thinner and thinner every day. I must tell somebody about it, and I know I can trust you, Win, dear. He's been transferred to Newlove, and I thought that perhaps you might—you might—oh, well, you know, just keep an eye on the dear boy for me. His name is Reggie—Reggie De Vere (perhaps you may have met him already, it is quite a month since he left here). He's in the bank, I'm not sure which one, but anyway I know it's the bank. Now I feel sure I can trust you, Win, some day you will learn what it is to be in love yourself. I hear from him every week. He says Newlove is so uninteresting after Oldlove (he means me), but ask him up now and then, Win; it will help to cheer the poor boy up. If you can manage to draw him out a little, you'll find that he plays tennis splendidly. We used to sneak away for a walk after church (always pitched Dad some fairy), and it is so lonely now, Win, but I know you'll feel for me, wont you, dear? Bother it, there's a ring, I suppose it's old Simkin, the poet (I just hate poets), so I must run. With fondest love, hoping you will write soon to

Your loving friend,
Violet.

P.S.—I know I can trust you not to tell anybody.

No. 2.—From Winifred Holmes to Violet Grey.

THE ELMS, NEWLOVE,
Tuesday, 22nd May, 1900.

Dearest Vi,

I am actually going to write to you. It is just twelve months since we had that jolly time together in town. Oh, it was just lovely, the restaurants (with the funny waiters—you remember), and the galleries, and the ride in the Twopenny Tube, and the afternoon teas! We were happy, weren't we? But that is one sort of happiness, since then I have discovered another. I know you must be laughing, but don't say a word about it to anybody, will you, Vi, if I tell you? Listen, there is such a nice young man here, a Mr. De Vere—Reginald

"Oh, he is so nice Vi., just too sweet for anything!"

his name is. Perhaps you know him (he said he was once stationed at Oldlove). Oh, he is so nice, Vi, just too sweet for anything! We're just a match at tennis, and yesterday afternoon when we were having a quiet single, he called out "Love One!" Oh, I did blush terribly; it was the way he said it, you know. Fortunately there was nobody about except the gardener, so it did'nt matter (but what a waste of blush, Vi). Oh, I forgot to tell you; Mater is going to give a big "At Home" to-morrow night. Of course Reg is coming, and I've found such a grand place in the garden for sitting out—I must drop Reg a line this afternoon and tell him. There's one point I admire about him, he talks very little about himself. Once he told me that his people lived on their estate in Ireland, but that was all I could get out of the darling. I can see the postman coming along, perhaps he's got something for me. I'm so happy, Vi. I wish you could know

what it was to be in love. Good-bye for the present, write soon. With best love

From your affectionate friend

Win.

P.S.—Don't say a word to anybody about that, will you ?

Win.

No. 3.—Six months later.

From Violet Grey to Winifred Holmes.

THE VICARAGE, OLDLOVE,
10th November, 1900.

Dear Win,

I have just read the paper. How dreadful ! Is he in jail ? Oh, what an escape we had ! What toys we are in the hands of these men ! I shall never fall in love again, never, so there, and don't you ever again listen to what they say ! I did'nt tell a soul about your letter, and I'm sure you would not say anything about mine. He must be a thoroughly bad man !

Yours sorrowfully,

Violet.

No. 4.—From Winifred Holmes to Violet Grey.

THE ELMS, NEWLOVE,
10th November, 1900.

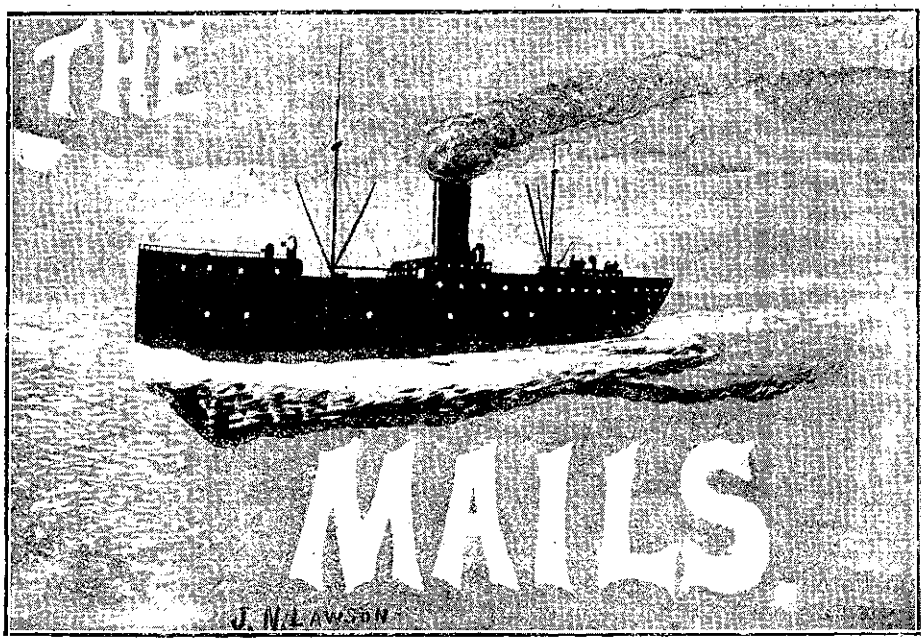
Dear Violet,

Have you heard the awful news ? Reg—Mr De Vere has been arrested for such a lot of terrible things. They say he has a dreadful record and a long list of aliases. Just think, Vi, if either of us had married him ! O Vi, I think I should have died ! However, it will be a lesson to us both, only he was so nice-looking. I almost feel sorry for him. I kept your letter a dead secret, I hope you did the same with mine. Write soon. I feel so sad !

Yours tearfully,

Winifred.

"I have just read the paper. How dreadful!"



The tailrods leap in their bearings,
They rise with a rush and ring,
Then sink to a sound of laughter,
And hurried and short they sing—
"We carry the Mails—
His Majesty' Mails—
Make way for the Mails of the King."

We've swung her head for the open bay,
And spun by the maddening steam,
Her screws are drumming the miles away
Where the bright star-shadows dream.
She lifts and sways to the ocean swell—
The lighthouse glares on high,
And the fisher-lads in their boats will tell
How they saw the Mail sweep by
A-thrill from keel to her reeling spars,
With the screw-foam boiling white,
And her black smoke dimming the watching stars
As she soared thro' the soundless night.
"Full speed ahead!" shout the wrenching rods,
"Full speed," and spray on her rail,
We'll heed no order to stop save God's,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

We carry the wealth of the world, I trow,
The power and the fame of men,
The angered word, and the lover's vow,
All held in the turn of a pen;
To the clash and ring of the whirling throws,
And the crash and swing of the seas,
We bearing the grief that the mother knows
As she sobs and prays on her knees.
The cares and joys of the throbbing world,
They are measured in piston-strokes,
When the bright prow-smother is rent and hurled,
And the hot wake steams and smokes.
And the stars may blaze in the skies a-thrill,
And the weary stars grow pale,
But night and day we are driving still,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

A faint, far hail, and a waving light—
The whirl of our steering-gear—
And we are staggering in our flight,
With a fishing-boat just clear.
The big fish shudder to hear the thud
And stamp of our engine-room,
As we thunder on with our decks a-flood
In the blind, bewildering gloom.

The sailing craft and the crazy tramps
  Loom up, and are lost astern,
And the stars of their bridge and their masthead lamps
  Are the only stars that burn.
To the swinging blows of the heavy throws,
  And the slide-valves' dreary wail,
We swing and soar with our flues a-roar,
  For we are the Ocean Mail.

They watch for us at the river mouth,
  And wait for us in the stream,
Looking forever to east and south,
  For our quivering lights a-gleam;
And onward ever we're plunging fast
  Where the shy mermaiden dwells,
And the crested kings of the sea ride past—
  Oh! the pomp of the rolling swells.

And the lighthouse men, when they see our star
  Lift clear of the starry maze,
Will watch us swagger across the bar,
  And swing to the channelled ways.
Yet never a sign or a sound we give—
  No blast of horn nor a hail—
For we must race that the world may live,
  And we are the Ocean Mail.

The good screws labouring under,
  Laugh hoarsely and lift and fling
The eddying foam behind them,
  And muttering thick they sing—
"*Make way for the Mails—*
  His Majesty's Mails—
We carry the Mails for the King."

QUILP N.

Faulkner, photo.

Hamurana Spring, Rotorua. The boat is just over the cavern in the rock from which the water issues.

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.

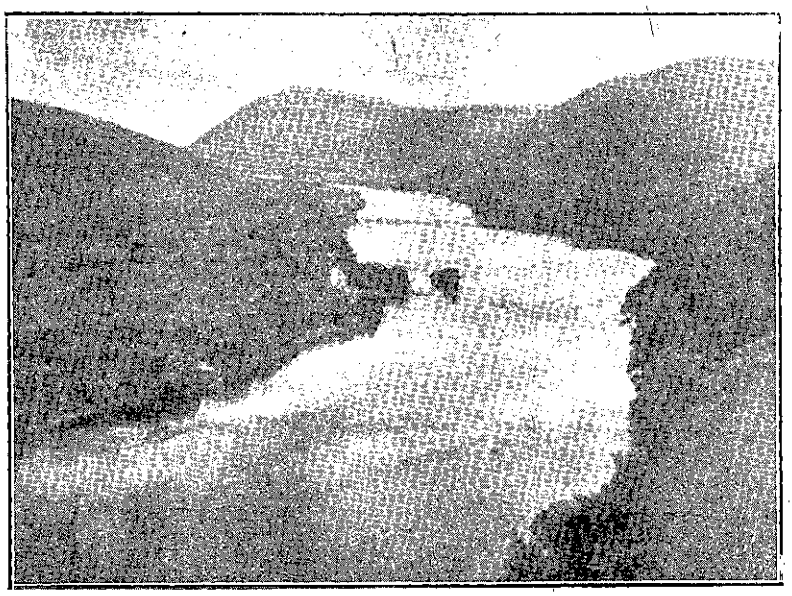
OUR GIRLS.

IN a recent number, the question of culture in New Zealand Girls was touched upon. A contributor has very kindly sent an article on the University Extension Movement in Britain, which will be read with great interest by all who take note of the many ways in which the influence of women may benefit. All New Zealanders, who have become acquainted with the admirable text books of the University Extension Series, will not be slow to remark that if such lectures could be given in our colony, much good would surely accrue to the great number of girls who have at present no means of continuing their education. It is sadly true that when our girls leave school, they are either without sufficient duties to consider seriously, or are tied to a calling which absorbs so much energy, that they are incapable of studying alone. In the former case, they tend to become frivolous, gossipy and ill-balanced men-

E. W. Poynter, photo.

The Pomahaka River, Otago, below the Waipake Junction.

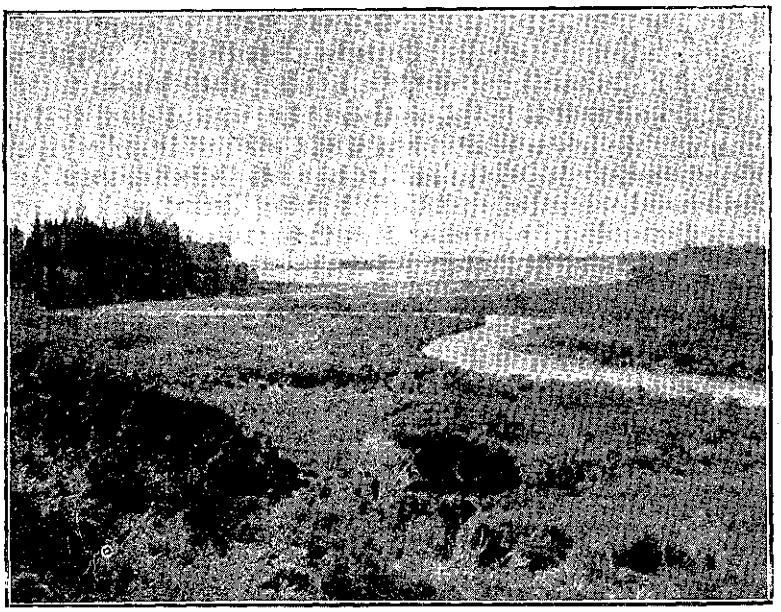
tally. They have nothing to do in the afternoons but dress and pay calls or shop; in the evenings to entertain or be entertained. The moments which are filled in by reading are wasted, for they read the so-called light novels which give no information to the starved mind. What wonder that girls of this class are unable to understand a sensible conversation? No scope is offered them in their narrow life. They marry. Their husbands expect them to know nothing of any consequence, and so continue to starve their minds.



E. W. Poynter, photo. A bend in the Pomahaka River.

I cannot but think that these much-to-be-pitied society girls as well as their more fortunate sisters of the wage-earning class, would be glad of some recreation that would be instructive. Many of them are girls, very capable mentally, who are deprived by their surroundings of anything conducive to intellectuality. After all, the great majority of us require guidance. Very few can take the initiative and forge ahead in loneliness.

Therefore, it is certainly an admirable suggestion that we should consider the feasibility of having a system of University Extension lectures given throughout the colony. We have four Colleges, with staffs containing many men of distinction. A consistent study of English literature, a survey of ancient customs, a collection of interesting scientific facts—these and many other things would be of interest to many men and women of our community. And it would not be absolutely necessary that the professors should be the only intineraries. There are many old students well qualified to give popular lectures on these and kindred subjects. The question of expense would have to be considered. I have not much doubt that the Government might be induced to help in this matter. Many country districts would, I think, gladly subscribe, in order that some rays of the thinking world might be enjoyed by them. Much might be written on the subject, but space limits me, and I can only commend the matter to your thoughts.



E. W. Poynter, photo. Mouth of Waimatea River.

THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION MOVEMENT.

By Fanny Bulleid.

Beginning as a mere experiment, this remarkable movement has assumed an importance such as its originators could scarcely have anticipated, and seems to indicate that a great era in popular education is running its course. The success of the University Extension Scheme has been so immense in Britain, that I see no reason why New Zealand should not adopt its methods, and thus extend to her sons and daughters the benefits of the higher education.

We may at first imagine that the scheme is too ambitious, but when we learn the origin of the movement at home, we shall, I think, take heart and try to do likewise.

The origin of the movement was this :

Some thirty years ago, there existed in several of the large towns in England, what were called "Ladies' Educational Associations," which had been formed for the purpose of organising courses of lectures for ladies only. These lectures were, as a rule, undertaken by graduates of the Universities. They were so successful that evening courses were arranged for the benefit of those engaged during the day. The popularity of these was so great that it soon became apparent that the only difficulty in the way of indefinitely extending them was the difficulty of finding competent lecturers. At this point, Professor Stuart, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom the movement owes more than to any single man, took the matter up.

The difficulty of providing adequate remuneration for a lecturer was at first met by the co-operation of towns in the same district.

At last, a formal appeal was made to the University of Cambridge for a supply of lecturers, and for a definite scheme of higher education.

The University not unnaturally hesitated, but, though slow in moving, it moved at last, and in 1872 a syndicate was appointed to inquire into the best way of meeting the request made by the memorialists. It was empowered for a period of two years to try the experiment of instituting lectures and classes, and of appointing examiners to test work.

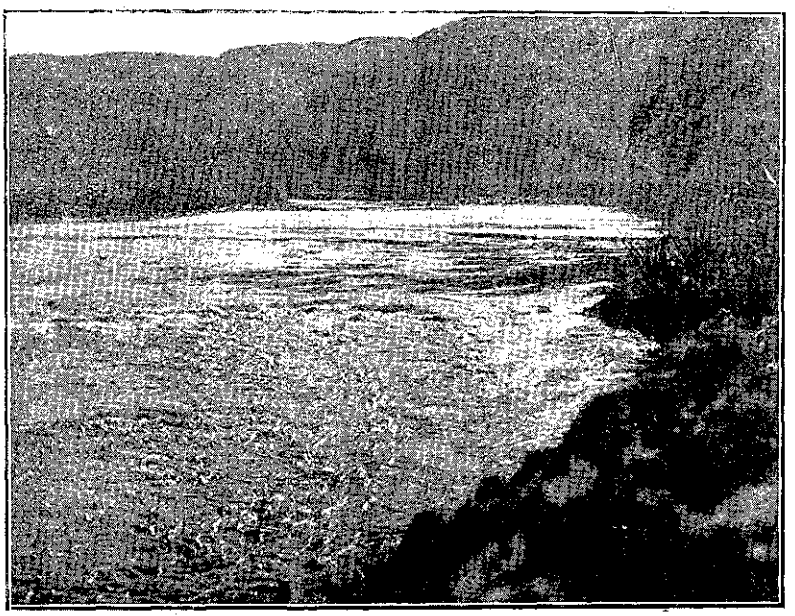
The experiment succeeded. The syndicate was made permanent, and invested with power to organise and superintend courses of lectures wherever the requisite funds should be guaranteed from local sources. And with the appointment of this syndicate the real history of the movement began. The method on which the lectures and classes were to be conducted, was prescribed by the syndicate.

The lecture was to last an hour, and to be either followed or preceded by the class. In the class, the lecturer was to deal in detail with such portions of his subject as required a more colloquial treatment, and to comment on the papers sent to him during the preceding week. A full syllabus of each lecture was to be placed in the hands of every student, and this syllabus was to contain questions, written answers to which the students were invited to send to the lecturer for annotations and corrections. At the end of the course an examination was to be held by an appointed examiner, and certificates granted to such candidates as satisfied the examiners.

At first the lectures were arranged with very little system, but this proving very unsatisfactory, they were placed on a permanent basis and continuity of study provided for.

The courses usually consist of not less than ten lectures, and reading unions have been formed bearing on the subjects of the lectures.

No one who has attended the Extension lectures in England, and seen how energetic, ambitious, and intelligent the students are, can doubt the success of the scheme, if introduced in New Zealand. The benefits of it would extend to a very large number in every town. Besides those men and women, who would probably not take up the classes in connection with the lectures, there are the teachers in the Public Schools, who at present have no opportunity to carry their education on to a higher plane, and an immense number of girls and lads who also on leaving school have no chance to extend, or even



E. W. Poynter, photo.

The rippling sun-kissed waters of the Pomahaka.

retain, their little store of knowledge.

Dare we hope that with the assistance of the Universities and the State, we shall eventually develop a great national system of higher education? No subject can be of greater concern to a State than the education of its citizens, and we have every reason to hope—nay almost to expect that our government will help us on condition that the lectures and classes are held in the evening, so that persons engaged during the day may benefit by them.

THE MAORI GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Since last issue, a most successful bazaar was held in the Metropolitan Grounds, Auckland, with the result that about £870 will be handed over for this laudable purpose. It is gratifying to note that Auckland has been enthusiastic, for the North Island contains the larger number of natives. Indeed, the whole of the Colony has given great encouragement to the scheme. We shall all be glad when the school is in working order. One sees so many beautiful Maori girls who are leading lives of laziness, with no incentive of any kind to do anything but sit about whares, or to come to town and stand about the doors of hotels. With education that will teach them morality, with a household regime to impart ideas of health, sanitation and cleanliness, there is great hope for the preservation of Maori womanhood. And if its women are pure, the race will be saved morally, and mentally, as well as physically. One gratefully records such good work as that recently done in Auckland by the Pakeha women of New Zealand, for their Maori Sisters.

NEW SONGS.

Messrs. A. Eady & Co., Auckland, have, as usual, an abundant stock of new music. Among the new songs sent to me by them is a spirited solo entitled "My Kingdom," by Joseph Adams, easy to sing and well worth singing. Chaminade's "Gems" is delightfully quaint for a light soprano voice. "Broken Toys," by Ketilber, is suitable for contralto or soprano, and is very pleasing. A lighter essay, with good refrain, is "Pansies," by Elgar. Witt's "Perchance" is worth trying, and so also is Mitchell's setting of "For Ever with the Lord."

Dead Pine Shadows.

The red pines stood like pickets
Guarding the long white road,
And o'er the terraces faces
The sinister shadows strode;
Out through the knotted thickets
The woof of moonbeams strayed,
And lighted the road in places,
But more was left in shade.

So the dead pine shadows muster
Life's long, white road beside,
When forth in stealthy batches
Of gaunt, grey shapes they ride;
But the weft of joy-beams cluster
High o'er Life's twisted glade,
And fall in gleaming patches
On barren leagues of shade.

LOLA RIDGE.

The Land of Dreams.

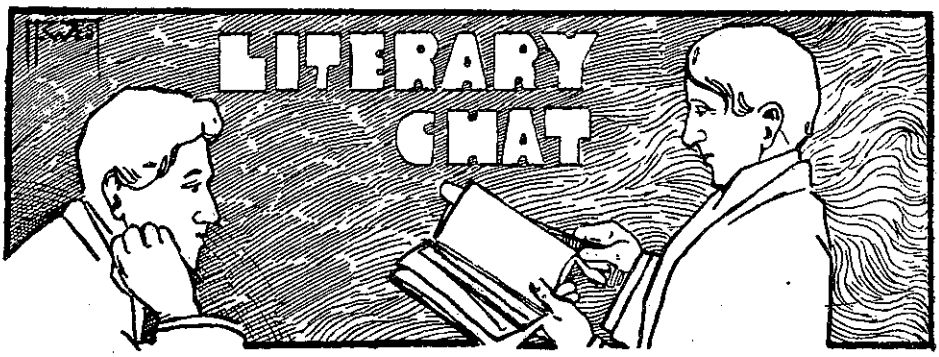
Free land of hosts that have not seen
Mount Ida's snow or Erin's green
Or Cashmere's rose or Fingal's roll
Or Kleauea's lava shoal.

Free land of hosts that dwell afar
With ice and mist and Polar star
Where La Platte sees her lilies swoon
By tiger reeds at musky noon.

Free land of monk on Carmel's height
Of gin by Australasian bight.
Of Popes and Queens and gifted bards,
And gamins of the boulevards.

Free land of heirs to wealth's sweet balms
Of Tait with stains on its rough palms:
Of man and maid of
youth and age;
Dreamland! Free
fairy heritage.

Roslyn



By "THE SAGE."

"By the Ramparts of Jezreel" is the title of a new book by Arnold Davenport, published in Longman's Colonial Library, and forwarded for review by Messrs. Upton & Co. The author who goes to the Bible for his characters is an ambitious one, he is bound to make either an assured success of his work, or a deplorable failure, there is no middle course. The writer took up "By the Ramparts of Jezreel" with the wish that the author had looked elsewhere for his subject, but he laid it down thankful that he had not, for Mr. Davenport's work is undoubtedly a marked success. He has evidently studied his Bible well, and has dealt with the history from the glorious up-raising of the prophet Elijah, to the long-prophesied disreputable downfall of Jezebel at the Ramparts of Jezreel, in what cannot but be regarded as a masterly manner. His style is charming, and his depictions of the various characters are powerful and faithful conceptions, not the distorted imbeciles that glare out of the pages of writers who, equally ambitious but less able, go to the same exalted source for the subject matter of their romances. Elisha and Jehu are of course the joint heroes, Idalia is a delightful heroine, and Jezebel, the dread Lady of Enchantments, is painted in such vivid blood-red colours that she acts the arch villain admirably, putting the others completely in the background. The scene wherein the beautiful Idalia, Jehu's newly betrothed, enters during the exercise of her mistress' marvellous powers of facination on her lover, will serve as an example of the writer's style. "'Lovest thou power, Jehu, son of Nimshi?' she said with vibrant voice. 'I tell thee, if thou givest thy hand to save Israel and to further my will, there are no heights to which the captain of mercenaries may not climb. . . . I tell thee that it is the wings of love that shall raise thee and bid thee soar to all flights of glory and rapture. In truth, Jehu, I offer thee a kingdom. . . if thou wilt but lay thy sword at my feet; and yet more besides all this, for, behold, son of Nimshi, I offer thee myself.' The perfumed hair bent lower, and the scented cloud fell more thickly on him, as he lay there dazed and enchanted out of all power to resist by the misty sapphire eyes that gleamed amid it, and seemed to drag his soul out of him. Now his head was pillowed on her soft breast and her supple limbs were clinging to his as her lingering kisses burnt on his unresponsive lips, when suddenly she sprang up and faced round with a

little cry, for there in the doorway stood the figure of a maiden, whose gleaming white robe, untouched by any colour save that of the violet band that bound it around her slender shoulders, contrasted vividly with her sun-kissed hair drawn into a simple knot by a single golden comb. She stood as if deprived of motion. . . . . ."

It will be no harm making another extract from the last few pages, as the plot is, or ought to be, well known. Jehu is driving in his usual furious manner in his chariot, with the head of Jehoram swinging on it, to the rescue of Idalia, whom he believes he sees at a window of the ramparts, for Jezebel has, while Idalia is in a swoon, succeeded, by her enchantments, in "stealing from her defenceless soul the very imprint of her beauty," for the purpose of misleading him. "Of a sudden his glance fell on the grim head, which danced to the chariot's rhythm, and, lo! the dead eyes of Jehoram seemed to part their glued lids, and the wide mouth to frame a hideous grin; and when with the horror of this dread omen on him, Jehu looked upward again, it was as though a veil had fallen from the face between the lattices, and it was no more Idalia's. The face was the ideal loveliness of eternity modelled in light and shade, as though it were death masking behind life most beautiful. The cruel mouth seeming compound of blood and kisses, was cut like a red wound in the whiteness of the sensual flesh; from beneath a mesh of silver tresses, full of witching undulations yet ringleted on the smooth brow like a maiden's, shone eyes of liquid sapphire, in whose nightmare depths floated shadows of passionate love and murderous hate; implacable eyes of ever-changing hue, where waves of torture, disillusion, dreams, madness, came and went like ripples on a fathomless lake. It was the face of endless suffering, past and future, the face of eternal sin, of quenchless desire,—the face of Jezebel."

There is an undeniable fascination in reading of characters with whom one has been familiar from childhood, providing the author has dealt with them in a manner which does not utterly clash with one's preconceived conceptions. This fascination is assured in the work under review, for as one puts it down, one cannot help wishing that the author would deal in like manner with other portions of Bible history, and thus ensure their being read from motives of pleasure instead of duty, as is too often the case with the original—when it is read at all.

"The English as a Colonising Nation" has been forwarded for review by the author, James Hight, M.A., Lecturer on Political Economy and Constitutional History, Canterbury University College. In preparing this addition to the present Public School Historical Readers, the author has aimed at producing a work on the origin and development of our Colonial Empire, which should assist teachers materially in preparing candidates in history for the public examinations of Australasia. While with this object in view he has naturally given prominence to the colonisation of Australia and New Zealand, the whole subject has been dealt with in a most comprehensive, clear and concise manner. Mr. Hight's literary style leaves nothing to be desired, and the book will be read with great interest by those whose student days are long past, but who desire to refresh their memories on this most absorbing subject to all true Britishers. Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs are the publishers, and the production is a distinct credit to their printing office. The frontispiece is a map of the world, on which one can see at a glance the many considerable sized red spots scattered over its surface, which our "thin red line" has under able guidance won for the Empire. The illustrations are numerous, including our Empire builders, of greater

or less note, maps and historic scenes. Although some may be found who take different views to Mr. Hight in a few of the minor details, the book is undoubtedly a valuable addition to our historical educational works, and the author is to be sincerely congratulated on the authenticity and correctness of the result of his labours. By special permission from Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his publishers, Mr. Hight has introduced, in portions to suit his subject matter, the well-known poem, "A Song of the English," and certainly nothing more applicable could have been chosen than those ringing lines.

The Registrar of the New Zealand Literary and Historical Association has already received the first contribution for the Premier's Prize Competition for the best story on Gold Mining in New Zealand. As the competition does not close until the first of June, there is ample time for anyone desiring to compete, to do so still. Circulars containing conditions can be had on application by letter to the Registrar of the Association.

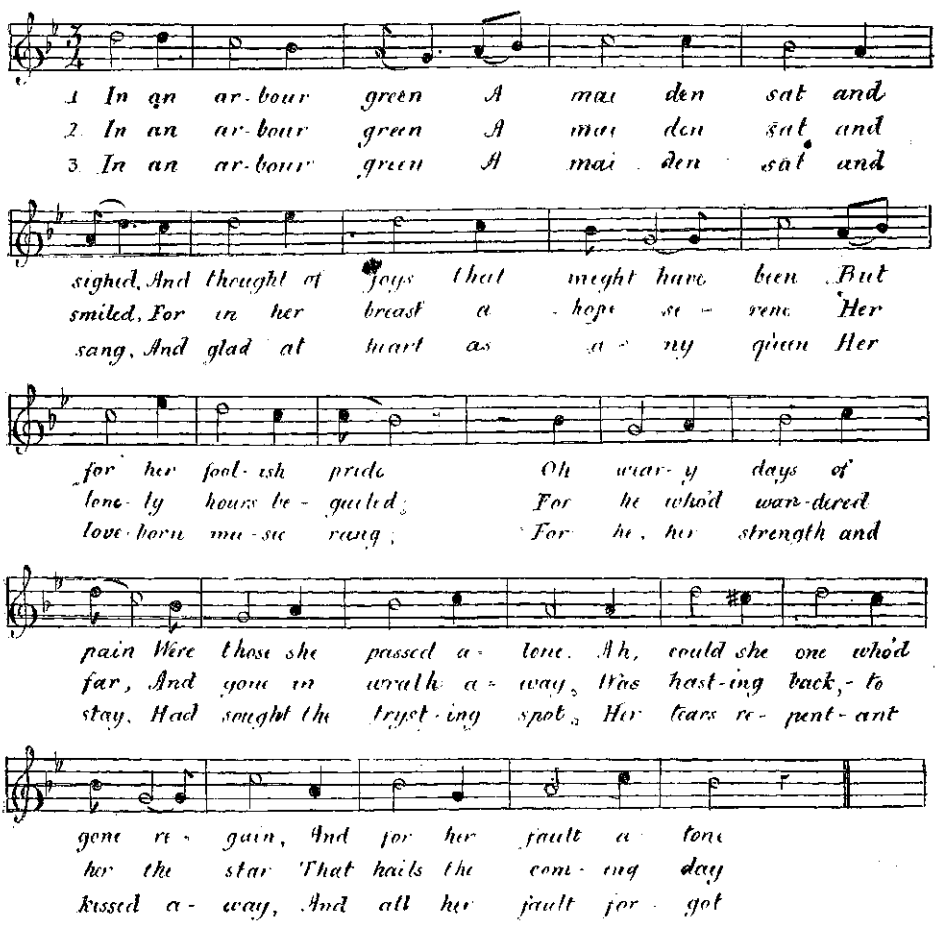
This Association's Competitions have been very popular indeed hitherto. Eighty-six competitors fought for the first Story Competition instituted by it; but the fact that the subject is one with which only a limited number of writers are conversant, will naturally reduce the list of competitors this time. But on the other hand, the fascination which surrounds the rush to a new gold field, and the knowledge of all that it means to a young country, should make the best possible material for the story-writer. We may well look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the Prize Story in these columns.

I have often thought that "The Don'ts in Literature" would make an excellent title for a handbook for the use of aspiring young Colonial writers. The first "Don't" would undoubtedly be "Don't write at all," and in by no means a few cases the book would be worth infinitely more than the published price to the aspirant who only read that one sentence and acted up to it. But I sadly fear that "Don't" would be as little regarded as Punch's historical one on the even more momentous matrimonial question. What the last "Don't" would be, the Lord only knows, for when you come to think seriously of it, there would be such an infinite number of them that one would despair of ever coming to it. Still the idea is a good one. The book would supply a want which has been felt, every editor in the colony can vouch for that. One of the "Don'ts" might well be "Don't imagine for a moment that you can write anything worth reading till you are sure you have not forgotten a single thing that you have learnt about grammar, composition, and punctuation." Don't write to an editor in this strain, for instance: "I have not put in the stops, I understand that there is a man kept in the office to attend to that." This was actually done on one occasion, but the perpetrator's name is strictly not for publication. Amongst the "Don'ts" for those of riper years and attainments might be "Don't imagine the comps in a printing office are as clever and well read as you are, and that they take a pride in seeing at a glance what you mean by some word, invariably more illegibly scrawled than the rest, which does not occur in their ordinary reading."

I have contented myself with a very few brief examples "writ sarcastic;" but many more will occur to anyone who is on friendly enough terms with an editor to spend sufficient time in his sanctum to hear his groans.

In an Arbour Green.

Mod.



PIANO TO "PIANOLA."

I STRUCK the chords "crescendo agitato,"
While you kept tune and played an "obligato,"
Restraining all my "trio" and "staccato,"
With hush of "rallentando moderato."

My "tempo" hurried your "appassionata"
To seize the "motif" of a grand "sonata,"
Until you paused and said "We'll play from memory,"
And now our "duo" is a charming "reverie."

Since yielding to your most expressive ped'ling,
I scorn the touch of any player's meddling;
Our "harmonies" flow smoothly "amoroso,"
With here and there a prelude "tremuloso."

W. F. E.

The Stage.

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

THE Westminster Abbey Singers have come to us like a breath from old English meadows. Their melodies bring the songs of English birds, the music of old church bells, and the joys of generations that were not so strenuous or so absolute as our own. To those of us who remember the checkered sunshine on English woodlands, and the glow of English Christmas firesides, these sweet, harmonious glees and catches make an appeal at once direct and irresistible, but the delight with which the Colonial-born have received Mr. Branscombe and his party can only be explained on the ground of heredity. But whether it be susceptible of explanation or not, the fact that music in its simplest and truest forms finds a responsive echo in the hearts of our young people is gratifying and wholesome. Beyond this, what one may hope is that the taste sharpened, if not created, by our visitors will crave for full satisfaction. It is a great deal to have a standard, and that, also, Mr. Branscombe has given us. For the Westminster Abbey Singers are samples of the best. The name is not an affiche adopted for advertising purposes. Every member of the company bears the genuine hall mark, and has actually sung in the great Abbey choir. This is not the place for detailed criticism of the performances. It will be pleasanter and perhaps more profitable to give, instead, some brief (and necessarily imperfect) biographical jottings.

Madame Hooton, the contralto, and sole lady member of the company, began her serious musical studies at the Royal Academy of Music, where she went through a three years' course, taking the Parepa Rosa gold medal and Westmoreland Scholarship, the two highest distinctions awarded to singers. Since then she has been doing important oratorio work in England; she has toured three times through Canada and the United States, has visited Australia and South Africa, and is now under contract, with the rest of the company, for another season in the United States during the forthcoming winter. Madame Hooton (who in private life is Mrs. Branscombe) has, owing to her fondness for, and brilliant interpretation of, the ballads of Scotland, often been taken for a native of that country, but she is from Derbyshire, a county, by the way, that has been touched by the wizard fingers of Sir Walter.

Mr. Edward Branscombe's debut was as solo tenor at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, London, which at the time was the only parish church in the world that had two choral services daily. It was the church of which Sir Joseph Barnby was at one time organist, and in which some of the most popular of Gounod's anthems were performed for the first time in the presence of the composer. It is related that on one occasion Gounod was so delighted with a solo by one of the boys, that he took the little fellow up in his arms and kissed him. From St. Andrew's Mr. Branscombe went to Westminster Abbey in the capacity of lay vicar, a position he held for ten years, and which he has only just relinquished in order to carry out his Colonial and American pro-

G. E. Jones, photo, Auckland.

Madame Marie Hooton, of the Westminster Abbey Concert Company.

gramme. His training was acquired at the Royal College of Music, and amongst his contemporaries were Mr. Lempriere Pringle, of Tasmania, and now of the Musgrove Opera Company, and Miss Hack, of Adelaide. Six years ago he obtained six months' leave from the Abbey authorities, and toured Australia as tenor of the English Concert Company, with Mrs. Branscombe. The idea of the present tour occurred to Mr. Branscombe during an Abbey vacation, and as an experiment he took a small party to Canada in 1901. The visit only occupied three weeks, but its success was so pronounced that it was repeated during the period when the Abbey was closed for the Coronation preparations. The party was larger this time, and the results even more gratifying. After the Coronation a still larger party, practically identical with the present one, was selected from the Coronation Choir, and once more the Atlantic was crossed. During the tour, which extended from Newfoundland to British Columbia, no less than one

hundred and seventy-three concerts were given without cessation. The boy singers were all members of the Coronation Choir, and each has been solo boy in one of the principal London churches. Their success, alike in Canada and here, has been remarkable.

Mr. Percy Coward, the male alto, was originally solo boy at the Chapel Royal, St. James, and subsequently filled the posts of assistant lay vicar at the Abbey and vicar-choral at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A son of the well-known organist of the Crystal Palace, Mr. James Coward, he was a great favourite of the late Queen Victoria, and holds the Jubilee Medal for twenty-five years' service under Her Majesty. In England he is looked upon as perhaps the finest example of the male alto. Mr. Coward is so impressed with the warmth of the reception given to him in Canada that he means to settle permanently in Toronto.

Mr. Hilton, the bass of the party, won a scholarship for singing at the Royal College of Music, and appeared with distinction in the College Opera performances. He possesses the qualification—rather uncommon for a singer—of being an Associate of the Royal College of Organists, and is at present assistant organist to His Majesty the King, at Sandringham.

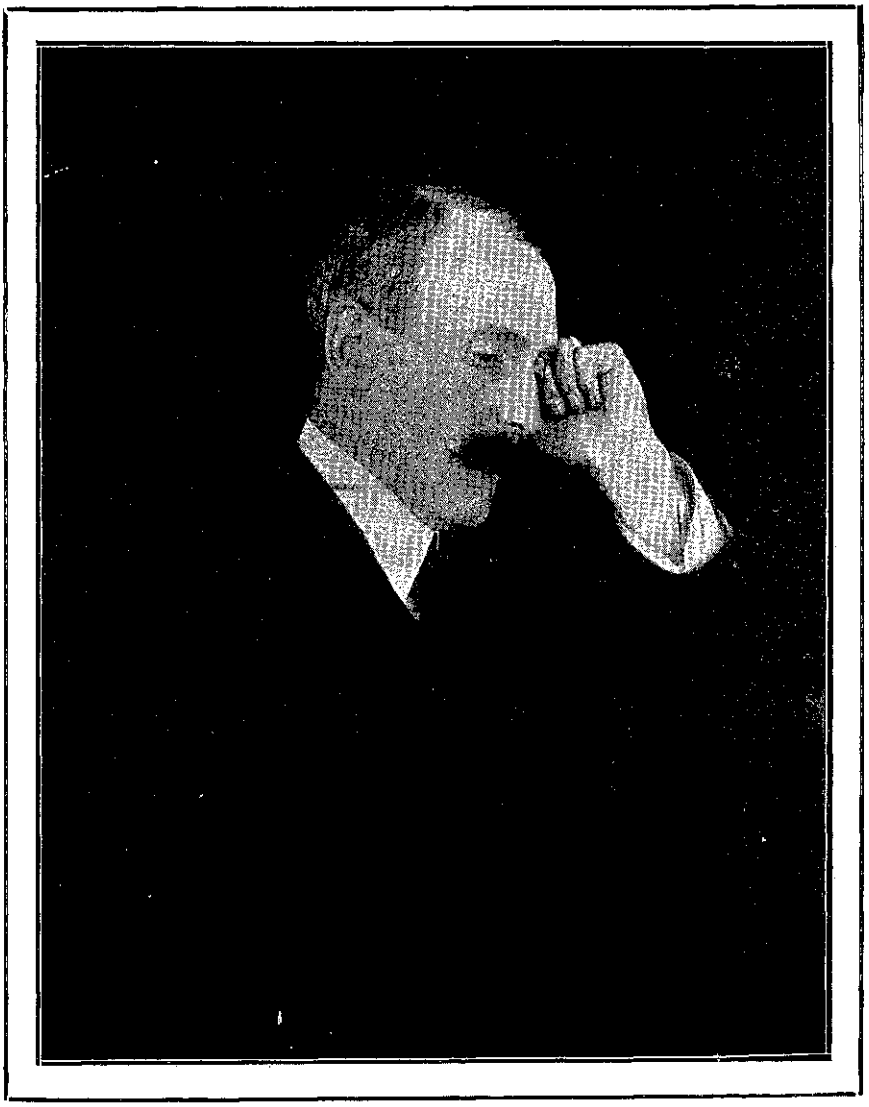
Mr. Pownall is an occasional tenor at the Abbey, and is in great request all over England as a glee singer.

Lovers of the legitimate may deprecate, but the passion for melodrama is national and ineradicable, and it will scarcely profit us to spend time in moralising over it. If we are wise we shall all strive to do what little we may to make the play of blood and thunder less con-

G. E. Jones, photo, Auckland.

The Boy Singers of the Westminster Abbey Concert Company.

spicuously sanguinary and not so desperately thundrous as its unchecked tendencies would lead it to be, and to stop at that. Mr. Cuyler Hastings and the Williamson Company gave us the article in its best form, and Mr. Anderson, though he confessedly caters for a wider audience, has adopted and follows a standard that may fairly lay claim to excellence. Melodrama, no matter what its merits, cannot entrance everybody. It is for ever balanced between pathos and bathos, and there are minds so constituted—and not ill-constituted,



G. E. Jones, photo, Auckland.

Mr Edward Branscombe, Director of the Westminster Abbey Concert Company.

either—that the wiles of the stage villain and the trials of stage heroes and heroines only plunge them into merriment. With the bulk of human folk it is different. The melodrama is to these as real and absorbing as a novel by Mr. Guy Boothby or Mr. Fergus Hume, and the box-office must consider such matters, even though critics squirm.

Elaborate stage sets, beautiful scenes, mechanical effects in which art is most efficiently employed to conceal art, and the engagement of actors and actresses of more than ordinary capacity—these are the special merits that entitle Mr. Anderson to the success he has won. In his company are several young New Zealanders and Australians, who have made their way to the front ranks by conscientious study and hard work. Mr. Plimmer and his wife may serve to typify this class.

Mr. Harry Plimmer is a Maorilander of the third generation. He is a grandson of that excellent old colonist, Mr. John Plimmer, a nonogenarian who claims to be the

Falkner, photo. Mr. Harry Plimmer.

Father of Wellington. Young Harry, who was born in the Empire City just thirty-four years ago, had a keen longing for the stage in his teens, and as an amateur attracted the notice of the veteran actor, Mr. John Hall, familiarly known as "Johnny" Hall, who advised him to take to the profession seriously. The advice was accepted, and Mr. Plimmer began his career with Miss Ada Ward, in Sydney, in 1887, in a play called "Bright Hope." The title was delusive so far as the members of the company were concerned, as no salaries were forthcoming, and the young actor transferred his services to Mr. H. C. Sidney and Miss Alice Norton, who were producing "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" in the Sydney Royal Standard. Here again the prospects were not bright, and an up-country tour with the Taylor-Carrington Company was eagerly jumped at. So far the progress made

Sarony Studios, photo.

Miss Josephine Thynne (Mrs. Harry Plimmer).

was slow, and Mr. Plimmer had hardly got rid of his amateurish hobbles, when his real chance came with Mr. Bland Holt, at the old Alexandra (now His Majesty's) Theatre, Melbourne. A year with this fine organisation at Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, transformed the youngster, and when he went with Mr. Dampier for a six months' season at the Sydney Royal, he had found his place. After the Dampier season, came a tour through New Zealand with Miss Myra Kemble; followed by a turn with Mr. George Rignold, in Sydney, and one with Mr. Westmacott's Company, which was not so successful as it deserved to be. But Mr. Plimmer, at least, was in luck's way, as he had the good fortune to step into the Brough and Bouci-

cault Company. With this, the best comedy combination the Colonies have seen, Mr. Plimmer did the grand tour of Australia, New Zealand, and the Far East, playing the parts made memorable by Mr. George Titheradge, in no less than sixteen plays. Here was a rich education, indeed. On his return to Australia, Mr. Plimmer accepted an engagement with Mr. J. C. Williamson, and opened in "The Silver King," as Wilfred Denver, in 1898. He remained with the company until eighteen months ago, when he resolved to take a trip to America, where he remained for eleven months, during which time he toured the whole of the States with the "La Tosca" Company under the management of Miss Davenport. He was back again in Australia in time to take up the leading roles in the "Sherlock Holmes" Company, pending the arrival of Mr. Cuyler Hastings. As "Holmes" and as "Lewis Dumont" in "Secret Service," he appeared with distinction in Perth and Adelaide, and amongst the kindliest of his critics is Mr. Hastings himself, who joined the company professionally at Melbourne. Immediately after his Adelaide success, Mr. Plimmer joined the company with which he is now touring this Colony. No other actor of his years knows more of the inside of melodrama than he knows. Williamson, Holt, Dampier, and Anderson. What names to conjure with! But Mr. Plimmer also appeared with credit in Shakespere, with Mr. Williamson, and Mr. Dampier, playing Macduff to the last named's Macbeth, and in romantic drama with Miss Nance O'Neill, to say nothing of his achievements in the finest school of comedy. It is strange how the glamour of Anthony Hope holds the average actor. Mr. Hawtrey's favourite part is Colonel Sapt in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Mr. Plimmer's first affection is for the role of "Rassendyl" in the same play. In melodrama he invariably impersonates the persecuted hero. During the Rignold season Mr. Plimmer was married to Miss Josephine Thynne, who accompanies him as a member of the Anderson Company. Miss Thynne will be remembered as "Stephanus" in the "Sign of the Cross," and in the name part in "Oliver Twist" with Miss Nance O'Neill.

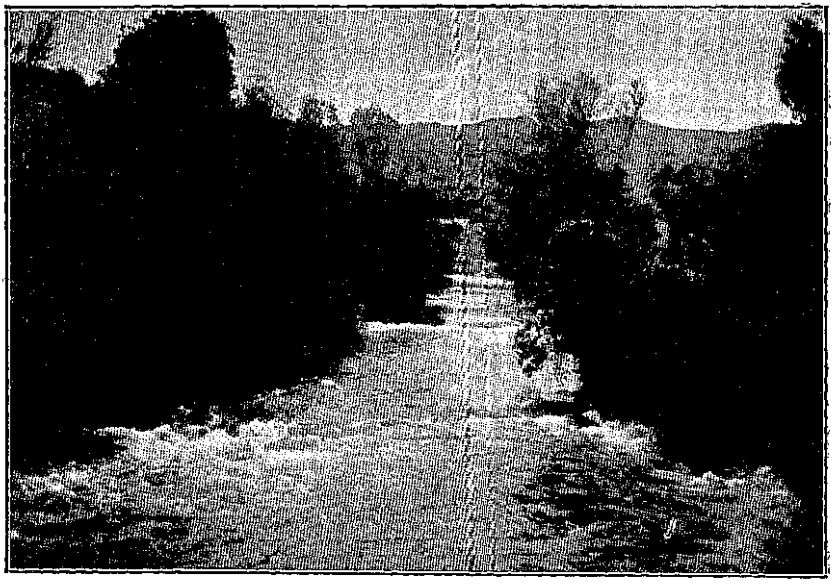
Faulkner, photo.

Here is the sacred matai tree in Hongi's Bush, near Rotorua, known by the Maoris as "Hinehopu." At its roots they place an offering of a handful of green leaves as they pass.

Ena te Papatahi, a chieftainess of the Ngapuhi tribe, and a younger relation of the one time celebrated northern chiefs Tamati Waka and Patuone As a girl she was present at an intertribal battle at Ororu between the Ngapuhi and Rarawa tribes in the year 1843, and also went through Heke's War in 1845 with Tamati Waka's men, who fought on the British side. She witnessed the famous fights at Ohaewai. where the British lost heavily, Te Ahu Ahu, and Okaihau, and can tell many tales of those stirring events.

From a painting by C. F. Goldie.

From a full face painting of Ena te Papatahi by C. F. Goldie.



Faulkner, photo.

The Rapids, Kaitara River, the fisherman's paradise. The angler in the stream has just landed a 10 lb. trout.

N. A. Trewheellar, photo.

His Majesty's Mail arriving at Oropi Post Office.

E. W. Poynter, photo.

"You're proud of me, I know, boss, and 'well you may be. but this isn't the way to show it. Put me on the hills after the wildest merinoes, and I'll soon show the ladies and gentlemen what I can do, but this confounded snapshot mountebank or mount a post tomfoolery makes me tired. Excuse this yawn!"

ENGLAND.

King Edward's tour has been a blaze of royal receptions, carnivals, and enthusiastic and loyal greetings. The King and his various hosts formed themselves as is proper on such occasions into royal mutual admiration societies, and nothing that could be said to their respective honor and glory was omitted. After all it is a great thing to have a king who can take his part in such ceremonies with the requisite grace and dignity, one who has never yet made even an inadvertent mistake, or uttered one of those terrible "things which are better left unsaid." The tendency, so pronounced in these days, of exchanges of royal visits is a marked advance on the time not so long past, when kings rarely sallied forth except with hostile intent.

One of the prominent questions of the day at home now is that of food in war time. The commission set up to enquire into this most important matter is composed of men whose names are a guarantee that the finding, whatever it may be, will be as reliable as information gathered by a combination of the best possible authorities can make it. The mention of war and the possibilities of what might happen make one realise how scanty at any given time is the food supply stored in our Motherland. Roughly speaking, the United Kingdom grows only one-sixth of the bread her people eat daily, and is dependent on other countries for the balance. It is true that the United States supply the larger share of this, and they are not likely to be found in the ranks of our enemies. But in a question of this magnitude, every possibility has to be weighed, and the chance of stoppage of all sea transit must not be lost sight of. It will be easily seen that the matter with which the commission has to deal is both a momentous and a monumental one. England is becoming every day more of the distributing business house of the Empire, and less of the producing, as far as bread-stuffs are concerned, and accordingly her danger in the direction indicated has at length arrived at sufficient dimensions to demand attention. That a remedy will be found for this dangerous state of things no one need doubt. Such a store of grain might be made compulsory by law that would ensure many months freedom from famine. It would only mean getting it over from the countries wherein it is grown, in a less hand-to-mouth fashion, for, reckoning on continued peace with the United States, and the fast increasing output in Canada, the supply even without drawing from any country which might become hostile to us, would serve our needs. We have sufficient faith in our Navy to rely on it preventing any stoppage of sea transit of more than a very temporary duration.

THE BALKANS.

The news of the rising in the Balkans which lately came to hand, may be sufficiently serious in its results. One would like to be satisfied that the course which Russia, in particular, has taken with regard to it was in good faith, but this does not seem in the light of other matters at all probable. It is some considerable time since Russia has been able to moisten her thirst for conquest and the acquisition of territory, and it is more than possible that she has her eagle eye fixed on the entrance to the Bosphorus and Constantinople as her share in the booty after the war, for which she has been long preparing, has been precipitated by her scheming. It is a new thing to see a country with Russia's reputation, so eager to press reforms on States such as those on the Balkan Peninsula, so that there is remarkably good reason to doubt her good intentions in the matter. With these States, and Turkey set by the ears, what possibilities might not open for Russia ?

The extensive manner in which preparations are being made for the rapid movement of troops from Sebastapol and Odessa to Bulgarian ports certainly points much more directly to hunger for conquest than to the mere preservation of order, and the next few months may easily see the outbreak of a European war, the result and complications of which is not easy to foretell.

FRANCE.

Everyone will hail with pleasure the prospect of an arbitration treaty with France. It will form an admirable object lesson for other countries if, as seems highly probable at the time of writing, it is brought about. And the fact that such powerful bodies as the British Chambers of Commerce, and Trades Unions, and similar bodies in France, are all in favour of such a treaty, argues very strongly for its completion, though there may of course be much haggling over details.

It is surprising to see the difference in France's attitude towards Great Britain now that she sees that we are not disposed to allow Germany to lead us by the nose. King Edward's visit to Paris will doubtless facilitate matters with reference to this most desirable treaty. Little by little the cementing of bonds of union between the nations goes on, all working towards one and the same end, which, be it near or be it far, is devoutly to be wished for.

OUR LOSSES.

During the last few months New Zealand has lost by death an unusual number of those who have in one way or another taken a vigorous part in making the Colony what it now is. They have bravely borne the heat and burden of the day and left, as they went to their well-earned rest, the country undoubtedly the better for their strenuous life work in it. The list includes Major-General Sir George Whitmore, K.C.M.G. and M.L.C., Hon. William Rolleston, Hon. George Bentham Morris, M.L.C., Hon. William Swanson, M.L.C., Dr. Grace, M.L.C. It is not our purpose to dismiss these notable public men with this scanty notice, arrangements having been already made to devote considerable space in our next issue to an extended sketch of the services they have rendered their country, with reproductions of their photos.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

EVERY CORNER IN NEW ZEALAND.

There is not a corner of this colony into which "The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" does not penetrate. Contributions to its columns come in practically equal proportions from the North and South Islands. It is thus essentially a National Magazine, not a local one. The large number of subscribers it has attained are not actuated solely by patriotic principles. They see that it compares favourably with English and American Magazines, and naturally contains much more of local interest. It is a Magazine in which they themselves can express their sentiments on any important question of the day.

HIGH APPRECIATION.

A gentleman, of high literary attainments himself, writes to the editor as follows:—"Having been away from New Zealand for many months I had not seen your Magazine, but found several numbers awaiting me on my return. I was overjoyed to find my anticipations fulfilled, you are more than maintaining the high standard of work you first set up."

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

We have much pleasure in stating that a Photographic Competition will shortly be announced. It will contain some novel features that cannot fail to attract a large number of competitors.

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING.

Advertising is an art in which Americans excel. They thoroughly understand the great advantages possessed by an artistic and attractive advertisement in a Magazine. Their Magazines are full of them. "The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" reaches the best people from the North Cape to the Bluff. It is not only read from cover to cover, but it is lent to friends. Each number meets many eyes.

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

A Little New Zealand Anthology, with Comments by the Way.—By Johannes C. Andersen.

The Native Schools of Auckland. Part II.—By Edith Searle Grossmann, M.A.

The Church of England Theological Colleges in New Zealand.—By Rev. C. A. Tisdall, M.A.

Looking Backward.—By John Pennell.

Secret Poisoning.—By A. de L. H.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

Rambling Recollections.—By Rollingstone.

The Flood of '03.—By. F. L. Combs.

The White Taipo.—By Alice A. Kenny.

The Victim.—By Fabian Bell

Tama ki te Rangi and his Magic Mere, "Kairoro."—By John Skinner.

Te Hoari Nui (The Big Sword).—By Bertha V. Goring.