



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

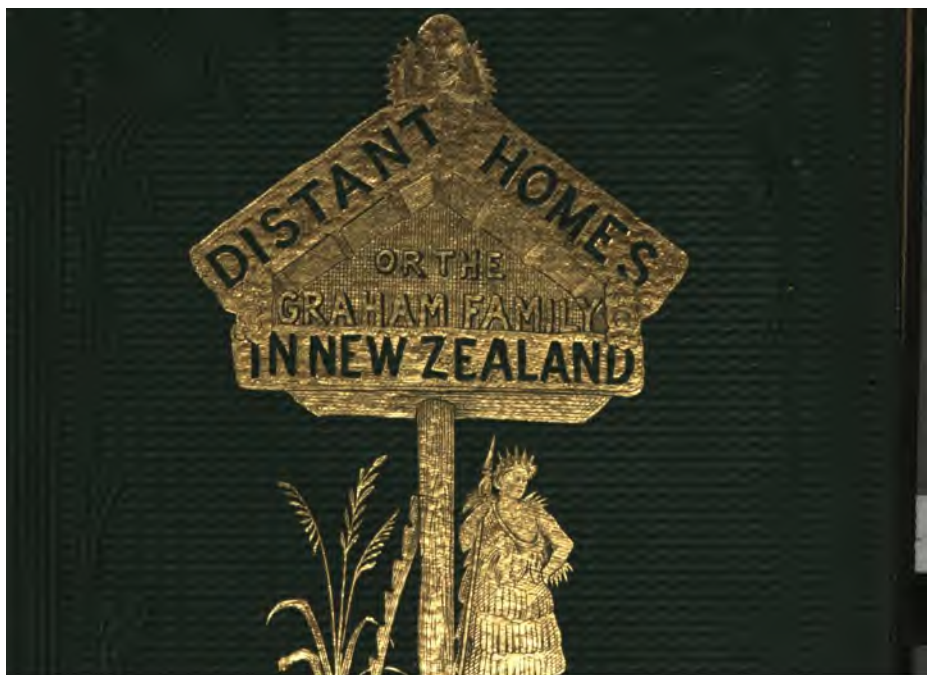
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

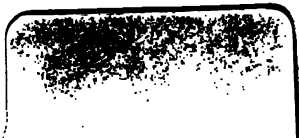
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600069837\$



1



CAPTAIN GRAHAM ADDRESSING THE NATIVES.

MR. J. F. ASHMEY.

With Illustrations by J. Ashmead.

LONDON:

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

(SUCCESSORS TO S. LEECH AND DARRIS.)

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

MILWAUKEE.

250 c 193



ABORIGINALS

DISTANT HOMES;
OR
THE GRAHAM FAMILY
IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY
MRS. J. E. AYLMER.

With Illustrations by J. Jackson.

LONDON:
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
MDCCCLXII.

250 c 195

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. WERTHEIMER AND CO.,
CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
First Announcement of the Parents' Intention of Emigrating— The projected Voyage—Tom's Opinion—Lucy and Beatrice —Lucy's Cowardice	1
CHAPTER II.	
The Departure—Tom visits the Diggings—Captain Hobson's Race with the Frenchman—Birds in New Zealand . . .	10
CHAPTER III.	
Arrival in Blind Bay—First Sight of Nelson—The Colonial Servant—Lucy disappointed	18
CHAPTER IV.	
Foundation of Nelson—The Whalers—Wingless Birds—De- scription of New Zealand—The Reason of the War . . .	23

	PAGE
CHAPTER V.	
A Sinking Ship—Leaving Nelson—A Volcano and Earthquake —Lucy's Alarm—Appearance of the Sea	28
CHAPTER VI.	
Voyage to the Canterbury Settlement—Lucy's Mortification— Hot-water Lake of Rotamahana—Arrival at Lyttelton	36
CHAPTER VII.	
Account of Tom's Overland Journey—Arrive at a Pah—First Impressions of the Natives—Native Swing	42
CHAPTER VIII.	
Some of the Native Manners—Tabu and Eating—Working out the Tabu—Retaliation	50
CHAPTER IX.	
A Walk in the Forest—Crossing a River—Advice from an Old Settler	55
CHAPTER X.	
Arrival at Christchurch—The Backbone of New Zealand— Finding Lodgings—Tom's new Friend	61
CHAPTER XI.	
Lucy and Beatrice become Teachers—Native Religion—The first Missionary—Letters from England.	67

CHAPTER XII.

- The Journey Home—Akaroa—Sleeping in the Open Air—
Arrive at the Estate—Making a Bed—The Native Welcome. 76

CHAPTER XIII.

- The First Days in the Cottage—The Bell-birds' Morning Hymn
—Lucy's Repentance—Unpacking—Tom makes a Garden—
Aps's Gardening 85

CHAPTER XIV.

- Christmas in New Zealand—Great Preparation—Making a
Goose Pie—A Summer Christmas 95

CHAPTER XV.

- Aps gets into the Boat—Nearly Drowned—Tom Faints . . . 102

CHAPTER XVI.

- Christmas Day—Arrival of the Clergyman—Walk after Break-
fast—Who pulled the Child out of the Water—Church in
the Bush—Another Accident—Dinner Time 109

CHAPTER XVII.

- A Visit to Auckland—Another Journey—Races at Wellington
—Taranaki—Cattle Show in Auckland 118

CHAPTER XVIII.

- Additions to the Farm—Winter and Ice—An Unlucky Family
—How the Floods Rise 125

	PAGE
CHAPTER XIX.	
A Visit from the Natives—An Alarming Proposal—Canoe Song —Maori Presents	134
CHAPTER XX.	
The Natives build Houses—Arrival of the Chief—Tom is sent for—The Agent's Advice to Tom—Death of the Agent . . .	142
CHAPTER XXI.	
Tom leaves to become a Sailor—A melancholy Week—Biddy acts Comforter—A Stratagem	149
CHAPTER XXII.	
Sad Thoughts by Moonlight—An alarming Visit—Insurrec- tions among the Natives—Native Gratitude—The Rebel Chief—Captain Graham's Return	154
CHAPTER XXIII.	
The New Church—The proposed Visit—The Kurmara or Sweet Potato—Cutting a Native's Hair—Wood-carving . . .	161
CHAPTER XXIV.	
A Native Feast—Games—Fairy Net—Native Dancing	168
CHAPTER XXV.	
The Purchase of Roses—The Scotch Gardener—A long Walk —Who gained the Victory	177
CHAPTER XXVI.	
The School Garden—Lucy learns to Paint—Aps's Savings— Patience	182

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

CHAPTER XXVII.

Rumours of War—Captain Graham's Determination—His Speech to the Natives—The Hymn in the new Church . . .	189
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Last Chapter—A Letter from Tom—The Volunteer Corps —Conclusion	196
---	-----



DISTANT HOMES;

OR THE

GRAHAM FAMILY IN NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

First Announcement of the Parents' Intention of Emigrating—The Projected Voyage—Tom's Opinion—Lucy and Beatrice—Lucy's Cowardice.

LUCY GRAHAM was working very hard at a number of fancy bags and baskets, evidently intended for a Christmas tree, when her brother George entered the room.

"Mamma wants you, Loo; go to her dressing-room, and then back to me. Look sharp like a good girl, I want you very much."

"All serene, Master," exclaimed his sister.

"Miss Graham, where *did* you learn such a vulgar expression?" cried the governess, who happened to be passing, and stood in the doorway, looking the very picture of outraged propriety.

"From Papa," was Lucy's answer, as she ran past the horror-stricken lady, and looking back made a face, for George's edification; he, however, was hunting through a large Atlas, and lost this exhibition of his sister's wit. An

hour elapsed ; at first it went very slowly, but getting interested in a book he was comparing with the map, the boy did not notice the length of time, nor did he hear his sister return, which she did very softly and with a very much altered countenance. Stealing up to George, she put her arms round his neck, and whispered.

“What is it all for, Georgy ? Why need we go so far away ? You’re looking at the map, please tell me everything, dear. Mamma was crying so, Papa sent me away.”

“Poor Mamma !” said George. “You see, Lucy, Mamma thinks it is her blame, for it was all her fortune that was in the bank when it broke, and the people claimed so much money, Papa was obliged to sell all he could.”

“He never told me,” exclaimed Lucy, looking angry.

“You were at school you know ; but let me go on ; well, it might not have been so bad after all, but old Mr. Crossly had lost his money too it seems ; and when he died the other day, Mamma only got £2,000, so they have decided to sell this house and go to New Zealand.”

“But, are not you going,” asked Lucy, remarking her brother said “*they*.”

“No dear, not yet. I am to stay at college all next year, and when I’ve taken my degree, I’ll follow.”

“Oh, George ! what use is there in taking a degree to go out and settle among savages ; surely, you don’t really mean it. Papa never said anything, except that I was to practise as hard as I could ; I should like to know what use it is. Who ever heard of pianos in New Zealand.”

Her brother smiled, but kept a little lecture he just then thought of for another time, merely saying “he would bring a piano out with him.”

“Let me see the place we are going to George, oh! what is the name?”

“The Canterbury Settlement.”

“Ah, that will sound almost like home; only think of there being a Canterbury among the savages; I wonder if there’s a bishop and a cathedral?”

“Of course there is, Miss Wisdom;” exclaimed a loud voice. The speaker, a boy of fourteen, and just a year older than Lucy, was flattening his nose against the window, having much to his own delight accomplished the feat of sitting cross-legged upon the narrow stone ledge outside; “of course there is, Miss Wisdom, and Cannibals too.

“Hoky, Poky, Wankum Wun,
How do you like your enemy done,
Roast or boiled, or fried in the sun—
The king of the Cannibal Islands.”

“You’ll sing a different tune if you don’t look out,” said George, laughing, “and that will be—

“Roley Poley sat on a wall,
Roley Poley got a great fall,
Three score men, and double three score,
Could ’nt put Roley Poley up any more.”

Lucy rushed to the window just in time to see Tom turn a summersault off the ledge, and after standing upon his head on the grass for a second or two, finished off his performance by a clever imitation of a clown he had seen at Astley’s. Lucy laughed, and clapped her hands with delight, for Tom was her favourite; and as they only met during the holidays, they were, when together, nick-named, “The Siamese Twins.”

Tom having performed long enough to satisfy himself,

walked gravely into the house, and straight up to the sitting room.

“What were you two saying about New Zealand?” he asked, throwing himself into a large chair by the fire, “is Miss Wisdom going to convert the savages, and teach the monkeys.”

“There are no monkeys in New Zealand, Tom,” answered Lucy in a tone of rebuke.

“Ai’nt there, then I can tell you, Mam, you don’t know anything about it; there’s monkeys in all out-landish places.”

“But I tell you, Tom, there’s not,” retorted his sister. “You’ll soon see, we are going there.”

“Dont try to deceive me,” said Tom, “you and George have been looking up some rigmarole story; I only wish we were going, I’d get away from school, and hunt Caffirs and elephants, like Gordon Cumming; but you don’t know anything about him, it’s a boy’s book, girls only read sentimental trash, and cookery books.”

“Why, Tom, I never read a cookery book in my life.”

“Oh! you’re an exception,” replied Tom, “and exceptions make the rule, don’t they, George.”

But George was sitting with his head leaning upon his hands, poring over a large book, and perfectly deaf to all that was going on. Tom did not attempt to interrupt him; but beckoning Lucy to come to him, asked:—

“Now, really, Loo, I’m in earnest, are we going to New Zealand? Tell me like a good girl, or I’ll be off to Beatrice, she’ll not deceive me.”

“Well, Tom,” answered Lucy, becoming very grave, “it is true; I’ve just been to the dressing room, and Mamma told me, herself; is’nt it a dreadful thing.”

“Whoop, Hurrah! New Zealand for ever!” shouted Tom, kicking up his legs until he got red in the face, and had to stop from sheer fatigue, “Hurrah! no more Latin and Greek on Mondays, from old Crossbones. Oh! Lucy, you goose, what are you looking that way for, ai’nt you glad, ai’nt you happy; I am, I can tell you, and I won’t call you my sister if you don’t say so too.”

“Oh! Tom.”

“Oh! fiddlestick.”

“But Tom, listen.”

“I won’t listen. The idea of looking that way, because you’re going to lead a jolly life; we’ll live in a tent like the soldiers, and shoot for dinner. I’ll have a gun I can tell you, Miss; there now, sit down, and tell me all about it. When are we going?”

“In February, I believe; but here is Papa coming, he’ll tell you all about it.”

“Oh! Papa,” exclaimed Tom, jumping up, and throwing his arms round his father, “when are we going to New Zealand? I’m so glad.”

Capt. Graham looked down into the bright handsome face turned up to his; it was really almost the first ray of comfort he had met since he had made up his mind to leave England; and the joyous gaze of Tom’s bright blue eyes shone like a gleam of sunshine upon the future.

“So *you* like it, my boy,” said his father stroking his curly head, “I’m afraid nobody else does.”

Lucy here threw her arms round her father’s neck, and exclaimed eagerly:—

“I do, Papa, indeed I do, and so does George; won’t you sit down and tell us what kind of place it is. George is

working so hard I cannot ask him ; please tell us all about the country and people. Are the people cannibals or not ?”

“ They were a short time ago, Lucy, there’s no doubt of that ; but lately there has been a great change, and there are very few natives in the Canterbury district at all ; and all that are there, have become Christians, in name at least. The settlement of Canterbury was founded by a large party of gentlemen belonging to the Church of England ; and it has now a Bishop, Clergy, and College. A friend of mine who has been living out there for three years, says there is no place like it ; and that nobody going there, would ever wish to live in England again.”

“ Of course not,” said Tom, nodding his head approvingly. “ But are there wild horses and buffaloes, Papa ?”

“ No, Tom.”

“ Lions, then ; or tigers ?”

“ No, neither ; nor are there any animals natural to the country ; but cats, rats, and dogs there are plenty of.”

Tom was evidently disappointed, and asked :—

“ Then how do people live, if there is nothing to hunt and shoot ?”

“ Cannot they make the ground keep them, Tom ?” asked George, now joining in the conversation. “ You were always wishing to be a sailor ; you’ll have a first-rate chance of trying it now. And you, Lucy, will have your wish of milking cows gratified. Won’t Lucy have to be dairymaid, Papa ?”

“ To be sure ! and Beatrice henwife,” answered Captain Graham, as his second daughter entered the room, leading little Aps (as Arthur was called) by the hand.

“Hallo! Beatrice!” shouted Tom, starting up; “only fancy! we are all going to New Zealand, and Lucy is going to be a savage, and you are going to be a henwife.”

Beatrice was a year younger than Lucy, but from her being delicate and unable to leave home, had been kept under the care of a governess—the lady we mentioned—and who had only given up Lucy the year before, her father thinking a school likely to make her apply more steadily to her lessons, and learn that it was necessary to know something beyond reading and writing, a climax Miss Nott found it impossible to attain, Lucy preferring her pony and large dog, the boat on the river, and animals left in her keeping by her absent brothers, to any lesson her governess could put before her; and as her father and mother left the direction of the schoolroom entirely to this same governess, she was obliged to recommend the measure of sending Lucy to school. Beatrice was much quicker than her sister, and looked even older, while from her gentleness, and readiness to do anything her brothers wanted, she was applied to in every difficulty; Lucy, herself, while envying Beatrice the influence she held over the boys, owned the same herself, and voluntarily resigned to her what little girls are so fond of considering their rights as elder sisters. The entrance of Beatrice, in the present instance, accompanied as she was by the “two-year-old,” as Arthur was generally called, brought about a repetition of their intended emigration, a plan her father and mother had already so often discussed in her hearing that it caused no astonishment on her part, being only a confirmation of what she had expected. The quiet and cheerful manner in which the little girl spoke of the

change, and the comfortable picture she drew of the delights of a new home, and all they could do for themselves, soothed away some lingering clouds; and when Mrs. Graham sent to say tea was waiting, the little party in the dining-room were in full discussion as to the seeds, etc., it would be most advisable to take out with them. Poor Mrs. Graham, who had been dreading to meet her children, was instantly relieved by the group of bright faces that gathered round the table, still keeping up their conversation. Beatrice alone had noticed her mother's anxious looks, and, stealing up, kissed her as she whispered:—

“We are all so glad, dear Mamma.” Then settling Aps upon his high chair, she went off to her own, beside her father.

“Aps wanty Cannibal,” exclaimed the two-year-old, looking earnestly in his mother's face, and giving evidence that he had been no inattentive listener to the conversation. A general laugh followed the child's exclamation; but, nothing daunted, he repeated his question, and seemed almost inclined to refuse his slice of bread and jelly, until told by Tom it was a bit of a Cannibal.

This little incident, slight as it was, gave another tone to Mrs. Graham's feelings, and ere long she too joined in the merry conversation going on, and gave her opinion as to the relative merits of Spanish fowl or Cochin China, sweet peas or mignonette, etc., etc., rather startling Lucy by telling her she was determined not to take a servant with them, but meant to be cook herself, while Lucy and Beatrice should be housemaids. George proposed to make Lucy dairymaid, a post as he said best suited to her affection for cows. This made every one except the object

of it laugh, it being a standing joke in the house, as to Lucy's cowardice; and many were the stories of her climbing walls, scrambling through hedges, and once being nearly drowned by trying to cross the river, just because a poor old cow had thought she was the farm maid coming to milk her, and had galloped across a field towards her. Lucy did not at all like being laughed at for being frightened, and boldly declared she would like to be allowed to milk the cows, an assertion her brothers laughed loudly at, and even Aps, fixing his bright eyes upon his sister, stammered:—

“Luce avy frighty; Luce avy great goose.”

Tea passed over, and then, the table being cleared, it was agreed by general vote to bring the Atlas, and hunt up the spot of their future home, while Papa read an account of it from one of the many books he had been consulting upon the important step he was taking; so, Aps was sent to bed, Mrs. Graham settled at her work, and the rest, gathering round the table, listened eagerly to their father, as he read the extracts he had made, and commented now and then as to what they should do in such or such cases. Thus the evening wore away, and when the hour of retirement arrived, and the servants had left the room, after prayers, every one felt that, come what might, and go where they might, they would carry their home with them, and as long as they were all together, no change of country could really affect their happiness.

CHAPTER II.

The Departure—Tom visits the Diggings—Captain Hobson's Race with the Frenchman—Birds in New Zealand.

THE Christmas holidays passed peacefully and happily away, and being the last spent by the Grahams in their native land, remained deeply impressed on the memory of each member of the family. All their friends knew of their intended departure; and as they had been both loved and respected by their neighbours, many a regret was spoken and felt. These could not cloud or darken the faces of the children; but to the parents, who knew the difficulties before them, such partings could not fail to be saddening. Besides this, they would be divided from many relations and friends, and last, though not least, the quiet church-yard, in which were buried two little angel children, who had both died in one week, and now lay in one grave with a tall white cross at the head, round which it had been the duty of brothers and sisters to keep flowers of every sort in order.

The last Sunday came; and, after service, the whole family proceeded to the little grave and knelt round it, while Captain Graham offered up a prayer that God would grant their re-union in his Heavenly Kingdom. This sad duty over, Mrs. Graham became more reconciled to the parting, her only anxiety being the fact of leaving George,

who had still two years to remain at Cambridge, at the end of which time, and when he had taken his degrees, he would immediately join his family in New Zealand, having obtained a promise from the Bishop that he would give him work to do in the colony, and in the mean time, while pursuing his other studies, it was recommended that he should make himself master of one or two of the languages spoken in New Zealand and the Pacific Islands.

Parting from their old home was at last over, and the whole family on board the ship that was to carry them to their new one. George kept by his mother's side until the last moment; when he was obliged to say good-bye, his sisters, crying bitterly, hung round his neck, while Tom, forgotten in their grief, stood choking back his own tears, and determined poor George should see one cheerful face at parting; he was the last to come forward, and for an instant the brothers were clasped in each other's arms, and Tom felt George's breast heave with a deep sob as he whispered—

“If I never come out to join you, Tom, take care of Papa and Mamma, and God bless you.”

I shall not tire my dear readers with a long account of the voyage out, the sea is always much the same, and the amusements on board such ships vary very little. Tom, I believe, enjoyed the voyage more than any of them, and made great friends with the midshipmen, becoming so expert in all their duties, that he was laughingly enrolled as volunteer by the Captain, and grew so fond of his work, that Captain Graham began to fear he should have some difficulty in weaning him from it on their arrival at their destination; while Tom, himself, openly declared he would be a sailor, and nothing else.

There was a long spell of fine weather at the beginning of the voyage; but this deserted them, just as they reached Melbourne, at which port the ship was to leave some passengers. During the week they were detained here, Tom and his father saw a good deal of the surrounding country.

Melbourne, as most of my readers probably know, is one of the principal ports of Australia; and is situated near Hobson's Bay.

Port Philip has been very much better known since the discovery of the gold diggings, and of course become much larger. At first, when gold was discovered, there was such a rush of people to Melbourne, that there was no room for them; and poor people who had come thousands of miles, had to sleep upon the bare ground, only too glad, to get under a shed of any sort; even though for this, they had to pay largely. The hardships they endured in Melbourne were, however, nothing in comparison to those which they had to bear during their long journey inland; the nearest gold field, that of Ballarat, being nearly a hundred miles up the country. There were, then, no roads, and nothing like an inn or resting place; and whether one thinks of the mud and cold of winter, or the heat and dust of summer, without food, except what they could carry, or any shelter better than a chance bush or rock, we may understand, in a small measure, something of what the poor miners had to undergo.

At the time Tom and his father saw Melbourne, things were very much improved; good inns and capital roads, made travelling so easy, that, finding the ship must remain at least three days in harbour, they made an excursion to Ballarat, just to take a peep at what a gold-field was like.

Lucy begged hard to go too ; but, could not persuade her Papa to take her, and most reluctantly had to be content with Tom's promise of bringing back a nugget as big as his head.

It was not Tom's fault that he did not fulfil his promise, as, though he looked most diligently about, he could see nothing bearing a sign of gold ; and was, on the whole, very much disappointed with his trip ; and told Lucy, the gold-field was only a dull dirty-looking plain, covered with holes, and wooden huts ; the diggers themselves, all looking very wretched, and making a dreadful noise all night —altogether such a dismal sight that Tom never wished to see the "diggings" again, or dreamt, as he had done, of beautiful plains glittering with gold dust.

They left Port Philip on the sixth day, and, as they might expect to see their new country in a very short time, every body on board was in a state of great excitement, and Tom seldom left the rigging, being determined to have the first glimpse ; and while all this anxiety is going on amongst our friends on board, I think we might employ ourselves very well, in finding out something about the discovery of New Zealand.

This, it appears, has been falsely attributed to Captain Cook ; the man who really first put on record a visit to it was a Dutch sailor, named Abel Tasman : and it was quite a hundred years after his discovery of the islands, that Captain Cook saw them.

Tasman sailed from Batavia, a settlement upon the island of Java, by the orders of Governor Antonio Van Diemen ; and it was in honour of his daughter, Maria Van Diemen, that Tasman named his first discovery. If you look at the

map, you will find it was a very natural thing for the discovery of New Zealand to follow that of Van Diemen's Land.

Tasman coasted up the shore of New Zealand, and cast anchor in Nelson Bay, which, owing to a fight his sailors had with the natives, he called Massacre Bay. From this he returned to Batavia, where he reported his discoveries; and advised that this new island should be named New Zealand, after the old Dutch province of Zealand.

In the reign of George the Third, 1768, Cook began one of his great voyages of discovery; and upon the 6th of October, 1769, descried the Island of New Zealand; and finally took possession in the king's name.

At this time, it is quite certain the natives were Cannibals, and that an enemy slain in battle was pretty sure to be eaten. In spite of this character, however, they were by no means an inhospitable or ferocious race, and whalers who formed settlements along the coast, had no reason to complain of bad treatment or treachery. They soon found out, that the natives preferred eating each other, and held the white strangers in great veneration.

Missionaries came out about 1814, and, congregating chiefly in the north part of the northern island, formed the settlement named Kororarika, which not many years ago was completely destroyed by the natives. As yet, people in England know very little about New Zealand; and it was only in 1820, when the newspapers announced the arrival of a native chief in London, and became filled with his wonderful doings and sayings, that people began really to take an interest in the colony, and feel ashamed that they should know so little of such an important place.

Hangi was the name of the chief, and though he pretended that he only came to see King George, his real reason was to get guns and powder to fight with a rival tribe, and after he returned home he certainly made great use of his arms, and for the years he survived, killed and ate numbers of people. In the year 1837, a party in England, with the late Lord Durham as leader, sent out a great number of settlers. Another association came forward in 1839, headed by a Colonel Wakefield. Just then it was made known to our Government that France was planning an expedition to take possession of New Zealand, as a country to which they could send their prisoners, as we do to Australia and Botany Bay. Immediately upon finding out this, the English government sent a naval officer, Captain Hobson, to look closely to our interests. Just after he had planted the English flag upon the ground near which the capital was to be built, now called Auckland, a French frigate arrived, but too late, of course. Not to be completely foiled, the French captain set sail for what is called the Middle Island; but again Captain Hobson was before him, and having the fastest sailing ship, had just planted the British ensign on the high ground above Lyttelton when the French frigate entered; so the Captain of the latter, finding he could not take possession, arranged with Captain Hobson to land his passengers under the protection of the English crown, whilst he himself went off to report his failure at home.

In New Zealand the seasons are exactly the reverse of those in England: thus, July is the same as the English January; June, July, and August are called winter; September, October, and November, spring; December,

January, and February, summer; March, April, and May, autumn. Yet there is very little appearance of the different times of the year in the looks of the country, principally owing to most of the trees and shrubs being evergreen. Besides, it is seldom that snow is seen, except in the mountainous portions of the country; and if a chance shower is blown down into the plains it does not lie, and whiten the ground as in England, but melts away directly it falls. People who have lived many years in New Zealand all agree that the climate is much better than that of England; that there is less sickness, and a greater proportion of fine days: that is to say, days upon which the weather does not prevent people being out of doors, or farmers continuing their farm-work. There is more wind and rain, very seldom any thunder or lightning; the days are an hour shorter in summer, and an hour longer in winter. There are no reptiles, such as snakes or toads, and very few rats, and not one of the larger wild animals, such as lions or tigers, etc.; even the wild dogs now found there are the descendants of those left by ships visiting the islands long ago.

It is said that Captain Cook was awakened in the morning after he reached the shore by the singing of millions of birds, which he said sounded like the chimes of church bells at a great distance. The birds he heard were most probably the Bell-birds, though the *Tui* (a funny little black-coated fellow, with a tuft of white on his throat which has given him the nickname of Parson-bird) sings very sweetly, and hops about, making a great noise; he has a wonderful talent for mocking any sound, and can bark like a dog, mew like a cat, or whistle a tune. Besides these

curious accomplishments he has another, which is turning heels over head, like a tumbler pigeon, only much more quickly.

There are several kinds of parrots, which are easily tamed and taught to talk.

While I have been giving this short description of the things our friends the **Grahams** were so fast approaching, the wind has been bearing them steadily along. Tom has at last been gratified by being the first to shout, "Land!"

CHAPTER III.

Arrival in Blind Bay—First Sight of Nelson—The Colonial Servant
—Lucy disappointed.

THE point of land Tom saw was close by Cape Farewell, and very shortly they were near enough, with the help of good telescopes, to see the green forests and hills; then they skirted along past a peninsula called Sandy Point, which forms a portion of the shore of Massacre Bay, the place I mentioned before as the scene of Tasman's fight with the natives, and at last entered the splendid bay, at the extreme point of which Nelson stands, which is known by two names, that of Blind Bay and Tasman Bay.

The town lay snugly ensconced upon the sunny shore, perfectly sheltered on all sides, and gay with gardens full of fruit and flowers. There happened to be a number of ships in port when our party arrived; and altogether it had such a busy, home-look about it, that the children were quite disappointed, and looked in vain for a native. Nor was the delusion dispelled when, after landing, which they did in the midst of a great bustle of people, all expecting, or pretending to expect friends, they proceeded to a comfortable hotel, leaving Captain Graham and Tom to settle any arrangements which might have to be made about their things.

A very smart waiting-maid attended upon them, and quite horrified Lucy by sitting down upon the sofa while her Mamma was asking what they could have to eat; however, seeing Lucy's shocked face, the woman laughed good-naturedly, and said:—

“You don't let your servants sit down in England, miss; but you aint in England now, and servants are not known here. We only take situations to attend upon people, and expect to be treated like one of the family.”

“How funny, Mamma,” exclaimed Lucy, as soon as the woman left the room; “only think! if old Mary heard such a thing, what would she say?”

“I am afraid to guess, Lucy; but one comfort is, we shall be better off, and can help ourselves. I have heard your uncle, who is in Canada, say, that there the servants are far worse, and only call themselves ‘Helps’—actually insisting upon eating with you, and treating you just like one of themselves.”

“Oh, how horrid! I should never like that, I know,” said Lucy; “but here is Papa coming, and we'll hear all the news. Oh, Papa,” she cried, as he entered, “What have you seen? I've seen a servant who sat down on the sofa, and didn't say ‘Ma'am' to Mamma.”

“And I've seen Hoky Poky,” said Tom, mysteriously. “Oh, you needn't laugh—haven't I, Papa?”

But Captain Graham was too deeply engaged in what was evidently rather an unpleasant consultation with Mrs. Graham, so Tom's question remained unanswered.

“No, Miss Lucy,” he went on, turning to his sister; “it's quite true; I've seen the great Cannibal King,—the mighty man-eater, who gobbled up half-a-dozen of his

enemies last summer, and has grown so fat, that he can only hop upon one leg at a time, having to give them turn about, in case of tiring both at once."

"Oh! you goose, Tom, do tell us quickly whom you have seen."

"Hoky Poky, King Wankum Wam."

"Nonsense."

"Indeed I have; and he sent his compliments to you, and wants to know if you'll be one of his fifty wives."

Lucy laughed so loud that her father turned round to ask what was the matter; and on hearing, corroborated Tom's story so far, that they had really seen a New Zealand chief, and that he was going to be their fellow-traveller to the Canterbury settlement, the captain of the ship having agreed with Captain Graham to take them round, and thus save a great deal of trouble in unloading, particularly as the principal number of the passengers were going to Canterbury.

It appears that emigrants very often make a great mistake in not choosing a ship going to the very settlement they intend to make their home, as there are only a few steamers that carry passengers from one province to another; and these, taking the mail, are obliged to start at a particular day: thus, if any time is lost in unpacking, the travellers must remain behind, and, perhaps, have to wait a fortnight or month for the next boat.

A land journey is both troublesome and expensive, besides in many parts almost impossible, from there being no roads, and deep rivers to ford: and although, in reading books of travel, in which are pretty descriptions of the

beautiful flowers, fruits, and strange sights to be met with in bush-travelling, one is tempted to wish to go, and rough it, like the writer; yet, if we really were obliged to cut, climb, and toil our way through a dense jungle, over almost bottomless swamps, up steep precipitous mountains, or worse, across roaring torrents, such as the rivers in New Zealand generally are, I think most of us would wish ourselves safe and sound upon a good turnpike road again—even a rough country road would be a most delightful exchange.

Captain Graham and Tom were to set off almost directly, to make the overland journey, which would occupy about a week, leaving the others to wait for the ship, which could not possibly leave for about ten days. This would enable Captain Graham to have a temporary house ready for his family on their arrival.

Tom was in ecstasies at the prospect of his journey, and talked so enthusiastically of its delights, that Lucy thought herself very unkindly treated, because her father laughed at her entreaty to be allowed to go with him, boldly asserting, she was quite as strong and able to ride or walk as Tom, and, though younger, she was sure *she* could make the journey as well as he could.

Mrs. Graham would have allowed her daughter to go, on the same principle that grocers allow their shop-boys to eat everything they like for the first fortnight, knowing that, long before the time is past, the apprentice will be so completely sickened of "sugar and spice," that he will dislike the very sight of them for the future. Thus, Mrs. Graham thought, if Lucy was allowed, at her own request, to face all the difficulties, privations, and dangers of a bush

journey, she would all the more willingly trust to the experience and advice of older people and more competent judges, besides finding out that girls were really not so well calculated to face trials of this kind as boys—a fact Lucy was continually asserting, much to Tom's disgust, who retorted rather unjustly, I must say, by telling her girls were only meant to make shirts and puddings, and that he thought the Indians were quite right, who made the women work, while they hunted and fought.

I do not mean to say that Tom thought this in his heart; but Lucy provoked him sadly, and made him say a great many things derogatory to girls.

CHAPTER IV.

Foundation of Nelson—The Whalers—Wingless Birds—Description of New Zealand—The Reason of the War.

THE town and province of Nelson was the second of those founded by the New Zealand Company. It is a very large district, about a quarter the size of England; it does not contain such an extent of agricultural ground as either Auckland, Canterbury, or Taranaki; but to make up for this, it possesses great mineral wealth; Gold, Copper, Tin, Lime, and Coal, having been discovered in different parts.

The climate, too, is one of the most equable in New Zealand; and the town itself, from being surrounded on three sides, by lofty mountains, is perfectly sheltered from the cold winds.

There are very few natives left in the middle island; and only about one thousand in the whole province of Nelson; while there are about twelve thousand Europeans, a great number, when one remembers, that little more than twenty years have passed since the colony was founded.

When the ship, in which the leader or pioneer of the Company, Colonel Wakefield, went out, reached New Zealand the coasts upon each side of Cook's Straits, that is to say, the south coast of the north island, since then called Wellington, and the north coast of the south island, at present, Nelson and Marlborough, were dotted here and there, by whaling stations, formed by men who had belonged

to vessels engaged in the whale fisheries in the Pacific; and, as some of the best grounds lay near New Zealand, the captains of the vessels found it convenient to have a friend as agent, settled at some safe harbour, where they could run in for shelter in rough weather, or, for provisions when they ran short.

Gradually, the settlers became owners of whaling ships; and, as at one time of the year, great numbers of whales came close in shore, they carried on a brisk trade, and made a great deal of money.

There is a very interesting account of these men, in a book, written by one of the gentlemen who went out with Colonel Wakefield, a Mr. Edward J. Wakefield, in which he tells you all about catching whales, and the dangers, and excitement of the chase.

These men lived upon the most friendly terms with the natives. Many of them married chief's daughters; and, although you may suppose they were by no means polished or educated men, they were like all sailors, very clean, orderly, and exact in their habits, and soon made their wives capital housekeepers. Besides, they taught many other useful things without intending it; for the natives are very observing, and copy a European carefully.

Unfortunately, they copy bad as well as good; and, as many of these first settlers were bad characters — escaped convicts, and men who had run away from their ships to avoid punishment — they did not fear or obey God themselves, so did not teach the poor savages to do so; and, when the Missionaries came among them, they often insulted and mocked them; doing all they could, to prevent them carrying forward their work.

You know the old fable of the goose that laid golden eggs, and, how her master, wishing to get all the gold at once, killed her; well, the whalers did much the same; they were not content with taking the full-grown whales, but killed the young calves too; so, at the time I am writing of, the fishery had nearly died out, and the whalers had to betake themselves to the North Pacific.

The western portion of Nelson, stretching far along the sea-shore, is very wild and barren. Rugged mountains, covered with gloomy forests; a rock-bound coast, against which the waves dash with terrific force, and, dreaded by European and native seamen, is only inhabited by a few wretched and half starved natives, who live upon the roots of the fern.

It is in this part of the country, that the strange bird called the *Kisvi*, is found: it is about the size of a large Guinea fowl, and something like one, too, in the shape of its body, which, instead of feathers, is covered with what more properly would be called coarse hair, about four inches long; its head is armed with a long bill, much longer than a woodcock's, very narrow, and curved, which it uses for digging up worms, and burrowing a hole to live in; its legs are seven or eight inches long, but so much bent, that its body almost touches the ground. It belongs to a peculiar class of wingless birds, but runs very fast.

In England, you will scarcely believe, that there are two hundred and seventy-three different kinds of birds. Now in New Zealand, there are only eighty-three; and not many of them, either very musical or beautiful in their plumage. Parrots are very common, and roost principally in rocks, and about the edges of the forests.

Early in the morning the air is filled with the songs of birds, and Captain Cook, as elsewhere mentioned, describes

it as resembling the distant chimes of an English Church. As soon as the sun is fairly risen, the birds cease singing; and, during the whole day, you scarcely hear a single chirrup.

While I am writing of birds, I may as well tell you of a very extraordinary one, that once existed; but of which, we can only judge, by the bones discovered in some of the old Pahs or burial-grounds. This bird or monster, had something the appearance of an ostrich; it grew to the height of thirteen feet, its feet and legs resembling those of an elephant. One egg was discovered perfect which measured twenty-seven inches round. I really think I could not have believed in the existence of such a bird, had I not seen the skeleton and egg. The colonists of Nelson say, that Moas still live in the wild districts of the province; but, unfortunately, no one can be found who ever saw one himself.

There were, in 1859, six provinces in New Zealand: three, namely, Auckland, Taranaki, and Wellington, in the north; Nelson, Canterbury, and Otago, in the south island. In 1860, Wellington was divided, and a portion called Hawk's Bay taken off; while Marlboro' has been separated from Nelson; so now there are eight divisions, each boasting a little parliament of its own—though the head houses are at the capital, Auckland—and answer just the same as the Houses of Lords and Commons do in England. The Governor, who is appointed by the Queen to look after the colony, and rule in her place, lives at Auckland.

The first Governor, Captain Hobson, was sent out in 1840, and hoisted the British flag at the place where Auckland now stands, and which he chose on account of its having a first-rate harbour. He made a treaty with the natives, who in the north were nearly all Christians,

or at least pretended to be (for they were cunning enough to see they could please the missionaries by being baptised and going to church). The rules laid down in this Treaty of Waitangi, sometimes called the Magna Charta of New Zealand, have guided the Government in its dealings with the natives ever since.

Poor Governor Hobson was in ill-health when appointed, and the hard work he had to do, besides the anxiety caused by the great charge laid upon him, brought on an attack, which ended in his death.

The next Governor, Colonel Fitzroy, although a worthy man, did not understand the colony, so was recalled, and Sir George Grey sent out in his place; and it is to him we owe the prosperity of the country and the kindly feeling of the natives.

The war which broke out in the Taranaki province, in the beginning of 1860, originated in the misapplication of certain old native laws with regard to the sale of land; and, although they are still in arms, I do not believe they really bear any ill will, only requiring judicious government to keep them quiet, Colonel Brown, who succeeded Sir George Grey, has not been friendly enough with the natives, who loved Sir George, and were very much disappointed when he did not return to them. While I am writing this, he has been re-appointed, and it is to be hoped peace and happiness are about to dawn upon our beautiful colony.

At the risk of tiring my reader's patience, I have given this explanation of what has been and is in New Zealand, so that they will better understand my story, and, I hope, be induced to find out more about it for themselves.

CHAPTER V.

A Sinking Ship—Leaving Nelson—A Volcano and Earthquake—
Lucy's Alarm—Appearance of the Sea.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Graham had avoided saying anything she thought might depress her husband, or add to the anxiety he already felt in leaving her and the children, when she was left alone, she could not altogether cast aside a sad apprehension as if some evil was about to happen; but this feeling was natural enough, when you remember that she was alone in a new country, surrounded by perfect strangers, who, although very hospitable and kind, were all so much occupied in their own affairs, that they had not time to devote to strangers. Another and perfectly unexpected cause for anxiety arose the very day of her husband's departure. A merchant vessel, heavily laden, and under an engagement to deliver her cargo at Lyttelton upon a certain day, was seen off the mouth of the bay, labouring against the wind, which was blowing a perfect gale. A pilot boat was sent out, and came back for a tug, with the intelligence that the ship had run upon a sand-bank, broken both paddles, and sustained such damage, that if she was not in harbour in a few hours, she would be lost.

The little town was in a great state of excitement, and a

couple of steamers were speedily sent out to the assistance of the unfortunate ship, and, in about two hours, they were in sight again with her in tow; the aid had come just in time. Although the whole strength of the crew had been working at the pumps, the water was gaining upon them.

The captain was in despair; he had staked a large sum of money as security that he would fulfil his engagement as to time; and now it seemed perfectly impossible, and the hard-earned savings of many years must all go as forfeit. One hope only remained, and that was to re-ship the cargo into another vessel, and proceed immediately. This would have been easy enough, if another ship had been there, but the only one that could be got ready was that in which the Grahams had just arrived. After a good deal of persuasion the captain consented to load his ship with the cargo, which consisted of various inflammable articles, such as candles, cottons, silks, &c., and a number of barrels containing whiskey.

By dint of hiring all the labour they could command, and working all through the night, they succeeded in clearing the sinking ship, and transferring the goods to the other; and about two o'clock the following day, Mrs. Graham, who had been anxiously watching the busy scene, received information that she must be on board in an hour, to be ready to catch the tide and afternoon breeze.

When she had settled the children in their cabin, she proceeded on deck to take a last glimpse of Nelson. The day had changed very much, the atmosphere being hot and oppressive; and although the sky looked as clear and bright as before, the horizon had a pale pinkish haze

hanging round it, such as she had never remarked before. But there was little time for such thoughts; the tide was turning, and in a few minutes, with a parting cheer, the anchor was shipped, and the sails spread to catch the expected breeze.

Blind Bay is one of the most picturesque in New Zealand, and almost shut in by a long sand-bank, which, covering its mouth, obtained for it its name. The shores rise to a great height, and on three sides join the mountain-range; so that it is completely secure from high winds, and however violent a storm may be in the straits, inside the bay all is peace and safety.

The ebb tide was running very strong, and as the breeze gradually and quickly freshened, no time was lost in making their way down the bay, so that just as the sky grew red with the sunset, they ran through the narrow spit of water between the mainland and the sandbank, and entered Cook's Straits.

Here a brisk breeze was blowing; and, crowding on all the sail he could, the captain took advantage of it. Nothing could be more beautiful than the picture on which the last light of day was lingering; the snowy mountains upon the North Island were all tinged with pink, the woods near the shore looking almost black, while, just on the horizon, a faint white pillar of smoke rose from the volcano of Mount Egmont. Twilight does not last so long in New Zealand as in England, and the last streak of light soon faded out, leaving a dark cloudy night, the moon, which was almost full, being completely hidden. The breeze suddenly fell, and the sails flapped lazily against the rigging. Lucy and her Mamma were on the deck at the

moment, and were equally startled at the sudden clap of the canvas, more resembling the shutting of a door than anything else. When the wind fell, the heaving of the ship became very unpleasant, and Lucy, although not actually sea-sick, felt very uncomfortable, and would have liked to have gone to bed, only she saw her Mamma looked pale and anxious, and as poor Beatrice had a bad headache, she would not leave her mother alone, so sat still, resting her head against the side of the ship.

Presently, an exclamation from one of the crew, who stood near, made them look round, and a sight that one who has once seen never forgets, burst upon them—the volcano in action.

The pillar of smoke had become a crown of fire, above which, hung a thick and dreadfully dark cloud. The sides of the mountain, though at such a great distance, were distinctly visible, and looked as sharp as if cut with a knife.

Both Lucy and her mother had sprung to their feet, and stood silent and awe struck. They were still gazing, and neither had spoken, when a low, rumbling sound crept along the water; it only lasted a minute, and might have been the echo of distant thunder, or the firing of cannon; Lucy thought so, and whispered an enquiry to her mother.

“No, Lucy,” replied Mrs. Graham; “it is an earthquake. Let us pray to God to protect your father and all of us.”

The blood rushed to Lucy’s heart; a cold shiver shook her limbs.

“Oh, Mamma!” was all she could say, and trembling, crept up to her side, trying not to look at the volcano,

but still gazing with fascinated eyes. Just then Beatrice stole up, and put her arms round her mother.

"I heard it, dear, and could not stay below; my head is better now."

"Is it, dear," said Mrs. Graham, absently.

"I am afraid we are going to have rough work, madam," said the captain, passing with the pilot.

"Yes, sir, that we shall," said the pilot; "the old mountain never gives us warning in vain."

Mrs. Graham drew her children closer to her, for an instant, and then told them to stand still, while she went to look at Aps.

He was lying sound asleep in his berth, his curls all tossed, and his pretty, white, fat legs thrown over the coverlet.

Mrs. Graham knelt down by his side, and prayed God to guard them through the perils and dangers of the night; then kissing her child, she went on deck again.

A couple of hours passed very slowly away, the ship lying like a log upon the heaving ocean; the pillar of fire growing sometimes brighter, sometimes almost disappearing; not a sound broke the stillness, except the straining and groaning of the labouring vessel; and Lucy, who would have borne up very well if a storm had come, got terribly frightened and nervous in the strange calm, and kept tormenting her Mamma by a thousand foolish questions, until at last she began to cry, and would have cried herself to sleep, if a tremendous clap of thunder had not made her start to her feet with a loud shriek, which she was heartily ashamed of giving way to the next minute, when she met her mother's eye.

"Go down below, Lucy, if you cannot behave more sensibly, here," she said.

"Oh, Mamma, it is so dreadful; it came so suddenly. Did you see the lightning? If I had, I don't think I should have got in such a fright." But Lucy was wrong, for while she was uttering the last word, a vivid flash darted across the sky, and putting her hands up to her eyes, she gave a louder shriek than before, and then, throwing herself into her mother's arms, began crying and sobbing.

"You are very silly, Lucy," said her Mamma, "and very ungrateful to God. He has taken care of you all your life, and will never desert any one who trusts in His care." But Lucy only sobbed the more, thinking her Mamma was unkind not to pity her.

"Oh, if Papa was here," she sighed, "I should not be frightened."

"Papa could not help you, dear; but your heavenly Father can. Why would you trust and be happy if Papa was here, who could do nothing more than those with you now?"

"Because I love him, and I know he would do anything for me, and save me."

"And would not God do so?"

Lucy could not answer, and held down her head, with a burning blush.

"Now," said her Mamma, "go below, and lie down beside Aps; I will call you, if I want you; but first, Lucy, ask God to give you faith in Him."

Lucy would have liked to have staid; but when Mrs. Graham said a thing she always meant it, and saw that it was done; so the little girl kissed her Mamma, and did as she was told.

All through the night the thunder rattled, coming with deafening peals, such as are never heard in England. Still there was no wind, and the ship made no progress. Morning broke at last, the thunder-clouds dispersed, and the pilot began to talk of the danger having past; it was, however, only beginning. Far away, to the east, a white cloud seemed to lie on the bosom of the sea; it came nearer, and passed within a mile of the ship, running along the top of the waves.

Mrs. Graham saw the captain's expression change, as he watched it, and heard him exclaim, "Thank God!" as it passed by.

"What is it, captain?" she asked, in a breathless whisper.

"A squall, madam; if it had struck us, there would have been no cause to ask that question."

"Do they occur often in these parts, captain?"

"No, madam; but when Nature is in the mood she is in to-day, anything may occur: 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep; for He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof; they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.'"

As the captain repeated these beautiful words, he uncovered his head.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Graham, holding out her hand. "You have comforted me more than I can tell you."

The captain grasped her hand warmly and passed on.

As the morning advanced, the heat became almost unbearable, and once or twice the same low, grumbling sound broke the stillness.

Presently the great pillar of smoke rushing up from the volcano disappeared, the air grew heavy and tremulous, and the waves as quiet as a millpond. Every one rushed on deck, and stood waiting, pale and awe-stricken.

The silence lasted for nearly three minutes; then a faint roll, like thunder, was heard; it grew louder, and the vessel seemed to tremble, just as you have heard a window do when cannon are firing near; then one or two sharp cracks, and the water became agitated; a wave rose up here and there, as if trying to escape from something, and immediately to the leeward, a jet of water, like that from a fountain, rose about thirty feet in the air; three or four more broke out in different directions, and, almost at the same moment, the volcano began to smoke again. The ship now commenced rocking with a short, sharp motion, which gradually increased, until it was difficult to remain on deck, even when holding on by different things. This continued about ten minutes, though it seemed much longer to the frightened passengers; then a gentle breeze came singing through the rigging, and, with a cheerful voice, the captain gave orders to hoist sail. The danger was past, and the earthquake over.

What they had felt so mildly at this distance, had caused great alarm and destruction at Wellington, where a number of houses had been thrown down, and a great many people injured, while many more were drowned by the sudden ebb and flow of the tide, which rushed up from above high-water mark, and carried away several men, women and children in its recoil.

CHAPTER VI.

Voyage to the Canterbury Settlement—Lucy's Mortification—Hot-water Lake of Rotamahana—Arrival at Lyttelton.

WHEN they were once more running pleasantly before the breeze, and the air had resumed its usual feeling, Lucy began to think how silly she had been, and to hope her Mamma or Beatrice would not tell Tom, from whom she would get a great teasing, it always having been a favourite boast with her that she would never lose her presence of mind in danger. She had never experienced anything to try her before, and now she had the mortification to know she had completely failed. It was no consolation to be told by Beatrice that every one was frightened, and she herself as much as any one; Lucy could quite believe it, but it did not blot out her own failing; she knew she had screamed, and was terribly vexed and ashamed when the captain, meeting her towards evening, patted her kindly on the shoulder, and said:—

“Well, little Missy; have you got over your fright? I think that shriek of yours was nearly as loud as the thunder.”

Lucy crimsoned all over, and then, bursting into tears, ran off, leaving the good man quite alarmed; so much so, indeed, that he went off to Mrs. Graham and told her what

had happened, apologizing, and saying he did not mean anything, and was afraid he knew nothing of how to speak to young ladies.

Vexed at this display of Lucy's temper, Mrs. Graham determined to make her explain it all herself to the captain, so, hastened down to her cabin, where, as she expected, she found her daughter crying and very angry.

"Why, Loo, what's the matter?" she asked, sitting down by her. "Are you not well? or have you hurt yourself, dear?"

"Oh, dear! oh dear! it's Tom, Mamma."

"Tom! Loo? What do you mean by, 'It's Tom?'"

"Tom will laugh at me! Oh! oh!" sobbed Lucy. "I used to boast so; and I always said, if anything happened, and however frightened I was, I would not lose my presence of mind; and now I've done it, and Tom will tease me, and call me a fine lady."

"You silly child, to cry about such nonsense," said her Mamma. "What will it signify, if Tom does tease you; it will be a lesson never to boast. Every one was afraid. No one need be ashamed of feeling fear at such a time; though I must say I was not pleased with you for making such a fuss, and not trying to remain quiet, and trust in God. You will, I hope, never forget last night, dear Loo; and next time you are in danger or fear, control your feelings and keep your wits about you, which you will only do by trusting in Him who says, that, 'every hair of your head is numbered.' And now, dry your eyes, and come and beg the captain's pardon for running away just now, when he spoke to you. Poor man! he is quite distressed, and came to tell me all about it."

"Did he, really?" exclaimed Lucy, looking up. "What did he think?"

"He said he did not understand young ladies."

"Oh, how nice of him; to think of his saying so to you. But what am I to say; I cannot go and tell him why I cried."

"Why not?"

"Oh Mamma! and make him think me a goose, to be frightened of Tom's teasing."

Her mother laughed.

"Come, come, Loo; wipe your eyes—they are red enough, I am sure—and just go and tell the captain exactly why you cried; it will make him understand 'young ladies' a little better for the future."

So Lucy bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, and went on deck, to look for the captain. She soon found him, and going up to him, with a deep blush, said:—

"I was very silly to cry, captain. I hope you will forgive me; but I was afraid Tom would tease me."

The kind-hearted sailor took hold of the little girl's outstretched hand, and said he did not think her at all silly. Of course she had a right to cry, if she chose; and if Tom teased her, she had only to go to him, and he would put him in irons, or mast-head him, whichever he liked.

Then Lucy began laughing, and had to explain. Tom was her brother, and very soon told the Captain all about him—how brave and kind he was; how he made fun out of anything, and teased her for being a girl; altogether amusing the Captain very much, but leaving him more perplexed than ever as to the nature of young ladies, or why they should wish to be boys, his own experience of boyhood having been anything but pleasant.

One of the passengers, who had joined the ship at Nelson, had been travelling all over the North Island; and Lucy was never tired of listening to his descriptions of what he had seen. She was most astonished by hearing that there were lakes and springs of boiling water in the interior of the island. One lake, called "Rotomahana," is entirely supplied by boiling springs, which rise up from the bottom of the lake. There are several islands, on which natives live. The rocks are filled here and there with little fountains of hot water, and from the crevices steam is continually jetting out. Where the water passes down the face of a rock or steep bank, it deposits a white sediment, and gradually forms a series of steps, mostly as white and clear as alabaster, but sometimes tinged with pink, green, or yellow.

The water has the power of petrifying anything placed in or above it; and trees, leaves, or seeds which fall in, become encrusted with the same white substance as that which forms the steps. The natives cook all their food at these springs, and are very fond of bathing in them.

One thing Lucy was secretly delighted to hear corroborated by this gentleman—and that was, there being no dangerous wild animals in the country. It seemed that when New Zealand was discovered, dogs and rats were the only animals existing. The Governor of Botany Bay landed three pigs as a present; and the natives, who had seen pictures and heard the English sailors talk of horses, immediately made up their minds that the poor little pigs were horses. Two chiefs mounted a couple, and rode them until they died: the third escaped into the woods; but, having been seen in a burial-ground, was instantly killed

for committing what, according to the native idea, is sacrilege.

The gentleman had a large portfolio of drawings, with likenesses of a number of chiefs, and told Lucy a great many curious stories of the way he got them to sit for their portraits. One old man would not be persuaded, under any inducement; and resolutely held out, saying he would be sure to die if the white man put his image upon a book. At last a plan was hit upon. The traveller laid his watch upon the ground, and showed the chief how its wheels kept moving. The old man was very much alarmed, and asked if it was a spirit. The traveller said "No," but that it would stop moving if it was angry; so when the man persisted in declining to sit for his portrait, the traveller stopped the watch. This was quite sufficient: the astonished man immediately sat down, saying he would do anything if the watch would only breathe again.

The second day of their voyage they passed Cloudy Bay, once celebrated as a great gathering place for whalers, and now more so, as the harbour of the fertile Wairan plains, and Picton, the capital of Marlboro'; from thence they had a fair and rapid passage to Lyttelton, or, as it is called on some maps "Port Victoria;" and, on the following morning, came in sight of the entrance to the harbour—a view which, lighted up as it was by the early sun, was bright and cheering enough to satisfy any emigrant. Upon one side lay a steep headland, named "Gadley Head," and the other an equally high one, called "Adderley Head." Passing between these, they entered the harbour, and saw the houses and docks at Lyttelton. Inland, rose a low bank and hills behind, which was the mountain range,

tipped with snow. It is between the hills and the mountains that the plains lie, and where Christchurch is situated.

As they neared the quay, which was crowded with people, they saw a little boat dart out, and soon recognized Captain Graham and Tom, who greeted them with a loud cheer, which, reaching the ears of the crowd on shore, was taken up and repeated, lasting all the time the anchor was being lowered.

Captain Graham and Tom clambered up the side, much to Aps' delight, who began to cry directly he saw his father, and beg to be taken to him.

Captain Graham had taken rooms at the Mitre Hotel; so they felt just as comfortable as if they had come back to England, the polite waiters and chamber-maid running about, bowing, and saying "*Yes, sir,*" just as they did at home.

When they had told their own adventures, they insisted upon hearing a full account of the overland route; and so I think the best way will be to follow Tom and his father from the day of their departure from Nelson.

CHAPTER VII.

Account of Tom's Overland Journey—Arrive at a Pah—First Impressions of the Natives—Native Swing.

WHEN Captain Graham and Tom settled to go overland to Christchurch, they had very little idea of the real nature of the journey, and the difficulties that would beset them. Taking the advice of some acquaintances in Nelson, a couple of guides and two horses were hired, with a boy to bring back the horses when they reached the mountains, across which the path was impracticable, except on foot. Their provisions consisted of a bag of ship biscuit, a couple of pounds of tea, and a small ham. They each carried a railway rug or blanket, strapped like a knapsack on the back, a gun, powder and shot, and a brace of pistols. Tom had never been armed before, and could scarcely avoid dancing with joy as he stuck his pistols in a belt made on purpose, and lifted up his gun, but catching Lucy's eye watching him, he subdued his feelings and tried to look perfectly unconcerned; even when kissing her and saying good-bye, he did not say anything more than:—

“Good-bye, Loo. We are all armed, you see; I pity the niggers if they attack us.”

“Don't whistle until you are out of the wood, Tom,” replied Lucy, tears starting into her eyes, partly because

he was going away, partly because she was not going with him. "Take care, and don't shoot yourself, dear. You know guns are dreadfully dangerous. I hope it's not loaded."

"You little goose," exclaimed Tom, kissing her again. "What good would it be if it was not?"

"Oh, to frighten them."

Tom laughed, and at the same moment his father's voice was heard calling him, so he rushed off with Lucy to their mother.

Their journey, during the early part of the first day, lay through a cultivated district, along lanes, upon each side of which lay fields of corn, etc., and looking exactly like home. Occasionally they met a wagon, driven by the farmer, and generally stopped to talk a little, everyone recognizing them as new-comers, and being anxious to know where they were going to settle, or, sometimes, if they came from any part of England they knew. It seemed just as if everybody knew everybody, and took a warm interest in all concerning each other. They lunched at one house, dined at another, and Tom soon saw that all the boys of his own age were held in as much consideration as even he aspired to, and took their share of the daily labour and duty, as well as the grown-up men. At first he had felt a little inclined to look down upon boys, but soon found his mistake, and was glad enough to listen to what they told him of the shooting, etc.

Towards nightfall, they approached a station kept by a man owning a large sheep-run. Here they found a welcome, bed, and supper, leaving at daylight. All that day, the road, or rather bridle-path, lay through swampy ground,

with here and there a rising ground. At last they reached a hill, and, looking back, found they had been rising imperceptibly, and had gained a considerable height, from which they gazed down upon a pretty valley, through which wound a silvery stream, the banks of which were here and there closed in by forest trees and ferns. On the opposite side, blue smoke, rising in columns, denoted human habitations, and proved, on enquiry, to be a native village or *Pah*, where the guides proposed to get shelter for the night, having so timed their arrival that they would just arrive at the hour of evening meal, a plan very generally adopted by guides, who never provide themselves with food, but trust to falling in with a Pah at the right moment.

The Pah they were approaching was one of the few left in this part of the country, and but a poor specimen of those Tom afterwards saw in the North Island, as the natives were very poor, and had adopted many European habits, which, though rendering them in reality more comfortable, sadly lessened the picturesqueness of their Pah; still it was new to Tom, and deserves a description.

The banks of the stream sloped up to the foot of a steep mound, two sides of which were precipitous; the two others were closed in by a high palisade, or post-railing of stakes, interlaced with branches, tied together with the flax fibre and different creepers. Ascending to this, without seeing a sign of an inhabitant, they found an entrance, and, preceded by the guides, pushed in through the narrow opening; but here they were as much at a loss as ever: a post-wall, exactly like that they had just passed was before them, leaving just room to push round, between it and the outer. This they did, until, after four or five yards,

they found another door, but, inside, another screen; and now they had to turn back to look for the next door. Then came a long passage; here they heard voices, and suddenly a perfect Babel of dogs', men's, and fowls' voices, shrieking and chattering together. It was evident their approach had been heard; so they hurried on, anxious to get into the open space and explain their object.

Suddenly a wide opening burst upon them, and the interior of the Pah was displayed before Tom's delighted gaze, but accompanied by the assault of a pack of ugly, yelping curs, and the tongues of as many women, who were trying to kick and beat the dogs quiet and question the intruders at one and the same time, while the pigs and ducks lent their aid to swell the chorus, and it was several minutes before any one could hear the other speak; at last, by dint of sticks, kicks, and scolding, the women quieted the angry curs, who ran back into the holes and corners they had come from.

The natives were tall, fine-looking people, many of them tattooed, some of them dressed in European clothes, others with the old native dress: namely, a red or white blanket, tied or skewered together at the neck, their hair fastened in a knot at the top of their heads, and ornamented with a bunch of feathers, or variegated grass. Most of the women had cotton wrappers or petticoats. The children were all naked, and scampered about, turning heels over head, just as the little street-boys in London are so fond of doing, to frighten old ladies or young Mammias into giving them money.

As soon as the guides had explained that Captain Graham wished to stay at the Pah all night, the chief

came forward and saluted him, by rubbing noses, telling him he was welcome, and should be his guest. He next led the way to his lodge.

This was a low hut, built entirely of poles and branches, interlaced in the same manner as the fence I described before, though, in the present case, the branches were much closer together. There was neither a window nor chimney, the only light or ventilation being by the doorway. In the middle, a few cinders lay smouldering on the floor, and as soon as the chief entered with his guests, one of his wives threw an armful of twigs upon the embers; these flamed up and completely filled the place with such a dense smoke that Tom could see nothing for several minutes. Meantime, the chief sat down cross-legged upon a rush mat, inviting Captain Graham to do the same, ordering his wives to prepare some food; and, as Tom could not breathe in the smoky atmosphere of the hut, he made this an excuse to see the way the black ladies performed their cooking operations.

The first thing he saw was a hole in which a fire was already burning. This was the ordinary preparation for their evening meal. Then half-a-dozen children chased some hens into a corner, killed and plucked them in an incredibly short space of time, while their Mammias were washing the body of a nice fat little pig, which had been partly prepared beforehand; this they covered and bound round with green leaves, and after raking the burning logs and cinders out of the hole we spoke of, laid it in, put the chickens on the top, and filled it up to the brim with potatoes, fish, and green leaves, pouring over all a little water, lastly a thick covering of leaves, and, over this, earth

and sods. The heated earth and steam from the water cooked the food in a very short time; then the sods and earth were scraped off, and the potatoes, chicken, fish, and pig, lifted out and laid upon wicker baskets on mats, which were instantly taken into the verandah of the chief's hut, and presented, smoking hot and beautifully cooked, to him and his guests. There were no such things as knives or forks, but nobody appeared to miss them, and set to work with their fingers, with great good will. Tom looked hard at his father, to see what he would do, and seeing him turn up his coat sleeves and take a wing of a chicken in his fingers, he began to think he felt hungry enough to try it too, so, accordingly, he squatted down and accepted the offered dinner, acknowledging, afterwards, that he never tasted anything so good in his life.

I dare say, if Tom had not had such a long ride and fast, he would have been a little more fastidious; but, be that as it may, he, made a capital dinner, and only wished Lucy had been there to see how well he ate with his fingers, remembering, in the middle of it all, the old home nursery saying, that "fingers were made before knives and forks." He was certainly surprised, however, at the way the pile of meat, flesh, and fowl disappeared, and how the natives ate and ate, without speaking a single word, seemingly much too busy to waste time upon talking. After the last remnants of the feast had vanished, a large earthen jar of water, flavoured with some sort of herb, of a strongly acid taste, was carried round. Then they all began to talk at once, making so much noise that it was impossible to hear what any one in particular said; indeed, nobody seemed to care whether any one listened, and were quite content

to hear their own voices, when they could do so, above the clamour of tongues.

After a great deal of talking, pipes were brought in, and, as every one smoked, there was soon a complete silence, only broken by an occasional grunt of satisfaction from some one or other of the party, who, having made an uncommonly good dinner, felt highly content with himself and everyone else.

Tom had never been allowed to smoke, and soon began to feel rather sick, from the smell of the tobacco ; so, after asking one of the guides to come out with him, he sallied forth, to see what was going on outside.

The Pah contained about fifty huts, all built in the same way, differing only in the ugly and disgusting idols placed as ornaments of the supporting poles ; some of these resembled a man with a distorted and hideous face, his eyes protruding and wide open, his tongue hanging out, or his hands and legs bent in an unnatural and deformed manner. Others were partly shaped like a beast or bird, partly like a human being.

The inside of the huts were all alike full of smoke, dried fish, and dirty rush mats. The natives were all out, and amusing themselves in different ways, some dancing, some gambling, with sticks like ninepins, and getting loudly excited over their games ; others smoking, and others again swinging, by means of ropes tied at the top of a high pole. Each native who is going to swing catches hold of the end of the rope ; at a given signal, they all make a rush and jump round, and once set going, it is no easy matter to stop again, the impetus keeping them flying round, scarcely even touching the ground now and then with their toes,

and all this is accompanied by loud shouts and laughter, both from the performers and spectators.

Tom thought he would like to try the fun, but soon found himself whirled off the ground and thrown down, giddy and stunned, while all the natives laughed loudly at his misfortune, a proceeding he thought very rude and unkind, entirely forgetting how often he had laughed at his school-fellows for similar disasters. Indeed, this very swing of the natives of New Zealand was exactly like one they had at the school Tom was at, although none of the boys ever made it go so quick.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some of the Native Manners—*Tabu* and Eating—Working out the *Tabu*—Retaliation.

SEEING that they avoided carrying food inside the house, Tom asked his father to find out what their reason was, and at the same time, if possible, to find why one of the chiefs did not feed himself, but let a slave lift up and put his food into his mouth. The guide, who acted as interpreter, laughed when asked, and told him it was because of the *tabu*; that is, because the places or things were holy.

It seems that, in all the Pacific islands, there exists a singular custom called *tabu*, which consists, as I have just said, in making one person, place, or thing, sacred; if a person, he must not touch food with his own hands; nobody can touch him; anything doing so, becomes tabued too. Places that are tabued are generally rivers, while the fishing season lasts; ground where the people are planting, or have planted, Kumaras, or sweet potatoes; or where eels are caught. Every thing a chief or priest wears, or passes under, is tabued; so no slave can touch the hair of a chief's head, or the roof of his house; and should a chief tire, or feel an inclination to change any portion of his clothing, he throws it away into a place where nobody can reach it, believing if anyone gets it, they will be hurt or killed by the spirit that is in it.

Where a death takes place, the ground is tabued, and sometimes whole districts have been disinhabited on this account. Even since roads were made, the same custom prevails, and people are forbidden to walk over or upon them until the tabu is removed; a rather funny example of this is told by Mr. Swainson, in his book on New Zealand, and which I shall introduce here. He says:—

“Some years after our sovereignty had been established in these islands, a gentleman holding a high official position in the colony, started upon a pedestrian excursion from Auckland to New Plymouth, accompanied by three native baggage bearers. For some time previously, the road between New Plymouth and Mookaa, for a distance of about fifty miles had been tabued by a powerful neighbouring chief. Though warned, as he went along, that the tabu was strictly maintained, and that he would probably be stopped by the way, the traveller continued to proceed on the chance of being allowed to pass. After having walked about a hundred-and-fifty miles, he came to the commencement of the forbidden ground, and, meeting with nothing to arrest his progress, he entered upon the tabued road, and having proceeded ten or a dozen miles, began to entertain a confident hope that he should be able to reach his journey’s end. Having arrived at a temporary native settlement on the beach, about the time of high water, he called a halt, in order to wait until the tide should have ebbed so far as to allow of his proceeding. He was civilly supplied by the natives of the settlement with firewood and water to cook his mid-day meal, and nothing was said by them on the subject of tabu; but his entertainers had quietly despatched a messenger to

the guardian of this particular portion of the tabu road, to inform him of the presence of a trespasser. The meal being finished, and the tide having ebbed, the word was given to proceed, and the party having resumed their loads, were just upon the point of starting, when the faithful guardian of the road—a black-bearded, ill-favoured, repulsive-looking fellow—suddenly made his appearance, in a state of furious rage. Throwing off his blanket, slapping his tattooed thighs, flourishing his tomahawk, and dancing about like an enraged tiger, he gave vent to his fury; and, with significant signs, and in language not to be mistaken, gave the unwary traveller to understand that he must go no farther. The baggage-bearers immediately resumed their seats, with unaffected meekness, and the natives of the settlement, squatting themselves down native fashion, their arms resting on their knees, and their heads half buried in their blankets, grouped themselves quietly round, intent spectators of the scene; leaving a clear stage to the infuriated chief and the checkmated traveller to perform the principal characters of the play.

“ Alone, unarmed, in a remote part of the country, difficult of access, confronted by this savage-looking specimen of his race, and uncertain whether the play would prove a tragedy or a farce, a new comer, or one not yet ‘to the native manner born,’ would have found himself in no enviable position. The traveller explained that he was a Kaiwaka from Auckland; but the announcement worked no charm, nor served to soothe the savage breast. In this remote part of Her Majesty’s dominions, it was clear that the Queen’s name had not yet become a tower of strength. Argument was useless, force was out of the question, and

the baggage-bearers refused to proceed, believing that the attempt would be at the risk of being tomahawked or stripped. It being idle any longer to attempt to carry on the unequal contest, and the play being evidently played out, the beaten party retired from the scene, leaving the spectators to discuss—which they would assuredly do, with infinite zest—the merits of the serio-comic entertainment. So, again shouldering their loads, the discomfited and crestfallen party began, with what grace they might, to retrace their steps to Auckland.”

The chief, who told Captain Graham so many stories, had just tabued a tract of land near, and very gravely informed him that the cause of his doing so was, that a lizard had run across his path while crossing this valley, and consequently, supposing it to be the *atua* of his father, he had tabued the ground. The head and back of a chief are sacred, and anyone touching them also; it is said no native will repair the roof of a chief's hut, because it has been *above* his sacred head; so I suppose the chiefs have to do this work for themselves. No one under tabu is allowed to feed himself, but must sit with his hands before him, and his mouth open to receive the food put into it by a person appointed for that purpose. The next most interesting thing Captain Graham and Tom heard, related to the laws of right or wrong. If any one wronged another—whether intentionally or by accident was all the same—some near relation of the sufferer came to the other's house, and carried off anything he thought most valuable; while, unable to resent the robbery, the owner, would, if at home, sit still, and watch the thieves. This custom amused Tom greatly, making him think of an old nursery rhyme:—

“I went to Taffy’s house,
Taffy was from home,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow-bone.

“I went to Taffy’s house,
Taffy was in bed ;
I stole the bolster
Away from Taffy’s head.”

Besides these two customs, there were a great many more than I have space or time at present to relate, and one or two of which Tom saw afterwards, when they had settled in their new home.

As the New Zealanders eat only twice a day, cramming themselves then to such a degree that they do not appear to care what they do until they begin to be hungry again, no more food was prepared that night ; and Tom, who had not such a convenient appetite, went to sleep, thinking them particularly unreasonable people, and wishing he had eaten a better dinner. However, he was too tired to stay long awake ; so, curling himself up upon the soft pile of mats given by the chief, he was soon fast asleep, and snoring, while Captain Graham, pencil in hand, took a sketch of the fine old chief, as he lay upon his mats ; he was a tall, fine man, not at all like an Indian or nigger, but just like a dark-complexioned Englishman ; his face was ornamented with lines, and strokes tattooed upon his skin, which gave him a very funny appearance. He was particularly courteous, and tried everything he could to make his guests stay with him, which they were really inclined to do, if they had time ; but they had yet many miles of rough country and entangled forests to pass ; so, reluctantly enough, left the Pah at daylight, and said farewell to the hospitable natives, most of whom ran up to them, to shake hands, and wish them a safe journey.



CAPTAIN GRAHAM LEAVING THE PAH.



CHAPTER IX.

A Walk in the Forest — Crossing a River — Advice from an Old Settler.

THE road, or path, for road there was none, lay through an immense natural forest, principally of the Kauri, or Yellow Pine, the most valuable tree in the island; it grows to an enormous height; the long straight bole towering high in the air, without a single branch to break its surface; then spreading out giant limbs which, crossing and intermingling with each—covered as they are, too, with a separate vegetable growth, springing out of their own stems, as moss or miseltoe does at home—form an impenetrable roof, and effectually exclude the rays of the sun, rendering the way below dark and close, which adds considerably to the toil of cutting one's way along; by cutting a way, I mean actually using a large clasp-knife to sever the creeping plants, which, running from tree to tree and bush to bush, try to prevent any passage; besides, the rank vegetation, caused by the heat and the damp, is often difficult to push through; and Tom now found that it would have been utterly impossible to attempt to ride, and that the guides had done wisely in leaving the horses on the outskirts of this veritable thicket, where, in charge of a couple of natives, they were to remain until they had fulfilled their journey, and were returning to Nelson.

Tom had read a good deal of tropical forests; but, extravagant as his ideal pictures had been, nothing reached the reality of this, his first introduction to a New Zealand one; and his father, although he had studied the natural history of the country deeply, found himself often at a loss to answer Tom's questions, or satisfy his wondering curiosity as to the name or nature of the hundreds of new plants and trees springing on every side.

The long spars of the Kauri were evidently intended by nature as masts for ships, and instantly established themselves in Tom's favour, and, in his imagination, became a forest of men of war. This, however, is not the sole use of the Kauri, as there is a valuable gum extracted from it, which is sent to England, and sold for a high price; besides, the wood being hard and close grained, it is highly prized by carpenters for household furniture, though the Rimu, or Yellow Pine, is much prettier, and closely resembles mahogany; while the bark is usefully employed in tanyards.

The tree, however, which astonished Tom most, was the fern, which, growing to the height of sixty or seventy feet, still retains a close resemblance to the English plant, and looks very graceful and peculiar. It affords a soft and silky-looking material resembling spun glass, but as delicate and elastic as silk. In some of the Pacific islands, the natives gather this from between the branches in great quantities, and stuff pillows or mattresses, etc.

After the first novelty of the dark, sombre forest path wore off, Tom began to wonder why he did not see any birds; a circumstance explained by his father as owing to the dense foliage keeping away the sunlight, no bird

except owls liking to live out of his bright rays; indeed, Tom very soon had this truth proved, as, on reaching an open space, they were greeted by the voices of hundreds of little songsters, who were so innocent of any fear, that they scarcely moved out of the travellers' way, hopping from branch to branch as Tom shook them off.

From this break in the forest, a fine open country lay before them for many miles, covered with long grass, and the English fern, short in comparison with the tree, but still towering in many places a foot above Tom's head. A large river lay a short way off, and upon the banks of this they proposed resting for the night, as the rapidity of the current made crossing rather a dangerous undertaking, requiring both time and a careful examination; for, well as the guides knew the river, every flood changes the depth of the bed; there are so many quicksands, that however shallow the stream may appear, the ford may be impassable; besides these changeable dangers, there is one which is equally formidable, and is always a barrier against any progress; namely, the fearful force of current or stream, against which, even in shallow water, it is often impossible to struggle, and the rash traveller is often swept down, and, if he is not fortunate enough to reach a piece of quieter water, he is almost certain to be drowned, as it is well known that if a man once loses his footing in even a comparatively mild current, there is very little chance of his regaining it again, or swimming against the stream.

The banks of this river were precipitous and covered with shrubs and fern, while the bed of the stream was a wide ravine, covered with large stones and trunks of trees,

carried down by the floods, and left lying about in every direction, giving it a dismal and wild appearance, showing that though the river at present consisted only of three narrow streams rushing down the valley, during a flood it must entirely fill it, and present a truly magnificent scene.

The encampment for the night upon the bank of the river was a most exciting thing to Tom; and remembering what he had read Robinson Crusoe did in his lonely island, he proposed looking for a cave. This the guides laughed at, telling him they would soon make him a capital house. Accordingly, they set to work cutting down the young pine trees that grew in abundance all about. These they stuck into the ground, resting them against each other, like a card house, but securing them with a rope they carried for the purpose. Having thus formed a strong and secure *framework*, they gathered armfuls of fern and laid it against the slanting holes, much as you see men thatching cottages. Over this they laid some heavy bags, to prevent the sudden gales of wind which are so frequent and violent in New Zealand, from tearing them away.

Tom looked on in great delight, thinking how nice it would be to make just such huts for himself, when his father had settled on his "run," as a sheep farm is called.

Tom peeped into the hut, which looked very comfortable, particularly when the bottom was covered by a thick layer of moss and grass, to form a bed; and next morning both he and his father declared they had never slept sounder, and felt quite sorry to leave their pretty little resting-place.

Long before either of them were awake, the guides had

discovered a safe place to cross the river, though the current was so rapid as to render the precaution of a rope, tied round the waist of each man, very advisable. Poor Tom would have had a very faint chance of crossing, had this not been the plan ; as it was, he lost his footing, and was only saved by the support of the rope.

Their journey, for the next two or three days, was much the same. They crossed no less than three rivers, struggled through another forest, bivouacked at night under the fern tent we have described, pursuing their way in daylight, occasionally shooting wild-ducks or other birds for their supper. Thus they journeyed forward, and on the fourth day reached the coast, along which their path now lay, for some distance, passing a cape, called upon the map, Double Corner. On their way, they took their guide's advice, and made a call at a settlement belonging to two Englishmen.

Captain Graham was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing such a well-conducted farm, and received a great deal of very good advice from his hosts, who had lived for many years in the Canterbury settlement, and travelled through most of it, looking at the different "blocks," or divisions of land the Government buys from the natives to resell to the settlers ; one, in particular, they strongly advised Captain Graham to look at as soon as he arrived at Christchurch, as it was very well situated, had a good deal of clear plain, and a nice stream running through part of it, upon which a situation for a house might easily be found. Tom heard of the plan with great delight. His journey had made him wild for a bush life, and the thought of living with his father in fern tents, while they were

superintending the clearing and building of a house for his mother and the others, was almost too charming to dwell upon; and had Captain Graham been inclined to forget the advice (which he was not), Tom would assuredly have given him no excuse to do so, as he talked of nothing else all the way to Christchurch, examining everything they saw, with a view to finding out whether it would be useful in the bush, and making so many wonderful plans, that if half of them had been even divided among half-a-dozen settlers' families, the district would have been the most perfect province in New Zealand. Although he did not say so openly, it was evident that the river was Tom's greatest attraction. Upon this he settled he was to have a boat to convey the corn, etc., never stopping to find out the size of the river, or where it ran into the bay; all he thought of was the boat.

CHAPTER X.

Arrival at Christchurch—The Backbone of New Zealand—Finding Lodgings—Tom's new Friend.

TOM, who had imagined all the road to Christchurch would be equally wild, was very much surprised to find that, after leaving Stoneyhurst, the settlement where they got such good advice, they lost sight of the bush, and travelled through a succession of neat farms, with enclosed fields, farm-houses, and a very tolerable road; indeed, as they approached Christchurch, it became so good that the guides proposed hiring a spring cart, at a farm. In this they jogged merrily along, through rich fields and orchards, past gay gardens, and comfortable dwelling-houses, occasionally meeting a dog-cart, cart, or gentleman or lady on horseback, appearances of civilization that cheered Captain Graham's heart as much as they disappointed Tom's newly born passion for roughing it in the bush.

Approaching the town at last, the view was very beautiful, as Port Lyttelton, or Victoria, as it is called upon some maps, is really one of the prettiest harbours in the world. It is bounded, or rather rounded, on the south and south-east, by Banks' Peninsula, the high ground of which rises into fair hills, covered with the brightest and richest shades of green you could possibly paint. Far to the west, and as far as the eye can reach, tower the great chain of

mountains which run down the centre of the island, and are sometimes called the backbone of New Zealand. In winter, these mountains are generally capped with snow, and this, joining the belt of evergreen forest, forms a very pretty and striking contrast. These hills are thirty or forty miles inland from Christchurch, and it is the plain between them and the sea-range that is so famous for feeding sheep.

The settlement of Canterbury having, as you know, been first proposed and founded by a company of gentlemen who knew the blessings of education and order, you may believe the first thing they looked to was to start their new country upon the foundation of Church and schools. They first chose a spot for their capital, calling it Christchurch, after the famous college at Oxford, in which several of them had been educated. Here they built a neat church and college, founded by the Bishop of New Zealand, the large building, erected to shelter the first emigrants, being converted into school-houses, and a very few months saw a considerable town laid out; streets were rising every day, and now there are numbers of pretty houses and good shops, while, for miles round, there are capital farms and good roads. Steamers run once a month to Akaroa and the other settlements; besides, the arrival of a regular monthly mail from home, bringing new faces, new fashions, and new papers, keeps up a constant excitement and steady progress.

When Tom and his father drove up to one of the hotels, they could scarcely believe they were out of England. There stood the white-neckclothed waiter, smart chambermaid, and Boots, while, just as they arrived, up drove

the mail car, a small conveyance, running between Christchurch, Lyttelton, and one or two other settlements, further off.

There were two passengers, young men, who had large sheep-runs about forty miles off, and came up to Christchurch once a month, to purchase provisions for their families. One of them told Tom, that while he and his brother were away, they left their younger brother in charge of their sheep, and that during that time, he had sometimes nothing but flour and sugar to eat.*

After taking care to secure a bed at the hotel, and ordering dinner, Captain Graham and Tom sallied forth to look for a lodging, to have ready before the ship arrived at Port Lyttelton; after looking at one or two, they settled to take one in a house with a view of the river—one of the prettiest prospects in the world—kept by the widow of an old sailor, who, as she told Captain Graham, had heard so much of New Zealand from his father, who had been there with Captain Cook, that he never rested till he and his wife got out; he took the command of a steamer going to and from Sydney and Auckland, the capital, as you know, of New Zealand; but hearing of the beautiful country all round the new town of Christchurch, he gave up his seafaring life, and began farming. After he died, his widow bought a house in the town, and made a very comfortable livelihood by letting a part of it as lodgings. She was a Scotchwoman by birth; and,

* Extract from a letter from the author's aunt:—"When we last heard from Willy, he was watching sheep in a wilderness, having only flour and sugar for food, and no one within five miles. He could not leave the sheep for a moment until Justin returned; he had gone for a cartload of provisions."

though Captain Graham could scarcely claim anything Scotch but his name, it was quite enough to secure the old lady's good opinion, especially when she heard that he had fought in the Crimea in a Scotch regiment; and so anxious was she to find out all that Scotchman had done, that he could only get away upon promising to return next night, and partake of what she called a wholesome supper.

Having thus satisfactorily arranged things for his wife, Captain Graham set about making enquiries relative to his proposed journey to look at the "block" or "lot" of ground he had been advised to see. It lay about thirty miles from Christchurch, near the mountains, and rather to the south. Tom stood listening eagerly to the description given by the agent, stretching his ears to hear something about the rivers; at last, no longer able to control his intense curiosity, he burst out with the enquiry,—

"But the river—isn't there a beautiful river for a boat?"

The agent was an old naval officer, and had an idea that the only service in the world worth speaking about was the navy, or, at least, a sailor in some form or other. He had no sons of his own, or they would all have been placed in his favourite profession; and I really believe his greatest sorrow in life was this fact. Tom's open face, and evident anxiety about a boat, caught his attention; and, turning sharp round, he asked,—

"Like boats, young fellow?"

"Yes," answered Tom; "I want to have a river and a boat."

"Good boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman; then,

turning to Captain Graham, he continued, "Fine boy, sir. What profession do you intend him for?"

"I wish him to settle down here; he wishes to be a sailor."

"Quite right too; nothing like the salt water. Very fine boy, sir, remarkably fine boy! Don't bury him among the sheep; let him put on the blue jacket, and serve his Queen. Want a boat, my boy? You shall have one; come to me at five o'clock, and we'll see what we can do in the sailing line. Now, Captain Graham, we'll go over the merits of the run again; the place is worth seeing, but I've another in my list will suit my young friend better. You'll save land carriage for your exports and imports too."

Captain Graham, accordingly, after a close examination into the relative merits of the different localities, made up his mind to see both; and, by starting the following morning, he calculated he would see them, and be back at Lyttelton in time to receive his wife. In spite of the temptation of the promised sail with his new friend, Tom declared he would go with his father, rather disappointing the agent, who reminded him of the boat.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, determinedly, "I remember quite well; but I made up my mind first to go with Papa, so I must stick to it."

"That's right, my boy, stick to your determination; go and have look at the place, and come back to me; the boat will keep."

"What a nice old gentleman, Papa," said Tom, as soon as they got out of the office; "I wonder what kind of a boat he has. I daresay he'll tell me lots of stories about the navy. Oh, I wish I was back again!"

Captain Graham's visit to the "blocks" ended in his deciding to take the last one he had heard of. How far Tom's influence prevailed I dare not say; but it is certain that his proposition about bringing goods up and down the river had a good deal to do with the determination of his father, who saw many more advantages to be gained by this cheap and easy way of travelling than ever entered Tom's head; and, in imagination, he saw his farm growing into a populous town, the river floating with ships and boats.

When they returned to Christchurch, and went to the agent's office, he welcomed them as if they were old friends, listened to the selection Captain Graham had made with a smile, saying he agreed with him, and hoped he would never regret his choice; the arrangement about the lease, etc., was soon made, and Captain Graham left the office the master of about eight thousand acres of fine open plain, the command of nearly five miles of a splendid river, as large as the Thames at Kingston, and a fine forest, with fuel enough to supply a town like Christchurch for twenty years.

"You'll come back for our boating, my boy?" said the old sailor, laying his hand on Tom's head.

"Yes, sir, I shall be very glad; I've thought of it ever since, and I hope you'll tell me some stories of sea adventures."

"That I will, with all my heart; but there off you go, and be back again in three hours. Bring your father with you, if he has nothing better to do; we'll show him what we sailors can do. Eh, Tom?"

CHAPTER XI.

Lucy and Beatrice become Teachers—Native Religion—The first Missionary—Letters from England.

As soon as he had seen his wife and family settled in their comfortable lodgings at the Scotchwoman's, Captain Graham set about his arrangements for going to his farm, having determined to take the agent's advice, and prepare a house for his wife and family before he let them face the hardships of a settler's life.

This plan disappointed Lucy more than even having to give up the overland journey ; and she began to hint to Tom and Beatrice, that she thought she might just as well have stayed at school in England, as come out to be left in a paltry lodging in a town, there being no difference, that *she* could find out, between the lodgings they were now in and some they had two summers before, in England. Even the few natives she saw were scarcely different from Europeans, and, except for their tattooed faces, might have passed for gipseys. After a great deal of grumbling, she ended by her old complaint at not being a boy, so Tom ran off, and brought in a suit of his clothes, gravely offering to cut her hair for her, so that she should be ready to start with them for the plains.

Lucy got very angry at his joke, and cried bitterly when he finished off, by saying:—

“ Well, Luce, if you cannot wear my clothes, you can mend them. I'll leave you those I wore on the journey, to amuse your fingers with while Papa and I are clearing. Girls are not fit for rough work. Papa and I shall wear out no end of clothes, so you and Beatrice will have lots of easy, quiet going work to do. There, now, don't make such a fuss. What's the use of crying; crying won't make a boy of you, or mend my shirts. There, kiss me! that's a good old girl, and don't be silly. Cheer up, old Luce, you're a capital fellow—for a girl!”

And, so saying, Tom dashed out of the room, saying to himself, “ Girls are such soft-hearted things; I wish poor Luce were not one.”

After Tom and Captain Graham had departed, with two hired men, and a few sheep, and a cow, to their farm, Mrs. Graham began to think how she could most profitably employ the girls during the intervening time. Of course there was a great deal of sewing to be done, but she did not wish to keep them stitching all day. At last it struck her Captain Graham had mentioned there was a large native Pah, very near their future home. If that was the case, what better or more useful employment could they have than learning how to teach the native children.

Both little girls were delighted with the plan, Lucy, particularly, who (between ourselves) would have hailed anything that offered a chance of release from the use of her thimble; so they gave their Mamma no rest until she had called in the clergyman to her aid, and from him found out that there was a large school for native children,

which, being entirely managed by some charitable ladies, he could get the little girls permission to attend. Indeed, he was so much pleased by the anxiety they displayed to be useful, that he invited them to come, with Mrs. Graham, to his house, next day, when he introduced them to the lady-manager, who made an appointment with them to meet her at the school-house, next day. There were two or three girls, about their own age, whom the clergyman had also invited to meet Lucy and Beatrice. At first they were rather shy, but, finding the "English girls" were very merry, they too began to romp about, and ask all sorts of questions about England, which only one of them remembered—the extent of her remembrance being that she saw a lion in the Zoological Gardens. Lucy was quite happy now: she could talk as much as she liked; and, as she was very fond of telling stories, she enjoyed her first tea-party in New Zealand very much, and began to think it might be the best plan, after all, for her Papa and Tom to go and prepare a house while they remained quietly in Christchurch.

Next day, at twelve o'clock, the girls set off for the school. It was a large building, containing only one room, however. In this were assembled a great number of tidy, clean-looking girls and boys, all arranged on forms, and busy with their lessons. Lucy was disappointed at once. It was just like an English school; and with a feeling just as if she had been deceived, she sat down beside one of the teachers, while Beatrice went to another, to watch how they managed.

For about a week, Lucy said nothing; but then she could not hold her tongue any longer, and begged her

Mamma to let her give it up: she was sure she could teach the children now. This Mrs. Graham would not hear of; indeed, proposed that Lucy should begin learning the native language, as, although near Christchurch they all spoke pretty good English, it was not likely they would know anything of it up the country.

Anything like a change was acceptable to Lucy; and, as Beatrice always thought anything her Mamma approved of was the very best thing in the world, they were soon in the midst of their Maori lessons, and, what with these, and attending the school, their time was pretty fully occupied.

One evening, Lucy sat down on a stool at her Mamma's feet, and said:—

“I am so glad you made me go, Mamma, dearest. Do you know, you are quite right, as you always are; and I do really like the native children, some of them, particularly; and I do think I have learnt a good deal myself. Besides, they are so grateful; only think, dear, one of the girls came to me to-day, and asked me to let her kiss me, because she was going home, and, after she had kissed me, she said she would teach her father and mother the hymns she had learnt at school, particularly that one you told me to teach the children.”

“Which, dear? I gave you several, I think. Repeat it to me; I like hearing you do so.”

And Lucy, in a quiet, solemn voice, repeated Cowper's beautiful hymn:—

“The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths, to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

"Oh, Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves ; say, 'Peace ! be still !'

"Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

"Dangers of every shape and name
Surround the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

"Tho' tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour, through the floods, I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again."

"Are most of the natives Christians, Mamma?" asked Beatrice, after a short silence.

"A great number are," replied her mother; "particularly in this settlement. Upon the North Island of New Zealand, numbers of natives are said to pretend to be Christians, to make the missionaries give them clothes, or such things as may be useful to them; but, as soon as they leave the settlement, they go back to their old worship again."

"But what do they worship? Do they bow down to idols? or pray to the sun, moon, and stars?"

"You have asked me a very difficult question, Lucy, and one that will require a great deal of explanation; so, if you will wait until Aps goes to bed, and we are settled for the evening, I will think it over and try to tell you."

A couple of hours later, Mrs. Graham began her promised explanation.

"The natives think the islands of New Zealand were

fished up from the bottom of the sea, by a god, named Malli, but are not at all sure how it was first inhabited. Some of them say that one man and one woman came alone, but none of them agree in anything, except that when their ancestors landed on the island, having come a long way, they found people already there, whom they either killed or made slaves of. They brought with them the religion of the country they came from, although, as they had no one to keep them in mind of everything connected with it, they changed it a good deal, forgetting some things and adding others; so that, at the present time, it has been found extremely difficult to trace their origin.

“They believe in a future world, but do not think there is any punishment; and, when a chief dies, it used to be a custom to kill his slaves and wives, the poor people thinking, in their ignorance, that the chief would require wives and servants after he was dead.

“The soul, they suppose, becomes a star, and has the power of entering into some animals, such as a lizard or a bird. For this reason, lizards are avoided by the natives, and I dare say you remember that gentleman who told you so much about the natives, says that he had seen great chiefs run away if they saw a lizard in their path. They are very superstitious, believing in witches; and, whenever a chief is going to war, he consults the wise-woman of the tribe, who pretends to tell him whether he will be successful or not. If a witch tells a native he is going to die, he is sure to do so; and this is called the power of imagination. They are dreadfully afraid of witches, and of anything being bewitched. When they wish to pray, they sometimes take a carved peg, and,

having ornamented it with a band of red feathers, they tie a string to it, and stick it into the ground; they then sit down at a little distance, holding the string, and repeat a certain number of spells or prayers, counting them by putting a bit of stick in the ground after each. If they think the god is not listening, they give the string a pull, to rouse his attention. I do not suppose they look upon this carved peg as a god, as many heathens do. They know it is only a piece of wood, but think the spirit of the god they wish to pray to will enter into the piece of wood, and thus listen to what they ask for.

“They are very patient with each other in sickness, and repeat prayers for all their friends, having particular spells to drive away different kinds of pain. It was a long time before they would believe the English way of curing, or understand how a little powder could do as well as a spell.

“They were very kind to the first missionaries, and very soon began to show they would like to know more about our God; they have, therefore, gone on very steadily in learning, and are most of them converted, though I cannot think they really know much about our holy religion, but rather adopt it to please us. You know there are a great many more natives on the North Island than on this, and it was on the North Island that the first missionaries landed. The man to whom we owe the first establishment of the Church in New Zealand, was a clergyman, named Samuel Marsden, and you will be more interested when I tell you that he was only a blacksmith, at Horseforth, a little town near where your grandfather lived, in Yorkshire. He was a very clever, good, and

industrious man, and, after studying and taking orders, became chaplain to the Bishop of Australia; and it was while there that he heard so much of the inhabitants of New Zealand that he made up his mind to visit them, and, if possible, fix a missionary branch on the island. He succeeded in doing this, and afterwards visited the country himself, even bringing his wife and daughter with him, at one time. The natives all loved him very much, and would have done anything to please him, or 'the Father,' as they generally called him."

"What a good man he must have been," said Lucy, after a pause. "How is it we never hear of women doing such things?"

"Because it is the privilege, as well as the right of man, to show the way, and act as pioneer. Besides, you do not hear, it is true, of women, but almost every missionary is married, and you may be sure their wives do their share in the good work. They take charge of and teach the girls; they talk to the mothers, and give them advice about the management of their children and their houses, and how to mend their clothes, though this last is often unnecessary, the natives wearing very little clothing."

Lucy laughed. "Oh, that puts me in mind of a girl at the school. She could not understand how to put her arms into the sleeves of her dress, and would insist they were to be put on like trousers."

"You will like teaching better every day, dear," said her mother. "The girls will learn to love you, and, when we go to Papa, you may be able to take two with you, to teach to be servants. I read of a missionary's wife who had two native girls in her house, and a visitor, who tells

the story, said they might easily have passed for English girls, but that every time they had to cross the room, they went down upon their hands and knees, and crept under the table."

Lucy laughed heartily at this account, and made her mother repeat it to Beatrice next day.

While Mrs. Graham stayed at Christchurch, she met a great many people who had been on the plains, and from whom she gained a great deal of useful information. The agent, too, at Lyttelton, came to see them several times, thinking nothing of the ten miles drive, to hear the wonderful stories of Tom's doings that Lucy had so much pleasure in repeating.

The mail brought a whole packet of letters from England, and, among them, a cheerful one from George, telling them how hard he was working, and how fast the time went, now he had nothing to think of but his studies. He also told them some funny stories of the people who had gone to live in their old house, and how the mistress asked him if his father had reached America yet, and hoped he would like living in the town of New Zealand, for she always heard New York was the best.

CHAPTER XII.

The Journey Home—Akaroa—Sleeping in the Open Air—Arrive at the Estate—Making a Bed—The Native Welcome.

TWICE during the three winter months of June, July, and August, Captain Graham and Tom took holidays, and crossed the plains to Christchurch, once passing considerably out of their way to visit an old friend, who had settled at Akaroa, with his family. Akaroa is one of the prettiest and most thriving little settlements in Canterbury; the church and parsonage, built by the Rev. W. Aylmer, one of the best out here. Captain Graham was delighted with all he saw, and particularly with the beautifully-cultivated gardens, in which every English flower, fruit, and vegetable, flourished side by side with tropical plants. There are a number of the first French settlers still here, the same who came just too late to get possession for the French Government; but, unwilling to risk or endure the troubles or dangers of a sea voyage any longer, persuaded the gentleman who had charge of the expedition to make such an arrangement with Captain Hobson as would enable them to settle at Akaroa, and there either they or their descendants still live, happy and content, in their pretty little whitewashed, vine-covered cottages, teaching their children to love *la belle* France, and keep up, as a duty, their native language.

From Akaroa the monthly steamer, which was just starting, took the Grahams as far as Lyttelton, where Tom's old friend, the agent, had removed, and who always expected Tom to have a sail in his little yacht, and talk about his favourite subject, the sea. This time he insisted upon taking them to Christchurch, and the old gentleman, after making Tom promise to come and see him again very soon, put up his little sail, and gave three cheers for his friend Tom; these, you may be sure, were re-echoed heartily from the shore.

Mrs. Graham and the children were all delighted to think that in a very few days they would be in their own house, and at home in every sense of the word; many were the lamentations spoken by their friends at Christchurch, particularly among Lucy's and Beatrice's school-children, half of whom begged to be taken as servants. At last the day arrived, the eventful first of September, and Tom laughingly promised his mother a New Zealand partridge for dinner, the day of her arrival at home; by a partridge Tom really meant a quail, numbers of which are found on the Canterbury plains. The journey was performed in a waggon drawn by four bullocks; two more waggons carried the first instalment of furniture, baggage, etc., a great part being left in store in Christchurch till the family were settled, and really knew what they required. At night a pretty little tent was pitched, in which Captain Graham, Tom, and Aps slept, while Mrs. Graham and the girls preferred the waggon, not yet having got over the idea that if they slept so near the ground, "creeping things," as they called them, would be sure to get upon them. The first night all went

well, but the second they were very nearly in a worse scrape than if earwigs, snails, or caterpillars had got into their clothes, as the wind rose so suddenly, and to a perfect hurricane, that Mrs. Graham had just got the girls out when over went the great lumbering waggon, regularly blown down; at the same time the tent pegs gave way, and up flew the canvas. Captain Graham and Tom seized the pole, and held on until the squall was over, then laid it quietly down. Captain Graham told them it put him in mind of some of the nights in the Crimea, except only that here the air was so mild that it was no inconvenience sitting in the open air, while there it almost froze your fingers off. This comparison with the Crimea set the children off upon a never-failing source of interest, stories of the Crimea, and all their Papa had seen or done there; to sleep again was out of the question, and it even required a good deal of persuasion to make them mount the waggon, and consent to sit inside, and listen to Papa's stories. The first story, they were all awake; in the middle of the second, Aps's head fell back on his mother's shoulder (he was sitting on her knee); then Lucy, after trying to keep her eyes open, nodded off, starting up when her father, having finished the adventure, ceased speaking, and Tom mischievously said, "Do you always snore so loud, Lucy?"

Lucy felt she had slept, so could only deny snoring, and earnestly begged for another story, determined this time to keep awake; but Captain Graham chose a very long dull one, and presently Tom even fell asleep. When the father and mother saw the children were all sleeping, they stole quietly out of the waggon, and sat down upon

the grass outside, glad of such a quiet opportunity to talk of their affairs, and plans for the future. Next day they were to reach the settlement, and just after midday, Captain Graham announced they were on his ground. Everything now was of ten times as great interest; the views were pronounced beautiful; and at last, when, after ascending a slight hill, they saw a pretty valley, watered by a broad silvery river, and bounded by a magnificent forest, extending to the beautiful mountain-range now very near, they all exclaimed they had never seen anything so lovely. A rough sort of track led into the valley, and presently a turn gave them a full view of the house their father had been so busy building for them; it was a low cottage, made of wood, roofed with "cob," or "shingle," as it is often called; namely, little pieces of wood in the shape of slates. Round the cottage was a verandah, and beyond a neat fence; while on one side were the enclosures for sheep, and sheds for the oxen, and the two Raupo huts erected as residences for Captain Graham and the workmen during the time they were putting up the house.

Looking down, as they now did, upon the fresh, clean-looking cottage nestling amidst green trees, and just within sight of a bend of the river, Mrs. Graham thought she had never seen anything prettier; and her emotion was too deep for words as her husband took her hand, and, opening the door, led her in.

Then, calling the children together, Captain Graham told them to kneel down and pray to God to bless them in their new home; this they all did willingly, for they all knew, even to little Aps, that it is God who gives all:—

“Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave.
He gave, and if He takes away,
He takes but what He gave.”

When they rose from their knees, each of the children went and kissed their parents, and having thus dedicated their home, and themselves to God, and consecrated their cottage by prayer, Captain Graham led them through the rooms; there were only four to begin with, two in front and two behind, the kitchen being detached, and having a room on one side of it, to accommodate their servant Bridget, who immediately walked into her home, and sitting down on a block of wood, untied her bonnet, folded up her shawl, and began looking about for the means of cooking a dinner. Captain Graham knew the comfort and economy of having his food well cooked, so had taken up a very nice little range, with a boiler on one side, and an oven on the other. Some of his neighbours, who had come over to see him, and good-naturedly give him a helping hand in the building, laughed at him very much for bringing such a fine thing to the bush. But Captain Graham very soon convinced them how wisely he had acted, as not only did he use fewer logs, but his wife or daughters could cook a large dinner with scarcely any trouble at all; a fact which displayed itself, much to their satisfaction, in the shape of what in the north of England is called “a house-warming,” and to which all the settlers within fifteen miles came, amounting to twenty in all. For these Lucy and her Mamma cooked nearly everything, Bridget having cut her hand severely, and Beatrice having caught a bad cold. But I forgot that I had not described any-

thing else ; in fact, only got to the kitchen. Well, the two front rooms were to be at present a sitting and dining-room ; the first to be exclusively Mamma's and Papa's, the other for a sort of general working, cooking, and teaching-room, and, by the help of a chair-bed, forming a sleeping apartment for Tom. At the back were two bedrooms. At present, there was absolutely nothing but bare walls, not even a log to sit upon ; but then they were all as clean and fresh as the inside of a new box, and the waggons were outside, containing abundance for present wants. The first thing to be thought of was something in the shape of beds for the night ; a good night's sleep being the first essential thing to begin what would really be a hard day's work ; namely, unpacking and arranging the furniture they had brought, and which, Captain Graham said, was not to be commenced that evening. Two large mattresses, which had been brought in the first waggon, were carried in, and laid upon the floor ; then a bundle of blankets, shawls, and rugs ; these being piled up formed a couple of very comfortable sort of large sofas, and looked particularly tempting when night came on.

Just as they had arranged the accommodation for the night, and were planning a wall round the house, Bridget rushed into the room, as white as a sheet, and almost unable to speak from fear.

"Och, yer honour ! we'll be killt intirely ; there's a howl company o' Rid Ingins in the kitchen, screeching and swearing like anything.

Captain Graham and Tom began laughing.

"Why these are my greatest friends, Bridget ; they're come to welcome us here. Come, children, we'll go and see them."

“‘Hoky Poky Wankum Wum,’”

sang Tom, capering along backwards before Lucy, whose cheeks were glowing with excitement at the idea of seeing the real New Zealanders.

“Are they tattooed, Tom?” she asked.

“Oh, yes, and don’t wear anything but three feathers stuck in the crown of their heads.”

“Tick a feather in him ’at, and call him maccaroni,” lisped Aps, who was always anxious to put in his word whenever he heard anything he thought he knew.

“Bravo, Aps!” shouted Tom, in ecstasies, and thinking Aps the cleverest child in the world. “Bravo, Aps! just say that to Old Totakee.”

“Toto, Aps gog-toto!” exclaimed he, holding up a fat leg, and trying to look at his toes. “Aps gog-toto, dis ping went to the market, dis ping stay at home.”

Here the poetical effusion of Master Aps was interrupted by the appearance of three of the natives, dressed in the full and most fashionable native costume. The words died on Aps’s lips, as, with a shriek of horror, he threw himself into his Mamma’s arms, and, catching her round the neck, sobbed out he would be a good boy if they would send the men away.

The poor natives were rather disconcerted by Aps’s uproarious conduct, and stood, looking puzzled, while Mrs. Graham, after trying to quiet him in vain, had to carry him back to Bridget, who could not be persuaded to show her face out of the cottage, being quite convinced that the “Ingins,” as she would insist upon calling the natives, would immediately kill her master and mistress, and probably cook them upon the very fire she had lighted to prepare dinner.

“ God bless ye, Mam, for fetchen me the baby ; he'd go first otherwise ; he'd be such a tender morsel, just like a young chicken.”

So saying, she cuddled Aps in her arms, and carried him off to the front room, closing the door, and bolting it carefully.

The natives, who had travelled a long way to welcome Mrs. Graham, belonged to the tribe from whom the Government had purchased the land Captain Graham had taken, and, in the first instance, had come to see him alone, helping him, in their own way, with goodwill and kindness, and taking a great interest in the building of the house ; it was the natives who built the two huts called Raupo cottages, for the temporary shelter of Captain Graham, Tom, and the men. When everything was ready for the arrival of the “good Captain's” (as they called Captain Graham) family, they retired to their Pah, many miles away ; and, after preparing their handsomest dresses, returned to welcome the “lady.”

“ Wife of the good Captain, we welcome you to our country ; we shall call you Mother, and be unto you as sons. Bid us serve you, and we will do it, even as a child obeys his parent. Our wives shall be your daughters, good mother, and we shall *tabu* you and yours, to preserve you from hurt. We salute you, Oh, Mother and bid you farewell !”

Having made this speech, and before Mrs. Graham could make any answer, the chiefs bowed their heads, gathered their mantles closely round them, and marched quickly and silently away. This was their custom, and the fashionable way of welcoming one they respected ;

and when Bridget got courage to go into the kitchen again, she found the natives had left several large baskets; one containing fish, another sweet potatoes, a third fowls, and a fourth something that sent the poor woman shrieking back to the house, to inform her master the "Indians" had brought them babies to eat; but which, upon examination, proved to be nothing more than young pigs, already prepared for roasting, and which, at last, quite convinced Bridget that the New Zealanders were not "Ingins at all, at all; but good, dacent people, if they were not Christians intirely."

But night was drawing in, and even in summer the nights are cool enough for a fire in New Zealand; so Lucy and Beatrice set to work lighting a fire in what they had already christened the drawing-room; and, sitting on all sorts of boxes and packages, here they ate their supper, using two boxes as a table, and an old shawl of Mrs. Graham's as a table-cover. The dinner, or supper, consisted of chickens, pork, and sweet potatoes, tea, and bread; not a bad supper, considering the circumstances; but Bridget was one of those sort of people who can manage with anything, and I really believe could have given you a capital dinner upon the top of Mont Blanc; at any rate, a better one than eleven out of twelve of the fine-lady description of cooks could do; and that, too, with such good humour and fun, that even if the dinner was not quite so good as you could wish, her merry face and funny remarks made you hungry.

CHAPTER XIII.

The First Days in the Cottage—The Bell-birds' Morning Hymn—
Lucy's Repentance—Unpacking—Tom makes a Garden—Aps'
Gardening.

UPON the morning following their arrival, Lucy was up and out before sunrise. She first went to speak to Bridget, who was already hard at work, getting her kitchen clear of the chips and shavings left by the workmen, and which she declared :—

“ Kep' her awake all night, for fear of fire.”

Next, Lucy examined the appearance of the house from several points, and, being then joined by Tom, who was rather disconcerted to find his sister had got the start of him on this their first day at home, they set off for the river, to explore its banks, and decide where the boat-house should be.

The sun was just beginning to tinge the snowy-topped hills with crimson, glancing upon the broad surface of the stream, the edges of which were almost black, from the dark shadows of the bushes which overhung the river; from these, a perfect chorus of music was pouring, thousands of Bell-birds singing their morning hymn.

Lucy caught hold of Tom's arm, and made him stand still to listen; but he soon tired, and, telling her not to be sentimental, for she would hear birds every day, walked

on, thereby making Lucy rather ashamed of thinking the song of the little birds so pretty, a feeling which was only banished when her Papa told her that he had gone out at daybreak, nearly twenty times, just to hear the birds, while, next morning, her mother, who joined her in her early walk, actually burst into tears, when the full gush of song broke from the thick bushes. So, after that, Lucy was never ashamed of owning her delight in hearing the Bell-birds.

“Hollo, Luce; don’t stand there all day; I want you here,” shouted Tom from the river side. “Isn’t this the very place for a boat-house; look at this shelf on the bank, and that slope down; my word! what a stunning launch we should have. You shall break the bottle and name her.”

“What do you mean? Break what bottle? Why, Tom, you’re either losing your senses, or thinking I’ve lost mine. What, in all the world, can breaking a bottle have to do with a boat’s name?”

Tom put his hands in his pockets and indulged in a very irritating burst of laughter, which, as might be supposed, vexed Lucy a good deal, and made her cheeks flush crimson, as, unwilling to get angry with Tom, she turned hastily away, and ran off towards the house as fast as she could, Tom’s loud laugh ringing unpleasantly in her ears, all the way. When she reached the enclosure for the garden, she slackened her pace, and, after looking behind, to satisfy herself that Tom had not followed, she began to walk very quietly, and think over what had just happened. In the first place, she began to think she had been very silly to make herself so hot and tired, just because Tom laughed

at her. Perhaps she did ask a silly question, too, for Tom knew so much about boats that he might think she should too; besides, she had missed seeing the place Tom had chosen, and, no doubt, made him think her petted and cross. This last reflection brought Lucy to a stand-still. She loved Tom dearly; he understood her better than any one, though he did often quiz and laugh at her for having girlish ideas. What was she now to do. She had offended Tom, and perhaps he would go away to be a sailor, and then, like George, he might not return for years.

Lucy's eyes filled, and her head hung down, as she stood irresolute whether to go back for Tom, or pursue her way to the house, and tell him what she thought at some future time. Just as she made up her mind to go back, Tom appeared, walking very sedately, with both hands in his pockets, and whistling "The Red, White, and Blue." Glancing at Lucy, and misunderstanding her petulant looks for ill-temper, he whistled a little louder, and would have passed on; but Lucy saw how it was, and, seizing his arms, she said:—

"Tom!"

"All serene," answered her brother, whistling again.

"Tom," again began poor Lucy.

"Well, ma'am; I'm not deaf," answered Tom, getting a little impatient, and fancying she was going to give him a lecture.

"Dear Tom, I got angry—"

"I should think so; that's no news."

"Yes, dear; but, I'm sorry—"

"Are you, Luce. Well, I suppose that makes up.

There now, don't look so melancholy; it's all right; you'll learn to keep your temper some day."

"Oh, Tom, don't say that. I'm so sorry," sobbed Lucy, the tears really coming. "I don't know what to do; I am always unlucky."

"So you are," said Tom, gravely; "but crying won't help you. When I get angry, I don't cry, or make a row about it, but think I'm a great ass, and make up my mind to try and be more patient next time."

"Oh, Tom, but then you're good-tempered," sighed Lucy, putting her arms round his neck, and I'm a nasty, ill-tempered, cross—"

"Hold hard, Miss; don't call yourself names," interrupted her brother. "You wouldn't let me say all that, and you go and say them yourself. Just hold your tongue, and try and don't get into a passion again. You know you are my own dear sister, and I love you better than anybody but Papa and Mamma, and when I am a sailor, you'll see what pretty things I'll bring you home."

"Oh, don't go away, dear, darling Tom," cried Lucy, now breaking into a regular crying fit, all her forced calmness upset by the idea of parting. "Don't go, darling Tom, and I'll never be angry again."

"You're a regular donkey, Lucy. A fellow cannot stay at home, idle, because his sister wants him. Why, look at George, you were sorry to leave him, but you don't care so much now; besides, only think, when I come back, with such lots of stories and funny things to show you. Come, Luce, I'm awfully hungry, and you've kept me talking nonsense nearly half-an-hour."

So saying, he put his arm round his sister's waist, and

marched her off into the house, taking care not to speak, lest he should bring back her tears, and thus incur an explanation from their father or mother.

That day was a very busy one, everybody being engaged unpacking furniture, etc., etc., but so speedily did they set to work, and with such good-will keep it up, that before night a great part of their first importation of necessary articles were brought to light, and, after being enveloped in matting and straw for ever since they were packed in England, came out fresh and familiar before their eager gaze.

“This stood in the window, before;” and “This stood close to the fireplace,” were the expressions that burst continually from the children’s lips, all three of whom were anxious to put everything as like the old house, as, with their much lessened supply of furniture and ornaments they could. The carpet did not fit the floor at all, so was rolled up and laid aside for the present, to be cut up and altered when there was more time; still, with the fresh planed boards no one missed the carpet much, and all agreed it would be cooler, at least, without it.

As soon as the inside of the house was arranged, they began to think about a garden. Tom marked out what he thought an admirable plan for the beds, and getting out Lucy’s paint-box, coloured each bed the shade of the particular flowers he intended having in them. This plan he displayed with great triumph, and was not at all prepared for his father’s decision against it in favour of vegetables.

“Oh, Papa, you don’t mean to say you are going to plant cabbages close to the house,” exclaimed Lucy, who

was looking over his shoulder at Tom's handiwork; "and potatoes, too; may we not have any flowers?"

"Don't potatoes flower?" asked her Papa.

"Yes; but then they are vegetables."

"So are scarlet-runners and nasturtiums, and a certain little daughter of mine had both in her garden."

"Oh, but they have pretty blossoms, and not great leaves and little common flowers, like potatoes."

"There's not an ugly flower in the world, in my eyes, Lucy. God never intended us to think his works ugly."

Lucy blushed.

"I did not mean exactly ugly; but surely there are some flowers not so pretty as others."

"Yes, of course," answered her father; but if the flowers you call ugly were very rare, and only to be seen with expense and trouble, I dare say you would think them very beautiful. Now, just think of a dandelion, for instance. You do not consider it pretty, growing, as it does, in all the hedges and ditches at home; but if you were to go to a country where there were no such flowers, and someone was to ask you to look at a beautiful flower they had paid a great deal of money for and kept in their conservatory, and this rare flower was, in fact, only a dandelion, would you not be inclined to think it very pretty, and value it on account of its rarity?"

"I think you are right, Papa," cried Lucy, "for I'm sure I've seen plants in greenhouses very like wild-flowers. But please let us have a flower-garden round the front-door and verandah."

"Well, if you, Beatrice and Tom, will promise to take

care of it yourselves, I don't object; but, remember, if Mamma and I find it untidy, and what we think ugly, we shall plant cabbages and potatoes immediately."

"Lucy was delighted, and rushed off with Tom, to settle the exact shape and size of the beds. Presently Beatrice followed. After some discussion, she proposed asking the two workmen to lay out and dig the garden, when they were not engaged with other work, so Tom went off to look for them and make the proposal. He found them having a cup of tea in Bridget's kitchen: the first tea they had tasted, they said, for three months; and, to prove how much they liked it, they each drank six large breakfast-cups full, and Bridget, in spite of her desire to please them, was really losing patience, and beginning to think they were not going to stop at all.

"Shure, Masther Tom, you're not coming for tay, too; the Chinesemen theirsilves couldn't take more than these two jintlemen have conshumed. Faith, I'll make greater preparations, nixt time, an' the big, black kittle 'll be me tay-pot."

"Then surely Bridget, you'll give me some," said Tom; "but I don't want tea. I came to ask Wilson and Dick if they would help me to make a garden."

"That we will, Master Tom," cried Wilson; "I'm pining to see a few wallflowers and marigolds again."

"Pining, are ye—an' for Miss Mary Goulds, too," exclaimed Bridget; "it's little she'll have to do, av she pines for the like ov you, Misther Wilson."

The men and Tom burst out laughing, Wilson especially, slapping his leg with his great broad hand, and, as soon as he could articulate, said:—

“Mary Gold’s a flower, Miss Bridget, and I beg to inform you, that, when Master Tom and I make a garden, I’ll present you with a bouquet to smell at.

“Git out wid ye’r nonsense; what do ye take me for? Shure, in Ould Ireland we call things by their right names, not haythenish things. Shure, ye’ll corropt the childer. But git along wid ye all, and lave me kitchen to meself; it’s little pace of me life you’d be laving me, av I couldn’t keep me own.”

“There’s no fear of your not doing that, Miss Bridget,” said Wilson, winking at Dick.

They left the kitchen and went off to look at the garden-ground, which Wilson decided upon starting at once, finishing off piece by piece, so that Tom could get in some flower-seeds in a few days. The railing round was the first thing, and this was to be as rustic as possible, to please Lucy. To accomplish this, Tom and the workmen went off to the forest, to cut branches, such as would suit the fence.

Having some distance to go, they took their dinner with them, and did not return until dark. Tom came, laden with flowers of the *Rata*, and a pretty yellow flower, called Parrot’s-bill. These he next morning put into the ground intended for the garden, so that when Aps went out, in the morning, he stood looking at the gay flowers in amazement, then rushed off to his Mamma, shouting that there had been a fairy in the garden, and filled it with beautiful scarlet and gold flowers, and poor Aps was very much ashamed when he heard the trick Tom had played, but next day showed himself wonderfully wise. His Mamma lost him in the morning, and after searching for him in

every direction, she and Beatrice could think of, Tom, who came home for another hatchet, joined in the search, and, at last, discovered Master Aps, standing up to his knees in earth, which had been dug up near the river. When asked what he was doing, his reply was that he was *growing*, as he wanted to be as tall as Tom, to go to the woods. The poor child cried bitterly when he was carried home, and could not understand why the ground would not make him grow, like the trees, grass or flowers.

For a week or two, Aps was very busy with his garden, working diligently, with a sharp stick and a very rough wooden spade one of the men made for him, and, at the end of a month, the secret came out: Aps had planted three silver spoons, four knives, several plates, cups, and saucers, and a pair of his own shoes, thinking he would beat everybody with his garden; but, fertile as the soil in New Zealand is, it won't grow such things, and poor Aps was very much surprised when his Papa told him if he ever planted anything again, he would be sent to bed, a punishment Aps was particularly afraid of.

When the railing round the garden was finished, nothing could be prettier. Roots were set at regular distances, and crooked twisted branches stretched from one to the other, forming a capital fence, and really an ornamental piece of work.

Round this railing, Tom planted a row of geranium and myrtle, with some plants of a red honeysuckle, he found, interspersed here and there. This done, they set to work at the garden.

Lucy had found plenty, as yet, to do inside the house. First, she always got up in time to dust the sitting-rooms,

while Bridget cleaned the fireplaces and got the men's breakfast ready, Beatrice, meantime, attending to the hens, and milking the cows, an office she had especially begged for.

Then, after breakfast, both girls set to work sewing, for an hour or two, making up curtains, carpets, and coverings for the different rooms, and so busy were they that, in a month after, they had everything in a home-like shape, and could draw the comfortable red curtains, at night, when they assembled round the tea-table, to tell each other all they had done that day, and their plans for the next.

CHAPTER XIV.

Christmas in New Zealand—Great Preparation—Making a Goose Pie—A Summer Christmas.

NOVEMBER was now drawing to a close ; and the different seeds which had been sown in the garden, were looking green and healthy.

In New Zealand, it is summer at the time we have winter, and *vice versá* ; so the end of December is just the beginning of summer. Christmas falls at the very hottest season of the year. In the older settlements, all the English common fruits, such as strawberries, currants, etc., grace the Christmas feasts. The climate is one of the mildest in the world ; flowers blow twice in the year, and those that we put into the green-house in England, and watch over with infinite care, are left out in New Zealand, and grow in the wildest luxuriance. Fuchsias are found wild in the woods, and growing to the height of eighteen or twenty feet. They grow generally upon the banks of a river, and, mingling with the beautiful green branches of the tree fern, droop over the bright little stream. Geraniums, too, grow to perfect shrubs, and, when cultivated, surpass anything you can imagine, their fragrant leaves scenting the air for miles in the forests. There are a great number of creeping plants and parasites ; that is to say, plants which grow upon other plants, such as I

mentioned before. Tom was very fond of bringing home branches of the supple Jack-creeper, and making baskets, or interlacing it into seats; and he very soon had every available corner filled with a seat or chair. This plant has beautiful red berries, and, as there was no holly, these were substitutes: so, for about three days before Christmas, Tom, Lucy, and Beatrice, were very busy making a great store of these berries, having laid a plot to deck the house with green and berries after their Papa and Mamma went to bed on Christmas Eve; so the branches were all piled in an out-of-the-way corner, and many mysterious hints and sly allusions went on between the children, much to their parents' amusement, who knew perfectly well they were going to do something on Christmas Day, but took care not to find out what, so that they might not disappoint their children. In England, it had always been their custom to have a number of their friends to spend the evening with them on Christmas Day; but this neither of the children ever thought of expecting, as, although they had a few neighbours, they were all at a great distance, much too far, it seemed, to ask them to come to a party. What, therefore, was their surprise, when, four days before Christmas, their Mamma said,—

“Will you be sorry to have a party as you had at home?”

Lucy thought her Mamma was trying to find out whether they were content with their bush life, so said, eagerly, “Oh no, dear Mamma, we are quite happy this way; we don't care for parties a bit—do we, Tom?”

Tom laughed. “I will tell the truth, Luce. I would

not mind having a game at cricket, and a few fellows to join one in something of that kind."

"And you, Beatrice," asked Mrs. Graham, "what do you say?"

"I would like to see my old friends again, Mamma, but I do not care to make new ones."

"Well, I suppose Papa and I may write, and put off the party we intended having.

"Oh, Mamma, a party!" exclaimed Lucy, springing up.

"Are there boys, Mamma?" asked Tom, with equal eagerness.

Beatrice said nothing.

Mrs. Graham pretended not to hear, and the questions were repeated. At last, they found out that all the families within reach were actually to assemble at the farm on Christmas Day.

You may believe the delight expressed and felt by the children, and how eagerly they entered into the preparations necessary. Bridget was, perhaps, the happiest of them all, although she had the greatest share of work, and smallest share of amusement. To judge by her busy, light-hearted way of doing everything, you would have thought the party was on purpose for her; it was marvellous the heaps of mince pies, cakes, and cream, she manufactured; and, above all, the gigantic plum pudding, its proportions astonishing every one, but exciting a wonder as to the probability of its being eaten during the merry-making; but Bridget's answer was enough,—

"Trust me for that, Mistress; there's a couple of gentlemen that I know of, who won't lave so much as a taste, and ye may believe me troth, Mistress darlin,' Mr.

Wilson himself could finish one twice as big, and not feel a haporth the worse. He was so hard on the tay, that I had to make it in the big kittle, and thin it doesn't contint him at times. Shure, Master Tom, whin ye go to sae, you'll bring us a chist of tay from Chiny; it would be the welcomest present ye could put yer hand on."

"Very well, Biddy, see if I don't bring you one the very first voyage to China."

Bridget laughed, and plunged her arms into a great heap of paste, which she proceeded to thump, twist, and pull about, until her face got so red, that Tom, who was sitting on the dresser, watching her operations, begged her to rest, or let him do it. His request set Bridget off into a roar of laughter, and she threw herself, laughing and breathless, in a chair, brushing her hand, as she did so, across her face, thereby leaving a streak of white flour, marking in strong contrast on the red ground. After Tom and she had laughed until they were tired, he said,—

"But why are you pounding the unfortunate paste in that way, Biddy? What good can it do to the bread?"

"True fur ye, Master, av it was fur bread, which it is not. Did ye ever hear of a goose pie, Master Tom?"

"Hear of a goose pie? I should think so, and eaten one twenty times."

"Thin ye began at a mighty tinder age, I'm thinking," was Bridget's answer. "Well, this paste is fur the wall, av the same pie, 'an av it's not well bate, it won't stand up stiff, and kape in the gravy. Ye see that hape av mate. Master Tom—that's fur the inside av the pie."

"But you'll never get that all into the dish, Biddy."

"Sure I'm going to make the crust into a dish, darlin' Just rest a bit, or go off for half an hour, and when you come back, ye'll not believe yer two eyes."

Tom laughed, got off the dresser, and whistling a merry tune, walked away to look for Lucy, and consult as to the appraising festival.

Lucy and Beatrice were busy stringing the red berries of the supple jack to festoon round the rooms. Tom got a darning-needle, threaded with a piece of thick cotton, and began imitating his sisters' movements; the first berry he tried to put on was very soft, and slipped over so nicely, that he thought it was very easy; the second was hard, and required a good push to send the needle-point through; poor Tom ran it into his finger in the attempt, and thus ended his trial at threading; for he threw away needle, thread, and berries, saying they were only fit for girls; boys had no business with needles. Lucy laughed, in spite of Tom's angry looks.

"Why, Tom, don't say that; lots of gentlemen can sew. Don't you remember Uncle telling us, that when he was young, he could hem more neatly than any of his sisters, and that he got sixpence for beating them."

"And Tom," put in Beatrice, "I know a sailor, who works worsted-work. Don't you, too?"

"To be sure I do; but what difference does that make? I'm not a monkey because I walk on my hind-legs."

Lucy and Beatrice laughed.

"Where are your fore-legs?" said Lucy.

"There, goose."

"Those are arms, not legs."

"Did you ever see a roast hare, Miss? Well, perhaps

you acknowledge, that nobody says, Will you take a fore-leg? but, Will you take a wing? Now, a wing and an arm being the same thing, and a hare's wing or arm being certainly a fore-leg, it stands to reason that our arms are fore-legs or wings, whichever we choose to call them. That's logic, Miss Luce, and beyond you, I imagine."

Lucy shook her head, while Beatrice said,—

"Then, according to you, Tom, I'm sewing with my fore-legs?"

Tom could bear teasing from Lucy, because he never minded teasing her again; but there was something about Beatrice so like his mother, that he never treated her in the rough merry way he did Lucy; and now, getting very red and uncomfortable, made no answer, but began whistling, to hide his confusion.

"Why, Tom, one would think you were an Irishman, you are so fond of Irish tunes; I'm sure Biddy teaches you."

"Tom was born in Ireland," said Beatrice; "so he is an Irishman."

Tom sprang to his feet exclaiming, "I never saw anything like you girls for teasing a fellow! If I was born in a pig-sty, should I be a pig?"

And so saying, he left his sisters, and returned to watch the operations in the kitchen.

The pie had changed amazingly; a thick wall of paste, about a foot high, stood ready to be placed upon the bottom crust, which Bridget was just cutting out. He was just in the very nick of time, and saw her bend the wall round the oval bottom, bind it with a long piece of white calico, which she pinned carefully together; then, taking the meat that was to be put in, she arranged it in

layers, pressing it all down into a compact mass, filling up all the holes and corners with forcemat, until it presented the appearance of a piece of mosaic, or inlaid work; and Tom, who never liked to enjoy a thing by himself, and had forgiven his sisters' teasing directly he was away, rushed off, to bring them to take a peep before it was covered in.

Bridget looked on, with secret pride, at the admiring faces bent over her handiwork, though she pretended to think very lightly of it, telling them they would think nothing of that when they saw the top, which was to be made that night.

Every one in the house seemed to be concocting some plot wherewith to surprise the others; and the children, having made up their mind that their Papa was going on in a most mysterious way, disappearing with the two workmen for the whole day, and coming back after dark, tired out, many were the conjectures as to what he could possibly be doing; but, much as they wished to know, they did nothing further than wonder, each one giving some reason they thought conclusive.

At last, the day before Christmas arrived, and nothing could be more unlike the seasons they had been accustomed to; a hot sun shining from a cloudless blue sky; the woods all bright with leaves, flowers, and fruit, and the mignonette waving luxuriantly in the gentle breeze. When the family assembled at the breakfast-table, and sat down with the window wide open, the table looking quite lively with radishes, mustard and cress, Lucy could not help looking reproachfully at the fire-place, wishing she saw the great red coals she had always associated with Christmas.

CHAPTER XV.

Aps gets into the Boat—Nearly Drowned—Tom Faints.

SHORTLY after breakfast, Captain Graham and the two workmen went off as usual. Mrs. Graham went into the kitchen, first telling the children that she hoped they would be prepared to receive some friends that night, as the clergyman from Christchurch was coming, and with him his wife and two sons. Here was a surprise. The clergyman, whom I mentioned before as getting the girls leave to attend the school, was a great favourite with them both. Tom had never seen his sons, who had been at college at Auckland, but was quite delighted at the idea of naving boys with him, and went off immediately to see if his boat was in order.

Lucy and Beatrice went off to finish threading the red berries, having first appointed to meet Tom at a favourite spot in the forest.

The morning passed quickly away, as all mornings do when people are very busy, and, just about two o'clock, Lucy and Beatrice set off to the wood, carrying with them a basket containing Tom's and their dinner, to which Bridget had added some beautiful mince-pies. Neither of them remarked Aps following them; and their Mamma,

seeing him close beside them as they passed out of the garden, concluded they were taking him with them, and, rather glad to be quite at liberty to help Bridget, did not say anything, though she did not usually permit him to go to the forest.

Perfectly unconscious, the girls hurried on, talking of the delights of the morrow; wondering what their Papa was doing, and what surprise their mother had prepared. Meanwhile, Aps followed, without saying a word; but, presently, catching a glimpse of a beautiful butterfly, he gave chase, and ran on until he lost sight of his sisters. He was just a little frightened when he found he was quite alone, and very nearly began to cry. He would have done so at once if he had been in England, but even Aps, though little more than four years old, had learnt to be very manly and independent during the time that had elapsed since their settling in the plains, and, imitating Tom in everything, had become quite a determined little fellow, and very seldom cried, except when he was angry. Now, he was frightened; but, remembering Tom's boat-house was near, it suddenly entered into his head that it would be a capital opportunity for an excursion in the boat, and, having been anxious, for some time, to be allowed to get into it alone, he ran off, delighted at the chance, and hoping he would not see Tom.

There was very little danger of this, for Tom had gone about half-a-mile down the stream, to meet his sisters, and had left the boat, as he thought, quite safely moored by a thick cord.

Aps clapped his hands with glee, and, running down, scrambled into the boat; but, here he was puzzled, the

boat was tied, so he had to content himself with jumping about, making it swing in the water. By doing this, he got the boat into the stream, and she was very soon straining and hauling at the rope, keeping a couple of yards from the bank. Aps did not see this at first, but, when he had played a long time, and began to feel hungry, he thought he would go home, get some dinner, and then steal back again.

This, however, was easier said than done. He looked over and saw the deep water on every side. What could he do. He was very hungry, and just a little frightened. He had seen Tom and his Papa swimming, and did not know why he should not, so, after thinking for a while, he got up to the edge of the boat and went deliberately into the water.

Now, as poor Aps had not the least notion of swimming, and was a fat, heavy child, the first thing he did was to go flop down to the bottom. He rose, coughing and choking, to the top, and gave a loud scream, trying to catch hold of the boat; but the foolish little boy had got over the wrong side of the boat, and was already in the power of the stream. He felt it carrying him away, and tried to think what he should do. He threw out his little arms and legs the way he had seen Tom do, but he soon tired. Then he remembered seeing his brother lying upon his back upon the top of the water, so he stretched himself out, and presently floated along as smoothly and easily as possible, his clothes acting as buoys. He was not frightened now, but rather enjoyed it. Still, he did not like the idea of floating all the way down to the sea, so began shouting for Tom as loud as ever he could.

Now, it happened that, after eating their dinner, Tom and the girls thought they would go to the banks of the river, to gather some of the beautiful lilies and flags that grew there. They were heaping up a large pile of the latter, when a loud scream drew off their attention. They knew Aps's voice directly, and, throwing down their flowers, looked at each other in consternation, Tom's face flushing crimson, while Lucy's was as white as a sheet. Another and another scream rang in the air, and acting upon one impulse, the three ran down to the brink of the river, just where a sharp turn sent the stream against the bank, with considerable force. What was their horror to see their brother lying on the surface of the water, and being carried past at great speed. Lucy gave a loud shriek, which was very nearly having the effect of drowning poor Aps, who was so happy when he heard her voice that he forgot he must lie still, and tried to look up.

"Lie still, lie still, Aps," shouted Tom, pulling off his boots and jacket. "Lie still, and I'll pull you out."

But poor Aps had made a false move, his head got under water, and down he went. Tom was in in a moment, and Lucy sank down upon her knees, and, covering her face with her hands, dare not look. Presently the poor little child rose to the surface just beside Tom, who seized him by the dress, and shouted to Lucy to come to the edge and catch him.

Lucy tottered to her feet, and managed to get to the brink of the river, where Tom was holding on by the grass and rushes with one hand and supporting Aps with the other.

"Take hold, Luce; he's all right," called Tom; "only be quick, for he's very heavy, and the stream is strong; quick, dear."

Poor Tom was gasping, although he did not say so. The exertion of holding Aps against the rapid stream was almost beyond his strength. Lucy stooped down, but could not reach the surface of the water.

“Oh Tom,” she groaned, “I can’t reach.”

“Lie down, dear. Oh! be quick.”

“Down Lucy went, and this time her hands grasped Aps’s clothes, and, before she knew how she did it, he was safe on the bank beside her. Tom clambered up and lay panting beside him. Poor Aps was white and shivering, much too frightened even to cry, which, when he began to see he was safe, he did with a right good will. Aps had strong lungs, and could make himself heard a long way off, so much so, that his Mamma had often threatened to send him to bed if he cried so loud.

Now, it happened that directly the children had seen Aps in the water, Beatrice, thinking it the best way, ran off home for help, and was coming back with her Mamma and Bridget, running as fast as possible, when Aps’s cries reached them. You may fancy how delighted poor Mrs. Graham was, when the welcome cry struck her ears; for she knew, by the very sound, that he was safe. Every mother knows by the tone of her child’s voice, whether it is crying from fear, pain, or only passion.

Bridget, who ran faster than her mistress, had Aps in her arms, when she came up, and was patting and kissing him in a frantic way.

They were all so occupied with the child, that no one remarked Tom, who lay, pale and insensible upon the bank, his face just enough covered to escape observation.

But when Lucy had told how Tom jumped in, and



AFS SAVED FROM DROWNING.



pulled him out, Bridget, who was very proud of anything her favourite did, ran up to Tom, saying,—

“Get up, Acushla; ye ’av done the deed of a haro.”

But Tom did not move, and they found the poor boy had fainted, and now required more looking to than the cause of the accident, who had only got a severe fright and a wetting. Bridget took him up in her arms, and, with tears in her eyes, carried him up as fast as she could, and laid him by the kitchen fire; then getting some brandy, she put some in his mouth, and rubbed a handful on his chest; gradually the colour returned, and Mrs. Graham, who was holding his head upon her knees, felt him shudder.

“God bless him!—he’s all right now, dear Mistress; he’ll be best in bed. Come, Master Tom, you’re a noble boy! Acushla, let me carry ye up; I’ll do it as gently as av ye were a lamb.”

“What is it, Biddy? Mamma!—Where am I?—Oh, Aps!—Where is he?—is he safe?”

“Quite safe, my brave noble boy,” said Mr. Graham. “You saved him, Tom; I have to thank you, dear, for Aps’s life.”

“Oh, Mamma!” said Tom, “I thought I could not hold him. If Lucy had not behaved so well, we should both have been drowned. Indeed, Lucy, your presence of mind saved us both.”

Lucy blushed with astonishment and delight. She thought she had been so very foolish, and that she had done nothing; and here was Tom praising her for her presence of mind, and telling her she had saved his life. The scene on board ship during the storm flashed upon

her; and, creeping up to her Mamma, she put her arms round her, and whispered, "You'll forget the earthquake now, dear Mamma."

This accident had quite put a stop to all the preparations for the next day, and threw them all out; for Mrs. Graham would not let Tom get out of bed until late in the afternoon, when he had had a good sleep, and declared he felt as well, or better, than ever he did, and must go and get some evergreens, etc., for the girls. Seeing he looked as bright and rosy as usual, his mother consented to his dressing, and going about.

So he, Lucy, and Beatrice were soon on their way to the forest, to gather more flowers, while Master Aps was sound asleep in bed; this time shut into the room, with no chance of getting out, to cause more anxiety that day. Mrs. Graham could not help being proud of the coolness and forethought the little child had displayed, and, like most mammas, thought she had one of the most wonderful children in the world.

CHAPTER XVI.

Christmas Day—Arrival of the Clergyman—Walk after Breakfast—
Who pulled the Child out of the Water—Church in the Bush—
Another Accident—Dinner Time.

Just before dark, a waggon arrived, and in it the clergyman and his family, who received a hearty welcome; none the less from the young people, that sundry boxes and hampers seemed to betoken an addition to their store of surprises. The sons turned out to be young men; the youngest as old as George, and both intended for the church. One of them was very merry, and soon became great friends with Tom; while the other was grave and serious, and was set down by Tom as a muff at once.

It required some arrangement to give them all beds; but in New Zealand people soon learn to make the best of everything, and the children had already arranged to sleep in the dining-room, giving their rooms up.

Neither Captain nor Mrs. Graham opposed this arrangement, knowing very well they meant to be busy all night, and that this change of rooms was the very best thing that could have happened for them; so, after every one had retired, they stole to the outhouse, where they had hid their flowers, etc., and carried them into the dining room.

Then they put up bunches of evergreens at regular

intervals all round, connecting them with festoons of berries, and long sprays of the fuchsia ; then they made the window and fireplaces into perfect bowers ; and had only finished clearing away the twigs and scraps when morning began to break. Bridget had been equally busy in her department ; and, being in the secret as to the decorations, had provided a nice little breakfast, which she laid out in the kitchen, and called the children to partake of it when they had finished their work.

The kitchen looked so bright and cheerful, that they involuntarily exclaimed they would sit up any night to get such a breakfast ; and Biddy, with a rosy face, stood looking on, the picture of delight, as they sat down, Lucy taking the head of the table, and pouring out the steaming coffee. Presently Biddy opened her oven, and took out a plate of white cakes, which she knew Tom was very fond of.

“There,” she exclaimed, putting them before him ; “there, Acushla, that’s for yer wetting. Ye desarve all we can do to plase ye.”

“How’s the pie, Biddy ?”

“Och ! it’s the beautifulest piece of pasthry ye iver seen ; an’ what’s more, it will ate as well as it looks. Whisper, Master Tom”—and she put her mouth close to his ear—“Mr. Wilson hasn’t tasted a bite fur twenty-four hours, all fur love of the pie ; he’s keepin’ room fur it, Dick says.”

The children laughed ; and Bridget having thus given them something to amuse them, went to lay the breakfast-table in the dining-room. Tom and Lucy stole on tiptoe after her, to watch the effect of their decorations, and

found her standing in open-mouthed amazement, comparing them to fairies, and the room itself to the Groves of Blarney.

Scarcely less was the admiration expressed both by their parents and their friends, as they entered the room. Scarcely was breakfast begun, than another party arrived; then another and another, until the rooms were quite full, and every vestige of breakfast had disappeared from the plates.

The clergyman and Captain Graham had disappeared shortly after breakfast, although every one had been so busy welcoming old friends, or making new ones, that there had been no time to miss them. Presently Mrs. Graham came into the room, dressed for walking, and proposed they should join Captain Graham, saying she would lead the way. Glances passed between the children; the moment was coming when they were to know the surprise their Papa had been preparing for them. Eagerly, and with heightened colour, they followed with the party, obliged to curb their curiosity and impatience so far as to walk sedately with their companions.

Mrs. Graham led the way to the forest, which was now in its fullest beauty.

The path lay along the bank of the river, past Tom's boat-house, and of course led to a description of the accident of the preceding day; and Tom was soon blushing most painfully, as, one after another, the guests began to praise his courage.

None of them said anything to Lucy, whose share, although second to her brother's, was still important enough to deserve remembrance. At first she felt so proud of hearing Tom's praises, that she did not think of her own

deserts, and perhaps would not have thought of it at all, had not some one said :—

“ Who pulled the child out of the water ? ”

When her Mamma answered :—

“ Oh Lucy was there, and pulled him out. ”

The gentleman who had spoken, stopped, and looking at her, said :—

“ Although your brother jumped in, I suspect neither he nor the little boy would have got out if you had not had your wits about you. ”

“ Yes, ” exclaimed Tom, “ it was Lucy did that ; she lay down upon the bank, because she couldn't reach us any other way, and lifted Aps out just like a baby, and he was too heavy for me to hold. ”

Lucy's cheeks burnt, and her eyes filled ; she had suddenly begun to see that no one appreciated her share, except this stranger and Tom, and a sense of injustice stole over her.

“ That's presence of mind, ” said the gentleman. “ I like presence of mind ; it is the best sort of courage to have. Being very brave is no use if you are not cool with it. Young ladies have not often this virtue. ”

Lucy blushed and held down her head, saying :—

“ I never had presence of mind before ; but Tom was so quiet, I couldn't be frightened, but thought what I had best do—that is all. ”

Just at this point of the conversation, they entered a narrow pathway, obliging them to go two and two, so Tom and Lucy were together.

“ Where are we going, Tom, ” she asked, in a whisper ; “ can you guess ? ”

“ Not a bit ; unless Papa has got a picnic ready. ”

“ Oh Tom !” burst from Lucy’s lips, as they emerged from the wood, and saw upon a high green bank, overhanging the river, a neat Raupo building, at the door of which the clergyman, standing in his white gown, clearly demonstrated its use.

Every one was surprised and touched. Few had been at church since they came to the colony, except when a chance visit found them at Christchurch on Sunday. As for Lucy, Tom, and Beatrice, they stood completely amazed, then, with one accord, went forward to their Mamma, and stood beside her, just as they had been accustomed to do in England. Then their Papa came up to her, and, taking his arm, they walked into the building.

Inside, forms were arranged, with a high table for the reading-desk. The altar was covered with a white cloth, with everything prepared for the administration of the Holy Sacrament.

With full and reverent hearts, the little congregation took their seats. Tears were in many eyes, emotion in every face, when the clergyman said :—

“ ‘ I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.’ ”

More than one sob was heard, as the service went on, the voices of the congregation uniting and the praise of God rising, in this hut in the wilderness. No wonder that some of them were awe-struck.

The text chosen by the preacher was from the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, 17th and 18th verses :—

“ Ye shall diligently keep the commandments of the Lord your God, and His testimonies, and His statutes,

which He hath commanded thee; and thou shalt do that which is right and good in the sight of the Lord, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest go in and possess the good land."

And he took occasion to give them some little account of the progress of religion in the country, and the necessity of every one working together to effect the entire conversion of the natives.

"The very youngest of them," he said, "could help—even a little child—by showing a good example of obedience, and letting the little natives see how happy it made them to obey their parents and live kindly with each other."

His sermon was listened to with rapt attention. Then followed the Holy Sacrament; but, as none of the children had been confirmed, they left the church and proceeded home.

There were four children besides the Grahams, so our friends had to be hosts, and amuse their new companions. To do this, Tom proposed taking them in the boat; and his proposal met the approbation of the whole party, except Aps, who said, very quietly:—

"Aps had 'nuff of water, Tom. Aps go home to Bridget for dinner."

Beatrice immediately offered to stay with him, and, taking his hand, led him home, while the rest made a merry party in the boat, Tom acting as master, Lucy steering.

Now Tom rowed very well, and could generally manage the boat in the most rapid parts of the stream; but to-day he forgot he had an extra load, and, venturing a little too near the middle, and, consequently strongest portion of the

current, the boat became unmanageable. The oars were of no use, and she drifted helplessly along. The stream ran with great force against the rocky bank of a small island, and this Tom and Lucy knew well, as they had frequently landed upon it, and pretended to be children cast away upon a desert island. They had planted a little garden, and built a sort of hut on the bank, in which they pretended to live.

Lucy saw Tom's face grow very white as the boat flew on, but said nothing, in case of alarming the others, who thought it was great fun going so quick. Suddenly, with a terrible crash, the boat ran full upon the rock, and they were all thrown into the bottom, screaming and kicking. Tom sprang on shore and held the boat, while Lucy got them out. Luckily, the force with which the stream had been driving the boat had run her far up, so that she was not much damaged, though Tom felt the tears start as he saw his nice little oars had tumbled out and were floating away.

Just then, a shout from the bank drew away his attention, and there he saw the whole party standing. They had gone to the boat-house, to get across the river, and, finding it vacant, Captain Graham grew alarmed, lest Tom should really meet with an accident: in fact, the very one that had befallen them.

After shouting out to know what they were doing on the island, and receiving for answer a short account of the wreck, Tom offered to come across by paddling with a branch, which he eventually did. Then his Papa and one of the gentlemen got in, and paddling back, brought the children over. The next thing was to make an attempt

to recover the oars, which, much to Tom's joy, was at length successful, and a nail or two having repaired the injury sustained by the boat, some of the party amused themselves by fishing, until dinner-time; while others, having crossed the river, went off to the forest to shoot pigeons and gather flowers and fruit.

At four o'clock, every one assembled at the house, and proceeded to the dining-room, the table of which might be said to groan under the abundance of good things prepared by Bridget, whose great triumph, the goose-pie, stood like a mountain in the middle, an enormous turkey at one end, and the good old English roast-beef at the other.

Several of the guests who, having been longer residents in the country than the Grahams, had good gardens, had brought fruit of different kinds; and the first things the delighted eyes of the children fell upon were the pyramids of beautiful strawberries; another lady had brought a bowl of gooseberry fool, another a basket of apples and peaches, while another brought a large pailful of the thickest and richest cream you can possibly imagine—by no means an unacceptable addition to the feast, and one which gained Bridget's admiration; the want of "crame" having been a great grievance—one which had almost caused a rebellion in the kitchen, as Bridget tried all sorts of stratagems to save the milk and cream; the men declaring that she went to the blue cow (meaning the pump) for it, while Mrs. Graham found Aps crying for more milk one day, and discovered his allowance, too, cut short; so she told Bridget that the party must do without cream.

Great, therefore, was her delight, when she saw the

cream, and was relieved in her mind on the score of the feast being perfect.

The pie cut up beautifully, and was pronounced excellent; the mince pies, plum puddings, and jelly were equally good, in fact, nothing was wrong—nothing bad; and, to judge by the mirth that made its way from the kitchen, the good cheer found equal approval there. Bridget was called into the dining-room to hear her health drank, and very much alarmed by Tom, who volunteered to go for her, telling her she would have to make a speech and return thanks. Bridget knew of only one kind of returning thanks, so, when the ladies and gentlemen had all said “Good health, Bridget, and thanks for your beautiful dinner!” Bridget, who was very red and uncomfortable, took the glass of wine her master held out, and then, looking round, she began—

“For what we have received——”

But Tom, who was at her elbow, whispered, “No, no, Biddy; say you cannot express your feelings.”

“Get out wid ye, Master Tom; ye’ve spilt me intirely. Didn’t ye tell me to return thanks?”

Here Bridget’s explanations were drowned by roars of laughter, in the midst of which she escaped to the kitchen.

We shall not linger any longer over the accounts of the Christmas party, which went off as well as could possibly be expected, and remained as a bright spot in the memory of all those present.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Visit to Auckland—Another Journey—Races at Wellington—
Taranakie—Cattle Show in Auckland.

THE ground round the house had begun to assume quite a cultivated appearance. There were three small fields neatly railed in, one sown with corn, another planted with potatoes, while a couple of cows and some sheep walked about in the third. Captain Graham had made an arrangement with two of his guests, to meet at Christchurch, and from thence proceed to Auckland, in order to be present at a cattle-show and market which would take place during the following month.

Tom was to accompany him, both he and Mrs. Graham feeling anxious, if possible, to break him from the desire of going to sea, and thinking that, if he saw different parts of the country, and became interested in farming, he might consent to stay with them.

The journey would occupy several weeks; but everything was so home-like and comfortable round the farm, besides the arrival of a new settler within about five miles, that Mrs. Graham readily consented to her husband's journey, particularly as it was to forward their future comfort and prosperity.

The journey to Christchurch, and thence to Lyttelton, has been already described. Tom saw the agent again, and received such a kind welcome, that his father, laughingly, told him, he thought he would be adopting him next, little thinking how soon the old gentleman was going to do so.

Leaving Lyttelton by the mail steamer, which called at Picton, Wellington, and Taranakie on its way, they were soon upon the broad bosom of the deep, and speeding along under sail and steam.

Picton stands upon a fine open harbour, but, being just newly established, did not look very flourishing, and Tom felt no regret when the mails were brought on board, and they steamed out again without landing.

Two passengers joined them, however, namely, two of the large proprietors on the Wairau plains, and with them six very large sheep they were taking up to show at Auckland. Although Tom had seen lots of beautiful sheep in England, on the Downs, he could not help expressing his astonishment when he saw these; their long soft wool was as white as snow, and felt as soft as silk, while, in point of size, they quite doubled any he had seen before.

The entrance to Wellington harbour was made upon the third day, early in the morning. This was the first settlement founded by the company, to whose exertions, I told you, we owed the colonization of this part of the islands. The first building was erected in 1840; and, if you could see the beautiful houses, wide streets, and gay shops, you could scarcely believe it possible that a few years would make such a difference. The population amounts, at this

time, to six thousand, and, at least, two-thirds of these have immigrated to the place since the year 1840. The country inland is mountainous and thickly-wooded, one part only being very well suited for agriculture: and that is a valley eastward, down which a pretty river, called the Hult, runs. The village is increasing every day, and is just a pleasant ride from Wellington, being eight miles. The races were going on when the ship arrived, and nothing could have been more delightful to Tom, who was very fond of horses, and had been teasing his papa, ever since they went to the plains, to buy him a pony. The race-course lies close to the shore, and was covered with tents, flags, carts, and a few dogcarts and waggonettes full of ladies, whose bright bonnets and dresses enlivened the scene immensely. There is a detachment of infantry quartered at Wellington, and their red coats gave the course quite a familiar aspect; in fact, if Tom had not, by prying about very closely, discovered a few natives in their national costume, he might easily have forgotten that he was on the opposite side of the globe to Old England.

After the races there was a cricket match; and, as Captain Graham had been a great cricketer when in the service, and had met an old friend in the officer commanding the detachment, Tom had the happiness of seeing his father playing again; and, what was more, by his help, the garrison came off victorious, Captain Graham making the highest score of the day.

Several of the cricketers were officers from the garrison at Auckland, the head-quarters of the New Zealand force; and these took advantage of the mail to go back, so there was quite a large party by the time they left the harbour,

and great fun for Tom, who was never tired listening to the adventures he heard, and descriptions of different parts of the country.

The voyage up to Taranakie was very pretty, as the steamer kept just near enough to let them have a distinct view of the land, the minuter objects being visible with a telescope. Snug farms and whitewashed cottages, surrounded by flowers and fields, became thickly scattered about as they drew nearer the portion of the coast where the capital stands, which, however, they could not approach with the ship, the surf being very heavy, and there being no harbour, so they anchored a mile off land, and sent in a couple of boats for the mail and passengers.

Taranakie, which has lately been rendered famous by the war, was another of the Company's settlements; but, though founded by them, was scarcely taken possession of until several years later, when a number of gentlemen in Devonshire planned to join and go out together. Thus they called the province New Plymouth; and it is very curious to hear nothing but Devonshire names and dialects so far away from England.

The shore near Mount Egmont had a curious dark and glistening appearance, which attracted great attention, but when inquired into, was only grumbled at by the settlers, who said that when the wind blew the sand up, they could do nothing, as it cut their faces, and if it got into their eyes, which it was pretty sure to do, caused dreadful pain. How little do people think of what may be done with the very commonest things around them. This very sand has been found to melt and manufacture into beautiful steel, is now known as the Taranakie steel-sand, and is being

manufactured into bars to be sent home, to undergo the proper working before its tempered and polished steel can be produced.

After leaving Taranakie, the Captain, fearing rough weather, stood pretty far out to sea, so had almost a straight run into the famous harbour upon which Auckland is situated. I say one—as, if you look at the map, you will see the town is built upon a neck of land, on the east of which is the harbour of Manakau, on the west that of Waitemata, and it was having the command of these two harbours that led Captain Hobson, the first governor, to select it as the capital. The harbour of Waitemata is landlocked, studded with islands, and as quiet and peaceful as an English lake.

Running in, wharves, quays, and docks, backed by handsome streets, met the eye. Ships of all nations and flags lay at anchor; boats passing to and fro continually, hailing each other, some of them with bands on board, and some covered with gay-coloured awnings. But what attracted Tom's attention directly was a frigate, with the whip floating out from the mast head. His cheeks flushed, his heart beat, as he leant over the side, gazing with glistening eyes. All his old longing to be a sailor came back, and Captain Graham, who saw his son's eager expression, felt that, after all, the journey to Auckland was not likely to cure Tom of his seafaring wishes.

As soon as they landed, they went to an hotel, where they had a capital dinner, and having engaged rooms, went out to see the town before dark. The first place they went to was the church, which occupies a command-

ing position, and overlooks the principal parts of the city. From a hill in the neighbourhood, they looked down upon the town and harbours, the fields and gardens; and certainly neither of them could have looked upon a prettier or brighter sight.

The show which was held next day was crowded. The Governor, Bishop, military commander, and every person holding a public or private position, was present, while the dinner was one of the largest yet witnessed.

Captain Graham saw enough to convince him that he had done both wisely and well in embarking his little fortune in New Zealand, and made several purchases to carry back with him.

The day after the show was over, he took Tom to see Government House, next the barracks, churches, houses of Parliament, and lastly the gaols. None of these are built for appearance' sake, but simply to answer the purpose for which they are intended; thus a much better and more suitable building is erected than if the money was thrown away in making pinnacles and turrets in every direction.

The amusements in Auckland are much the same as those in an English watering-place. The military band plays on certain days; balls are held now and then; numbers of picnics and boating parties take place; and as nearly every one who can afford it rides, riding parties are the most common and most agreeable, for the forest rides are really beautiful, and the paths quite good enough to be free from any danger.

The entrance of one of Her Majesty's ships always causes a stir. Everybody calls upon the officers, and a great number of parties are immediately planned.

While Tom and his father were there, a picnic took place, to which they were invited. All the naval officers were present, and Tom struck up an immediate acquaintance with one of the midshipmen (he looked upon the cadets as little boys, forgetting he would have to be one if he entered the navy), and from him heard a wonderful account of his travels in the Pacific. To all his stories Tom listened with the most eager attention, never thinking that they were quite impossible, nor did he find it out until some one who was listening asked the sailor how long he had been in the Pacific, when it came out he had only just passed through on his voyage to New Zealand. Tom was slightly disgusted, though by no means disheartened. He thought what a jolly thing to talk as that fellow did, and not to blush and feel ashamed, when no one else was speaking. Then to be able to say he had seen so many strange people, and describe their appearance and dress; besides the adventures on the deep, and the dreadful storms they had passed.

The consequence of all this was, that Tom returned home more strongly determined in favour of the sea than ever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Additions to the Farm—Winter and Ice—An Unlucky Family—
How the Floods Rise.

DURING the time Tom and his father had been away from home the men had worked diligently. The garden was in beautiful order, and two more fields fenced in, and ready for anything.

The lambs had grown into fine sheep, and the pigeons doubled their number, by hatching two young ones each. The tame rabbits had got out, and run wild over the hill, where they might be seen in the evening hopping about in great numbers.

The hens were in great force, and had two broods of young chickens; while the old gander stalked about in solitary grandeur, both his wives being engaged in keeping their eggs warm. The turkey-cock was shut up in a coop, lest he should attack Aps, with whom he had a fight the very day the young turkeys came out of their shells, and growing very wicked, Mrs. Graham decided upon imprisoning him until he got more amiable.

The animals brought home by Captain Graham were a cow and a bull, twenty sheep, a couple of pigs, and two deer. Besides this, he brought a box of books, and a very large Noah's-ark for Aps. There was something

coming, he said; a large thing he could not carry, so left it at Lyttelton, to be sent for.

Tom had very little peace between this and the mysterious arrival, Lucy, Beatrice, and even Bridget being continually on the alert to find out what it was that required the waggon and both men; but Tom had promised his Papa not to let out the secret, so said nothing, except "You shall see; have patience."

At last the waggon returned, and on it a high box. Both girls rushed to meet it directly it was in sight, and both at the same time, knowing the shape of the box, exclaimed, "A piano—a piano!" Then leaving the waggon to its fate, rushed in to tell Tom they had found it out.

A piano in the plains is not a very usual thing; but Captain Graham knew how much his wife liked music, and thought it assisted to refine and soften human nature, so meeting with a gentleman who had brought one out as a speculation, he purchased it, and took it home as a present to his wife.

The evenings now were enlivened by music and singing; and so great was the delight with which it was heard by the settlers, that many of them thought nothing of riding twenty or thirty miles to hear Mrs. Graham play and sing.

Lucy and Beatrice had both hated practising in England, but it was quite a different thing here. They were eager to practise; and every minute they were not busy with other things, were anxious to get to the piano.

Lucy had a sweet voice, and soon learnt to sing very nicely; but her playing was dreadful. She never could

strike the right notes somehow, and was always in such a hurry to play a thing quickly, that she forgot she must practise it slowly first, and that you must learn to stand on your legs before you can run races.

Beatrice, however, was different. She could not sing so sweetly as her sister, but she played more correctly, and was more patient, being content to practise quietly over and over again, until she overcame one difficulty after another, and could play a piece straight through after the first trial.

Letters from George had reached them by the last mail, telling of his passing his "little go," and hinting that he might come out and finish his studies at the Auckland College, and that he only waited an answer.

This, however, his father objected to very strongly, and wrote by the returning mail to tell George, and, if possible, stop him. Still, he left it much to his own judgment, as both Captain and Mrs. Graham thought that their children ought to be encouraged to judge for themselves while they were young, and had still their parents as a home and refuge, in case their plans did not succeed. If all parents acted upon this kind and wise plan, there would be fewer ill-advised speculations and rash enterprises. It is better for a boy to learn wisdom while he has his father and mother to advise and direct him, than to wait until one or perhaps both are gone, and then trusting to his own powers, embark in the voyage of life.

Winter now drew on, and fires began to be welcome in the evening; for although the morning and mid-day were as warm as ever, the evenings often set in cold and wet.

The hills looked whiter too, and had evidently received

a fresh coat of snow, although as yet, the first really winter month, neither frost nor snow had been noticed on the plains. One morning, however, the men going out to the forest discovered a thin coating of ice on the rain which had gathered in a cart track, and that night a slight fall of snow took place, though none of it lay above a few minutes, and was gone long before morning. Heavy rain fell nearly every day, and the river continued rising until it overflowed its banks, and nearly reached the garden fence. In fact, the boat was brought into the garden for safety; and all that could be seen of the island, on which the Christmas Day wreck had taken place, was the bending and struggling tops of the bushes, writhing and twisting as the fierce stream rushed past them. The boat-house kept its ground for a long time, and Tom began to have some hopes of its standing; but a large tree struck it, just as Tom was telling Lucy what he thought; it tottered, bent, the roof fell, and then over it all went, and disappeared under the foam and spray. Tom was very sorry, and nearly cried. He had taken great pains in the building of his boat-house, and had lately been engaged carving the door posts and lining the roof with the mosses which grow so luxuriantly in the forest.

The river kept rising for three days, and on the fourth the rain and wind were so severe, that the foam was blown against the dining-room windows, causing no small alarm, and exciting a fear in Captain Graham's mind, that they had not built the house on a high enough situation. Starting up from the dinner table, he ran out, followed by Tom, and saw the water had actually risen inside the garden, and was curling its dirty yellow frothing foam

round a pretty plant of pinks. Just then a loud shout from the road drew their attention, and looking round, to their surprise, they saw a waggon load of furniture, beds, etc., and a little crowd of people, crowding up pale and wet.

It turned out to be one of their neighbours, who had settled further up the river, and built his house upon a point of land, having a merry little rivulet on one side, and the beautiful river upon the other. When the flood began they thought very little of it, and went to bed as usual; but, in the middle of the night, they were roused by a clatter in the kitchen, as if all the crockery, pots and pans, had been thrown down. The husband ran down, and found the water up to the fireplace, the pans and dish-covers floating about upon the water.

There was no time to be lost, so, while his wife was putting some clothes upon the children, and the man getting the bullocks and waggon harnessed, he managed to collect a load of furniture, bedding, blankets, etc., and, when they left the house, the water was nearly as high as the front door; but, though rising rapidly, luckily the stream did not touch it, so there was a faint hope, that if the foundations stood the sapping of the wet, the house might escape with a thorough soaking.

Never were any people in a more miserable plight, than the unfortunate family whose arrival I have just told you of. The children had been wrapped in shawls, etc.; but, like all very young children, had a great objection to be fastened up, so had kicked and pulled the shawls off, and sat with their little white nightgowns only on, with chattering teeth, and wondering why they were so cold,—their

cries piercing their poor mother's heart, who was just as cold as themselves, and trying to keep a poor little baby, only a month old, warm.

Fires were lighted in every room in the Graham's, hot brandy and water and tea administered, and very soon Bridget, who had taken entire charge of the children, had the satisfaction of seeing them sound asleep in her own bed, their rosy cheeks and gentle breathing shewing they were none the worse for their wetting, while their mamma and the baby were equally comfortable beside the drawing-room fire.

Directly they were housed, Captain Graham and the father started off for the farm, to try and save some of the stock, which, although turned out, might, in their confusion and fear, run into the very danger they were intended to avoid.

They found the sheep huddling together in a corner, just where the water was gaining most rapidly; and already a narrow stream had divided them from the main land, so that in a very short time the poor timid things would all have been lost. Fortunately, help arrived at the right moment; but it was in vain to attempt to make them face the little stream. The farmer got off; he and Captain Graham pushed, beat, and scolded them all in vain. At last, seizing one by the wool, Captain Graham exerted his whole force and dragged it through; it was instantly followed by the whole flock, as sheep invariably follow their leader, so that Captain Graham was thrown down and jumped over, by at least forty terrified sheep. He rose all mud, and wet through, but laughing at the success of his plan, which had saved his friend's flock.

The house was standing in the midst of the water, which now reached the windows of the first story ; the poultry had perched upon the roof, and were looking with rueful countenances upon the wet thatch, their feathers drooping in that doleful, unhappy manner I daresay you have noticed in fowls on a wet day. Out of one of the upper windows a poor cat was looking—evidently very uncomfortable and frightened. This was a favourite cat of the children, and Captain Graham could scarcely persuade his friend to leave without an attempt to rescue the cat ; in fact, after they had turned their horses' heads away, the farmer said—

“ It's no use, Graham, I cannot leave the poor thing ; just stand there, and I'll get her, somehow ;” so, turning back, he got up as near to the house as he could,—but he was still too far off. A great gulf of yellow water lay between him and the cat, which had come out on the window sill, and was mewing piteously.

Next he tried the back part of the house, but there, again, he failed ; at last, getting excited by the difficulty, he jumped off his horse, and, springing into the water, swam up to the window. The cat sprang down upon his neck, and sat perched there, purring her thanks as he turned and swam back ; and all the way home she sat on one shoulder, looking as perfectly happy as any cat could, and purring away without the least interruption.

The delight of his children, on seeing their pet cat, was quite enough to reward their papa, who had only got a wetting after all, though in doing so he had shewn what a kind thoughtful man he was, and that even an animal's life was precious.

The flood lasted three days longer ; and then it began

to subside, leaving each hour a narrow rim of dirty yellow froth hanging upon the grass and weeds. On the fourth day it was almost within its banks, and Tom, by taking off his stockings and shoes, and wading, succeeded in reaching the place where the boat-house had been, and where the four corner posts were all that remained.

The flood coming so near the house had acted as a warning to Captain Graham, who, directly it had subsided, began to construct an embankment, which would protect the garden, while just above, he built a strong breakwater; so that he felt quite secure that no flood could harm his house. In New Zealand the floods are more sudden and destructive than people living in England can possibly imagine; the rain falls in torrents, more like the pour from a shower-bath than anything else, and as the ground all drains rapidly, the rivers rise with incredible swiftness; sometimes, if the heavy rain occurs in the hills, coming down in a perfect wall, often two or three feet high, rushing, roaring, and carrying everything before it with irresistible fury.

Sometimes, in the Highlands of Scotland, rivers come rushing down in this way; but even there it is seldom seen, and gives the good people something to talk of for a very long time afterwards; but in New Zealand it soon ceases to create surprise, and during winter occurs constantly. In some countries it is called "a wave," in others, "a bolster." For some time after the flood, Lucy was very uneasy; she had lost confidence in her home, and the river, which she had always looked upon as a friend, and with much admiration, had deceived her. She stood by its stream, looking down at its dark, discoloured current

reproachfully, and thinking how nearly it had carried away all her flowers.

Floods occurred frequently that winter, as it happened to be an unusually wet season; and yet, although the rain fell every day, there was always a clear hour or two in the middle of the day, when they could get out; and it was well worth risking wet feet to breathe the fresh, invigorating breath of the shrubs and flowers, all glittering and sparkling, as they were, with the rain-drops; while, if you ventured into the forest, every step brought down a shower-bath on your head. Lucy never came in from a walk in winter without traces of the rain-diamonds sparkling among her curls, and often wet through and through, though no bad effects ever seemed to arise from such experiments, or, as some people would call them, imprudences. It seems as if in New Zealand people never take cold.

In the evening, Captain Graham and Tom always read aloud; generally one night, history or travels; the next, some story or adventure; while the rest of the evening was always taken up with music and singing. Aps was very fond of the latter, and always stood beside his Mamma, and sang "Glory to thee, my God, this night," before he would retire to his bed. He was growing a great boy, and learning to speak quite distinctly, a quality he made great use of, talking continually, and of everything, whether he knew anything about it, or not.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Visit from the Natives—An Alarming Proposal—Canoe Song—
Maori Presents.

For some time nothing was seen of the natives; but at last, one morning, they made their appearance. Tom, looking out just at daylight, saw three men sitting cross-legged before the drawing-room windows; they had sat there already several hours, and continued to do so in such a statue-like manner, that Tom could not make them out at all, though he watched them most diligently; at last, he went to his father's room, and told him. Captain Graham soon satisfied him, by explaining that this was a common practice with the natives when they came down to trade or deal with Europeans; and that sometimes they had been known to sit whole days and nights, without once being seen to move, or show any symptom of being tired. In the present instance, the natives sat in a row, cross-legged, and their heads bent down. Tom and Captain Graham, accompanied by Lucy, went out to speak to them; and the instant they appeared, up jumped the natives, and rushed to Captain Graham, rubbing noses most affectionately; but the strangest part was to come yet, and Lucy stared in amazement when she saw them all burst into tears, and, sobbing dreadfully, pull their cloaks or mats over their heads.

What could it mean, she thought. Perhaps they are very poor and hungry, or have brought bad news to Papa. All her surmises were, however, wrong; the truth being, that it is the national custom to shed tears of joy at meeting an old friend; and some of the people are so clever in this accomplishment, or *tangi*, as they call it, that they can cry for an hour, tears pouring down their cheeks all the time, while their sobs are perfectly heart-rending. The three natives were old friends of Captain Graham's, having visited him at various times during his residence at the farm; and they had now come nearly twenty miles to call upon him and his family.

After the weeping welcome was over, they accompanied Captain Graham into the dining-room, and all being men of rank in their own tribe, were considered proper guests for the "Master," as they called him, in imitation of the workmen.

They did not exactly weep over Mrs. Graham, but looked very much inclined to do so, and I daresay would, out of compliment to her husband, had he not begged them to be seated, and take some breakfast. Now, Bridget was very proud of her performances in cooking, especially in the baking way, and thought it quite impossible her master and mistress could breakfast without hot cakes and new bread. Upon this morning she had sent in rather a small supply, so Lucy ran to tell her to bring more, purposely omitting the arrival of their guests. Bridget was very busy with something else, and, not very patient in temper at any time when interrupted, she seized the basket which held the new bread, and bounced into the room. The first person she caught

sight of was one of the natives. She had never got over her horror of them, and was quite resigned to be scalped some day and probably eaten; Tom having exercised his inventive genius in telling horrible stories of unfortunate people devoured by inhabitants of New Zealand, and assuring her the chief's head wife always claimed the nose as her *tit-bit*, and would assuredly eat Bridget's, it being so pretty. Having thus a wholesome dread of the aborigines, Bridget no sooner caught a glimpse of those at the table, than she gave vent to her feelings in a tremendous shriek, and, turning the bread-basket upside down upon her head, to save her scalp, all the steaming rolls tumbled out. The natives, who are fond of a scramble, jumped up, and seized as many as they could; while Tom, delighted by the fun, sprang upon a chair, and knocked the basket rather smartly upon the top. Bridget dropped upon her knees, and begged for mercy. Everybody, except Aps, laughed; the poor child thought something had happened to Bidy, and began to cry. This scene continued for a minute or two; then Captain Graham, unwilling to see Bridget acting such an absurd part, and knowing how apt the natives are to take offence, told her to be quiet—that the gentlemen were his friends. After some persuasion, Bridget got up, and disappeared, saying, as she went,—

“Purty gintlemen, indade; it's hard up ye'll be for company, to take the likes of them.”

When breakfast was over, the natives made Captain Graham understand they wished to trade with him, and that they had come, as forerunners, to announce the approach of a large party laden with the articles they had

to sell. This was rather startling intelligence, and even Captain Graham looked grave, when his guests informed him that they liked him so much, that they would tell their countrymen to stay there, and build houses. Lucy turned pale, and Tom began whistling his favourite song about the "King of the Cannibal Islands."

In vain Captain Graham tried to persuade them that they were better further inland, and amongst their old haunts; they only answered that they loved the English, and wished to be like them; then one of them, taking up a book, asked Tom "to speak out of it," and said they wished to know how to speak like books, and would give their children to the English woman to teach.

· Finding they had made up their minds to come near, Captain Graham saw there was no use remonstrating, so let things take their course, trusting in God to preserve him, his wife, and children, from all harm; and a good deal comforted by the pleased expression of his wife's face, who immediately thought of all the good they might do the poor ignorant natives, and that it seemed almost the act of a wise Providence, that she and her daughters should have remained in Christchurch long enough to gain an idea of the best and most judicious method of teaching religion to the native children. The flush upon Lucy's cheek, and bright, eager look in her eyes, as she glanced from the strangers to her father, and seemed to hang eagerly upon each word they uttered, showed her mother that her feelings were not the only ones, but that they were the same as Lucy's.

"I am so glad," exclaimed Lucy, as soon as the natives had gone out with her father, "so glad they are coming.

We'll have a nice little school—won't you, Beatrice?" And Lucy was soon busy making out how she was best to educate the younger portion of the tribe; forgetting, in her haste, that very probably those who would be most anxious to learn, would be men and women as old as her father and mother. Her plans were broken into by Tom rushing in, to call them all down to the river, to witness the arrival of the great canoe, with the principal men and merchandise of the friendly tribe.

Just as they reached the bank, the canoe came round the corner of a long straight sweep of the river, and partly propelled by oars or paddles, and partly borne by the stream, ran quickly down. It was a pretty as well as novel sight. The canoe was more than thirty feet in length, very narrow in proportion, it being one large tree hollowed out. The fore end had a high rounded projection rising a good many feet into the air. Upon and round this were carved grotesque figures of men and animals, many of the latter, strange to say, beasts not known in New Zealand, and of which, if asked the name or meaning, the natives reply that they "lived in the land from whence their fathers came." This simple fact might prove a useful suggestion as to the question of their origin.

The canoe was propelled by at least twenty oars or paddles, the strokes of which kept time to a loud chanting sort of song, sung by two men, one standing near the bows, the other near the stern, marking the time with short carved sticks, just as the leader of an orchestra does. At every second stroke the whole crew joined with their voices, in giving a wild and striking effect to what would otherwise have been rather a monotonous howl.

Here is an example of a war canoe song, given in Mr. Shortland's account of New Zealand, and translated literally :—

Now pull.
 Now press.
 Now give the time.
 Now dip it in.
 Now hold on.
 Now be firm.
 Pull, pull away.
 Upwards, upwards away.
 So Waipa away.
 Now pull.
 The feathers of his canoe are
 Not worth looking at.
 The quick stroke,
 The quick stroke.
 Pull.
 Pull away.
 Stick the paddle in.
 Strike up a song.
 A shove.
 Stab it (the water).
 Let it be deep.
 A long pull.
 Yes, yes.
 A shove.
 Now stick it in.
 Shove along, hard work tho' it be.
 An old man is kicking out there.
 Look alive.
 Four kicking out there.
 Go along.
 Alone (on the river).
 Make it your own.
 A point of land.
 Leave it behind.
 Pull away.
 Pull away.

It was a song like this, I suppose, the natives were

singing, but Lucy was never able to get a correct copy, though she tried several times.

As soon as the canoe came opposite the bank where the settlers and the three pioneers stood, every paddle ceased, and they drifted slowly along to the landing-place, a priest standing up and shouting a charm ; then, as soon as they touched land, the crew all scrambled out, and rushed to their friends, who hastened to meet them. Then followed a most wonderful scene to European eyes, the new comers hanging round the three natives who had come first, howling as if they were dreadfully unhappy or in bodily agony, and shedding floods of tears all the time ; altogether making so much noise that Mrs. Graham was glad to put her hands over her ears, and wait until their welcome was over.

At last they seemed to have exhausted their tears, and I suppose feeling tired themselves, thought they would like something to eat, so down they went to the boat, and began unpacking the remainder of their provisions, which they ate up ; then unpacked the things they intended to sell to Captain Graham. These were fowls, pigs, different native vegetables, mats, and bunches of flax.

The mats were very curious, and often very pretty. They are made of the flax, and are dyed different colours, and even ornamented with borders and figures. One mat will sometimes take five or even seven years to make, the preparation of the flax and weaving both being very difficult, as the New Zealanders do it all with sharpened shells and little pieces of wood. They value these mats very highly, and it is often impossible to tempt them to part with one. Captain Graham knew this, so did not

mean to make an offer for them. Seeing this, the natives consulted, and after a good deal of discussion, the chief came forward and said—

“English brother,—The sun over our heads shines upon the Maori and the stranger. The kumara is born in April for both, and the rain falls and the soft wind blows, and does not turn away from the stranger. Therefore, let the stranger be friends with the Maori; let them live as brothers. The Maori will bring his wives and children, and dwell near the home of the stranger, that they may plant and eat together. Behold, brother, the Maori is generous. He gives these mats for your comfort, and asks only love in return.”

Captain Graham translated this to the children, who were delighted, and could not understand why their parents looked sorry about the natives coming to live near, or why their father and mother should consult so anxiously about it before they accepted the pretty mats. At last Lucy went up to her mother and whispered—

“Oh! Mamma, let them come. We'll have a school and teach the poor little children, and when George comes he'll preach to them in the school-room. And, perhaps, Beatrice says, there will be a church built. Oh! Mamma, do let the poor creatures come.”

Lucy's advice turned the scale in favour of the natives, and Captain Graham made a speech to them, telling them they were welcome. This delighted them greatly. I suppose if they had been Englishmen they would have given three cheers, but, being New Zealanders, they all began to weep for joy.

CHAPTER XX.

The Natives build Houses—Arrival of the Chief—Tom is sent for—
The Agent's Advice to Tom—Death of the Agent.

THERE was a great deal of discussion among the natives as to where they should build their Pah, or village; and at last they fixed upon a small hill, about a mile from Captain Graham's house, and then a part of them returned to their old Pah, to take the good news to their friends, and bring them back with them. It was wonderful how quickly the few men left built up their houses or huts, which were just the same kind as Tom saw on his way from Nelson to Christchurch.

When they had completed twelve houses, some of them proposed building the fence, or fortifications, round the group; but the chief would not hear of it, saying that their English brother had no fence to guard him, and that they were in no greater danger than he was; so, they contented themselves with a railing, like that round Tom's garden.

At last, the whole preparation being completed, a messenger was despatched to the tribe; and, in a few days, three canoes arrived, crammed with men, women, children, pigs, poultry, etc., etc. The Grahams were all down at the river, to see them disembark.

A strange sight it was, and one that none of them will ever forget. First came the chief's canoe, a very large one, decorated with an imposing figure-head, which was covered with gay feathers, beads, and carving, and had a very magnificent effect. In this canoe were the chief's six wives, his children, and all his property. Besides this, were several warriors, and their wives and families.

This canoe touched the shore first, and, as usual, every one wept and howled, while the little children, those, at least who were too young to know their proper behaviour, according to New Zealand fashion, ran about like wild goats, then gathered round our friends, staring in utter amazement at their dress.

Aps was very sorry for their having no clothes on, and wanted his Mamma very much to let him go home for some of his, nor could he at all understand her when she told him they preferred going without clothes, and had never worn any. I believe Aps, after this, thought, in his own mind, they were some kind of monkeys, and actually asked Tom, that night, "If all monkeys had tails."

The ladies of the tribe soon made friends with Mrs. Graham, and crowded round her, examining her dress, with many exclamations of wonder and admiration. Having satisfied this part of their curiosity, they set off for the village, leaving the canoes upon the bank of the river.

It did not take many days to settle the New Zealanders in their new abode, or to open a regular trade between them and Captain Graham; and, very soon, other settlers near began to deal with them too, thus establishing something very like a regular weekly market, by the gains of which the natives soon began to grow quite rich.

You must not be astonished to hear of these ignorant people understanding the art of buying and selling; for the fact is, they are by nature first-rate traders, and the most uncivilized among them will display the greatest caution before he settles upon the article he is in search of. For instance, if he wants a blanket, he will go from one shop to another, asking the price, and then, finding the cheapest, he will begin again at the highest, and go on examining each blanket in succession, until he fixes upon the thickest, and, even then, he frequently consults several friends before he ventures upon purchasing. Indeed, it seems that the natives of New Zealand are capital traders, and are very seldom deceived into getting a bad article for their money; and it so followed that the little village became quite rich. Yet, still they were not Christians, and Lucy and Beatrice talked over plan after plan to teach them; but, unfortunately, when they told their father and mother, there were strong objections to each.

Autumn, or, as it would have been called, in England, spring, was now nearly passed, and winter beginning, which, although not cold enough to kill the flowers and green leaves, is a season. The ground was being dug up for a fresh supply of seeds. A few crocuses and snowdrops, which the children insisted upon planting, to try and look like winter, were beginning to show their points above the ground; the birds had ceased to sing in the early morning, and, altogether, there was just change enough to show that winter was truly coming, at least, all the winter there ever is in New Zealand; but, with it, many changes were coming too. A messenger arrived, post-haste, with a letter from Christchurch, begging Captain Graham to take

Tom down to see his old friend the agent again. The letter was not written by the old man himself, and it added that he was so very ill that he could not use his hands at all. It was rather an inconvenient thing, leaving home at that particular season; and, besides, there was a degree of risk in leaving his family and property so completely at the mercy of the natives, who, though they appeared to be perfectly amicable, were still only unconverted savages, and the slightest offence or indignity offered by any of the servants, might, if the "master" was not there to keep order, end in a serious and perhaps fatal disturbance. Thus, it was decided that Mrs. Graham should go with Tom, and explain to their old friend the reason her husband could not leave home.

Lucy and Beatrice both begged to go too, but that Captain Graham would not hear of, so they each wrote down a list of commissions, which was not to be examined until their mother reached her destination. Aps only asked for one thing, and that was a horse that would not kick or gallop, while Bridget, who had assured her mistress there was nothing wanted, rushed after the wagon, just as they were starting, and begged Mr. Tom to bring her a *Jew's-harp*, as she "could not keep up her heart widout a bit of music." Her request was met with a shout of laughter from Tom.

"Sure, Biddy, we'll bring you a Jew himself to cheer you up," said Tom.

"Faix, Masther Tom, ye might do worse," answered Biddy: "but ye'll think better ov yer fun beyant. Och! there's the poor childer crying. Oh Misthress, av the savidges ate us win ye're away, what'll we say to ye win ye are coming agin?"

With this parting speech, Bridget put her apron to her eyes, and ran back to quiet Appy's grief; that young gentleman, having escaped from the back room in which he had been shut up, to prevent him seeing his mother's departure, was making his way along the garden, roaring with the full force of a strong will and pair of lungs. Bridget snatched him in her arms, shedding torrents of tears over the poor deserted child, as she chose to designate him.

The journey to Christchurch was performed in much less time than had been occupied by the first journey up the country; but this may be easily accounted for, by the fact, that in going up they had the waggon heavily laden; now Mrs. Graham and Tom were the sole occupants, excepting the driver, and a boy to help him in whipping the horses, or hold their heads when they came to broken and dangerous ground. The weather was splendid, and, by borrowing a fresh team at two stations, with the owners of whom the Grahams, in passing, had made acquaintance, they lost no time in reaching Christchurch, as they did not even stop for the night, but slept in the waggon.

The poor old agent was greatly altered, and evidently near the end of his earthly pilgrimage. He thanked Mrs. Graham affectionately, for coming to him, apologizing for asking one, who was till lately a stranger, to do so much; then, taking Tom's hand in his, he said—

“You, my boy, want to be a sailor. Think well of it, first; for, once a fellow takes to a profession, he ought to stick to it; there's no good in a man when he tries half-a-dozen things before he finds the one he ought to have begun with. I took to it from the cradle, and I stuck to it; but it left me, Tom. I had no interest, and a hot

temper, and, when I didn't get what I ought to, I threw up my commission; but the present Lord stood my friend; and, if he'd been then what he is now, I'd not be here, that's all. Well, Mrs. Graham, I've written that letter lying on the table there, and told my Lord the old story over again, asking him to give Tom the help he would willingly have given me. I've called him my adopted son; and, in my will, you'll find enough to keep him going, till, if he's lucky, he gets his promotion. The rest, and there's not much, I've left to your good husband's discretion, to apply as he sees will help the poor natives best on the way to God. I hope he will not be angry with me, giving him so much trouble; I've not tied him down, he can use it as he likes. And now, Tom, my boy, I'll give you a bit of parting advice—for I'm not going to make a sick nurse of your dear mother; she has much more important duties to perform at home; so, as soon as I've said my say, you and she shall start for the plains again. I've lived alone, and would rather die alone; and it won't be long to wait. God is with me, I know; and no one can help me through the last, but He. Now, what I was going to say to you, Tom, is this: when I went to sea the last words my father said to me, were—'Fear nobody but God; and remember that He will call you to account for every word and action.' I never forgot the words, and I never saw my father again; he was dead before I got back from my first cruise; but, upon his tombstone, he had ordered the same words to be eugraved. So, his voice seemed to remind me from the grave; they've carried me through a troubled life, and made me patient under disappointments of every kind. Make these words your maxim, my boy; write them on the fly-leaf of your

Bible, and look at them once every day; and never forget what I tell you—that an honest heart and clear conscience will make us carry our heads over the storms of the world.”

The old man was too much exhausted to say more, and, when Mrs. Graham proposed remaining, exerted himself so much to speak, and repeat his wish that she should bid him farewell at once, and take Tom home, that she dare not disobey him. Stooping down, she kissed his forehead, and bade Tom do so also. They then left the house, but with no intention of going home, as, although Mrs. Graham thought it better to appear to humour the wish of their friend, she could not leave the place; and she remained to watch over his comfort in any way she could, without letting him know she was there. She had not long to remain, as the nurse came down-stairs in a great hurry on the second day, to beg Mrs. Graham to go up, as her master was dying.

Mrs. Graham, however, did not wish to disturb him at last, and sent the nurse back. In a few seconds she returned, to say he was dead.

When his will was found, it was discovered that he had been a much richer man than any one imagined; and, besides leaving Tom a large sum of money, he had left nearly £2,000 in the hands of Captain Graham, to be devoted to the conversion and education of the natives. Among other things was a diary of his life, which was addressed to Tom, and enclosed in a packet with his watch and Bible. Upon the fly-leaf of the latter were written, the words—

“Fear no one but God; and remember that you must account to Him for every word and action.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Tom leaves to become a Sailor—A Melancholy Week—Biddy acts Comforter—A Stratagem.

TOM'S career being now fully decided, Captain Graham made all requisite enquiries as to his passage to England, and arranged to take him to Lyttelton a day or two previously, to ensure everything he could as to his being comfortable and well cared for. Much as poor Tom liked the thoughts of being a sailor, he felt the trial of leaving his parents, brother, and sisters very much, and was almost inclined to give in, and offer to stay with his father and help him; but this Mrs. Graham prevented; and, checking her own feelings, cheered Tom in this his first sorrow, and so successfully quieted the girls, that until he was really gone, and the last flutter of his white handkerchief was lost, not a sob was heard. Lucy and Beatrice were all eagerness to show which could follow their dear mother's injunctions best; but when Tom was fairly out of sight, and the girls turned towards home, they were horrified to see their mother lying upon the ground behind them. Her face was perfectly white, and so cold, that they, with a loud shriek, exclaimed she was dead. Bridget had been crying in the kitchen, and heard the shrieks of the frightened girls, so she dried her tears like a sensible

woman, and came as fast as possible to know what was the matter.

"Its wather the poor misthress wants. Run, childer, run for the can in the windy. She's heart-broken for her boy, the cratur, and dare not let on, for fear of vexin' him. Och, machree! misthress, darlin', he'll come back a giniral, or a Lord Mayor, may be. Sure he's yer own son wherever he is, and the same blood runs in his veins, God bless him!"

Bridget's address was cut short by the return of Lucy and Beatrice with a large tub of water, they having an idea their Mamma was to be immersed in water.

"Och, the craturs, God help them!" was all Bridget could say, as she lifted up a little water in the palm of her hand and sprinkled Mrs. Graham's forehead.

"Won't you put her in, Biddy, dear?" whispered Lucy, her voice shaking as much as her limbs.

Biddy laughed in spite of herself, and the laugh did more to re-assure the girls than all the protestations in the world would. They knew nothing very bad could be the matter if Biddy laughed; and presently a faint colour came back to Mrs. Graham's lips, and, shuddering, she opened her eyes.

"Oh, Mamma! dearest—dearest Mamma, are you better?" exclaimed both girls.

"Get out of that," said Biddy, crossly, pushing them back, and making her strong arm a barrier between the mother and children. "Keep yerselves quiet, darlins, and by the grace of God, the misthress will be hersilf agin. Come, Acushla, the partin 's over. He's a brave boy, an' ye did yer duty. Sure, many a mother's sheddin' bitter

tares at this minute for the same. Cheer up, darlin', there's the childer you've lift, and God will watch over the darlin' that's gone to face the world. There now, Miss Lucy, don't distress yer dear Mamma. That's it, Miss Beatrice, put yer arms round her, and keep down the batin' of her heart."

Poor Mrs. Graham was now recovering slowly. She had taxed herself to the utmost, in order to bear up whilst Tom was there; but the cause removed, and with it the stunning sense of loneliness we all feel when parting for unknown years with one dearly loved, and how much more when that one is one of the precious jewels given us to keep and prepare for our God's better kingdom, all the grief of parting now burst forth, and for some minutes the mother lay with her head resting upon Beatrice's shoulder, sobbing bitterly.

Both girls cried with her, and clung round her, calling her pet names between their sobs; but Bridget, who had cried to her heart's content before, did not now give way to unavailing tears, but hastily dashing the bright drops from her eyes, ran off to the house for something to revive her dear mistress. The first thing she saw was a bottle of vinegar, and thinking it was wine, she seized the bottle in one hand, and a cup in the other, and armed with these rushed to the spot where she had left Mrs. Graham and the girls, and pouring out half a cup full, held it to her mistress's lips, begging, or rather ordering her to take it. Mrs. Graham made an effort to do so; but the acid was so strong, that with a gasp she started up, half choking.

Beatrice and Lucy were dreadfully alarmed. "What is

it?" they exclaimed in one breath. "Oh Biddy, you've killed Mamma!"

"Hould yer prate!" said Bridget, who was very frightened, and, consequently, very angry at there being anything to cause alarm in others — "Hould yer prate." Then catching up the bottle, she put it to her lips. "Och, I've given her vinager!" she shouted, spitting out the mouthful she had taken to test the qualities of her restorative; and then, dashing the bottle away as far as she could, adding, "Bad luck to ye, for a dirty decateful thief, to be puttin' on the apparence of wine, and nothin' but vinager all the while. Och, misthress, dear, can ye iver forgive the like of that? Faix, tho', she added, *sotto voce*, "the vinager isn't so bad aafter all, its brought the dear sowl round. And now, my darlin', are ye feelin' stronger? Sure, ye'll git up and walk to the house, or maybe, ye'd lit me carry ye in my two arms; and darlin', I'd be as tiudher as if ye was an infant. Come, Acushla, the arms are strong; 'av ye will, say the word."

"No, no, Biddy," said Mrs. Graham, "I'll sit down here with the girls. Tom is in God's keeping, and if it pleases Him, we'll meet again. Go away and see about poor Aps, he may be awake now."

"I'll go, Mamma," cried Lucy, managing to steady her voice for a moment. And then fearful of her mother seeing her tears, she ran off without giving time for a reply.

The first day without Tom was very strange, things were entirely different to the girls, and almost everything brought tears to their eyes. Twice during breakfast, when

the door was opened rather suddenly, once by Bidy and once by Beatrice, Lucy turned round, with an exclamation, thinking it was Tom, forgetting he had gone away. Mrs. Graham saw the eager flush, then the blank disappointment that settled down upon her happy face, as the remembrance that Tom was not there, returned. Breakfast was sad enough, but only a portion of the sad day; and the sorrow, that had been gathering strength all day, burst forth irresistibly when their mother added a short prayer to the evening service, and asked God's protection for Tom. Bidy, although a Roman Catholic in reality, always came into the dining-room to prayers, and after trying to quiet her sobs, and thinking of every expedient to get out of the room without her mistress noticing her distress, she sprang up, exclaiming, "Sure, the savages is in the kitchen!" and rushed out, banging the door, and frightening every one enough to put a stop to their grief for a time, by giving them something else to think of.

Bridget's *ruse*, as my reader sees, had even more effect than she intended; and when found out, which, like all the honest creature's kind tricks, it soon was, made them all laugh, and think their old servant even kinder than ever.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sad Thoughts by Moonlight—An Alarming Visit—Insurrections among the Natives—Native Gratitude—The Rebel Chief—Captain Graham's Return.

WHEN Captain Graham accompanied Tom to Lyttelton, in order to see him safe on board the homeward-bound ship, he fully intended returning home in a week; but a whole fortnight passed away, and still he was absent.

At first Mrs. Graham did not think much of it, as many things might have happened to delay him, but when the second week closed, she began to feel nervous, and caught herself imagining all sorts of perils and accidents. Night after night she lay awake, listening for his shout to announce his return.

Upon the third night she had gone to bed earlier than usual, and instead of remaining still as she had done before, she got up and went to the window, with a faint hope that she might see her husband coming down the hill, the whole of which was lighted clearly by a full moon. All was silent, not a breath of wind passed over the wide plains; and leaning her head against the window frame, Mrs. Graham thought sadly of those dear ones she had parted with; tears began to roll down her cheeks, and drop heavily upon the boards. The noise, slight as it was, roused her. She looked out again towards the hill,

and after one long eager breathless glance, started up and hurried down stairs. She had seen figures moving on the hill, and never doubting it was her husband, she only stayed to throw on a slight covering, and eager to greet him, walked down to the end of the garden, through which he would most probably approach the house. The hill was now again within sight, and looking towards it, the objects she had seen were gone. At the same time, the bark of a dog convinced her she was right; and half hiding behind a bush, she waited her husband's approach. Presently the sound of footsteps met her ear, and then, much to her disappointment, instead of her husband a couple of natives walked cautiously up. They paused at the gate, and for some minutes stood perfectly silent gazing at the house; then they began to talk, gesticulating vehemently all the time, one evidently taking a different view of the subject in discussion from the others. Mrs. Graham did not understand all they said; but she heard quite enough to show her that an attack was meditated, and that one chief was in favour of it while the other was against it. Both were strangers to Mrs. Graham, and her blood ran cold as she thought of the fate of her children and herself should the attack be decided on.

For nearly half-an-hour the dispute lasted, and there is no saying how much longer the two men would have talked, had not a slight movement made by the listener attracted their attention. Without a word the man who advocated peace opened the gate and walked up to the bush. Just as he approached, Mrs. Graham, thinking her only chance of life was in flight, started up—the dark covering she had thrown over her white nightdress fell to

the ground, and ere she could stoop to pick it up the native was beside her. Flight was impossible now; and with a courage she herself wondered at, she stood erect before him, waiting for her death-blow. But she was mistaken. The native stopped short, gazed reverently at her, and then called softly to his companion, who in his turn came up and stood silently before her.

Then Mrs. Graham saw her advantage, and understood that they supposed her to be a spirit, and that probably the fact of seeing her would avert the meditated war. So raising one arm, she pointed to the sky, and then away in the direction the natives had come, uttering the word "go" in the native tongue. Scarcely was the word spoken, when they turned and walked slowly away. Nerved by the success of her plan, she followed them to the gate, and walking up a mound of earth which enabled her to see the path for some distance, as well as be seen herself in case either of them looked back, she stood until they were out of sight, the whiteness of her dress gleaming in the moonlight, and showing itself to the sharp eyes of the natives, even from the hill itself. Once past that, she felt that for a time the house was safe.

Next morning, without mentioning her strange adventure to any one, she set off by herself to the native Pah, determined to tell the chief the whole story, and beg his protection. She found every one in a state of excitement, and soon discovered that news of an outbreak near Wellington had reached the natives. All were in the greatest consternation, and each one asked the other what was to be done. How could they fight against their own people, and how could they kill the kind English.



MRS. GRAHAM WARNED BY THE FRIENDLY NATIVES.

—

The chief himself burst into tears directly Mrs. Graham told her story, and did his best to assure her of his help, volunteering to go at once to the Pah of the insurgents, and arrange that nothing should be done against her family; and at the same time he offered to send a few of his warriors to the farm, to remain as a sort of guard, in order that, if any attack took place unexpectedly, they would secure Mrs. Graham's and the children's safety.

Mrs. Graham was deeply touched by the many expressions of gratitude used both by the chief and his warriors, all of whom said that they had never been happy or comfortable until they knew the English, and that the people who had risen and wished to fight were only a very small tribe, who had quarrelled with some settlers, and misrepresented the cause to several other tribes, who having always been allies, felt obliged to take their friends' part. This looked very probable, from the dispute we have spoken of before; so, a good deal comforted by her visit to her native friends, Mrs. Graham returned home, and, to her great delight, found her husband had arrived.

The very sight of him seemed to dispel all fear, and bring back the confidence she had formerly felt; and after she had heard the particulars of Tom's departure, and cried over a photograph Captain Graham had been luckily able to have done of their sailor-boy, she gave a full account of her strange adventure and subsequent interview with their neighbours.

Her husband listened anxiously, then said—

“ Well, thank God, we've made friends, for I fear there is really a very bad spirit getting abroad among the

natives. Very bad accounts of risings near Taranakie reached Christchurch while I was there, and it is even said that the English have been beaten and a considerable victory gained. If such is the case, there is no saying where the mischief will end. If they have repulsed our men even only once, and by accident, they will lose that feeling of respect for our superiority that has so long kept them in check, and, once lost, it can never be regained. If the tribe are victorious, the insurrection will and must spread, and we may sleep with bayonets by our bed-sides."

"Poor misguided things," exclaimed Mrs. Graham, "what can have induced them to rise against us. I thought everything had been so well managed by the Government in the appropriation of land and right of sale, that there could be no ground for a dispute, much less open war."

"From what I heard," said Captain Graham, "the cause of the insurrection is just what many settlers have feared might lead to such a misfortune, namely the disputes among the chiefs as to who is in reality the owner of certain tracts of land. Now, in this case, the original possessor, Wiremu Kingi, had been driven away from his own property by a stranger tribe called Woikatos; the conquerors sold the land to the Government. Then Wiremu Kingi came back when his old enemies were gone, and claimed the land as his by right. The Government objected. He took up arms, and finally the affair ended in war, or at all events the attitude of war, the farmers all volunteering as riflemen, and sending their wives and families to Nelson. Trade and

work of all kinds, save fighting, is put a stop to, and what is worse, secret emissaries of the rebels are travelling the country, and spreading the infection every where. The Maories have long talked of a king, who was to be to the whole of New Zealand what our Queen is to us, and this same movement has been the forerunner of the land quarrels. I would have stayed for the next mail from Nelson; but I knew what a state of anxiety you would be in about me, and now I am thankful I came. I do not fear anything here, Lucy, so you need not look so anxiously at my face. If any disturbance takes place near, we shall have the whole Pah to live with us, and depend upon it we shall be safe enough."

"Oh Papa! if Tom had been here, how he would have helped you," said Lucy.

"Tom has much better work to do—he has to fight for the honour of his country and the Queen. Poor Tom, indeed; if you could only see him in his blue jacket, you would be quite content to part with him for a while."

But the bright drops that welled over Lucy's cheeks showed her father the parting was too recent to appear anything but a great misery, and he said no more, knowing time heals such wounds better than any good advice, however kindly given.

Among other things, Captain Graham had found a large bundle of letters waiting for him at Christchurch, one of which was from George, written just after his first examination, for his "little go" was over. It was full of bright hopes and good intentions, and gladdened Mr. Graham's heart more than words can tell. He spoke confidently of

getting speedily through college, and was even then forming plans for his journey to New Zealand, and speaking of his joy when he should be with them again.

When George's letter had been fully discussed, another subject of equal interest, and of vital importance to the native population, was started, namely, when and how the money left in Captain Graham's trust by the old agent was to be made use of.

Great was the delight of both girls when their father took a piece of thin paper out of his pocket-book, and, unfolding it, displayed a drawing and plan of a neat chapel and school-house, the garden of the latter stretching down to a river, which, from a peculiarity in the shape of a small bay, both recognised instantly and shouted out with great delight that the chapel and school-house were to be just at Tom's boat-house.

"Oh Papa, dear, darling Papa!" exclaimed Lucy, "when will you build it? And who is to teach or who will preach till George comes? How are the children to be dressed? Who will build the house? May Beatrice and I have classes?"

"Stop, stop!" cried her father, putting his hands over his ears, and pretending to gasp for breath. "Oh have pity on my ears and lungs! Who in the world ever asked so many questions in one breath?"

Lucy laughed; and, pulling his hands away, put her mouth to one ear and whispered—

"When is the school to be begun?"

"In a month, Miss Impatience," announced her father. "Now off you go, look at the ground I have chosen, and tell me in the evening all you and Beatrice have settled, and then I shall have time to tell you my plans."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The New Church—The Proposed Visit—The Kurmara or Sweet Potato—Cutting a Native's Hair—Wood-carving.

THE building of the church served, in some measure, to occupy Lucy's attention, and fill up the vacant place left by Tom. It was so closely connected with her brother, too, that she got into the way of thinking of it as Tom's church; then, from thinking to talking, and, from her talking in this way, somehow, everybody began to call it Tom's church; so much so, that at last even their neighbours, instead of asking how the church was going on, asked "How Tom's church was doing?"

Well, by working very hard, and accepting the voluntary help of all who could lend a hand during a spare hour, the gentleman who had the contract got the building on in a truly marvellous way; and there was every hope of having it ready to be consecrated the following Christmas—a season which seemed peculiarly applicable.

The Bishop had heard, with great interest, of the event, and preached a beautiful sermon, in which he introduced the subject of the old sailor's death and legacy,—and had, from time to time, sent to inquire how it was progressing.

Lucy, who had never seen a Bishop, was very anxious to go to Christchurch, in order that she might get "just one peep" at him; at last he gave notice, that he would hold a confirmation, and their friend, the clergyman at Christchurch, sent a message off directly, begging Mrs. Graham

to let Lucy and Beatrice come and spend a fortnight under his roof, so that they might attend the class he was forming, and also the confirmation. The opportunity, involving such a sacred duty, was not to be neglected,—so the invitation was gladly accepted; and preparations were made for the journey.

You may fancy it caused, both Lucy, and the more sedate Beatrice, a great deal of anxiety and excitement. Neither of them had ever left home on a visit, and this, going to Christchurch, was, in their eyes, quite as important an event as going to London or Paris would be, to many others among my friends.

Lucy was now quite a tall girl, and though still, in reality and heart, a perfect child, was painfully conscious that people took her for older than she was, and expected more of her than she could do. While Beatrice, who was little and slight, was always called a child, and never expected to do anything; while the truth was, she could do everything better than most grown-up young ladies, having a sort of disposition that would not be beaten; and whatever she tried, she never rested content with until she had mastered it, and could do it perfectly.

Poor Lucy could never understand how this was done; and many a time, when she was puzzling, with tears in her eyes, over a difficult lesson or piece of work, she would turn to Beatrice, and beg her to teach her how to learn; but, long before she could really make out the difficulty that perplexed her, she would get a slight ray of the true meaning, and, dashing off with it, fancy she had overcome the whole task, and thus waste her time and trouble, as, of course, she forgot the whole thing before another day was

past, or remembered it so imperfectly, and clothed with such a different dress from the true one, that it would have really been better not to remember it all.

The only thing she ever settled steadily to, and persisted in, was teaching the native children ; and, in that, no one could find a fault with her. Even Beatrice sometimes wondered at her patience, as she sat hour after hour, going over and over some single sentence or idea with a native.

At first Mrs. Graham had taken care to be present at these lessons, not liking to trust her children alone in such an important matter ; but she soon found, with pride and happiness, that she might safely trust the girls.

When the news was told, that the school was to have a holiday for a fortnight, great were the expressions of sorrow, and many the petitions to be sure, and not stay away longer, which met the girls' ears, proving to them the pleasure of being useful, and the gratification every one must feel in knowing their absence will leave a blank.

As Captain Graham was obliged to go to Christchurch on business, he took the girls with him, and gave them into the charge of the clergyman's wife ; telling her, with a sly look at Lucy, that they were as wild as natives, and would require constant looking after.

Before he left, next day, he came back to see them, bringing a large brown paper parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain two very pretty dresses, and these, he told the girls, he intended as a reward for their perseverance in teaching. Now, both of them appreciated the gift more than you might imagine : they knew that, hitherto, their dear papa, who never went away without bringing presents to every one, always brought them books, work, music, etc., and, to their mamma only, dresses, or

things of that kind ; and, for this reason, both of them felt themselves of greater importance from that moment, and "Papa's first dress" remained a marked epoch in their lives.

The class they attended was composed of all the young people in or near Christchurch, who desired to be confirmed, and was consequently very large, and the beginning of many friendships, that lasted after the confirmation was over.

The Bishop was very unlike what Lucy had imagined, and, had it not been for his little apron, she was not sure that she would have believed him to be such a dignified personage ; and one evening, actually forgot all about it, in the excitement of telling him about the natives near her home, and how anxious they were to learn to read the Bible. She only remembered, the next morning, what she had been saying the night before, and was in great distress until Beatrice told her the Bishop had been quite pleased, and said, to some one, that if "all his teachers were like her, he should soon fill his schools and churches."

When Lucy returned home, this praise, added to the higher and holier thoughts raised by the ceremony she had just gone through, gave her redoubled energy. She seemed to instil her spirit into every one who attended the school, and the children learned so quickly and easily, that they scarcely knew how they did it themselves.

The native Pah was, as I have said, within a short distance of the farm ; and, although the children all attended the school, and brought their parents to hear Mr. Graham read prayers upon Sunday, they kept up most of their curious customs, and clung to their old superstitions, perhaps all the more closely, that they saw the time was

coming when they would cast them voluntarily aside, and worship the true God in purity and sincerity.

Long before the English visited New Zealand the natives had made a considerable advance in agriculture, and this was owing, partly, to the fact that there were no animals larger than rats which they could eat, and, of course, from eating so many of these, even rats were disappearing, and soon became very scarce. The kurmara, or sweet potatoe, was not originally found on the islands, but was brought by the inhabitants when they came; and one of their legends, of which they have great numbers, states, that when the boat, in which the strangers were, arrived, they found nothing to eat: so the chief's wife said, she would go back and fetch the kurmara—which she did.

The places where they plant it are very carefully prepared, by digging up the earth with a sharp-pointed stick. The seed is put in, and the place *tabued*, as, indeed, are the people engaged in planting it; they make these fields in any sheltered or sunny spots, and sometimes an immense way from their regular habitations. The tribe I am writing of now, returned to the neighbourhood of the mountains at the time, and did not all come back until they brought the harvest with them, as they continued their journey (after the planting) to the coast, where they built temporary huts, caught, and preserved fish for food. When they returned, they always celebrated it by a great feast, and it is one of these I am about to describe.

The Pah was surrounded by gardens, in which the natives cultivated English vegetables, and especially gourds, which they use in various ways. The huts were built so as to form a square, leaving a large empty space in the middle, where they used to play at different games, per-

form their dances, etc.; one side of it, however, was devoted to cooking, and, from the piles of lighted wood which Captain Graham and his family saw, on arriving, it was evident great preparations were on hand.

No sooner did the natives catch sight of their guests, than they crowded round to welcome them, and shake hands, after the European fashion; then they led them to a large house, kept on purpose for public occasions, and belonging to the chief. This was ornamented with a great quantity of carving; the ends of the beams, even, were deeply carved, to represent human figures or faces; the posts, also, and the doorway; while, directly over the door was a gigantic figure cut out of a solid block, and supposed to be the likeness of a great warrior defying his enemies. Every house is ornamented, or, I might say, guarded, by one of these; and, if you go into a Pah by moonlight, you will naturally, at first, think all these figures are living sentinels. Now, as the native manner of shewing contempt, and defying an enemy or adversary, consists in making horrible grimaces, these figures are all represented in some hideous attitude, and with their tongues out; some of them stretching down to their feet.

Beside the house of entertainment were a number of things looking like very large chests, some supported by a single carved figure, others by four; the roofs were slanting. They had small images above the little doorway and at the corners, while every part of them was richly carved; these were store-houses, and were tabued to hold food, ammunition, clothing, and ornaments. No one lower than a chief could make them, and if a slave touched one, he was sure to be punished, besides having to undergo the religious observance of being tabued.

Carving wood for these food stores is a favourite accomplishment with the chiefs, many of whom excel in it, and are very proud of their handiwork.

All their boxes (in which they are fond of putting things away) are carved, particularly that which is used when a chief has his hair cut. This is a most important occasion, and can only be performed by a chief or chief's son—the head being sacred. As soon as the hair is cut off, it is put into a box made on purpose, fastened up, and given to the priests to bury in the cemetery. Then, the dishes and calabashes (the latter being dried gourds) are all carved; in fact, I may say, everything they use, as the very paddles of their canoes are thus ornamented. And all this is the more extraordinary, when you remember that they have no knives, but work with a sharp piece of shell or stone.

Having been conducted to the house mentioned, they found the chief waiting, seated in great state, and dressed in full costume, as though he and many of the tribe wore portions of English clothes in general, they always put on their national dresses upon feasts or great meetings. I do not know whether they knew how much better they looked in their mats and feathers, but they certainly did; as the English dress makes them move clumsily, while a white shirt collar, and gay tie, make their tattooed faces look very funny.

When the chief had welcomed them, he led them out to the verandah of the house, where he had prepared seats for them, in order to watch the manner in which everything went on.

Lucy got next her papa and the chief, so heard all his explanations, some of which I shall give you, as we go on.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Native Feast—Games—Fairy Net—Native Dancing.

THE provisions for the feast were piled up in two walls, measuring about five feet high. At each end a couple of long poles with flags, in imitation of the English manner, were erected. These appeared to be looked upon with great pride, and as company after company of their guests gathered in, after the loud welcome shouted or cried over each, the flags were always pointed out and duly admired.

The piles of food proved, upon examination, to contain everything the natives deem eatable, the predominant thing, however, being dried fish, this being a fishing feast; and, when many friends come, it sometimes happens, that nearly all the store of dried fish which they had intended for themselves is eaten up.

The fires, having heated the stones and earth sufficiently, were cleared away with poles, the hot stones dusted free from ashes and rolled into the hole in the ground. Next the cooks placed leaves, then *Kurmara*, fish, flesh, and fowl, everything, in fact, they intended to cook, then, covering it with leaves, they poured in a can full of water, laying over it sods and earth, to keep in the steam, and, in a very short time, the whole was cooked, and placed in flag baskets, to hand round.

Captain Graham had seen cooking, though never on such a large scale ; but none of the others had ever done so, and were very much amused, wishing Bridget had been there ; but, although invited, she declined, never having quite got over her dislike of the "niggers," as she insisted upon calling them.

Although a good deal of meat was cooked on this occasion, such feasts oftener take the shape of a cold lunch or *déjeuner*, as we should call it ; but having noticed that he always got hot things when he ate at Captain Graham's, the chief determined to give him the best he could, when he returned the compliment. The dish which Lucy had placed before her contained a pigeon, and was so beautifully carved, that she pointed it out to her father, upon which the polite chief made her a present of it, telling her he had cut it out himself. The natives are all very generous, and sometimes give away everything they have. Indeed, if you praise almost anything they have, they will lay it before you as a gift, though they certainly generally expect something in return.

When the eating portion was over, and the pile of provisions had melted away, the games, dances, etc., began. A number of the former seemed quite familiar to Lucy. There was a whipping-top, ninepins, cat's-cradle, skipping-ropes, and hide-and-seek. Aps joined in the latter in great delight, shouting and tumbling about among the native children.

In some of their games they repeated poetry. One, in which they stood in a circle, one person concealing a little stone in their hand, while another person in the middle tries to guess where it is, you will, I am sure, recognize ;

but here is what the New Zealanders repeat, while the circle is moving round :—

“Sister, sister, where is the stone?
Sister, in what hand is it hid?
Seek where it is,
Seek for the stone!
Where shall we go?
We will go to the many,
To the multitude,
The Ti to the Ta.
Tell me, tell me,
With whom is it to be found.”

When they were tired of games, a priest stood up to tell stories, one of which, as it was about fairies, and all little children are fond of these imaginary people, I shall try and tell you. But, first, you must know that the natives of New Zealand all believe that the high mountains, the dark impenetrable forests, and the wild cliffs overhanging the sea, are inhabited by a race of people they cannot see, and who come out of their caves underground, at night, just as the fairies in England and Germany do, to dance and feast until daylight warns them home again.

Some people, it is said, have seen the fairies, and, many, many years ago, it happened that a man named Kahukura, was going to pay a visit to a tribe a very long way from his own home. On his way he passed a pretty bay, upon the sand of which he saw a great quantity of bits of mackerel, lying just as fishermen leave them when they catch too many to carry away whole, so clean and trim them on the spot. There was something, however, about the way things were left that attracted Kahukura, so he determined to wait until night, and see whether anything took place. At first it was very dark, then the moon came

out, and the little bay became like a lake of silver, the pink sand lying round one side, like a wreath of flowers. Then he heard beautiful voices singing, and presently a whole troop of fairies appeared, some from the rocks, some from the forest, and some in canoes. Then he saw they had a net, which they put into the water, and dragged round the bay; so, just as they were pulling it on shore, he ran down, and, being a very small and fair man, they did not observe he was a stranger, so he took hold of the net and helped them to pull. Oh how surprised and delighted he was, when he saw thousands of beautiful silvery mackerel come dancing out in the net; then, each fairy took a long piece of flax, and began tacking the fish upon it, to carry them away, and Kahukura pretended to do the same; but did it so clumsily that he always let his fall down, so the good-natured fairies had to help him. Morning broke, and they saw he was a human being, and were in such a fright that they forgot their net, so Kahukura got it, and learnt how to make nets.

Nearly all native feasts become the scene of government arrangements; I mean, that the chiefs take advantage of the presence of other chiefs, etc., to make speeches and tell them what their opinion is, how they intend to rule their tribe, who to fight against, who to make friends with.

At the time and the feast I have been writing of, the war was raging in Taranaki, the English troops had been obliged to retire, and many natives who had been too much afraid to come forward at first, had gained courage and were flocking in, or threatening to do so, to join Wiremu Kingi, whom, however, many more denounced as a rebel and robber; saying he wished to get the land himself.

The day before this feast, Captain Graham had received a colonial newspaper with an account of the war, and felt very anxious to hear what the natives would say.

First the chief of the tribe who had come as guests stood up, and, a space being cleared, he began brandishing his spear, and running backwards and forwards, shouting out his speech all the time, and, when excited, springing high off the ground. He spoke very eloquently and beautifully, bringing in all sorts of natural objects to illustrate his meaning, and comparing the Queen to the sun, the Governor to the moon, and the English to the soft winds, that, passing over the earth, made everything good rejoice. He was not what is called a missionary native, that is, a converted one, so did not make use of scriptural names and types, which the other chief did, when he stood up. In speaking of the war, they both said it was wrong, and, if they fought, they would fight for the good English, and the more English that came the better, as they brought raiment and riches with them, and all the listeners expressed their approval, so that there appeared no cause for apprehension in that quarter.

When the night began to draw in, fires were lighted, and the scene became much more picturesque. I dare say some who read this have passed a gipsy encampment at night, and seen the effect produced by the firelight gleaming upon their gay dresses and ornaments. The scene in the New Zealand camp might be compared, in many ways, to this, except that it was so much more striking. Every native had his or her head ornamented with coloured feathers, the red *Kata* and the yellow bramble-flowers, which the firelight flashed upon very

prettily, as the different groups gathered round to talk, and listen to the story-tellers.

Presently a dance was proposed, and welcomed with great excitement. A circle of men and women was formed, one gave the key-note and movement, and the whole body began to chaunt, and slide sideways at the same moment; sometimes clapping their hands, sometimes holding them above their heads; beating time with one foot; then jumping off the ground, and lighting with a sound like thunder. This movement, when the dance is held before battle, is accompanied by hideous faces and shouts, and is done with such force, that it is heard to a great distance, and is supposed to inspire their enemies with fear.

Sailors, who have allowed it to take place on board ship, state that they thought the deck would be stove in.

Aps did not enjoy this part of the proceedings much, being terribly alarmed at the grimaces and noise, and at last got so unhappy, that Mrs. Graham proposed to go home. The girls had seen quite enough too, so left with her. No one who saw the pretty little farm homestead, with its garden and fields, could have believed that only two years had served to bring this gay and happy home out of the wilderness. But here let me remind my young readers, that the Grahams were really a united family, loving each other with a devotion seldom, I fear, met with. Whatever was to be done, pleasant or unpleasant, was done with a right goodwill, and every trouble gladly shared. Thus, if Mrs. Graham wished anything done, she had only to say so, and both girls would not rest until it was settled; and everything, too, was done in such an orderly and regular way, that each hour of the day had its own separate duty. Lucy and Beatrice always got up

at six o'clock. When dressed, Lucy went off to feed the poultry; Beatrice to milk the cows, and make butter for breakfast; and everyone declared they never saw such butter; and so well did she manage her dairy, that she was able to send crocks of butter to Christchurch every month; from the price she got for which, she kept herself in boots, shoes, gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs, and always had a little to buy presents with for the others.

Lucy's department brought in an equal amount of gain, except now and then, when a wild cat got in among the young chickens, when sad havoc would occur. Watching the coops and their precious little inmates, was generally Aps's duty, and one he was particularly fond of, as Lucy paid him twopence a day; and he was heard asking Wilson how much his papa paid him, and if he got more than twopence. What became of Aps's money was long a great mystery. He used to double it carefully in a piece of paper, and then disappear for a time. When he came back, he looked very wise and happy, just as little boys do when they know a delightful secret, or are going to be allowed to do something very nice.

The mystery was discovered in a very funny way at last. Mrs. Graham had taken Aps to visit a friend, and while they were gone, Captain Graham and the men went off to the forest, to cut down a tree, as they were going to build another cottage. What do you think for? It was for Bridget and Wilson to live in after they were married; for, in spite of all their fighting and sparring, they had become great friends; indeed, ever since Wilson ate the goose pie, Lucy said she was sure he had made up his mind to secure such a capital cook for his wife.

Well, a tree was fixed upon, and the work began. Just

as the last stroke was given, and the ominous crack that precedes a fall warned them to get out of the way, Aps and his Mamma came in sight.

"Keep back!" shouted Captain Graham; and, with a loud crash, the great tree fell. Aps uttered a shriek, and, tearing his hand from his mother's, ran forward.

The ground was covered with little rolled-up pieces of white paper, which had showered down upon the heads of the astonished men, when the tree fell.

"Oh my wages, my wages!" sobbed Aps, throwing himself down upon the ground, and trying to gather up all the white papers at once.

"What is it, Aps?" asked his father, resting on his axe, and beginning to have a glimmering of the truth. "What is all the paper? This is the funniest tree I ever saw. Hollo, Mamma, we've found a squirrel's nest, full of paper parcels."

"Oh no, no, mamma! it's my wages. I put them in a hole to keep them to buy a pony, like the little boy in the story-book; and now they're all lost, and I won't get a pony for ever so long. Oh, dear, my wages!"

Poor Aps's story brought a smile to the faces of his hearers; but his grief was too genuine to be laughed at; besides, there was something in it that made each of them think of the time when they were children, and hoarded up pennies to buy some favourite thing; so they all set to work, and very soon Aps had his pinafore full of papers and pennies. Just as he was turning away, after a last, lingering look at his bank, now really a broken one, Wilson came up to him, and, stooping down, whispered,—

“Keep up your heart, little man, and see if I don't bring you a pony when I come back from being married.”

Aps's cheeks flushed, and his great eyes, still swimming with tears, looked enquiringly up in his friend's face ; but presently it clouded again. He remembered what a long time it had taken for him to collect even the money he had, and how much more a pony would cost ; so how could Wilson ever buy one. It was very kind to say he would ; but he must mean a play wooden horse, thought Aps, and not a real pony, with a long white tail, and a saddle and bridle.

But Aps was wrong. Wilson had been very careful of his wages, which are very much higher in New Zealand than here, and actually did bring back a pony with him ; and Captain Graham sent for a saddle and bridle : and though the pony had a short brown tail, and not a long white one, Aps was quite happy, and attended the rubbing down of his treasure morning and night, mimicking the hissing noise Wilson made, and very soon learning to rub the pony himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Purchase of Roses—The Scotch Gardener—A Long Walk—
Who gained the Victory.

BESIDES the care of the cows and poultry, many other duties devolved upon the girls, and one of these was the management of the garden, the hard work being done by any of the men who had an hour or two to spare, or any visitor who might be staying at the farm—a very common occurrence, as Captain Graham was always making new friends, and scarcely ever returned from his monthly visits to Christchurch without bringing some one to enliven them.

The flower-garden was a perfect wonder of beauty. Every English flower was there, mingled with many of those beautiful tropical plants that we dare not trust out of a hot-house in England. The geranium and fuchsia hedge had grown so fast, that the second summer it required trimming down, and was now a perfect blaze of blossom, the dark glossy leaves of the myrtle making a beautiful and refreshing contrast.

Upon one of his visits to Christchurch, their Papa had fallen in with the captain of a trading vessel, who had brought out a large number of rose-plants, and thinking they were all dead, offered to sell them for a very small

sum. Captain Graham bought them and had them planted, and very soon nearly every one began to bud; and the consequence of his lucky speculation was, that he had a nursery of roses worth several hundred pounds; and so famous did it become, that people thought nothing of making a journey from Christchurch on purpose to see the roses; and as every one who goes to a colony turns the produce of the land into money, Captain Graham made quite a large sum by his roses, and ended by engaging a regular gardener to look after them.

This poor man was quite a character in his way. He had come out, thinking he could find lots of gardening work; but was surprised to see the settlers all managed their own gardens, and thought a great deal more of the peas and beans than flowers; so for a long time the poor man wandered about, doing a day's work now and then, when he fell in with some charitable people. One day he heard some one talking of Captain Graham's roses, and the very next day set off for the farm, making up his mind on the way to offer to keep the roses in order and do anything for his living.

The Grahams were at breakfast when he arrived; and as the rose garden lay near the pathway, any one coming to the house had to pass along it. Lucy was the first to notice that a man was coming along the path; she saw him stand still, take off his hat and throw it in the air, then seizing a hoe, begin working away as if it was his own ground.

Captain Graham watched him with great amusement; and though he certainly was predisposed in his favour, he had heard of so many methods taken to impose upon

settlers, that he determined to be cautious in the present instance. At last he went out, and walking across the garden, stood looking at the man for some minutes before he noticed him. At last, looking up, he started, and pulling his forelock, said, in an accent not to be mistaken, "Fine day, maister."

"So it is, Sandy," said Captain Graham, laughing at the man's coolness or impudence. "Do you find the ground very dirty?"

"Gude sake, it's fair filthy. There's no a squar inch on which a bit o' groosal 'll thrive, let alone a rose-bush."

"Well, hadn't you better get a bit of breakfast?" said Captain Graham, seeing he had no ordinary character to deal with, and making up his mind he would let the man tell his story in his own way, which he was sure would very soon happen.

"Weel, sur, I'd no object to a morsel o' food, seein' that it's twa days sin' I broke my faust. Its a weary way fra Christchurch here, but its a long lonnen that knows no turning; sae I joust waulked an' waulked, saying to mysel', Keep yer heart up, Saundy, thou'rt of more vally than many sparraus."

"And so you've walked all the way from Christchurch here, my man. Did you smell the roses all the way there?"

The man laughed and picked up his cap. "Aiblins, I did, an' aiblins I didn't, sur; but this I wull say, that I'm grateful t'ye for life, aund ye'll never repent yer hospitality. I'm a gude gairdener, an' hae sarved ma time in his Grace the Dook of Authol's gairdens, ye'll maybe hae seen them."

"No, I never did; but come, get in and have your breakfast. You'll find plenty to do for a week or two, and when you've done with the weeds, we'll begin talking."

Sandy laughed aloud. "Ye'll no be Scotch yersel', Cauplain?" asked he.

"I believe I ought to be, but its a long time ago. Do you intend to go back?"

"Bauck to Scootland, Cauplain! Dinna ye ken a Scootsmaun never goes bauck to his ain laund, he either wuns or decs in the laund he takes up."

Just then they approached the breakfast-room window, from which Captain Graham's interview had been watched.

"Get me a cup of tea and a loaf, girls. Here's a gardener come all the way from Scotland after our roses. He says he smelt them at Blair Athol."

"Oh, Cauplain, yer makin' gaum o' me. The young leddy kens ye owre weel, I wager, to heed ye. I'm a pair forlorn widdy, my leddy; an' when I heard them speiring o' the roses, I jest made up ma mind to come an' care them for the Cauplain. I'd always a wonderful knowledge o' roses, an' can bud them as weel as his Grace's heed maun."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Graham. "We wanted a man sadly. You must set to work at once."

"Deed an' I wull, my leddy. As sun as I get ma hunger a bit quenched, aw'll set to wark, an' ye'll no ken your roses."

Sandy then apologised for sitting down, and began his breakfast, first, however, taking off his cap and laying it

on his knees, then folding his hands over it, he asked a blessing upon his meat.

And thus another servant was added to the farm, for they were so much delighted by Sandy's energy, that they all voted to keep him ; and as Bridget had been located for some weeks in her new cottage, her old room became Sandy's. The first thing he did, after getting the roses cleaned, pruned, and arranged, was to propose to make a new garden, where he would transplant the best roses, and put in stocks in the old ground for budding. Seeing he understood the garden, and feeling sure he might trust a Scotchman's sagacity, Captain Graham gave him his own way, and soon found he had judged rightly in doing so, and had got a really invaluable gardener and faithful servant, who, though he said little, and never spoke except when spoken to, had a head full of shrewd common sense, and as honest and true a heart as ever beat.

Bridget rather turned up her nose at him for some time, but he made peace with her by telling her he had never eaten "parritch out of his mither's house like that she made."

Mr. Wilson prided himself upon being Scotch, so at once took Sandy in hand, so much so as to excite Dick's jealousy ; and after a fortnight's sulks and grumbling, sneering and quizzing, he and Sandy came to blows. Sandy, though not nearly so strong as Dick, had a cooler temper, and gained the victory, after which Dick shook hands, and became his unalterable friend ever after.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The School Garden—Lucy learns to Paint—Aps's Savings—Patience.

SEEING the beautiful flowers at the farm, the natives, who try all they can to be like the English, began to make gardens, and beg flowers to fill them. Sandy was very proud of this, and had a perfect nursery, from which he supplied both natives and settlers. The school-house was very nearly complete, and was expected to be ready in a fortnight; that is to say, a fortnight sooner than the church, which was now ready to be roofed in; a proceeding they were very anxious to accomplish before December began, as even then there would be a great deal to do before it was completed.

Sandy arranged the school-garden to his own taste, and was particularly proud of his handy-work, always reminding Miss Lucy to "take her friens to the schul garden."

Several friends in Christchurch were making enquiry for a schoolmistress, and had even written home, to find out whether any one would be tempted to come so far. At last, a lady from Auckland sent in her testimonials, signed by Bishop Selwyn, and several influential men. Captain Graham at once accepted her proposal, glad to think he had found any one who seemed so well qualified; and a very short time saw the lady—Miss Wright—settled in the

school-house. She was an elderly woman, and had seen many changes and trials in this world; these had softened her temper, and changed a harsh and proud spirit into one such as a Christian ought to have; gentle, forgiving, and long-suffering, charitable, and thinking no evil. As such, therefore, she came, and at once made a favourable impression, winning their good opinion to begin with, and gradually gaining their love and respect.

One talent she possessed, which rendered her a great acquisition to the little community; she drew beautifully, not only landscapes, but likenesses; and seeing Tom's portrait one day, she took it away with her, and in a fortnight brought it back, with a beautiful and strikingly-correct coloured copy.

Then she painted Captain and Mrs. Graham, to send to Tom; then the view of the farm, to send to some one else; and, in fact, everything round, from the boat-house to Sandy's roses.

She also illuminated some texts for the church; and seeing Lucy had a taste for drawing, she took her in hand to teach her; so the next present her papa brought was a paint-box, pencils, and a roll of rough paper, which Aps was the first to make use of, as the day after they arrived, he was found shut up in the spare bedroom, with a large sheet of drawing paper spread on the floor, his face, hands, and paper, smeared with an immense variety of tints, while every cake of colour lent its aid to the general effect.

Lucy was very seldom angry with any one, how much less with little Aps; still it was really a trial to see her pretty clean paint-box in such a mess; and Lucy did get angry. She took hold of Aps, and slapped him soundly

upon the back ; then, bursting into tears, went off to her own room.

Mrs. Graham, hearing the noise, ran into the room, and discovered Aps standing, with what could be seen of his face below the streaks of paint, a deep crimson, while his eyes were full of tears ; yet he was not crying. At his feet lay the picture he had been engaged on, the paints, paint-box, and soup-plate of water.

“What is it, child ?” asked his Mamma. “What mischief are you in now ?”

But Aps said nothing.

“Why don't you speak, Aps ? Let me hear you do so. What is all this ?”

“I was painting, and she whipped me. Yes, she whipped me :” and, as he spoke, two big tears rolled over his cheeks.

“Who whipped you ?”

“Lucy did.”

“Why did you spoil her paints ? You know little children should never take anything that does not belong to them.”

“But it is mine. Papa said he would bring me one, and he brought this.”

Mrs. Graham hesitated. She knew it was the case, and that Captain Graham had forgotten his promise until he saw the eager delight with which the little boy gazed upon the box and rows of bright colours. Then sitting down, she called Aps to her, and, taking him on her knee, explained how it all was—that his Papa forgot his promise, and had bought a very expensive one for Lucy, as she was old enough to take care of it ; and that, from

the way he had wet the colours, many of them would be quite spoilt, Papa's money be thrown away, and Lucy have to give up learning to paint for some time.

Aps was very near crying when his Mamma finished; but, after screwing his mouth round, gulped down the sob, and said, in a low, petulant voice,—

“I am so sorry, Mamma. What can I do? Lucy slapped me.”

“Go and ask her to forgive you, and tell her how it happened.”

“Oh Mamma, I cannot! She was so angry, and she shook me so. Will you go to her?”

“What should I say if I did? I did not offend her.”

“No, Mamma; but you might ask her to forgive me. She'll be sorry for slapping me now, I daresay.” And Aps's heart began to melt. “Perhaps, Mamma, I can buy her a new one.”

“How much money have you?”

Aps did not know, but ran off to bring it; and, while he was gone, his Mamma picked up the unfortunate box and paints, which had suffered more than she expected, and presented a truly-deplorable aspect, the cobalt being well rubbed with yellow ochre, and the lake into the indigo. Certainly poor Lucy had some excuse, if she was angry. Still Mrs. Graham was sorry she had struck her little brother, as a child never forgets such a thing, and it always leaves a painful feeling, however truly it may be forgiven and excused, perhaps even more strongly impressed upon the mind of the one who inflicts the punishment than the one who receives it,—years and years afterwards, when the little brother has grown to be a man, and gone

forth to fight his own way in the wide world, or, perchance, has been taken to join the blessed army above, and is far beyond our kindness or penitence.

Mrs. Graham knew all this, and felt sorry for her children, knowing Lucy would be very much grieved when the heat of her passion was over.

When Aps returned, he laid his pennies upon a chair, and put them one by one into his mother's lap, counting up to twelve and twelve. At last, he found he had actually collected nearly a pound, and could scarcely help jumping with joy when told the paint-box cost only eighteen shillings; so he had two shillings more than he wanted.

"I'll go to Lucy now, Mamma; only do come with me."

"No, no, dear! Run off by yourself; give her a kiss, and tell her how sorry you are, and that you have counted your money to buy her another."

Aps walked off; he would not run, as he felt, after all, Lucy had punished him, and should not have slapped him; so he walked quietly to her room, and opened the door ever so little. He saw Lucy bathing her face at the washing-stand; she did not hear him; so he stole in, and getting close up to her, whispered,—

"Don't be angry any more, dear Lucy. I am very sorry; but I've got two shillings more than will buy a new one, and I am going to get one directly for you."

"Oh, never mind, dear! I was angry and vexed. I'll pick up the paints; and I daresay they will be all safe and right, after all. I should have locked the box."

"Please kiss me, Lucy, and say you won't slap me again."

Lucy had been thinking it was wrong to slap a child, ever since she gave way to her temper, so the tears started again; and taking her little brother up in her arms, she kissed him over and over again, telling him she would never slap him again; then she carried him back to the room, and collecting everything, put all in order; Aps all the while helping her diligently, and touching things as gently as if he was afraid of each of them breaking. Mrs. Graham saw, from Lucy's expressive face, that she had overcome her temper, so said nothing about the matter; and so, to all appearance, it was forgotten.

This little episode shewed Lucy that she must keep a guard upon her temper, and never think a little thing was of no consequence; but "watch and pray," lest, at any time, some little event, like that which had just occurred, should happen, and she should give way before she knew what she was about. I think it did her a great deal of good, upon the whole, as she had been a little apt to think herself so very amiable and good-tempered, that nothing would put her out, and had once or twice given Beatrice quite a little lecture about showing her temper, which Beatrice very seldom did, and having really a very quick temper, she required to watch it continually; otherwise she knew she would have said many things she would have regretted the next minute. Being thus always prepared, as it were, Beatrice never showed temper more than by a heightened colour, and the tears rising involuntarily; and this her mother often saw, and knew what a noble struggle was going on in her child's breast. Lucy had naturally an easy temper. I mean, one that did not feel every passing touch, and, even when bruised or

wounded, was easily appeased, and too indolent in itself to resent an injury, or take up a quarrel. Such tempers pass off as very praiseworthy ; but, I think, the most to be admired is one like that of Beatrice Graham ; one that is only kept in order by care, and requires a never-sleeping watchfulness. People who have such tempers will understand how many trials they meet with which nobody can ever know anything of, and to such I would say,—

“ Go on patiently, and He who sees the thoughts of all hearts will strengthen and reward you.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

Rumours of War—Captain Graham's Determination—His Speech to the Natives—The Hymn in the New Church.

WHILE the events we have been recording were going on at the farm, equally important ones were agitating the native Pah. A stranger had arrived ; at first supposed to be merely a chance traveller, and treated in the most friendly way, by the chief and whole tribe. Gradually, however, his manner changed ; he became inquisitive, and kept prying about the farm, and, at last, was observed to meet another stranger in the forest, who, however, did not come to the settlement, but disappeared again, in the same mysterious way.

The chief began, now, to watch the movements of his guest ; and, to find out what his object was, pretended to be very fond of him, asked him many questions of his tribe, and then found that he belonged to that tribe, of which Wiremu Kingi was the leader. This at once seemed to justify suspicion ; so, after a secret counsel, it was determined to tell him he must go away—that they wished to live at peace, and cultivate their fields beside their brothers, the English.

He accordingly went away ; but, directly afterwards, a feeling of dissatisfaction began to shew itself in the Pah,

Some idle and evil-disposed natives began to whisper together, and hint that the English wanted to take all their land, and make them slaves. They dare not speak openly and before the chief, but they did worse—they spoke in secret; and, as there was no one opposed them, they had time to persuade several younger men that they were right.

But, getting bolder, they took less care to hide their feelings, and the chief found out what was going on; so he and his friends came over to the farm, and told Captain Graham all about it; and asked what they should do, and what the Queen of England would do, if she had such unruly subjects.

After a long and serious discussion—for it was by no means a thing to be treated lightly—it was determined to say nothing particular about it, but to watch carefully, and prevent any of the conspirators holding communication with another tribe.

The Grahams began to feel very anxious; not that they feared a regular outbreak, such as that at Taranakie, but the bad feeling spread among the few tribes in the middle island. Although they were not strong enough to take the field, as the others had done, they could do a great deal of mischief and injury, and it would not be safe for either women or children to remain out in the bush.

A few days after the interview I have told you of, the chief came over to the farm in a great hurry. A messenger had arrived from Wiremu Kingi, and had made a great speech, calling all of them to join the fighting tribe. He said, all the tribes near Nelson were their friends; and promised each man who went back with him, a rifle and a

sword. Those men who had been plotting together rushed up, and danced a war-dance; and, as this has a magical effect upon the wild feelings of the natives, there was no saying how general the bad feeling might become, or what acts of violence they might perform, when blinded by the excitement caused by this stranger's speech.

When he had finished speaking, the chief sat down, and waited to hear Captain Graham's opinion.

"I will go to the Pah, with you," he said, at once. "I will tell your people the truth; here is a newspaper, which tells that the troops of the Queen have taken Kingi's Pah, killed many of his soldiers, and he has held out the white flag of peace. The Governor is going to send a new general, who will take with him a multitude of soldiers, and Kingi must make peace."

"It is well, brother," said the chief; "let the Queen conquer; let the red coats take the bad man and kill him. He is a rebel; he has killed others, and it must be blood for blood. Listen, brother; read the news to my people; then open your mouth, with good and great words,—and when you see they are looking kindly at you, and when I say, 'It is enough,' then do you point to the stranger, and bid them drive him out, as a spy."

So Captain Graham accompanied the chief. When they got near the Pah they heard loud voices, and a great disturbance, so much so, that at first it appeared they were all fighting. This was not the case, however. They were only disputing about who was to go to the war, and who was not. As soon as they saw the chief and Captain Graham they stopped quarrelling, and stood waiting to see whatever was to be done.

Captain Graham walked on until he reached the chief's house, which was built on a higher part of the ground, and gave him a good view of the whole Pah. Having reached this, he turned his face to the people, and asked them to gather up, and listen to what he had to read to them, holding up the paper, to shew them it was something from a distance.

They were very proud of hearing news, and, being naturally inquisitive, they forgot their disputes for the minute, and clustered round, all except three or four, who turned away; and, although they stayed near enough to hear, pretended they were not paying any attention. But, as soon as Captain Graham read the first few lines, they ran up and joined the crowd.

He did exactly as the chief had advised him, he first read the newspaper, translating it into their own language. None of them uttered a word while he was reading, although he could see, by their faces, how eagerly they were listening; and noticed that they cast glances at each other, and the stranger—those who were near him edging away, so that, when the newspaper was all read, he was left standing almost alone. Now the speech began—Captain Graham reminded them of the state the country was in before the English came, and told them it had been once the same in England, but that a great people, called Romans, came from a distant country; they did not behave in a friendly way, as the English had done in New Zealand, but came armed all over, and killed the naked inhabitants, until they had conquered them; but that, after doing this, they treated them better, and taught them to cultivate ground, build houses, and make clothes.

Having attracted their attention by this, and seeing that they were all listening, he went on describing all they were learning from the English, and that the country was called the England of the South, and thought one of the best countries in the world, besides being large enough to hold, both the original natives and their English brothers, who wished to teach them to live as comfortably as themselves.

He then described war, and how everything was destroyed—and told them how he had seen whole regiments fall before a heavy fire from English cannon, and that a ball could kill a man five miles away. Lastly, he spoke of religion, and, pointing to the church which they had all taken a great interest in, and the top of which they could just see, he asked them what the words of the Bible taught them of war—and whether they did not remember that the Lord Jesus told his servant to put up his sword, for that all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

When he said this, the chief who was standing beside him, said:—

“It is enough.”

Then Captain Graham, turning suddenly towards the stranger, pointed to him with his hand, and told them to drive him forth from the Pah, for he was a spy and a slave.

The words came just at the right moment, the man himself took fright, and, seeing their eyes all turned upon him, he made a spring past the nearest line of people and ran off. In an instant the whole tribe were running after him, screaming, shouting, and calling him a spy and a slave.

The chief now turned to Captain Graham, to thank him, telling him he had saved them from war; for he was sure the young men who had been inclined to join Kingi would never go to fight for a man who, calling himself a chief, could have such cowardly messengers.

The event proved he was correct. The young men never spoke of joining Kingi again, and when even news came of the war, they all assembled at the farm to hear it, taking every plan to show the Grahams that they might trust them implicitly.

When other and smaller tribes and Pahs heard of the way our friends were living, and that the chief was building a flour-mill, and had sheep, cows, and horses, they saw the good they might gain from the English, and none of them attempted to awaken any disturbance, in fact the event seemed to improve the friendship existing between them.

The consecration of the church had been appointed for Christmas day, and the bishop had made every arrangement to come, so Mrs. Graham was very busy preparing everything.

Since last Christmas, two rooms had been added to the house, and the girls both insisted upon sleeping in a little bedroom at Bridget's cottage, for the two nights the bishop was to stay with them.

The only thing that saddened their Christmas was the absence of George and Tom, especially the latter, whose merry face had brightened the last Christmas-day, and whom they could not hope to see for many a day, while George, in all probability, would be with them during the year, and settled down as the clergyman of the newly-formed parish.

The natives crowded to the church, and, in the evening, the bishop preached to them in their own language, which seemed to please them very much ; but the most touching part of the service was when they sang the Evening Hymn.

Most of the New Zealanders have good voices, all of them have a great taste for music, and, when they sing keep such good time and tune that they never make confusion or discordant sounds.

The school-children led the hymn, and, for the first verse, sang almost alone, then, as if by one impulse, the whole congregation joined. The good bishop was startled, and stood, looking down from the pulpit with tears in his eyes, trying in vain to steady his voice sufficiently to join.

It was a sight such as can never be forgotten, and one, which awakens the best and purest feelings of the heart. There is nothing, I think, that is so impressive as the combined voices of a large number of people joining in the praise of God ; the sound carries us, as it were, with it, beyond earth and earthly cares, giving us an idea, though incomparably less than the truth, of the praises offered up continually before the throne of God : "The voice of a great multitude, as of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Last Chapter—A Letter from Tom—The Volunteer Corps—
Conclusion.

A LETTER from Tom was the most welcome new year's gift that 1861 brought, the more so, too, that in it he told them George was to leave during March, at least two months sooner than they expected; that he himself was, too, in for examination upon the 2nd of December, and felt sure he was quite safe to pass.

The prospect of hearing by the February mail took Captain Graham down to Lyttelton to wait its arrival, and be ready to start home with the news. The mail came, and with it a short note. It contained a little bit of blue cloth, and the words,

“ Thomas Graham,

H.M.S.”

He had been appointed to one of the ships that were lying off Taranaki, and you may fancy the delighted shout that welcomed the intelligence.

Poor Mrs. Graham could scarcely believe it possible, and did not know how sufficiently to express her thanks to

God for this mark of his kindness and mercy. Tom had evidently been too happy to write, as what little there was of it was all ups and downs, and scarcely legible.

Aps begged leave to have the bit of blue cloth stitched in his cap, saying he would wear it as his badge until Tom came home; and then, very proud of what he considered his loyalty, walked off to tell his friend Wilson, and spread the news far and near, that Tom was coming to be in a ship that was protecting the English at Taranaki.

The news from the seat of war was much better. A battle had been fought upon the 23rd of January, in which the natives had been again beaten. Volunteers were enrolling themselves in every district, just as they have been doing in England; and all the time Captain Graham was at Lyttleton and Christchurch, the towns were resounding with drums and fifes, the voices of drill sergeants, and the firing of rifles. Prizes were shot for everywhere; ladies presented colours and bugles; the old men and women looked proudly at their sons marching past in their pretty dresses, and the children ran after them, shouting and hurraing in true English style.

One of the settlers near the farm came over to propose they should form a corps; and Captain Graham should take the management; but the distances from one farm to another were so great, and the consequent loss of time would be so much, that they were obliged to give up the idea, much to Aps's disappointment, who had made up his mind to play the big drum, and in the secret of his own heart was rather undecided whether it would not be better

to be a bugler, and perhaps lead his company on to victory, like the little boy his father told him of at the storming of the Redan, and who, when the men were checked for a minute by the fearful fire, ran forward, mounted the wall, and blew the advance.

During the months that were to pass before George's arrival, a gentleman came from Christchurch to perform duty in the church. He was a kind, good man, and took a great fancy to Aps, whom he soon persuaded to learn his lessons—a performance Master Appy had resolutely refused to do heretofore; and his mamma and papa, thinking there was time enough, had not pressed him, leaving that to George, knowing he would, as a comparative stranger, have more influence with his little brother. Great, therefore, was their surprise and delight to see how tractable the wild little fellow became with his new friend and self-constituted tutor, and how quietly he sat poring over his books during the morning.

The natives, too, had reason to be thankful for this good man's sojourn at the farm; for having lived for many years as a missionary in the midst of them, and miles away from any English settlement, he had a way of dealing with them that seemed to win them over at once, and those who had as yet refused to give up their old superstitions and religion, now came forward and asked to be baptised.

My story is now drawing to a close. I have told you the principal occurrences that happened to my friends the Grahams during three years in New Zealand; and, as I have brought these events up to within a few months of the present day, I must perforce finish my account.

I had a letter from Lucy last mail, which she filled with accounts of the reception they were preparing for her brothers, who were to go out together, and are by this time, I trust, safe at the farm. As, moreover, Sir George Grey, has gone back to take his old place as Governor, to administer justice to the mistaken natives, it is to be hoped that Lucy's fears of Tom having to fight so very soon will prove visionary, and some way be found by which all chance of any future outbreak will be at an end, and peace and good-will may reign through the length and breadth of our precious colony of New Zealand.

THE END.

ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY.

A CATALOGUE
OF
NEW AND POPULAR WORKS.

PRINCIPALLY FOR THE YOUNG.



PUBLISHED BY
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
(LATE GRANT AND GRIFFITH, SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS),
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
LONDON.

WERTHEIMER AND CO., CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY CIRCUS.

ILLUMINATED GIFT BOOKS.

Every page richly printed in Gold and Colours.

The Wisdom of Solomon;

From the Book of Proverbs. With a Frontispiece, representing the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. Small 4to, price 14s. cloth elegant; 18s. calf; 21s. morocco antique.

The Bridal Souvenir;

Containing the Choicest Thoughts of the Best Authors, in Prose and Verse. New Edition, with a Portrait of the Princess Royal. Elegantly bound in white and gold, price 21s.

"A splendid specimen of decorative art, and well adapted for a bridal gift."—*Literary Gazette*.

The Birth-Day Souvenir;

A Book of Thoughts on Life and Immortality, from Eminent Writers. Small 4to, price 12s. 6d. illuminated cloth; 18s. morocco antique.

"Admirably designed."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"Beautifully executed."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The binding worthy of that which it covers."—*Morning Herald*.

Shakespeare's Household Words;

With a Photographic Portrait taken from the Monument at Stratford-on-Avon. New and improved edition. Elegantly bound in cloth richly gilt, 9s.; morocco antique, 14s.

"An exquisite little gem, fit to be the Christmas offering to Titania or Queen Mab."—*The Critic*.

Light for the Path of Life;

From the Holy Scriptures. Small 4to, price 10s. 6d., extra cloth; 14s. calf gilt edges; 18s. morocco antique.

"Charmingly designed, and beautifully printed."—*Art Journal*.

NEW BOOK OF EMBLEMS.

Square 8vo. price 21s. cloth elegant; 27s., calf extra, 31s. 6d., morocco antique; beautifully printed by Whittingham, in Old English type, with the initial letters and borders in red.

Spiritual Conceits;

Extracted from the Writings of the Fathers, the old English Poets, etc., with One Hundred entirely New Designs, forming Symbolical Illustrations to the passages, by W. HARRY ROGERS.

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

NEW AND POPULAR WORKS.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Story of King Arthur,

and his Knights of the Round Table. With Six Beautiful Illustrations, by G. H. THOMAS. Post 8vo. price 7s. cloth; 9s. coloured, gilt edges.

NEW WORK BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

True Blue;

Or, the Life and Adventures of a British Seaman of the Old School. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Peter the Whaler," "Will Weatherhelm," etc. With Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

NEW WORK BY ELWES.

Guy Rivers;

Or, a Boy's Struggles in the Great World. By ALFRED ELWES, Author of "Ralph Seabrooke," "Paul Blake," etc. With Illustrations by H. ANELAY. Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

THOMAS HOOD'S DAUGHTER.

Tiny Tadpole;

And other Tales. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP, daughter of the late Thomas Hood. With Illustrations by HER BROTHER. Super-Royal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

Harry at School;

A Story for Boys. By EMILIA MARRYAT, Author of "Long Evenings." With Illustrations by ABSOLON. Super Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRIUMPHS OF STEAM."

Meadow Lea;

Or, the Gipsy Children; a Story founded on fact. By the Author of "The Triumphs of Steam," "Our Eastern Empire," etc. With Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo. price 4s. 6d. cloth; 5s. gilt edges.

Live Toys;

Or, Anecdotes of our Four-legged and other Pets. By EMMA DAVENPORT. With Illustrations by HARRISON WHEAT. Super Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Distant Homes;

Or, the Graham Family in New Zealand. By Mrs. J. E. AYLMER. With Illustrations by J. JACKSON. Super Royal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Neptune's Heroes : or The Sea Kings of England;

from Hawkins to Franklin. Illustrated by MORGAN. Fcap. 8vo; price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

Lost in Ceylon;

The Story of a Boy and Girl's Adventures in the Woods and Wilds of the Lion King of Kandy. By WILLIAM DALTON, Author of "The White Elephant," etc. Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR. Fcap. 8vo.; price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

Ralph Seabrooke;

Or, The Adventures of a Young Artist in Piedmont and Tuscany. By ALFRED ELWES, Author of "Frank and Andrea," etc. Illustrated by ROBERT DUDLEY. Fcap. 8vo.; price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD, ETC.

Fairy Land;

Or, Recreation for the Rising Generation, in Prose and Verse. By THOMAS and JANE HOOD, their Son and Daughter, etc. Illustrated by T. HOOD, Jun. Super royal 16mo; price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Long Evenings;

Or, Stories for My Little Friends, by EMILIA MARRYAT (Daughter of the late Captain Marryat). Illustrated by JOHN ABSOLON. Super royal 16mo.; price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Holidays Among the Mountains;

Or, Scenes and Stories of Wales. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. Illustrated by F. J. SKILL. Super royal 16mo.; price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

E. LANDELLS.

The Illustrated Paper Model Maker;

Containing Twelve Pictorial Subjects, with Descriptive Letter-press and Diagrams for the construction of the Models. By E. LANDELLS, Author of "The Boys' and Girls' Toy Maker," "Home Pastime," etc. Price 2s. in a neat Envelope.

"A most excellent mode of educating both eye and hand in the knowledge of form."—*English Churchman.*

The Girl's Own Toy Maker,

And Book of Recreation. By E. LANDELLS, Author of "Home Pastime," etc., assisted by his daughter, ALICE LANDELLS. Second edition. With 200 Illustrations. Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth.

"A perfect magazine of information."—*Illustrated News of the World.*

The White Elephant;

Or the Hunters of Ava, and the King of the Golden Foot. By W. DALTON, Author of the "War Tiger," etc. Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR. Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

"Full of dash, nerve and spirit, and withal freshness."—*Literary Gazette.*

Frank and Andrea;

Or Forest Life in the Island of Sardinia. By ALFRED ELWES. Author of "Paul Blake," etc. Illustrated by ROBERT DUDLEY. Fcap. 8vo. Price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

"The descriptions of Sardinian life and scenery are admirable."—*Athenaeum.*

The Nine Lives of a Cat;

A Tale of Wonder. Written and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Twenty-four Engravings. Imperial 16mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured.

"Rich in the quaint humour and fancy that a man of genius knows how to spare for the enlightenment of children."—*Examiner.*

Blind Man's Holiday;

Or Short Tales for the Nursery. By the Author of "Mia and Charlie," "Sidney Grey," etc. Illustrated by John Absolon. Super Royal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Very true to nature and admirable in feeling."—*Guardian.*

Tuppy;

Or the Autobiography of a Donkey. By the Author of "The Triumphs of Steam," etc., etc. Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR. Super Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A very intelligent dexterity, worthy of the distinction conferred upon him by the artist."
—*Art Journal*.

Funny Fables for Little Folks.

By FRANCES FREELING PROBERT (Daughter of the late THOMAS HOOD). Illustrated by her Brother. Super Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The Fables contain the happiest mingling of fun, fancy, humour, and instruction."
—*Art Journal*.

The History of a Quartern Loaf.

Rhymes and Pictures. By WILLIAM NEWMAN. 12 Illustrations. Price 6d. plain, 1s. coloured.

Uniform in size and price,

The History of a Cup of Tea.**The History of a Scuttle of Coals.****The History of a Lump of Sugar (*preparing*).****A Woman's Secret;**

Or How to Make Home Happy. 18mo., with Frontispiece, price 6d.
Uniform with the above in size and price, and by the same Author,

Woman's Work;

Or, How she can Help the Sick.

A Chapter of Accidents;

Or, the Mother's Assistant in cases of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, &c.

Pay To-day, Trust To-morrow;

A Story founded on Facts, illustrative of the Evils of the Tally System.

Nursery Work;

Or Hannah Baker's First Place.

Family Prayers for Cottage Homes;

With a Few Words on Prayer, and Select Scripture Passages. Fcap. 8vo. price 4d. limp cloth.

. These little works are admirably adapted for circulation among the working classes.

The Triumphs of Steam;

Or, Stories from the Lives of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson. By the Author of "Might not Right," "Our Eastern Empire," &c. With Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Dedicated by permission to Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P. Second edition. Royal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d., coloured, gilt edges.

"A most delicious volume of examples."—*Art Journal*.

The War Tiger;

Or, The Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea-Chief and his Lad Chow. By WILLIAM DALTON, Author of "The White Elephant," &c. Illustrated by H. S. MELVILLE. Fcap. 8vo., price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

"A tale of lively adventure, vigorously told, and embodying much curious information." *Illustrated News*.

The Boy's own Toy Maker.

A Practical Illustrated Guide to the useful employment of Leisure Hours. By E. LANDELLS. With Two Hundred Cuts. Fourth Edition. Royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d., cloth.

"A new and valuable form of endless amusement."—*Nonconformist*.

"We recommend it to all who have children to be instructed and amused."—*Economist*.

Hand Shadows,

To be thrown upon the Wall. A Series of Eighteen Original Designs. By HENRY BURSILL. 4to price 2s. plain; 2s. 6d., coloured.

A Second Series of Hand Shadows;

With Eighteen New Subjects. By H. BURSILL. Price 2s. plain; 2s. 6d. coloured.

"Uncommonly clever—some wonderful effects are produced."—*The Press*.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

The Headlong Career and Woful Ending of Precocious PIGGY.

Written for his Children, by the late THOMAS HOOD. With a Preface by his Daughter; and Illustrated by his Son. Third Edition. Post 4to, fancy boards, price 2s. 6d., coloured.

"The Illustrations are intensely humorous."—*The Critic*.

The Harpsden Riddle Book.

A Collection of 350 Original Charades, Conundrums, Rebuses, etc Fcap. 8vo. price 2s. 6d., cloth.

The Fairy Tales of Science.

A Book for Youth. By J. C. BROUGH. With 16 Beautiful Illustrations by C. H. BENNETT. Fcap. 8vo, price 5s., cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

CONTENTS: 1. The Age of Monsters.—2. The Amber Spirit.—3. The Four Elements.—4. The Life of an Atom.—5. A Little Bit.—6. Modern Alchemy.—7. The Magic of the Sunbeam.—8. Two Eyes Better than One.—9. The Mermaid's Home.—10. Animated Flowers.—11. Metamorphoses.—12. The Invisible World.—13. Wonderful Plants.—14. Water Bewitched.—15. Pluto's Kingdom.—16. Moving Lands.—17. The Gnomes.—18. A Flight through Space.—19. The Tale of a Comet.—20. The Wonderful Lamp.

"Science, perhaps, was never made more attractive and easy of entrance into the youthful mind."—*The Builder*.

"Altogether the volume is one of the most original, as well as one of the most useful, books of the season."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Paul Blake;

Or, the Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Cristo. By ALFRED ELWES, Author of "Ocean and her Rulers." Illustrated by H. ANELAY. Fcap. 8vo, price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

"This spirited and engaging story will lead our young friends to a very intimate acquaintance with the island of Corsica."—*Art Journal*.

Sunday Evenings with Sophia;

Or, Little Talks on Great Subjects. A Book for Girls. By LEONORA G. BELL. Frontispiece by J. ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

"A very suitable gift for a thoughtful girl."—*Bell's Messenger*.

Scenes of Animal Life and Character.

From Nature and Recollection. In Twenty Plates. By J. B. 4to, price 2s. 6d., plain; 3s. 6d., coloured, fancy boards.

"Truer, heartier, more playful, or more enjoyable sketches of animal life could scarcely be found anywhere."—*Spectator*.

Caw, Caw;

Or, the Chronicles of the Crows. Illustrated by J. B. 4to, price 2s. plain; 2s. 6d. coloured.

Three Christmas Plays for Children

1. The Sleeper Awakened. 2. The Wonderful Bird. 3. Crinolina. By THERESA PULSZKY. With Original Music, composed by JANSÁ, and Three Illustrations by ARMITAGE, coloured. 3s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges.

W. H. C. KINGSTON'S BOOKS FOR BOYS.

With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. each, cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

Will Weatherhelm;

Or, the Yarn of an Old Sailor about his Early Life and Adventures.

"We tried the story on an audience of boys, who one and all declared it to be capital."
—*Athenaeum*.

Fred Markham in Russia;

Or, the Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar.

"Most admirably does this book unite a capital narrative, with the communication of valuable information respecting Russia."—*Nonconformist*.

Salt Water;

Or Neil D'Arcy's Sea Life and Adventures. With Eight Illustrations.

"With the exception of Capt. Marryat, we know of no English author who will compare with Mr. Kingston as a writer of books of nautical adventure."—*Illustrated News*.

Manco, the Peruvian Chief;

With Illustrations by CARL SCHMOLZE.

"A capital book; the story being one of much interest, and presenting a good account of the history and institutions, the customs and manners, of the country."—*Literary Gazette*.

Mark Seaworth;

A Tale of the Indian Ocean. By the Author of "Peter the Whaler," etc. With Illustrations by J. ABSOLON. Second Edition.

"No more interesting, nor more safe book, can be put into the hands of youth; and to boys especially, 'Mark Seaworth' will be a treasure of delight."—*Art Journal*.

Peter the Whaler;

His early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions. Second Edition. Illustrations by E. DUNCAN.

"A better present for a boy of an active turn of mind could not be found. The tone of the book is manly, healthful, and vigorous."—*Weekly News*.

"A book which the old may, but which the young must, read when they have once begun it."—*Athenaeum*.

Blue Jackets;

Or, Chips of the Old Block. A Narrative of the Gallant Exploits of British Seamen, and of the principal Events in the Naval Service during the Reign of Queen Victoria, by W. H. G. KINGSTON. Post 8vo.; price 7s. 6d. cloth.

"A more acceptable testimonial than this to the valour and enterprise of the British Navy, has not issued from the press for many years."—*The Critic*.

HISTORY OF INDIA FOR THE YOUNG.

Our Eastern Empire;

Or, Stories from the History of British India. By the author of "The Martyr Land," "Might not Right," etc. Second Edition, with Continuation to the Proclamation of Queen Victoria. With Four Illustrations. Royal 16mo. cloth 3s. 6d.; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"These stories are charming, and convey a general view of the progress of our Empire in the East. The tales are told with admirable clearness."—*Albionist*.

The Martyr Land;

Or, Tales of the Vaudois. By the Author of "Our Eastern Empire," etc. Frontispiece by J. GRANGER. Royal 16mo; price 3s. 6d. cloth.

"While practical lessons run throughout, they are never obtruded; the whole tone is refined without affectation, religious and discursive."—*English Churchman*.

Might not Right;

Or, Stories of the Discovery and Conquest of America. By the author of "Our Eastern Empire," etc. Illustrated by J. Gilbert. Royal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"With the fortunes of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro, for the staple of these stories, the writer has succeeded in producing a very interesting volume."—*Illustrated News*.

Jack Frost and Betty Snow;

With other Tales for Wintry Nights and Rainy Days. Illustrated by H. Weir. 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The dedication of these pretty tales, prove by whom they are written; they are indubitably stamped with that natural and graceful method of amusing while instructing, which only persons of genius possess."—*Art Journal*.

Old Nurse's Book of Rhymes, Jingles, and Ditties.

Edited and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT, Author of "Shadows." With Ninety Engravings. Fcap. 4to. price 3s. 6d. cloth, plain, or 6s. coloured.

"The illustrations are all so replete with fun and imagination, that we scarcely know who will be most pleased with the book, the good-natured grandfather who gives it, or the chubby grandchild who gets it, for a Christmas-Box."—*Notes and Queries*.

Maud Summers the Sightless:

A Narrative for the Young. Illustrated by Absolon. 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A touching and beautiful story."—*Christian Treasury*.

Clara Hope;

Or, the *Blade and the Ear*. By Miss MYLNER. With Frontispiece by Birket Foster. Fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"A beautiful narrative, showing how bad habits may be eradicated, and evil tempers subdued."—*British Mother's Journal*.

The Adventures and Experiences of Biddy Dork-

ING and of the *EAT FROG*. Edited by Mrs. S. C. HALL. Illustrated by H. Weir. 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Most amusingly and wittily told."—*Morning Herald*.

ATTRACTIVE AND INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

Home Pastime;

Or, *The Child's Own Toy Maker*. With practical instructions. By E. LANDELLS. New and Cheaper Edition, price 2s. 6d. complete, with the Cards, and Descriptive Letterpress.

* * By this novel and ingenious "Pastime," beautiful Models can be made by Children from the Cards, by attending to the Plain and Simple Instructions in the Book.

CONTENTS: 1. Wheelbarrow.—2. Cab.—3. Omnibus.—4. Nursery Yacht.—5. French Bedstead.—6. Perambulator.—7. Railway Engine.—8. Railway Tender.—9. Railway Carriage.—10. Prince Albert's Model Cottage.—11. Windmill.—12. Sledge.

"As a delightful exercise of ingenuity, and a most sensible mode of passing a winter's evening, we commend the Child's own *Toy Maker*."—*Illustrated News*.

"Should be in every house blessed with the presence of children."—*The Field*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAT AND DOG," ETC.

Historical Acting Charades;

Or, Amusements for Winter Evenings. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

"A rare book for Christmas-parties, and of practical value."—*Illustrated News*.

The Story of Jack and the Giants:

With thirty-five Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. Beautifully printed. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 4to. price 2s. 6d. in fancy boards; 4s. 6d. coloured, extra cloth, gilt edges.

"In Doyle's drawings we have wonderful conceptions, which will secure the book a place amongst the treasures of collectors, as well as excite the imaginations of children."—*Illustrated Times*.

Granny's Wonderful Chair;

And its Tales of Fairy Times. By FRANCES BROWNE. With Illustrations by KENNY MEADOWS. Small 4to, 3s. 6d. cloth, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"One of the happiest blendings of marvel and moral we have ever seen."—*Literary Gazette*.

Pictures from the Pyrenees;

Or, Agnes' and Kate's Travels. By CAROLINE BELL. With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to.; price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"With admirable simplicity of manner it notices the towns, the scenery, the people, and natural phenomena of this grand mountain region."—*The Press*.

The Early Dawn;

Or, Stories to Think about. By a COUNTRY CLERGYMAN. Illustrated by H. WEIB, etc. Small 4to.; price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The matter is both wholesome and instructive, and must fascinate as well as benefit the young."—*Literarium*

Angelo;

Or, the Pine Forest among the Alps. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY, author of "The Adopted Child," etc. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Small 4to; price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"As pretty a child's story as one might look for on a winter's day."—*Examiner*.

Tales of Magic and Meaning.

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL, Author of "Funny Leaves for the Younger Branches," "The Careless Chicken," "Picture Fables," etc. Small 4to.; price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured.

"Cleverly written, abounding in frolic and pathos, and inculcates so pure a moral, that we must pronounce him a very fortunate little fellow, who catches these 'Tales of Magic,' as a windfall from 'The Christmas Tree'."—*Athenæum*.

Faggots for the Fire Side;

Or, Tales of Fact and Fancy. By PETER PARLEY. With Twelve Tinted Illustrations. Foolscap 8vo.; 3s. 6d., cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

CONTENTS.—The Boy Captive; or Jumping Rabbit's Story—The White Owl—Tom Titmouse—The Wolf and Fox—Bob Link—Autobiography of a Sparrow—The Children of the Sun: a Tale of the Incas—The Soldier and Musician—The Rich Man and His Son—The Avalanche—Flint and Steel—Songs of the Seasons, etc.

"A new book by Peter Parley is a pleasant greeting for all boys and girls, wherever the English language is spoken and read. He has a happy method of conveying information, while seeming to address himself to the imagination."—*The Critic*.

The Discontented Children;

And How they were Cured. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY, authors of "The Talking Bird," etc. Illustrated by H. K. BROWNE (PHIZ). Second edition, price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"We know no better method of banishing 'discontent' from school-room and nursery than by introducing this wise and clever story to their inmates."—*Art Journal*.

The Talking Bird;

Or, the Little Girl who knew what was going to happen. By M. and E. KIRBY, Authors of "The Discontented Children," etc. With Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE (PHIZ). Small 4to. Price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The story is ingeniously told, and the moral clearly shown."—*Athenaeum*.

Julia Maitland;

Or, Pride goes before a Fall. By M. and E. KIRBY, Authors of "The Talking Bird," etc. Illustrated by JOHN ABSOLON. Price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"It is nearly such a story as Miss Edgeworth might have written on the same theme."—*The Press*

Letters from Sarawak,

Addressed to a Child; embracing an Account of the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Inhabitants of Borneo, with Incidents of Missionary Life among the Natives. By Mrs. M'DOUGALL. Fourth Thousand, enlarged in size, with Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

All is new, interesting, and admirably told."—*Church and State Gazette*.

COMICAL PICTURE BOOKS.

Uniform in size with "The Struwwelpeter."

Each with Sixteen large Coloured Plates, price 2s. 6d., in fancy boards, or mounted on cloth, 1s. extra.

Picture Fables.

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

The Careless Chicken;

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES. By ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Funny Leaves for the Younger Branches.

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES, of Burstenoudclafen Castle. Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Laugh and Grow Wise;

By the Senior Owl of Ivy Hall.

The Remarkable History of the House that Jack

Built. Splendidly Illustrated and magnificently Illuminated by THE SON OF A GENTLEMAN. Price 2s. in fancy cover.

"Magnificent in suggestion, and most comical in expression!"—*Illustration*.

A Peep at the Pixies;

OR, Legends of the West. By MRS. BRAY. Author of "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy," "Life of Stothard," "Thelawny," etc., etc. With Illustrations by HABLOT K. BROWNE (Phiz) Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A peep at the actual Pixies of Devonshire, faithfully described by Mrs. Bray, is a treat. Her knowledge of the locality, her affection for her subject, her exquisite feeling for nature, and her real delight in fairy lore, have given a freshness to the little volumes we did not expect. The notes at the end contain matter of interest for all who feel a desire to know the origin of such tales and legends."—*Art Journal*.

A BOOK FOR EVERY CHILD.

The Favourite Picture Book;

A Gallery of Delights, designed for the Amusement and Instruction of the Young. With several Hundred Illustrations from Drawings by J. ABSOLON, H. K. BROWNE (Phiz), J. GILBERT, T. LANDSEER, J. DEECH, J. S. PROUT, H. WEIR, etc. New Edition. Royal 4to., price 3s. 6d., bound in a new and Elegant Cover; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d. mounted on cloth and coloured.

Ocean and her Rulers;

A Narrative of the Nations who have from the earliest ages held dominion over the Sea; and comprising a brief History of Navigation. By ALFRED ELWES. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

"The volume is replete with valuable and interesting information; and we especially recommend it as a useful auxiliary in the school-room, and entertaining companion in the library."—*Morning Post*.

Berries and Blossoms.

A Verse Book for Children. By T. WESTWOOD. With Title and Frontispiece printed in Colours. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

The Wonders of Home, in Eleven Stories.

By GRANDFATHER GREY. With Illustrations. Third and Cheaper Edition. Royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

CONTENTS.—1. The Story of a Cup of Tea.—2. A Lump of Coal.—3. Some Hot Water.—4. A Piece of Sugar.—5. The Milk Jug.—6. A Pin.—7. Jenny's 'Sash.—8. Harry's Jacket.—9. A Tumbler.—10. A Knife.—11. This Book.

"The idea is excellent, and its execution equally commendable. The subjects are well selected, and are very happily told in a light yet sensible manner."—*Weekly News*.

Cat and Dog;

Or, Memoirs of Puss and the Captain. Illustrated by WEIR. Sixth Edition. Super-royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The author of this amusing little tale is, evidently, a keen observer of nature. The illustrations are well executed; and the moral, which points the tale, is conveyed in the most attractive form."—*Britannia*.

The Doll and Her Friends;

Or, Memoirs of the Lady Seraphina. By the Author of "Cat and Dog." Third Edition. With Four Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE (Phiz). 2s. 6d., cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Evidently written by one who has brought great powers to bear upon a small matter."—*Morning Herald*.

Tales from Catland;

Dedicated to the Young Kittens of England. By an OLD TABBY. Illustrated by H. WEIR. Third Edition. Small 4to, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The combination of quiet humour and sound sense has made this one of the pleasantest little books of the season."—*Lady's Newspaper*.

The Grateful Sparrow.

A True Story, with Frontispiece. Second Edition. Price 6d. sewed.

How I Became a Governess.

By the Author of "The Grateful Sparrow." With Frontispiece. Price 1s. sewed.

WORKS BY MRS. R. LEE.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals.

Third and Cheaper Edition. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds,

REPTILES, and FISHES. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Second and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

"Amusing, instructive, and ably written."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Mrs. Lee's authorities—to name only one, Professor Owen—are, for the most part first-rate."—*Athenæum*.

Twelve Stories of the Sayings and Doings of

ANIMALS. With Illustrations by J. W. ARCHER. Third Edition. Super-royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"It is just such books as this that educate the imagination of children, and enlist their sympathies for the brute creation."—*Nonconformist*.

Familiar Natural History.

With Forty-two Illustrations from Original Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Super-royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. cloth; 5s. coloured gilt edges.

Playing at Settlers;

Or, the Faggot House. Illustrated by GILBERT. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Adventures in Australia;

Or, the Wanderings of Captain Spencer in the Bush and the Wilds. Second Edition. Illustrated by PROUT. Fcap. 8vo., 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

"This volume should find a place in every school library; and it will, we are sure, be a very welcome and useful prize."—*Educational Times*.

The African Wanderers;

Or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio; embracing interesting Descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and the Natural Productions of the Country. Third Edition. With Eight Engravings. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

"For fascinating adventure, and rapid succession of incident, the volume is equal to any relation of travel we ever read."—*Britannia*.

"In strongly recommending this admirable work to the attention of young readers, we feel that we are rendering a real service to the cause of African civilization."—*Patrol*.

Sir Thomas; or, the Adventures of a Cornish

BARONET IN WESTERN AFRICA. With Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo.; 3s. 6d. cloth.

Harry Hawkins's H-Book;

Shewing how he learned to aspirate his H's. Frontispiece by H. WEIR. Super-royal 16mo, price 6d.

"No family or school-room within, or indeed beyond, the sound of Bow bells, should be without this merry manual."—*Art Journal*.

The Family Bible Newly Opened;

With Uncle Goodwin's account of it. By JEFFERYS TAYLOR, author of "A Glance at the Globe," etc. Frontispiece by J. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A very good account of the Sacred Writings, adapted to the tastes, feelings, and intelligence of young people."—*Educational Times*.

"Parents will also find it a great aid in the religious teaching of their families."—*Edinburgh Witness*.

Kate and Rosalind;

Or, Early Experiences. By the author of "Quicksands on Foreign Shores," etc. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

"A book of unusual merit. The story is exceedingly well told, and the characters are drawn with a freedom and boldness seldom met with."—*Church of England Quarterly*.

"We have not room to exemplify the skill with which Puseyism is tracked and detected. The Irish scenes are of an excellence that has not been surpassed since the best days of Miss Edgeworth."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Good in Everything;

Or, The Early History of Gilbert Harland. By MRS. BARWELL, Author of "Little Lessons for Little Learners," etc. Second Edition. With Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d., coloured, gilt edges.

"The moral of this exquisite little tale will do more good than a thousand set tasks abounding with dry and uninteresting trulams."—*Bell's Messenger*.

A Word to the Wise;

Or, Hints on the Current Improperities of Expression in Writing and Speaking. By PARRY GWYNNE. Fifth Edition. 18mo. price 6d. sewed, or 1s. cloth, gilt edges.

"All who wish to mind their p's and q's should consult this little volume."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"May be advantageously consulted by even the well-educated."—*Athenaeum*.

ELEGANT GIFT FOR A LADY.

Trees, Plants, and Flowers;

Their Beauties, Uses and Influences. By **Mrs. R. LEE**, Author of "The African Wanderers," etc. With beautiful coloured illustrations by **J. ANDREWS**. 8vo, price 10s. 6d., cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"The volume is at once useful as a botanical work, and exquisite as the ornament of a boudoir table."—*Britannia*. "As full of interest as of beauty."—*Art Journal*.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY EDITION.

The Vicar of Wakefield;

A Tale. By **OLIVER GOLDSMITH**. Printed by Whittingham. With Eight Illustrations by **J. ABSOLON**. Square fcap. 8vo, price 5s., cloth; 7s. half-bound morocco, Roxburgh style; 10s. 6d. antique morocco.

Mr. Absolon's graphic sketches add greatly to the interest of the volume: altogether, it is as pretty an edition of the 'Vicar' as we have seen. Mrs. Primrose herself would consider it 'well dressed.'"—*Art Journal*.

"A delightful edition of one of the most delightful of works: the fine old type and thick paper make this volume attractive to any lover of books."—*Edinburgh Guardian*.

WORKS BY MRS. LOUDON.

Domestic Pets;

Their Habits and Management; with Illustrative Anecdotes. By **Mrs. LOUDON**. With Engravings from Drawings by **HARRISON WEIR**. Second Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

CONTENTS:—The Dog, Cat, Squirrel, Rabbit, Guinea-Pig, White Mice, the Parrot and other Talking Birds, Singing Birds, Doves and Pigeons, Gold and Silver Fish.

"A most attractive and instructive little work. All who study Mrs. Loudon's pages will be able to treat their pets with certainty and wisdom."—*Standard of Freedom*.

Glimpses of Nature;

And Objects of Interest described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. Designed to assist and encourage Young Persons in forming habits of observation. By **Mrs. LOUDON**. Second Edition, enlarged. With Forty-one Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"We could not recommend a more valuable little volume. It is full of information, conveyed in the most agreeable manner."—*Literary Gazette*.

Tales of School Life.

By **AGNES LOUDON**, Author of "Tales for Young People." With Illustrations by **JOHN ABSOLON**. Second Edition. Royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"These reminiscences of school days will be recognised as truthful pictures of every-day occurrence. The style is colloquial and pleasant, and therefore well suited to those for whose personal it is intended."—*Atlas*.

MISS JEWSBURY.

Clarissa Donnelly;

Or, *The History of an Adopted Child.* By Miss GERARDINE E. JEWSBURY. With an Illustration by JOHN ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

‘ With wonderful power, only to be matched by an admirable simplicity, Miss Jewsbury has narrated the history of a child. For nobility of purpose, for simple, nervous writing, and for artistic construction, it is one of the most valuable works of the day.’—*Lady’s Companion.*

The Day of a Baby Boy;

A Story for a Young Child. By E. BENSON. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

“ A sweet little book for the nursery.”—*Christian Times.*

Every-Day Things;

Or, Useful Knowledge respecting the principal Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Substances in common use. Written for Young Persons. Second Edition, revised. 18mo., 1s. 6d. cloth.

“ A little encyclopaedia of useful knowledge, deserving a place in every juvenile library.”—*Evangelical Magazine.*

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH, PLAIN; ONE SHILLING, COLOURED.

In Super-Royal 16mo., beautifully printed, each with Seven Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR, and Descriptions by Mrs. LEE.

1. BRITISH ANIMALS. First Series.
2. BRITISH ANIMALS. Second Series.
3. BRITISH BIRDS.
4. FOREIGN ANIMALS. First Series.
5. FOREIGN ANIMALS. Second Series.
6. FOREIGN BIRDS.

. Or bound in One Volume under the title of “Familiar Natural History,” see page 16.

Uniform in size and price with the above.

THE FARM AND ITS SCENES. With Six Pictures from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN. With Six Illustrations by WATTS PHILLIPS.

THE PRACOCK AT HOME, AND BUTTERFLY’S BALL. With Four Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF MAMMA'S BIBLE STORIES.

Fanny and her Mamma ;

Or, *Easy Lessons for Children*. In which it is attempted to bring Scriptural Principles into daily practice. Illustrated by J. GILBERT. Third Edition. 16mo, 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A little book in beautiful large clear type, to suit the capacity of infant readers, which we can with pleasure recommend."—*Christian Ladies' Magazine*.

Short and Simple Prayers,

For the Use of Young Children. With Hymns. Fifth Edition. Square 16mo, 1s. 6d. cloth.

"Well adapted to the capacities of children—beginning with the simplest forms which the youngest child may lap at its mother's knee, and proceeding with those suited to its gradually advancing age." Special prayers, designed for particular circumstances and occasions, are added. We cordially recommend the book."—*Christian Guardian*.

Mamma's Bible Stories,

For her Little Boys and Girls, adapted to the capacities of very young Children. Eleventh Edition, with Twelve Engravings. 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

A Sequel to Mamma's Bible Stories.

Fifth Edition. Twelve Illustrations. 2s. 6d. cloth, 3s. 6d. coloured.

Scripture Histories for Little Children.

With Sixteen Illustrations, by JOHN GILBERT. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

CONTENTS.—The History of Joseph—History of Moses—History of our Saviour—The Miracles of Christ.

Sold separately: 6d. each, plain; 1s. coloured.

Bible Scenes ;

Or, Sunday Employment for very young Children. Consisting of Twelve Coloured Illustrations on Cards, and the History written in Simple Language. In a neat box, 3s. 6d.; or the Illustrations dissected as a Puzzle, 6s. 6d.

FIRST SERIES: JOSEPH. SECOND SERIES: OUR SAVIOUR.
THIRD SERIES: MOSES. FOURTH SERIES: MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

"It is hoped that these 'Scenes' may form a useful and interesting addition to the Sabbath occupations of the Nursery. From their very earliest infancy little children will listen with interest and delight to stories brought thus palpably before their eyes by means of illustration."—*Preface*.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Kit Bam, the British Sinbad;

Or, the Yarns of an Old Mariner. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE, author of "The Concordance to Shakspeare," etc. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

"A more captivating volume for juvenile recreative reading we never remember to have seen. It is as wonderful as the 'Arabian Nights,' while it is free from the objectionable matter which characterises the Eastern fiction."—*Standard of Freedom*.

"Cruikshank's plates are worthy of his genius."—*Examiner*.

The Favourite Library.

A Series of Works for the Young; each Volume with an Illustration by a well-known Artist. Price 1s. cloth.

1. THE ESKDALE HERD BOY. By LADY STODDART.
2. MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.
3. THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By MRS. TRIMMER.
4. MEMOIR OF BOB, THE SPOTTED TERRIER.
5. KEEPER'S TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF HIS MASTER.
6. THE SCOTTISH ORPHANS. By LADY STODDART.
7. NEVER WRONG; or, THE YOUNG DISPUTANT; and "IT WAS ONLY IN FUN."
8. THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATIONS OF A MOUSE.
9. EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE. By MRS. TRIMMER.
10. RIGHT AND WRONG. By the Author of "ALWAYS HAPPY."
11. HARRY'S HOLIDAY. By JEFFERYS TAYLOR.
12. SHORT POEMS AND HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

The above may be had Two Volumes bound in One, at Two Shillings cloth, or 2s. 6d. gilt edges, as follows:—

1. LADY STODDART'S SCOTTISH TALES.
2. ANIMAL HISTORIES. THE DOG.
3. ANIMAL HISTORIES. THE ROBINS and MOUSE.
4. TALES FOR BOYS. HARRY'S HOLIDAY and NEVER WRONG.
5. TALES FOR GIRLS. MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL and RIGHT AND WRONG.
6. POETRY AND NATURE. SHORT POEMS and TRIMMER'S INTRODUCTION.

Stories of Julian and his Playfellows.

Written by HIS MAMMA. With Four Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Small 4to., 2s. 6d., plain; 3s. 6d., coloured, gilt edges. "The lessons taught by Julian's mamma are each fraught with an excellent moral."—*Morning Advertiser*.

Blades and Flowers.

Poems for Children. Frontispiece by H. ANELAY. Fcap. 8vo; price 2s. cloth. "Breathing the same spirit as the Nursery Poems of Jane Taylor."—*Literary Gazette*.

Aunt Jane's Verses for Children.

By Mrs. T. D. CREWDSON. Illustrated with twelve beautiful Engravings. Fcap. 8vo; 3s. 6d. cloth. "A charming little volume, of excellent moral and religious tendency."—*Ecological Magazine*.

The History of a Family;

Or, Religion our best Support. With an Illustration on Steel by JOHN ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth. "A natural and gracefully written story, pervaded by a tone of Scriptural piety, and well calculated to foster just views of life and duty. We hope it will find its way into many English homes."—*Englishwoman's Magazine*.

Rhymes of Royalty.

The History of England in Verse, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA; with an Appendix, comprising a summary of the leading events in each reign. By S. BLEWETT. Fcap. 8vo, with Frontispiece. 2s. 6d. cloth.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

The Ladies' Album of Fancy Work.

Consisting of Novel, Elegant, and Useful Patterns in Knitting, Netting, Crochet, and Embroidery, printed in Colours. Bound in a beautiful cover. New Edition. Post 4to, 3s. 6d., gilt edges.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The Dream of Little Tuk;

And other Tales, by H. C. ANDERSEN. Translated and dedicated to the Young, by CHARLES BONER. Illustrated by COUNT POCCHI. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. plain; 3s. coloured.

"Full of charming passages of prose, poetry, and such tiny dramatic scenes as will make the pulses of young readers throb with delight."—*Atlas*.

Visits to Beechwood Farm;

Or, Country Pleasures, and Hints for Happiness addressed to the Young. By CATHERINE M. A. COUSER. Illustrations by ABSOLON. Small 4to, 3s. 6d., plain; 4s. 6d. coloured; gilt edges.

"The work is well calculated to impress upon the minds of the young the superiority of simple and natural pleasures over those which are artificial."—*Englishwoman's Magazine*.

Insect Changes.

With richly illuminated Borders, composed of Flowers and Insects, in the highly-wrought style of the celebrated "Hours of Anne of Brittany," and forming a first Lesson in Entomology. Price 5s., in elegant binding.

"One of the richest gifts ever offered, even in this improving age, to childhood. Nothing can be more perfect in illumination than the embellishments of this charming little volume."—*Art Union*.

The Modern British Plutarch;

Or, Lives of Men distinguished in the recent History of our Country for their Talents, Virtues and Achievements. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D. Author of "A Manual of Ancient and Modern History," etc. 12mo, Second Thousand, with a new Frontispiece. 4s. 6d. cloth; 5s. gilt edges.

CONTENTS: Arkwright — Burke — Burns — Byron — Canning — Earl of Chatham — Adam Clarke — Clive — Captain Cook — Gowper — Crabbe — Davy — Eldon — Erskine — Fox — Franklin — Goldsmith — Earl Grey — Warren Hastings — Heber — Howard — Jenner — Sir W. Jones — Mackintosh — H. Martyn — Sir J. Moore — Nelson — Pitt — Romilly — Sir. W. Scott — Sheridan — Smoison — Watt — Marquis of Wellesley — Wilberforce — Wilkie — Wellington.

"A work which will be welcomed in any circle of intelligent young persons."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Home Amusements.

A Choice Collection of Riddles, Charades, Conundrums, Parlour Games, and Forfeits. By PETER PUZZLEWELL, Esq., of Rebus Hall. New Edition, revised and enlarged, with Frontispiece by H. K. BROWNE (Phiz). 16mo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

Early Days of English Princes.

By Mrs. RUSSELL GRAY. Dedicated by permission to the Duchess of Roxburgh. With Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. Small 4to., 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Just the book for giving children some first notions of English history, as the personages it speaks about are themselves young."—*Manchester Examiner*.

First Steps in Scottish History,

By MISS RODWELL, Author of "First Steps to English History." With Ten Illustrations by WEIGALL. 16mo, 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured.

"It is the first popular book in which we have seen the outlines of the early history of the Scottish tribes exhibited with anything like accuracy."—*Glasgow Constitutional*.

"The work is throughout agreeably and lucidly written."—*Midland Counties Herald*.

London Cries and Public Edifices.

Illustrated in Twenty-four Engravings by LUKE LIMNER; with descriptive Letter-press. Square 12mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured. Bound in emblematic cover.

The Silver Swan;

A Fairy Tale. By MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Illustrated by JOHN LEECH. Small 4to, 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The moral is in the good, broad, unmistakable style of the best fairy period."—*Athenæum*.

"The story is written with excellent taste and sly humour."—*Atlas*.

Mrs. Trimmer's Concise History of England,

Revised and brought down to the present time by Mrs. MILNER. With Portraits of the Sovereigns in their proper costume, and Frontispiece by HARVEY. New Edition in One Volume. 5s. cloth.

"The editing has been very judiciously done. The work has an established reputation for the clearness of its genealogical and chronological tables, and for its pervading tone of Christian piety."—*Church and State Gazette*.

The Celestial Empire;

or, Points and Pickings of Information about China and the Chinese. By the late "OLD HUMPHREY." With Twenty Engravings from Drawings by W. H. PRIOR. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth; 4s. gilt edges.

"This very handsome volume contains an almost incredible amount of information."—*Church and State Gazette*.

"The book is exactly what the author proposed it should be, full of good information, good feeling, and good temper."—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

"Even well-known topics are treated with a graceful air of novelty,"—*Athenaeum*.

Tales from the Court of Oberon.

Containing the favourite Histories of Tom Thumb, Graciosa and Percinet, Valentine and Orson, and Children in the Wood. With Sixteen Illustrations by ALFRED CROWQUILL. Small 4to, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

True Stories from Ancient History,

Chronologically arranged from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. Twelfth Edition. With 24 Steel Engravings. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

True Stories from Modern History,

Chronologically arranged from the Death of Charlemagne to the present Time. Eighth Edition. With 24 Steel Engravings. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

True Stories from English History,

Chronologically arranged from the Invasion of the Romans to the Present Time. Sixth Edition. With 36 Steel Engravings. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

Stories from the Old and New Testaments,

On an improved plan. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. With 48 Engravings. Fifth Edition. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

Wars of the Jews,

As related by JOSEPHUS; adapted to the Capacities of Young Persons, With 24 Engravings. Sixth Edition. 4s. 6d. cloth.

The Prince of Wales' Primer.

With 300 Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Dedicated to her Majesty. New Edition, price 6d.; with title and cover printed in gold and colours, 1s.

Pictorial Geography.

For the use of Children. Presenting at one view Illustrations of the various Geographical Terms, and thus imparting clear and definite ideas of their meaning. On a Large Sheet. Price 2s. 6d. in tints; 5s. on Rollers, varnished.

One Thousand Arithmetical Tests;

Or, The Examiner's Assistant. Specially adapted, by a novel arrangement of the subject, for Examination Purposes, but also suited for general use in Schools. By T. S. CARZEN, Head Master of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.

* * * Answers to the above, 1s. 6d. cloth.

THE ABBÉ GAULTIER'S GEOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

I. Familiar Geography.

With a concise Treatise on the Artificial Sphere, and two coloured Maps, illustrative of the principal Geographical Terms. Fifteenth Edition. 16mo, 3s. cloth.

II. An Atlas.

Adapted to the Abbé Gaultier's Geographical Games, consisting of 8 Maps coloured, and 7 in Outline, etc. Folio, 15s. half-bound.

Butler's Outline Maps, and Key;

Or, Geographical and Biographical Exercises; with a Set of Coloured Outline Maps; designed for the Use of Young Persons. By the late WILLIAM BUTLER. Enlarged by the author's son, J. O. BUTLER. Thirty-second Edition, revised. 4s.

Rowbotham's New and Easy Method of Learning the FRENCH GENDERS. New Edition. 6d.

Bellenger's French Word and Phrase-book.

Containing a select Vocabulary and Dialogues, for the Use of Beginners. New Edition, 1s. sewed.

MARIN DE LA VOYE'S ELEMENTARY FRENCH WORKS.

Les Jeunes Narrateurs;

On Petits Contes Moraux. With a Key to the difficult words and phrases. Frontispiece. Second Edition. 18mo, 2s. cloth.

"Written in pure and easy French."—*Morning Post*.

The Pictorial French Grammar;

For the Use of Children. With Eighty Illustrations. Royal 16mo, price 1s. sewed; 1s. 6d. cloth.

Le Babillard.

An Amusing Introduction to the French Language. By a French Lady. Sixth Edition. 2s. cloth.

Der Schwätzer;

Or, the Prattler. An amusing Introduction to the German Language, on the Plan of "Le Babillard." 16 Illustrations. 16mo, price 2s. cloth.

Battle Fields.

A graphic Guide to the Places described in the History of England as the scenes of such Events; with the situation of the principal Naval Engagements fought on the Coast of the British Empire. By Mr. WATTHIER, Geographer. On a large sheet 3s. 6d.; in case 6s.; or on a roller, and varnished, 9s.

Tabular Views of the Geography and Sacred His-

TORY of PALESTINE, and of the TRAVELS of ST. PAUL. Intended for Pupil Teachers, and others engaged in Class Teaching. By A. T. WHITE. Oblong 8vo, price 1s., sewed.

The First Book of Geography;

Specially adapted as a Text Book for Beginners, and as a Guide to the Young Teacher. By HUGO REID, author of "Elements of Astronomy," etc. Third Edition, carefully revised. 18mo, 1s. sewed.

"One of the most sensible little books on the subject of Geography we have met with."
—*Educational Times*.

The Child's Grammar,

By the late LADY FERN, under the assumed name of Mrs. Lovechild. Forty-ninth Edition. 18mo, 9d. cloth.

Always Happy;

Or, Anecdotes of Felix and his Sister Serena. By the author of "Claudine," etc. Eighteenth Edition, with new Illustrations. Royal 18mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

Andersen's (H. C.) Nightingale and other Tales.

2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

Anecdotes of Kings,

Selected from History; or, Gertrude's Stories for Children. With Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

Bible Illustrations;

Or, a Description of Manners and Customs peculiar to the East, and especially Explanatory of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. With Engravings. Fourth Edition. Revised by J. KITTO, Editor of "The Pictorial Bible," etc. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"This volume will be found unusually rich in the species of information so much needed by young readers of the Scriptures."—*Christian Mother's Magazine*.

The British History briefly told,

and a Description of the Ancient Customs, Sports, and Pastimes of the English. Embellished with full-length Portraits of the Sovereigns of England in their proper Costumes, and 18 other Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Chit-chat;

Or, Short Tales in Short Words. By a MOTHER, author of "Always Happy." New Edition. With Eight Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. cloth, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Conversations on the Life of Jesus Christ.

For the use of Children. By a MOTHER. A new Edition. With 12 Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

Cosmorama.

The Manners, Customs, and Costumes of all Nations of the World described. By J. ASPIN. New Edition with numerous Illustrations. 3s. 6d. plain; and 4s. 6d. coloured.

Easy Lessons;

Or, Leading-Strings to Knowledge. New Edition, with 8 Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Key to Knowledge;

Or, Things in Common Use simply and shortly explained. By a MOTHER, Author of "Always Happy," etc. Thirteenth Edition. With Sixty Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Facts to correct Fancies;

Or, Short Narratives compiled from the Biography of Remarkable Women. By a MOTHER. With Engravings, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

Fruits of Enterprise;

Exhibited in the Travels of Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia. Thirteenth Edition, with six Engravings. 18mo, price 3s. cloth.

The Garden;

Or, Frederick's Monthly Instructions for the Management and Formation of a Flower Garden. Fourth Edition. With Engravings of the Flowers in Bloom for each Month in the Year, etc. 3s. 6d. plain; or 6s. with the Flowers coloured.

How to be Happy;

Or, Fairy Gifts: to which is added a Selection of Moral Allegories, from the best English Writers. With Steel Engravings. Price 3s. 6d. cloth.

Infantine Knowledge.

A Spelling and Reading Book, on a Popular Plan, combining much Useful Information with the Rudiments of Learning. By the Author of "The Child's Grammar." With numerous Engravings. Ninth Edition. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Ladder to Learning.

A Collection of Fables, Original and Select, arranged progressively in words of One, Two, and Three Syllables. Edited and improved by the late Mrs. TRIMMER. With 79 Cuts. Nineteenth Edition. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Little Lessons for Little Learners.

In Words of One Syllable. By MRS. BARWELL. Ninth Edition, with numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Little Reader.

A Progressive Step to Knowledge. Fourth Edition with sixteen Plates. Price 2s. 6d. cloth.

Mamma's Lessons.

For her Little Boys and Girls. Thirteenth Edition, with eight Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Mine;

Or, Subterranean Wonders. An Account of the Operations of the Miner and the Products of his Labours; with a Description of the most important in all parts of the World. By the late Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Sixth Edition, with numerous corrections and additions by Mrs. LOUDON. With 45 new Woodcuts and 16 Steel Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Young Jewess, The, and her Christian School-fellows. By the Author of "Rhoda," etc. With a Frontispiece by J. GILBERT. 16mo, 1s. cloth.

Rhoda;

Or, The Excellence of Charity. Fourth Edition. With Illustrations. 16mo, 2s. cloth.

The Rival Crusoes,

And other Tales. By AGNES STRICKLAND, author of "The Queens of England." Sixth Edition. 18mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

Short Tales.

Written for Children. By DAME TRUELOVE and her Friends. A new Edition, with 20 Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Students;

Or, Biographies of the Grecian Philosophers. 12mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth.

Stories of Edward and his little Friends.

With 12 Illustrations. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

Sunday Lessons for little Children.

By MRS. BARWELL. Third Edition. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. coloured.

A Visit to Grove Cottage,

And the India Cabinet Opened. By the author of "Fruits of Enterprise." New Edition. 18mo, price 3s. cloth.

Dissections for Young Children;

In a neat box. Price 5s. each.

1. SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF JOSEPH AND MOSES.
2. SCENES FROM THE HISTORY OF OUR SAVIOUR.
3. OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.
4. LIFE AND DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH, CLOTH.

ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT, Emperor of Russia. 18mo.

COUNSELS AT HOME; with Anecdotes, Tales, &c.
MORAL TALES. By a FATHER. With 2 Engravings.

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH, CLOTH.

THE DAUGHTER OF A GENIUS. A Tale. By Mrs. HOFLAND. Sixth Edition.

ELLEN THE TEACHER. By Mrs. HOFLAND. New Edition.

THE SON OF A GENIUS. By Mrs. HOFLAND. New Edition.

THEODORE; or, the Crusaders. By Mrs. HOFLAND. New Edition.

SHORT AND SIMPLE PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN, WITH HYMNS. By the Author of "Mamma's Bible Stories," &c.

TRIMMER'S (MRS.) OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS. With 40 Engravings.

TRIMMER'S (MRS.) NEW TESTAMENT LESSONS. With 40 Engravings. New Editions.

ONE SHILLING, PLAIN. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, COLOURED.

THE DAISY, with Thirty Wood Engravings. 26th Edition.

THE COWSLIP, with Thirty Engravings. 24th Edition.

ONE SHILLING EACH. CLOTH.

WELCOME VISITOR; a Collection of Original Stories, &c.
NINA, an Icelandic Tale. By the Author of "Always Happy."
SPRING FLOWERS and the MONTHLY MONITOR.
THE HISTORY OF PRINCE LEE BOO. New Edition.

THE CHILD'S DUTY. Dedicated by a Mother to her Children. Second Edition.
DECEPTION and FREDERICK MARSDEN, the Faithful Friend.
LESSONS of WISDOM for the YOUNG. By the Rev. W. FLETCHER.

DURABLE NURSERY BOOKS,

MOUNTED ON CLOTH WITH COLOURED PLATES,

ONE SHILLING EACH.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Alphabet of Goody Two-Shoes. | 9 Mother Hubbard. |
| 2 Cinderella. | 10 Monkey's Frolic. |
| 3 Cock Robin. | 11 Old Woman and her Pig. |
| 4 Courtship of Jenny Wren. | 12 Puss in Boots. |
| 5 Dame Trot and her Cat. | 13 Tommy Trip's Museum of Birds, |
| 6 History of an Apple Pie. | Part I. |
| 7 House that Jack built. | 14 _____ Part II. |
| 8 Little Rhymes for Little Folks. | |

DURABLE BOOKS FOR SUNDAY READING.

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF JOSEPH AND MOSES. Illustrated by J. GILBERT. Printed on linen. Price 1s.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR. Illustrated by J. GILBERT. Printed on linen. Price 1s.

DARNELL'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

The attention of all interested in the subject of Education is invited to these Works, now in extensive use throughout the Kingdom, prepared by Mr. Darnell, a Schoolmaster of many years' experience.

1. **COPY BOOKS.**—A SHORT AND CERTAIN ROAD TO A GOOD HAND-WRITING, gradually advancing from the Simple Stroke to a superior Small-hand.

LARGE POST, Sixteen Numbers, 6d. each.

FOOLSCAP, Twenty Numbers, to which are added Three Supplementary Numbers of Angular Writing for Ladies, and One of Ornamental Hands. Price 3d. each.

. This series may also be had on very superior paper, marble covers, 4d. each.

"For teaching writing I would recommend the use of Darnell's Copy Books. I have noticed a marked improvement wherever they have been used."—*Report of Mr. Maye (National Society's Organizer of Schools) to the Worcester Diocesan Board of Education.*

2. **GRAMMAR**, made intelligible to Children, price 1s. cloth.
3. **ARITHMETIC**, made intelligible to Children, price 1s. 6d. cloth.
. Key to Parts 2 and 3, price 1s. cloth.
4. **READING**, a Short and Certain Road to, price 6d. cloth.

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

