

in many of the Natives. He was cleanly dressed in the ordinary mat and outer blanket worn as a toga; slow and dignified in his action; and, had not his wandering and watchful looks betrayed his doubts as to his safety, perfectly easy in his address."

Wakefield visited the little island off Kapiti on which Te Rauparaha lived, "A miserable house," he wrote, "tabooed for himself and his wife, with one end parted off for his son, offers no temptation to his enemies nor calls forth the envy of his rival allies. Near it are piled cases of tobacco, of cotton goods, and of various objects which he has begged or borrowed from the masters of various vessels anchoring here. These are covered with dead brushwood and narrowly watched by his slaves. He seldom stays long in any one place, but goes from settlement to settlement, often in the night, to avoid any design on his life from his foes on the main . . . Notwithstanding the many bad qualities of this old man—his blustering, meanness, and unscrupulous treachery—he

possesses some points of character worthy of a chief among savages. He is full of resources in emergencies, hardy in his enterprises, and indefatigable in the execution of them."

To-day this smaller island, little more than a mile in circumference and shaped like an obtuse cone, is a nesting-ground for gulls. Round the stone breastworks which Te Rauparaha built, grass and flax now grow high and there is nothing more to disturb the peace than perhaps a fight between a seagull and a tern.

Kapiti already has a memorial from this war. It is a seat made from stones carried from the shore and set beside the track at Rangatira. It is opposite a camp site used before the war by a Wellington family interested in bird-life. A member of the family was killed on service with the Air Force, and the seat, surrounded by newly planted trees, is in memory of him and his Air Force comrades. The last line of the inscription reads:—

"For them the bell-birds chime and the robins trill a requiem."

AFTER THE SNOW By CHARLES FRANCIS

THE COUNTRYSIDE was deathly quiet. Henry shook the snow from his coat and hat, then entered the whare and pulled off his gum boots. It was good to be inside. He crumpled up paper and gathered a handful of kindling wood he'd put in the oven to dry the night before.

Once the kindling was alight he poked small pine logs through the grate door. The room was icy cold, but soon it would be warm. Already the escaping smoke from the old iron stove was giving the room a warmer smell. It always smoked to begin with, as though the chimney was hard to find. He brought the only chair in the room up to the fire, and pulled off his wet socks to be hung on the oven door to dry for the morning.

Henry was accustomed to these evenings by the fire; sometimes he'd read, and other times he'd just sit and enjoy being really warm. To-night he didn't want to read, so just sat and

waited for the water and milk to get hot. After a while he opened a tin of biscuits, took out three, and broke off a lump of cheese, then poured the nearly boiling water over the coffee and sugar in his white enamel mug and so had supper.

Henry was cowman to a small dairy-farmer way up the foothills where the wind from the white Alps blew keen and cold most nights and days. Early in the morning he'd be over to the cowbails, milking and separating, then swishing water over the cold concrete and sweeping up the slush and cow-dung with a hard straw broom. Then the cows were to be taken to the feed paddock, the pigs fed, and everywhere mud and slush and the cold wind. And then the same all over again in the early evening. After a wash and tea he'd go over to his whare for a quiet time by the fire. Usually he looked forward to a book and the fire, but to-night he couldn't be bothered reading and was tired of just