

were set. First he tried the bread—that was good; then he tried the sugar—that was good also; then he tried the salt, which he instantly rejected; and lastly, he tried a cup of hot tea, on which he flew away."

Butler, of course, was writing of the little black-backed, yellow-chested fellow then found in the South Island. The North Island robins, which were the ones noticed at Kapiti, have slate-coloured chests and certainly showed

tried to surprise them at evening along the bush track. They are there, however—small and larger grey ones and small brown ones.

At the northern end of Kapiti is a lagoon, to which thousands of ducks wisely repair in the shooting season. Once one was left behind, and it has lived there since, perhaps the quaintest of all the seekers of sanctuary. The caretaker has called it "Hoppy" because it has only one wing and one leg, a



*Fisherman's Island, with Kapiti in the background.*

no signs of the curiosity and impudence which Butler noted in the southern members of their family.

Along the steep track which leads to the summit of the island, you may perhaps find a weka. When we came across one up there it looked in the dim light of the bush a little like a kiwi. Apparently it was as much interested in us as we were in it, for it came out from under a tangle of roots to inspect us at close quarters and stayed while we photographed it. Of the kiwis we saw no sign, though we

disability which, however, has evidently been no insuperable handicap.

Kapiti to-day, then, is an island of bush and birds, undisturbed by human habitation and the perquisites of trade and progress. But its story was not always like that. You may remember that it was once the stronghold of the Maori chief, Te Rauparaha. He captured it in 1823 and from its shores carried war to nearly all the tribes in the southern half of the North Island and to many in the Sounds area in the South.