

noble one! across the lone sands of Haumu, beyond the grim barrier of Paerau, going before to join the illustrious dead. Woe unto us that are left desolate in the Valley of Sorrow. In lie thou wert great. Across the wide ocean of Kiwa, beset by the turbulent waves of faction, 'mid the perverse winds of opinion, thou didst essay forth that thy peoples may reap of benefits, that these islands and thy mother race may see and do their duty in the broader spheres of Empire and humanity. Fate relentless, however, seized thee in the mid-ocean effort, and compelled thee into the still waters of death to rest. Sleep, thou, O father, resting on great deeds done, sure that to generations unborn they will be as beacons along the highways of history. Though thou art gone, may thy spirit, which so long moved the heart of things, inspire us to greater, nobler ends. Stay not your lamentations, O ye peoples, for ye have indeed lost a father. Verily our pa of refuge is razed to the ground! The breastwork of defence for great and small is taken. Torn by the roots is the overshadowing forest! As the fall of the towering totara in the deep forest of Tane, so is the tragic death of a mighty man earthquakes to the rending crash. Our shelter gone, who will temper the wind? What of thy Maori hereafter, unless thou canst from that distant bourne help and inspire the age to kindlier impulse and action. So hide ye in your grief, bereaved ones! Though small our tribute, our hearts have spoken, our feet have trod the sacred precincts of the courtyard of death. Our hearts will be his grave. Love will keep his memory green through the long, weary years.

Farewell!

'This,' said Mr. Carroll, addressing Captain Seddon, and handing him the address, which was signed by the Native Minister, the Maori members of the Legislature, and over 100 representative natives, 'is a modest tribute from your father's Maori friends.' Then came another burst of song in that doleful minor key that the Maori so much affects, and the weeping and the wailing commended anew. They were weeping in real earnest now—old men and women, young men and maidens, and even the little picaninnies—as only the Maori can weep. Then old Te Huki, a Wairarapa chief, grey and grizzled, but with a splendid voice yet for all his 70 odd years, led his people in a weird chant. He knows the old waiatas as few of the new generation know them, and this was one of the most effective songs. As these wailing cadences rose and fell, resounding through the long lobby, they set one's nerves a-quiver, and even throughout both song and speech the crying of the women, or the low, dismal wailing smote the ear like the sound of a sobbing sea. The women sitting round the bier sobbed bitterly, and men were not ashamed to wipe away their tears.

Rutana Ngahine (West Coast), Timoti Whena Southern Maori district, Wi Peri (East Coast), Takarangi Miti Kingi (Wanganui), Hone Heke (Northern Maori district), and George Robertson (Canterbury) added their tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. 'Go, my friend, go,' said one grey-bearded old man, 'with a wreath of green about his shoulders. 'Haere! haere! Go! go the way of all kings and queens and protectors! Go, thou who protected and nourished the Maori; who protected the weak, and were not afraid of the strong.' The speech was interrupted by a fat and smiling woman, who, with rolling eyeballs, quivering, outstretched hands, and grotesque bodily contortions, gave the tune for another wailing song. Miti Kingi, a name famous in New Zealand history, was one of the last to speak, and he led the mourners in a burst of song—a defiance of death—that grew in volume and went rolling through the building, the piercing screams of the women rising above the male voices, and the whole growing fiercer and fiercer till it almost shook the building. 'We defy you! We laugh at you!' they shouted in a mighty chorus, with a rhythmic stamping of feet and a wild brandishing of taiahas, meres, and green branches. It was the final effort—the grand climax of the weird and sad Maori ceremonial for the dead. Then they filed past the coffin, momentarily bowing their heads, and shook hands silently with the three sons. In a little while there was silence once more in the lobby, and as we walked down between the parterres of flowers we trod under foot on the red carpet the withering leaves shaken from the green boughs and garlands of the Maori mourners.

It is stated that during the few hours the remains were in the Parliamentary Buildings fully 30,000 persons filed through the lobby, paying their last respects to the memory of the deceased. The funeral took place in the afternoon, and in addition to the immense concourse of mourners from all over the Colony who took part in the sorrowful procession, many thousands lined the route to the cemetery. Business was suspended during the whole day in Wellington, and signs of

mourning were visible everywhere. Offices, banks, and all business places were also closed for the whole day in all the principal cities and towns of the Colony. From two to four o'clock in the afternoon meetings and memorial services, at which feeling references to the sad event were made, took place in nearly every centre in New Zealand.

A Dunedin Tribute.

In Dunedin a detachment of the Permanent Artillery and Catholic members of the Volunteer force and the St. Joseph's School Cadets marched to St. Joseph's, under command of Lieutenant D. Hickey, D.S.O. Surgeon-Captain O'Neill and Captain Hussey were also in attendance. Arriving at St. Joseph's, the company proceeded to the school ground, where they were drawn up in parade form. Here they were met by the Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. of St. Joseph's Cathedral, who spoke as follows:—Volunteers.—We meet this afternoon to add our tribute of respect to the memory of that great man—Richard John Seddon—whose mortal remains are now being consigned to the earth in the land he loved so well. On an occasion such as this it ill befits me to occupy your time by entering in detail into the history of his life. That history is lying open as a book before you—he that runs may read. Neither do I consider it my duty to pass judgment on his works. The time for so doing has yet to come; but when it does come I feel confident such mature judgment will uphold the tribute which his countrymen, of every shade of opinion, are now placing as a wreath of roses on his bier. Rather, do I desire to indicate the lessons which you young men may learn from his life. The first lesson is the high ideal which he had conceived of life, and his ambition to attain it. We may speak of him as Sir Humphrey Davy spoke of himself: 'I have neither riches nor power nor birth to recommend me; yet if I live I trust I shall be not of less service to mankind and to my friends than if I had been born with these advantages.' This country, nay, the Empire, to-day recognises the fulfilment of such a conception in the life of him whose loss we now mourn. He was 'an active doer, a noble liver.' As a boy in Australia, as a miner in Westland, as a Minister in Wellington, as Prime Minister of the Colony, as one of the foremost men in the Empire, he has shown his faith in the truth that 'all man's faculties of mind and powers of body, with the mighty impulse of God's Spirit moving his heart, are given that he should work, that he should show men how to live, how to labor, how to conquer.' His life teaches you young men that it should be your ambition to 'better your position' always along the lines of justice and rectitude, believing in the proverb, 'To thine own self be true . . . thou canst not then be false to any man'; or in the one taken from the French, 'It is the man who makes the land.' Do your work well, seek to make perfect whatsoever thou settest thy hand to; create thy opportunities—do not wait for them,—they will never turn up. Life is one grand golden opportunity from the cradle to the grave. Difficulties develop genius. Have a purpose in life and a faith in yourselves, and you shall succeed, but never allow success make you forget the mates of former days—the men who helped you to mount the ladder,—a lesson very pertinently taught by the life of the late Premier. By this indomitable energy and iron will he raised himself to the highest position in the land. He had honors showered upon him by his fellow-countrymen, by his fellow-statesmen in the other colonies, even by his King; yet to his companions of his earlier years he was ever the 'Dick' of the mining days. He was never known to desert an old friend, and when opportunity offered nothing gave him greater pleasure than to seek out and have a talk with an old miner whom he met, not in any spirit of condescension, but as man to man. In one of his last visits to our fair city he gave proof of this grand spirit, which to my mind was one of the secrets of his power over the minds of his countrymen. He then found time to visit the home of the aged poor in Anderson's Bay and the Benevolent Institution, and were you to see the beaming faces of those old people as they grasped his hand, now stilled in death, and thanked him for having passed the Old-age Pensions Act, you would then see the secret of his power. He loved his people, and therefore he was anxious to aid as far as circumstances permitted any work calculated to make their homes happier and their lives brighter without distinction of class or creed. Indeed, religious prejudice seeks in vain for a home in such minds as his. Strong in his own opinions, he was ever tolerant to those who differed from him. Hard things may have been said, but they were not remembered. His heart was good enough and his mind was large enough to allow for difference of opinions. I have not yet touched on what to my mind is the

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