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Old Memories

By

A. J.

that our descendants
would enjoy.
With very kind
Regards I am
Yours Sincerely
Agnes Jameson

Old Memories

By

A. J.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER
I DEDICATE THIS SMALL BOOK

Yours sincerely,

Agnes Jameson

JAMESON, Agnes (Macfarlane) 1854 - 1923.

Old Memories

By A.J.

Christchurch:
PRINTED BY SMITH AND ANTHONY, LTD.
1916.

"That their posterity might know it: and the children which were yet unborn"—Psalms of David.

PREFACE

EVER SINCE MOTHER left us, in 1909, a spirit has been prompting me to write all I can remember of the old, old days in New Zealand. "Don't let all be forgotten; let your children and your children's children know a little of what the first pioneers went through." That thought has come to me so persistently, so insistently, that I needs must write.

If you, my dear children, think that anything in this journal seems original, or beyond my memory, I can only say that up here, in Aomarama, I have time to think as well as write, and, away from the cares of housekeeping, I oft-times let my fancy stray, and, guided by memory, and the spirit of the past, wander far down the long avenue of bygone years. I try to picture things as they were in those old wild times, "the good old days," some call them, but that is only because they were young then. To be young and strong makes the good days of our lives.

Now some of my thoughts I will call Grannie grams, because they have come into my mind as I sit or rest on my mother's old-gold chesterfield in our little sitting-room with the round window that looks to the golden west. On this old couch she spent many, many hours during the last years of her life, and often her mind went back to the old days of her youth. So why not, if my mind is in tune when I take my afternoon rest on this sofa in the quiet little room, what is there to prevent her thoughts of the days gone by from coming into my mind, my head resting just where hers used to? To me this seems much more simple than wireless messages at sea. So here and there in this journal you will read a grannie-gram.

If this explanation finds no response in your very wise and reasoning minds, then, my children, I can only say, that when you arrive at my age, and sit quietly alone, thinking, thinking, and you dig deep down into the storehouse of your memory, things will come into your mind that have been forgotten for years. The tablets of one's memory seem

to unfold, and you are astonished, quite, at what you find. It pleases me to call these thoughts grannie-grams, and I like to think that my mother knows I am trying to write about the olden times, and to fancy she is helping me.

In these few short chapters I mean to try and tell a little about where I spent my Indian Summer, because I enjoyed my visits to Aomarama so much, and my sons made me so happy.

This is mostly for my grandchildren to read—and also I wish to tell little bits of the lives of my father and mother in the days of early New Zealand.

How very sorry I am that I did not write these parts of my journal years ago, when I could have had help from my mother. But only now in 1910 has a great sorrow and burden been lifted from me, and at last the leisure and inclination to write have come.

My idea is to rescue from the darkness of forgetfulness tales of long ago, as well as to depict life on a sheep and cattle station in Hawkes Bay, as I found it on my husband's place, living with my young sons.

Mark Twain says in one of his books that "A diary well kept can always be made readable, even if not very interesting or exciting." Now, sad to tell, my diary has not been well kept, so I write from memory a great part. All the same, my visits to Aomarama are as green spots in the somewhat grey pathway of my life's journey, therefore my memory may be trusted.

Sometimes I romance, and at other times just pick out the days that have something interesting to write about.

AGNES JAMESON.

Aomarama,
Hawkes Bay, 1910.

AOMARAMA

June

SEVERAL times have I spent a pleasant month or so up here ; the first time I came by coach after leaving the Napier express at Waipawa. It was winter, a cold frosty night, and such a long drive. Esmond met me some miles from our cottage, with a gig, and on we drove through winding and, to me, unknown roads, until we reached the little old bush home. Leslie had a lovely fire of maitai

Bush Cottage, Aomarama

logs, and a comfortable tea ready. Mrs. Mott, the housekeeper, was a pleasant Scotch body, and she did us very well.

This cottage was in quite a romantic situation, in the bush with a mountain stream in front. All day long the native birds sang, and at night we could hear the curious notes of the more-pork, the native owl.

The ferns, too, were lovely, but, oh ! can any of us ever forget those awful mosquitoes ? They were so voracious that we could not wear house shoes or slippers during the evenings, but kept our boots on to protect our feet from bites : but notwithstanding we were quite happy. Leslie and I rode out over the run so that I could see the lay of the land. The horse I rode was called Doctor, and a good name, too, for I felt grand afterwards. We called on our neighbours and found them most pleasant, and they came to see us also.

January

MY SECOND VISIT to this part of the country was not all pleasant. My two daughters and another son were with me, and we camped out in tents, which were wrecked in a thunder storm, so I will just pass it by, for in this Journal I mean to be like the sun dial in an old Surrey garden, and

"Only mark the sunny hours."

The snug red-roofed Cottage, Aomarama

We are driving up the valley,
It's a bright and sunny afternoon,
And every leafy nook beside the way
Is bright with yellow kowhai bloom.

THE SCENE is changed. Here we are six miles on the Hastings side of the run, quite away from the bush, and in our nice new house on the hill, with a lovely view, and no mosquitoes. It is so comfortable, with a beautiful bathroom, and the softest rain water. Lots of manuka for fires. I was pleased to see some of mother's old furniture in the new cottage. Her old Dutch clock ticks away on the kitchen mantelshelf. I sleep in her bed in the nice new bedroom, and often rest on her old chesterfield in the little sitting-room. The cottage is quite homelike. I feel we shall be very happy here.

George and I came to Maraekakaho by coach, and Fred met us with Peter and Simon tandem in the old cart. The drive up the valley was so pretty.

We have a new couple just out from the North of England. Alice is a quaint little person, Welsh, and Frank a big Yorkshireman, best described as "sawney."

SATURDAY—George and Leslie shot two wild turkeys to-day; one weighed 19 pounds. We expect visitors to-morrow, so that will

make a change from the everlasting mutton. I only hope the one we have is not a patriarch but one of the younger brethren.

SUNDAY—Alice and I had some difficulty in getting the big turkey into the oven this morning, but after some anxiety it was cooked to perfection, and just as tender as chicken. The Clive Grange car came in good time for dinner, Aunt Stephie, Jessie, Jack, Aunt Nellie and Trixie. George brought me some maiden-hair fern from over the hill, so we were quite festive. Our garden is too new as yet for us to have any flowers.

MONDAY—This morning George took me out for a delightful ride over the run. The horse I had was called Butcher, but deserved to be called Blucher, such a grand old fellow he was to carry me so well. It was morning when we started, a lovely fresh spring morning, and some old lines, learned at school, perhaps, would come into my mind as we rode up to the highest part of the run, called Benvoirlich (in Gaelic, "the mountain with a distant view"). Some Highlander who was fond of Scott's poems must have named this mountain. The lines are from "The Chase":—

"But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way."

However, we only thought poetry, and acted prose—turned three fat, long-woolled sheep off their backs, rounded up some cattle to see if they were growing fat, and looked over the hills to see how the grass was coming on, then home to 12 o'clock luncheon, not a bit tired.

TUESDAY.—As I was sitting on the warm verandah, mending, as usual, this morning, Alice came out, broom in hand, but really for a chat. She is a bit homesick, and, looking down the valley, asked me if I thought it would be very long before they had cars running up from Hastings? I said it would be a long, long time. Afterwards we all quite laughed at the idea, my sons and I; but now, sitting quietly in the sun, looking out over the beautiful hills, the spirit of prophecy is with me, and I see a train running down the valley—but not in my time, and not in Alice's, but there it is in my grandchildren's time. "There is gold in the hills," and the gold is butter, that is what the spirit tells me.

WEDNESDAY—Fred shot a dog this afternoon. Unfortunately it belonged to our neighbour McKinnon, but deserved its fate, having killed and worried a number of our good sheep.

THURSDAY—They have been drafting cows with young calves, to-day. The cows are so wild, all black-polled Angus, with such black little calves. They seem to be all over the hills round about. I went

to the gate to see if our neighbours had put our mail in the box, and felt quite glad to get home safe and not be rushed at by these cows.

A good many anecdotes are very pastoral in this journal, but really I cannot make it otherwise, though we are not quite out of the world. We all read a good deal, and have lots of newspapers, and often talk of things outside our own little valley ; still, this is intended to picture life on a sheep run as I found it in 1910.

Right up on the run on Benvoirlich are the cattle, cows and calves mostly. One morning two of my sons were doing their round when Fred found that a calf had fallen into a curious deep hole, a place washed out with rain water at some time. Near this hole the poor frantic mother

The Old Cottage—bush end—Aomarama

cow was bellowing in great excitement, so they soon found the cause. One went for a rope which they managed, after some difficulty, to tie round the calf's body, then they hauled him to the top. Unfortunately, the rope slipped and he was pulled out by his neck. The knot was a slip one, so was very tight. They told me he was " all right," not hurt in the least, only very black in the face—then laughed. I very soon saw the joke, as this calf was a polled Angus. Now this hole is fenced in, so this accident cannot happen again.

When I see the curious ways of these cows and calves, I often wonder what Mrs. Gatty would have put about them in her book of " Parables from Nature." These mother cows certainly have a way

of making their calves obey them. Just a short time ago, when my sons came on horseback with stockwhips to draft out all the cows with young calves from a big field near our home, one cunning cow hid her calf, not knowing that she was to be driven right away. It was quite two days before it was discovered by her full udder and by her trying to get back. Then they noticed she had no calf with her, so she was put back into the field again from which she had been driven. She made a bee line to the place where she had hidden her calf ; there he was, safe and well, but so hungry and glad to see his mother ; he had evidently never moved from the place where his mother had hidden him. We have called this calf "Casabianca," and one of them said they heard a plaintive calf voice calling in the night, and it sounded like " Moo oh ! Mother, moo ! I will not move until I hear my mother moo ! " We were much amused at this parody, and had a good laugh. Then I said that I had heard the answering low of the mother cow, as she was being driven back from somewhere in the direction of Benvoirlich, and to me it sounded like " Mo guil eh ! Mo guil eh ! " This in Gaelic is a passionate term of endearment, and means literally " Calf of my heart." Naturally, after being up on Benvoirlich she would low in Gaelic.

Now, what am I dreaming about ? Can I hear in my memory as well as see a little Highland mother crooning to her babe, and is that babe me ? I wonder, does she call me " Mo guil eh " ? Oh, it is so long, long ago, but I know it's true.

WEDNESDAY—Another lovely day. My goodman went back to Christchurch this morning. All have been so busy. They only just come in for meals, then off again. At 12 o'clock, as I sit in my warm corner of the verandah, sewing, I hear voices, then presently someone calls out, " Is tucker ready ? " If I do not go in at once, Leslie says, " Come, mother, hurry up and feed, and welcome to our table." He says that is from Shakespeare, but I am not sure, so I just laugh. The meal over, it is " Now, mates, get a bend on," then off they go. I won't see them till 5 o'clock, but I, too, am busy, so time goes quickly.

THURSDAY—We have three pet lambs. Fred looks after them as a rule. One he has christened Miss Pankhurst, because the small creature was so difficult to feed. Some lovely, big lambs have died out on the run. A post morten has shown that the cause is getting wool in their throats when drinking.

Leslie amused me a short time ago. He said, " Those young mothers —they give me more trouble than the rest of the flock." How like some humans they are ! I understood what he meant when I went over to the yards this afternoon for a walk and to bring home a weak lamb, for there, in a pen, shut up with a small, ugly yellow lamb, was a fine young haughty-snorty looking Romney ewe. She was just longing to be off over the hills with her companions, and hated the responsibility and

tie of motherhood. Two of my sons held her so that the ugly young lamb might drink. She will take to it in a day or so, they say. At present I call her the Gipsy Queen, as she has a pedigree half a yard long, and her son will be valuable if he lives.

For some reason a good many sheep have died lately. The grass is too rank, perhaps. The sun is warm and bright as I sit in my corner of the verandah, mending, as usual, socks and shirts. I take my French poetry and learn some as I work. I find it lightens the humdrum of life to learn something new, and also I keep constantly before me our long promised trip to Europe. Esmond came along and saw me reading. I told him my idea that beautiful words and new thoughts lessened the drudgery of work. "I wonder," he said, "if it ever could my present job? I am just off to peel a deader." These disagreeable things have to be faced bravely. When he had gone I went to the bathroom and put the Jeyes' fluid in readiness for his return; but how wonderful it is that someone does not die of blood-poisoning!

A short time ago a message came in from the scrub cutters' camp to say that one of the men had cut his leg rather badly and they could not stop the bleeding. This had gone on for two days before they sent for help. Leslie went out with bandages, etc. He found the poor young fellow very low, as you may imagine, his leg bound up with coarse sacking and that not over clean, only camp fare and billy tea to keep up his strength. Leslie did all he could for him with clean bandages. Now I hear he made quite a good recovery. When one sees the elaborate preparations doctors and nurses make for the smallest operation, it is very wonderful to think that this young man lived. It must be the pure air and simple, healthy life that saved him.

During this evening, when we were chatting round the fire, I told a story of a farmer in the South Island who had a sense of humour as well as a knowledge of the classics. His new rouse-about came round to the verandah where Mr. T. was enjoying his pipe, and asked where was the killing place? Mr. T. stood up, and, with a dramatic gesture, pointing in the direction of the woolshed, said, "See yonder trees—'tis there you do the diabolical deed." They all had a good laugh over this story, which is perfectly true.

OCTOBER 10th—

My birthday. A heavenly morning. I did not think any of them remembered, until late in the afternoon Leslie brought me a beautiful cluster of bush clematis. I was so very pleased. He climbed a tall bare tree in the bush and got it from the very top. Oh, I am thankful he did not slip and fall. He told me that he gathered quite a long, lovely spray of flowers, and put them down near the bush cottage, meaning to get it when he had finished his round. As bad luck would have

it. Woods (our married shepherd) came along, and thinking Pai, the head Maori, who was felling trees close by, had left it for Mrs. Woods, he took it to the cottage and gave it to her. No doubt she was delighted. When Leslie returned and found where it had disappeared to, he saw the beautiful spray cut up into tight bunches and stuck into jars! Cruel, was it not? All the same he managed to bring me some home, and I thought it just sweet. It is now over our mantel shelf and quite decorates this little room. Every time I pass the bush and see the tall bare trees, I think of this birthday in 1909.

Where, I wonder, is the small, white native violet, the wild violet of my childhood, a simple little scentless flower, white, with about three purple stripes in the centre? I fear clover and English grass have smothered it out of existence. For many, many years I have not seen it. My sisters and I always found it in October in the marshy parts of the fields and made posies for our birthdays—how I should love to find it now. In the dark I think I could tell it by the old-remembered wild scent, but it is a memory only; I fear I shall never see it again.

OCTOBER 12th—The Hawkes Bay Show is this week and my three sons are going. They want me to go, but I like stopping at home best. Our neighbours, the Clarksons, are leaving their Jersey cow with us as they are all going to the Show, too, for three days or so. I do not intend to be lonely, although I shall miss them, for I have "Joseph Vance" to read, and writing to amuse me.

OCTOBER 13th—Alice and I were very busy in the kitchen all the morning. She loves talking and I draw her on to tell me things about her life in the North of England. She told me to-day a good deal about the cotton strike and the great poverty caused thereby. It has lasted over two years. I do wish more women would come out to New Zealand, we need them here. Talking of women having to toil, she told me of a North Country farmer in Wales who had become very religious, and who also thought he had a gift for preaching, so every Sunday off he would go in his suit of black to preach. His little wife stopped at home and had 10 cows to milk night and morning. As she had no one to mind the infant, she tied him on her back, Maori way in a shawl, whilst milking. Wretch, where was his Christianity? Surely duty and charity begin at home. This was the wife he had vowed to love and cherish. I don't like his religion a bit, but I do like this little woman for taking her child with her, not leaving it to the sad fate of some children I have read about in the papers. Their mothers have gone out to milk, leaving the small children in bed and a fire burning. Several times we have all read of children being burnt to death whilst their mothers were away milking.

A short time ago I lifted my feeble voice at our Sewing Guild, in protest again the making of flannelette garments for children, because

they catch fire so easily, but, needless to say, they still go on doing so. It is cheap, they say, and so easy to wash. It wears out very soon, I think, and is not nearly so thrifty as unbleached calico, but then that is quite out of date, and womenkind do copy their neighbours—but I get out of patience, so had better stop.

OCTOBER 14th—Alice and I were so busy this morning. She made good mutton broth with plenty of vegetables and rice. When she called it "cawl," I knew what she meant from reading those delightful books of Allan Raine. I made 2lb. butter from the Jersey's cream, also some buttermilk scones. We expect them home this evening from the Hastings Show. I also did a little in our small garden. It is a tiny patch fenced in with manuka. We have six small rows of early potatoes. I will cover them from the frost later on.

2 p.m.—Frank is very late coming home to mid-day lunch. He has to go round the sheep and lambs during my sons' absence. Alice is very worried, but, think I to myself, I just expect he has fallen over Peter's tail, climbing some hill, he is so awkward ; most probably he is now walking home.

3 p.m.—Frank has just come in. When I asked him why he was so late, and if all were well with the flocks, he said, "There was a lamb caught in a thicket and it took me a time getting it out."

Now, at a jump as it were, my thoughts go back to the time of Abraham and Isaac, it sounded so Biblical. Here we should say the lamb was caught in a bush lawyer, our name for the native bramble.

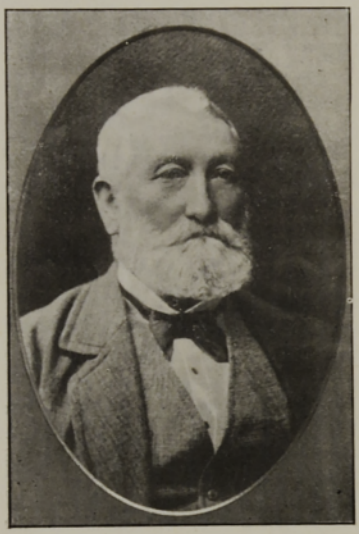
3.30 p.m.—Now I am free to take my rest, so make myself snug on mother's old chesterfield in the little room. These are some of the thoughts that come to me as I doze : "So that was the trial of Abraham's faith, surely some of us have much harder trials. I think of one who is near and dear to me, who had her two darlings snatched away so suddenly. No Angel of Mercy was there to stay the hand of Death. Oh, why is it ? Why ? In all earnestness I pray, Lord, help Thou my faith, it is oft-times weak and faint.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His works in vain,
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain."

OCTOBER 15th—Alice is not good at baking bread, and, to my grief and mortification, I find my hand has lost its cunning, the bread has been quite heavy to-day. The yeast cannot be good, so I am driving old Simon to the store this afternoon for the mails and bread. Everyone is too busy getting ready for shearing, but it is a pleasant drive if only I don't meet a motor car, as our horses do not like them. Frank with Peter (our bay horse) had an upset last week. Having arrived at the

store I bought four big loaves of bread, some stores, and asked for our neighbour's mail as well as our own. It was very bulky, so they tied it up with string so I should not lose it. It must have been past 4 o'clock when I turned up the valley on my homeward way. I was so pleased to hear from my other children all well, my dear little Alleyn quite happy and smiling when they tell him "Mother will soon come home."

Now another letter was from my sister, written from Rome, where she is with her daughters, seeing the lovely pictures and statues, etc., and having a grand holiday. As I read this letter, sorry I am to confess, but that ugly imp, old Grizzel, the spirit of discontent, came and sat with me. Being a little tired and thunder in the air, I made room easily. Thoughts came into my mind like this: "Why cannot I get away with my girls and have a change and see all the lovely pictures and places? Here it is the same old round, Monday washing day, Tuesday ironing day, Wednesday baking day, Thursday butter making, so on, the never-ending round of common tasks; so immediately I try to think out how to manage financially this dream trip. Life here is so strenuous, but pleasant, too, only sometimes one longs for a change.



My Father, the late John Macfarlane, of Coldstream, Rangiora

Now, an idea has come into my mind. If the haughty Gipsy Queen still refuses to take to her lamb, then I will ask for it to feed and look after. In a year's time it ought to be worth a good deal, perhaps £20. They say it has all the good points. I cannot see its beauty myself, but I will be so good to it and make it grow so fat and big, then, when it is mine to sell—joy! I put the money in the bank as a nest-egg for my trip. I may as well say I have other nest-eggs as well, or it would be a dream too far off to realise.

Again, how would it do to send the £20 home to my husband's nephew, an artist in London, and ask him to paint me a faithful copy of one of the Old Masters, say, Romney? That would be quite fitting, think I, quite pleased with the idea. As Simon and I trot along I dream away all the time. Indeed, I see the picture hanging on the wall of our sitting room, and I am telling my grandchildren that it was bought with my lamb money. How fast one's thoughts do run! We are just

nearing home. As I reached the top of the last long cutting, just before I came to the home gate, and had a first peep of the snug red cottage on the hill, I realised that old Grizzel had left me, and knew that sweet Content sat smiling in his place, for there, at the open gate, young, tall and goodly to look upon even in his shirt sleeves, was my son Esmond, waiting for me and tending a small flock at the same time. When we had sorted the mails and put the Clarkson's in the box, I said, "Come home as soon as you can, the English mail is most interesting" Esmond said, "Right you are, I've only got to turn out these sheep and lambs into the upper paddock. The Gipsy Queen takes to her lamb all right." Now, at this moment, the farmer in me came uppermost and I said "That is good," but, turning round, as Simon and I wended our way up the drive towards home I could see Esmond going up the valley with his flock, and I think how like all my dreams are those sheep, so soon they will be lost in the misty valley of forgetfulness. Our trip Home must still be in the far distant future, and the picture—well, perhaps a picture by or after Romney would only be of some fat old duke or marquis (sour grapes !) but I think of pretty, naughty Lady Hamilton all the same with regret. I found the next gate open and could see Leslie on the verandah. He had on his Norfolk coat and looked ready for dinner. When he tightened his belt in dumb show I knew he was hungry, so I made haste.

Fred I could see on my right going over to the kennels with tucker for the dogs ; he was still in his dungarees, so I quite understood that he had been busy cleaning his engine until late.

The days are full of work, but 6 o'clock brings dinner, with books and pipes round a nice log fire, and so ends to-day.

I think I hear Joan saying, "But, Granny, where did ugly old Grizzel go to ?" "My dear, he went back to Marea on a poor swagger's back—the wheels of my gig awoke the tired man. He was asleep near the golden willows at the bridge. It would be dark before he could reach the village, and I am perfectly sure old Grizzel went with him."

OCTOBER 16th, 1909.—They are all busy getting ready for shearing, our very busiest time of the year. We have a good gang of natives to shear ; very quiet, peaceful folk they are mostly, anyway, so far we have had no trouble. The women come and help in the shed, sweeping, sorting, etc. Also they cook for themselves ; that is a great comfort, for European cooks mostly drink. As I sit in my usual seat on the verandah I can smell hops boiling. Alice is making yeast. That reminds me of one shearer cook who made his yeast so strong that he got drunk on it. The men said "he was happy but the bread D—— hoppy."

My son Percy amused us last evening after dinner. He said "I feel I am about due for my holiday, for I have been reading a lot about environment lately, and am wondering which I shall grow most like, a tussock, or a sheep, if I stop here without a change any longer ?" We all laughed.

Then I said, "I, too, am showing the effects of environment; I found myself saying 'Dash!' at bridge last night, and am now wondering if some morning, when I am baking cakes in the kitchen, I forget the oven and smell them burning, you may hear me exclaim, 'Julius Cæsar! the cakes are burning!' And should I touch the hot slide lifting them out of the oven, you may be shocked to hear me say, 'Jumping Jehoshaphat, that was hot!' Perhaps this may be called the result of environment."

"Great Scott!" said Fred, "Mother, if you talk like that when you go back to Christchurch, people will stare."

"My son," I replied, "when I go back to my home on the flat I will do as the people on the flat do; my speech will be the same as the speech of the people on the flat. When I bake cakes I will strenuously endeavour not to burn them—or burn myself, either. Should I do so I will quickly apply some carbonate of soda to the place, bandage it carefully, saying all the bad words under my breath. Now, this will be the result of environment, also, don't you think?"

But, afterwards, when thinking quietly to myself on what Percy had said about tussocks and sheep, I feel it is quite possible if one lived up here for a very long time without change, for one's life to take on a dull monochrome tint, like as a tussock, and one might grow shy and, like sheep, be afraid of meeting people; so we are sending Percy for his holiday very soon. He is so thin I am sure he needs a change.

OCTOBER 17th—A lovely warm day, but, oh! those dreadful big brown blow flies have come like one of the Plagues of Egypt. Do all we can we cannot get rid of them. They make such a noise at meal-times we call it the "band." I have been dusting Keatings on the windows; that kills them, then we brush them up and burn them, but more come from somewhere. I spend all my leisure time killing these flies. All our food, milk pans, etc., are covered in butter muslin. I do wish they had some natural enemies. A mynor, one of those Indian birds, might be tamed, and if it was indoors it would keep them down. But one never knows, it would very likely be just as troublesome. We must really do some house-cleaning before shearing begins.

Mrs. Nelson and I had quite a busy morning spring-cleaning. I must help all I can before I leave for my other home. We had such a trouble with the clay nests built by the mason bee. The folds of the curtains were full of clay, even the key holes of the doors were filled in; curious, busy creatures they are, these mason bees, they buzz, buzz all day long, hypnotising spiders or mesmerizing them. Then they shut them up in clay cells as food for their young. I suppose the egg or larva is also in the clay cell and the idea is to provide it with fresh meat when it comes into active existence. Anyway this is the first time I have had this kind of cleaning to do.

Fred brought home on his sledge from Benvoirlich one day not long ago a curious object he found embedded in the earth. It is either a mouldy, moss-grown meteorite, or a lump of molten lava from one of the distant volcanos. Perhaps at the time of the eruption of Tarawera, some twenty-seven years ago, it was wafted here in a heated and lighter condition, but that must be a hundred miles away. We shall never know the truth, so call it "The Message from Mars." As I write it lies in the corner of the verandah—a subject for speculation.

OCTOBER 18th—I must just mention that we had Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson to dinner one evening a few weeks ago. We had the second turkey. Frank skinned it and Alice boiled it. Served with plenty of parsley sauce it was quite a nice change from the everlasting mutton. Now, one of us, who is learning French, says that as all the turkey is finished, it is now a case of "ils faute revenous a' nous mouton" (mutton) again three times a day until the next bird is shot—that is intended as a bon mot.

OCTOBER 19th—I am not stopping up here any longer—cannot wait to help at shearing. Poor Alice, I hope she will manage all right. So au revoir, Aomarama, till next visit.

My Goodman starting on his round

THIRD VISIT

AUTUMN, 1910.—My third visit, in company with my niece Lily and grand-niece Joan, was very pleasant. The new piano came up an hour or so after we arrived, so we have had music every evening. Lily plays so nicely they all enjoy it greatly. We motored from Clive Grange, just a lovely run out, not a bit tiring.

We were very busy this week, as the married couple (not Alice and Frank) had three days' holiday. The husband returned first and helped with the cooking.

We visited Gwavas and Glenlyon, had dry weather, and almost a water famine. We returned by car to Clive Grange. It was during this visit that I missed our good driving horse, Greyboy. They told us of the grievous tragedy that had happened some little time ago. My son Leslie was leading this poor horse over a very steep place, when Greyboy slipped and fell right down ; his neck was broken instantly. Leslie could only climb down and get the saddle and bridle. Poor Greyboy ! we are so sorry, but, oh, so thankful my boy was not riding at the time, the very thought is a nightmare.

FOURTH VISIT

NOVEMBER, 1910.—Percy and I arrived here by motor car last night, 1¼ hour's coming from Hastings. How wonderful to come so quickly ! Why, in the olden days we would have come by bullock dray and have taken two days, most probably, and just imagine how tired we would feel. I should have been stiff for a week.

Shearing has begun. All went early to bed as they have to rise with the lark. Mrs. Nelson, the housekeeper, looks so nice, young and amiable, so I am pleased.

WEDNESDAY.—When I got up this morning I could hear the busy hum of machinery up at the woolshed, so knew that shearing was in full swing. It was 7.30 a.m. when I came out of my room—all the sons were out hours ago. Mrs. Nelson gave me some breakfast at 6 a.m. in my room. She told me not to get up or the day would be too long. Once up I helped as much as possible, made beds, dusted rooms, etc., then sat me down to sew on the verandah. The day is not too hot, just quiet and pleasant. I love sewing. What a blessing I do, for I have plenty. I quite enjoy sitting quietly with my basket of work here, it is so peaceful ; you can let your mind stray, as it were, and make up and think all kinds of nice thoughts whilst mending. Lest I may feel too virtuous let me remember I have been told that they give the women in mental hospitals long seams to sew, it soothes them ; so that is how I feel, soothed.

All is so still and quiet. One can only hear the troubled bleating of moving sheep on the hills, a dog bark, and the distant hum of Fred's engine at work. Every time I lift my eyes from my sewing I see the wonderful, ever-changing view—blue hills so far, far away, 60 miles some must be, sometimes the sun is on them, sometimes the shadows. I really think my husband should have called this place Mt. Panorama.

THURSDAY—A slight shower fell during the night, we all hope it will not stop work in the shed. Mrs. Nelson and I have been far too busy to go up and see the Maoris shearing. We say we will take up the "smoke-oh" tea to-morrow.

FRIDAY—The native gang are a bit upset to-day, say "the wool is wet," and will not shear. One of the shearers is a pakeha Maori, and he it is who has put them up to strike ; for till now these natives have all been so good, no trouble. They have worked for us for the last three years, now this poor white trash of man has spoilt them.

Another trouble is that the cook has left in a hurry with his wife and adopted child, the latter very ill. We heard late to-day that the poor infant had died on the way down. These natives are very fond of children, and very emotional—so perhaps the lot of them want to go to the tangi at the pah. The Maoris up here frequently adopt children, often white children, too. A short time ago I saw in Hastings a stout Maori lady with a well tatooed chin, walking down the street with a nice-looking European boy. She looked so proud to have him belong to her. I wondered who his real parents were.

My sons are so worried, I do hope the men will decide to work to-morrow, for the sheep are in waiting, and as grass is short in the home paddocks it is most exasperating.

SATURDAY—I was still in bed this morning at 6.40 a.m., when I

was alarmed by the sound of loud, ugly voices not far from my window. Listening, I made out that the men had been told to come to the boss for their cheques and then to clear out. The head man Pai was angrily demanding his, when already his wife had had the money advanced to her some three weeks before for some Land Court business. Pai could not understand this, or would not, and so was quite riri riri (angry). The corrobery went on for some time. First the Maori's loud angry voice, "I want my cheque," then Leslie, low but firm and insistent. "You have had it." It all sounded to me most alarming, and most thankful I was when Pai went off threatening to send a summons. My heart was in my throat as it were, all the time I was hurriedly dressing. What were the thoughts that came into my mind ? Stories of the Indian Mutiny ? No, old tales of the early days in New Zealand when my father and mother were young (years before I was born). The awful name of Te Rauparaha, the bete noire of my childhood, would come from some hidden corner of my brain. For years I have never heard or thought of this terrible old Maori warrior, who came over to Nelson in June, 1843, and caused the horrible massacre at Wairau. The dreadful news filtered through to where my father was living, managing a run for Major Richmond, and he was told to take the warning into Nelson.

In my fancy I see him riding at a gallop, a tall, dark haired, clean shaven man, wearing a Scotch bonnet, urging his horse with a stock whip, going out of his way to the different small settlers' homes to warn them, just stopping to shout to the men, "Up, up, into the town all of you, get your women and children into the stockade, Te Rauparaha is at Wairau and poor Wakefield and the others are murdered." (Captain Arthur Wakefield).

The news soon spread, and all that day, and at night, bullock drays, pack bullocks, primitive carts, people walking and riding, could be seen on their way coming into Nelson. The drays, etc., had the women and children, bedding, blankets and food. Some had hastily buried their most valued treasures in the soil near their homes, trusting for good times to come later on, when they could then recover them. This they were able to do, as the dreaded savages thought best to return to Wanganui, and never came to Nelson. Te Rauparaha, with Te Rangihaeata, were on their way in their big war canoe and about six smaller ones, with over a hundred natives—actually on their way coming round from Cloudy Bay, when they came near two white men fishing. These men asked where they were going. Old Te Rauparaha shouted back, "To Nelson, to kill, to kill " in Maori. Then these men said, "You had better not, for two big men-of-war boats have just gone up the harbour." For some time they did not believe these men, but in the end thought discretion the better part of valour, and turned back, the big war canoe heading across Cook's Straits for Rangihaeata's stronghold at Kapiti,

the small canoes going back to Cloudy Bay. When they were out of sight these two men set sail and came as quickly as they could to Nelson and told what they had seen. They evidently saved a great many lives by this ruse, for there were no men-of-war or soldiers to protect the town. So next day most of the people who had flocked into town and camped in the stockade returned to their homes. And search parties with food were sent round by land to find the poor fugitives who were hiding in the bush, living on Maori cabbage and wekas, not knowing where the savages were or how many more were murdered. If you go to Nelson, my children, and ask the oldest inhabitants something about this stockade, they will tell you it was a strong, rough built, commodious building, erected as a refuge should the natives rise against the white population. The site of this stockade was near where the beautiful Cathedral church now stands, and I am told it had a moat all round with a drawbridge on two sides. The facade on the inner side had shelves for the soldiers or defenders to lie on as they shot through the holes left for that purpose, but I cannot tell if ever there was occasion for it to be used.

The last I remember hearing of the old warrior Te Rauparaha, he was a prisoner on board the H.M.S. Calliope. No doubt he's been dead many years now.

Little wonder that after this cruel, awful massacre my father did not wish to stop in Nelson. We, his children, never heard him speak of this time, so know it must have been a great shock, too great to talk about.

Some six months afterwards he went over to Wellington Province, and in a year or so was married to my mother. She was a tiny, pretty little woman with curly brown hair, had come to Wellington in 1840 with her father and mother, six brothers and one sister, and many others from the same part of Scotland.

Mother said that her father and mother and all the people in the village where she came from talked and thought about, for over a year, this journey out to the distant cannibal islands of New Zealand. The older people were very broken hearted, leaving Scotland, for they knew they would never return. They sailed from Strongivn, on Loch Sunart, then came down to Greenock on the Clyde, where they embarked in the sailing ship "Blenheim." The children quite enjoyed the trip, although they were four months on the way. Of these three hundred brave people, only four are living to-day, one of whom is my uncle, Duncan Cameron, of Greytown, and my aunt, Mrs. McDonnell, of Inverhoe, Lower Rangitikei, old Mrs. Kebel, of Wellington, and old Mr. Alan Cameron, near Masterton. To show what these settlers went through in those early days of New Zealand, I will copy the obituary notice of my aunt, Mrs. Alex. Cameron :—

THE LATE MRS. ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Another link in the history of the brave old pioneering days of New Zealand has been snapped with the death of Mrs. Cameron, the wife of the late Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Kaiwarra, which took place on Wednesday evening, at her son's residence, "Okau," Mangapakeha, after a brief illness. The deceased lady was one of the earliest settlers of the Wairarapa, coming out at an early age to the Dominion with her father, the late Mr. Hugh Morrison, of "Glenmorven," and Morrison's Bush Stations, in the year 1840, by the ship "Blenheim." They were landed at Kaiwarra, and all the passengers were carried ashore by fierce looking Maoris, by whom they quite expected to be "tomahawked" and "eaten." After living for some time in Wellington, the family decided to take up land in Wairarapa, and, roads being then unknown, they made their way in an open whaleboat from Wellington Harbour to the landing at Te Kopi, near the opening of the Wairarapa Lake, following the coast line of Palliser Bay all the way, and narrowly escaping death by drowning, owing to the violence of a storm which sprang up suddenly. Neither railways, roads nor bridges were then in existence, and the little party had to walk, laden with packages, for sixteen miles on foot, over the roughest of country, to their future home. Here all the experiences of the very early days of the country's history befel them—Maori troubles, lack of communication with the outer world, remoteness from doctors and nurses, no schools, and every article of clothing (even to the weaving of the wool from the sheep's back into cloth), of food and of household utility having to be made by themselves. Glenmorven Station, of which Morrison's Bush is to-day a remnant, was one of the places where hospitality was received by Lord Hugh Cecil (not then England's Prime Minister) and Mr. Tollmache when visiting the district. Many thrilling experiences have been related from time to time by Mrs. Cameron, who was one of the finest type of our early settlers, facing with the utmost courage the difficulties and perils of those days. She was noted for her kindness and generosity, and was beloved by all who knew her. Very many people, both in the North Island and in the South, will greatly regret to hear of her death, and much sympathy will be felt for her family of two sons and five daughters, by whom she is survived. Mrs. Cameron had reached the age of 77, and, till a short time before her death, had been in good health. The funeral takes place to-day at the Sydney Street cemetery.

When these brave people came to Wellington they found many friendly natives, although all or most of the tribes were warlike, and Wellington a garrison town.

Now, when my mother was married, she and my father were rowed in an open whale boat by two men, Nick the Greek and Tom Brown. These men lived at Te Kope, just inside Palliser Bay. For some reason they would not take my father to his destination, so he and my mother set out and walked to their home at White Rock in Palliser Bay, a distance of 15 miles. They were young and strong, no doubt, but it was a cruel walk over rocks and stones. When I see the brides of to-day set off in nice motor cars, I think these are easy times. How many brides to-day would care for such a rough trip—right out of Wellington Harbour into the open sea in the rough whale boat rowed by two men? A long, long day's journey! I think, too, that my grandfather went out on the beach at Kaiwarra that night (it was December) and played "Lochaber no more" on his pipes. I know how the mournful strain went across the bay that evening. She was the first daughter to leave home.

Although very small my mother was so fearless and brave. They lived near the coast, and many times the friendly natives would come to borrow different things ; perhaps a whale would be stranded and they would come for a go-ashore pot to boil the blubber in. But my father never trusted these natives ; experience had taught him that they would be treacherous ; when he had to be away round the run he was always afraid for my mother. I fancy I hear him saying, " Now, Katie, set Shylock on the brutes if they frighten you." One day when she was quite alone a big Maori came up to the home demanding tobacco, I think it was. She could not give him any, and when he grew insolent she just let her big bull dog loose. Now Shylock was fierce and went for him, intending by his savage bark to get his pound of flesh. So enraged was this native that he stamped and swore in Maori a dreadful swear. It sounded like " Taurekareka ! Taurekareka ! Taurekareka ! " and to each word a loud stamp. How frightening it must have been to see him so angry and foamy at his mouth, but the good dog succeeded in sending him off. When my father returned he was most alarmed and very soon afterwards he took my mother to Wellington. Then, in about a year's time, they came to Canterbury in a small schooner, and were nearly three weeks on the way. Here the natives were quite friendly and much less numerous.

I thought to myself this morning would I ever have had courage to set a dog on Pai, had he been dangerous ? I cannot say I feel very brave, and am thankful there is no need to be, for they are really most inoffensive, our natives. I expect Pai went off to pack up and perhaps have a few words with Mrs. Pai for having done him out of his cheque. But this majestic, Amazon-like lady is quite able to hold her own, and is fond of her lord and master, so they are sure to settle things amicably.

FRIDAY.—Leslie has heard of a new gang of men and thinks they may come to-morrow. A lull in the work—most exasperating—the sheep waiting, so hungry, poor things, but there is nothing for it but patience.

SATURDAY.—Early this morning our new team of shearers came, some riding on all kinds of mokes, the girls and women in a cart. They were both cold and hungry, and asked Nelson, when he met them and showed them the whare, " Is there plenty kai ? We so hungry."

MONDAY.—The new natives are doing well and are quite decent. No grumbles, quite pleased with everything. Such a comfort all is going on well. The busy hum of the machinery is heard from early till late. Mrs. Nelson and I are too busy washing to go up to the shed.

TUESDAY.—Mrs. Nelson and I went up to see the shearing this afternoon and to take our men " smoke-oh " tea. We watched the busy men and girls at work. They all smoke cigarettes. The girls smoke those the men have half finished—nasty! I fear they know nothing of

hygiene. A visit to the shearing shed is not much joy to me. I hate ticks —loathsome creatures—and another reason is there are too many cases requiring First Aid amongst the newly-shorn sheep. One careless young fellow deserves to have a snip taken out of his ear next time he has his wool cut. I made up my mind not to go again.

WEDNESDAY.—My husband has arrived. He works so hard but enjoys it. The vicissitudes of some of their working suits do amuse me. George is wearing a cotton khaki washing suit that began its first career on a P. & O. steamer, made at Colombo, and lolled about in a deck chair, going through the Canal on the indolent person of a man of leisure. Now it is ending its days in usefulness, covering the energetic form of my goodman as he works hard in the shed trying to make a comfortable inheritance for his big family. The said suit is washed out every night, so is clean, even if not becoming.

THURSDAY.—Leslie received such a quaint letter from our late shearers' cook, the one who left in a hurry ; this is a copy .—

"Te Tena," November 21st, 1910.

Dear Mr. Jameson,—

I write to say I so sorry to leave in such a hurry yesterday but my poor dear adopted child was very sick, and the poor dear died on way down before we reached the Bridge Pah.

I so sorry for the poor shearers—not to have cooked dinner, but you see how it was all sadness for us. I so sorry for George and your brother, but hope you will forgive me. God be with you in health and with us in sorrow.

Yours humbly,

NIA NIA.

I cannot ever remember to have had a more humble Christian apology from any English, Scotch, or Irish man or maid at any time in all my housekeeping days. These people have much that is good in them ; it is a shame European ways spoil them so frequently.

FRIDAY.—Visitors have come, our good neighbours the C.....s. They brought our mail, so I felt I had to go up to the shearing shed. One of the girls had never seen natives at work. I am so struck with the stoutness of some of the natives, one in particular. A very long time ago a boating man I knew well, quite a winner of cups was he, asked me to feel his goose's egg, the muscle in his arm. Now, looking at this very fat Maori he seems to have an emu's egg in both arms, and ostriches' eggs in the calves of his legs. The first time I saw this stout shearer I could not help remembering an amusing incident of my young days. One day our doctor came with his stout wife riding on horseback to call on my mother. Pat, our man, took Mrs. B....'s horse from her at the door and gazed at her retreating form in amazement, then turned

to one of my brothers who was near, saying, "Be jabbers ! look at the majority of the woman ! " I feel inclined to say the same every time I see Honi.

The boss came back from the shed laughing, to-day; the antics of these natives do amuse him. One bronze young fellow, Roto, is very full of fun, has quite a gift for jokes. There are three decent young wahine (women) in this gang. One was standing near George when Pirani turned towards him, saying in quite a grand manner, "Let me introduce you to Lady Clarence Ni Ni," or some such name, meaning Rewe. "She is a very nice girl, she has five pickaninnies, the youngest is just five months old." What do you think of that as a copy of our European ways ? Poor, shy Rewe could only blush through her brown skin and giggle as she sidled up beside her husband, Heremoa, who was squatting on the floor, smoking his pipe. Roto has been to Fiji with a glee company. He sings in quite a musical baritone. One song he sings is his own composition. The words run thus :—

"I will not part,
I will not part
From my old woman in the cart,
I will feed her on strawberry tart
And press her to my heart,
But I will not part
From my old woman in the cart."

Very amusing, is it not ?

I feel I must not stop up here much longer, the voice of duty calls me to my other home and that other life on the flat, to the domestic four B's, Butchers, Bakers, Bills and Bazaars. It is so restful up here and I feel rested. Just as well, for we shall have a wedding and Xmas in the same week next month. I will continue this journal after my next visit.

SUNDAY.—As I leave to-morrow I have time to make a short entry. "Oh day of rest and gladness !" How pleased all hands are to have no work to-day. I see the natives sitting on the hill enjoying idleness and the lovely day ; just to sit on the verandah and smoke is all the men want. Later on sheep will have to be brought in for to-morrow, but sufficient unto the day is the peace thereof—all laze who can.

11 a.m.—My sons have just gone to have a bathe, over the hill.

MONDAY.—A misty morning. Mrs. Nelson gave me breakfast soon after 5 a.m. Her husband drove me down to Marae to catch the coach for Hastings, I took the express on to Wellington and then the steamer and home.

As I looked back towards the woolshed this morning, I could see the wool waggon loading up with bales of our wool, the great horses standing so patiently. They will have a long, hot journey to Hastings. I hope most sincerely that we get a good price for ours at the sale.

AOMARAMA

20th July, 1911

SATURDAY.—I came up by motor from Hastings this morning. It was so cold, snow on the distant mountains. Eileen has been up here since April. She looks so stout and well, the life here suits her. Mrs. Mackay, with husband and two children, have their abode in our small kitchen. Really, they come and go, these housekeepers, that I feel inclined to pretend in this journal that pretty Mrs. Nelson is always here, so amiable and so pleasant, for it is wise to forget what is disagreeable and to remember what is good. In that way I shall enjoy myself and nothing will vex me.

We were to have gone to tennis this afternoon, but I felt too tired, so we, Eileen and I, went for a walk instead. How lovely and green the place looks, such fine fields of turnips and young oats. Really, the home block looks quite prosperous. The manuka stumps are all cleared away and the land that was "hungry for the plough," is now smiling.

Only two sons at home. Fred went to London with the New Zealand Contingent to be present at the Coronation of George V.

MONDAY.—All up early, washing day. It is not comme il faute to call on one's neighbours on Monday, all households are too busy and tired. We have been helping in the house. Mrs. Mackay has the lines full of clean clothes drying in the wind, and soon will be busy folding and ironing.

TUESDAY.—My sons are out on the run from morning till night. They went off on horseback just after breakfast, each with a pocket lunch, for they have cattle to go round as well as sheep.

WEDNESDAY.—Another glorious day of sunshine. Breakfast as usual 6.45 a.m., then off they go on horseback with their dogs. Eileen is company. I do not feel the days too long. We talk of going out to burn fern and sow grass, but the ground is too damp, we must wait.

SATURDAY.—We drove to tennis at Marae to-day, saw all our friends. The drive home was cold. There is snow still on the distant mountains.

SUNDAY.—A most restful, quiet day. It has rained since morning. We have all spent the day sitting round the open fireplace with a big maitai log burning, all reading. I have just finished that most delightful book, "The Cradle of the Deep," by Sir Frederick Treves, and feel as though I had just returned from a most enjoyable trip to the West Indies. An easy way to do our travels, sitting in an easy chair all the time, never seasick, never tired, and never too hot. I say "Thank you, Sir Frederick, thank you ever so much for the pleasure your book has given me." I like it better than Charles Kingsley's "At Last," and that is a very old favourite. I remember he tells a good deal about the sugar-cane plantations, and I am reminded of our old Scotch nurse, Mary Morrison, giving us as a treat, delicious brown sugar on our bread and butter. It was from Demarara or Barbadoes, I think, and came in coarse bags or mats we used to call sugee bags.

Now-a-days the shearers have fine white granulated sugar and good Ceylon or Indian tea. In those days of my childhood it was all China tea, the common kind went by the name of post and rail. And how expensive it was, too. Even as late as 1874 we gave 4/- a lb. for good tea. "Post and rail" meant it was more stem and very little leaf. One often had "strangers" in one's cup in those days, but they seldom came.

My mother felt very lonely away upon the run, my father often absent for days. She used to look and look for someone to come and see her, fancied in looking that the cabbage trees were men walking, or horsemen in the distance.

Now all this prose is to draw a comparison between the "good old days," and the present time. In these easy times we hear the toot-toot, then a buzz-buzz, then a motor is at our doors. We give our visitors a delicious cup of tea at 1/3 per lb. If we want to send a message we go to our neighbour's and use their telephone. Give thanks and be grateful, my children, that you live in easy times. Still, the days are strenuous often; labour is expensive and hard to procure. Without the natives we should have endless trouble, I fear.

AUGUST, THURSDAY.—The rabbiters are here to-day. We hope for a change in the menu.

FRIDAY.—Mr. T.... is stopping to-night. No rabbits—good from a sheep farmer's point of view, but we are disappointed, thought of curried rabbit, etc. As we were enjoying a quiet game of bridge after dinner to-night, a great bump came, just as from under the table—an earthquake. For a few seconds we were all startled, and waited to see if another shock would come, before rushing out of doors. We listened, too, for the pheasant cock to crow. This he always does even in the dark night, if there is an earthquake—his protest against the rude disturber of his sleep. But how powerless—we all feel that—how very helpless we are at these times. However, no more bumps came and we continued

our game. I can remember my dear father saying that earthquakes in August meant an early spring—contraction or expansion of the earth's crust after the winter. Anyhow, I can see the banksia rose coming out into bloom over the dining-room window and verandah.

SATURDAY.—Eileen has just come to the window where I sit and said, "Come, mother, come a ta-ta and we will go over the hill and see how the commutata is growing." I did laugh. That is the name of the new grass, phalaris commutata. I shall not forget it again. So out we went and had a nice walk, gave Redwing some feed. The air is so sharp and fresh it makes one feel so well.

SUNDAY.—Eileen has made many friends up here this winter, and as Sunday is almost the only free day for the men, we have asked a number of young people to come for a walk. They have just arrived and will leave horses, motors, etc., here, then with pocket lunches we all start to walk to the top of Ben Lomond.

The day is spring-like and charming. These words come into my mind as I write :—

SPRING SONG.

The birds are singing in the trees,
They sing a merry, merry tune,
For they know, they know
The Spring is coming soon.
They feel it in the breeze,
They see it in the trees
All bright with golden wattle bloom.

Refrain : All happy hearts be gay,
Go singing, singing all the day,
For the Spring, the Spring has come to stay.

MONDAY.—Yesterday's walk was most delightful, the view from Ben Lomond was most extensive as well as beautiful. I half thought of stopping at home, fearing my slow walking would spoil their enjoyment, but with Leslie on one side and Lucy on the other, they managed to get me on top. Now I am so glad I went ; I have a picture now in my mind to remember, the native birds and bush, the ferns so delicate and beautiful, wild pigeons in plenty. My companion chaperon too, was most interesting. She is a Mrs. Rae, and has been touring for the last year in Switzerland, Italy and India, now, with her young son, is doing New Zealand, and stopping at present with her brother, Mr. Clarkson, of Glenlyon. She complains of the monotony of New Zealand scenery, and the dearth of history. She lives in Naples when at home, so, naturally, would miss a great deal—our country is so young. Italy is old, but we love our country. Now, looking down from where we sat at luncheon, on our right we can see the green hills and happy valley of our neighbours Glencoe.

This new Glencoe has no dreadful past, no historical tragedy. We don't want history like that in New Zealand.

I tried to think of something of interest to tell her, but nothing would come into my mind, only tales of old times, tales told to me by my mother.

When she was a young girl, living at Kaiwarra, Wellington was a garrison town, quite gay with soldiers in red coats, a band played every day. It was quite a small town, surrounded with bush. One day a soldier did something very wrong for which he was to be flogged. So afraid was he that he ran away into the bush. For some days he tried to live on roots and berries—then found his way to a native pah. Fortunately, the men were absent, but the women took pity on the half-starved man. One prepared some fish and kumaras, and was serving it in a calabash, but first she wiped it clean (or otherwise) with the tail of a dog that happened to be handy. This trifle in native life so upset our brave British soldier that he very soon found his way back to the barracks and took his flogging like a man. (This man was one of the 48th Regiment. They were a wild lot.)

Poor old Kaiwarra ! Its youth and freshness have departed. Where is now the clean mountain stream, fringed with bush, the konini, flax and manuka, all scenting the morning air with their sweetness, the tutu in trees, almost, with luscious grape-like fruit, so tempting, but poisonous, as some found to their sorrow when their sheep and cattle ate this plant and died. Lovers walked by the Kaiwarra stream in those days ; boys bathed and the native birds sang, and the tui, the mako mako, early and late one could hear their song, and the weka so tame came near one as you sat in the fern to rest. They were all innocent of the small boy of to-day. Happy, happy wild birds, where are you now ? Almost extinct !

Now, as I pass on my way by train to Hawkes Bay, I can only smell the smell of the fat of sheep being turned into soap and candles for the use of the vast population of the big city close by. Change—change, all the time ; motors toot, bicycles fly by. So life rushes on in 1911.

Eileen and I have been down to luncheon and spent a delightful day with kind friends at the end of the valley, close to the village of Marae. Leslie was with us and had three horses shod. We all enjoy our visits to these nice people, and their garden is charming. One can feast one's eyes from the wide verandah on a ravishing view. The fragrance of daphne, wattle and orange blossom steals over one's senses so that you can shut your eyes and fancy you are in Italy—but it is not Italy, only our dear, clean, healthy New Zealand.

There is a big garden belonging to this estate about half a mile away. We call it the "Garden of Hesperides," and say it has golden apples guarded by a Stern dragon. These apples are oranges and lemons. The girls do amuse me. They say they must not let the dragon (the gardener, whose name is Sterne) see them pick the golden fruit, so they hide them

as they pass him, but he knows, and they know he knows. C'est tres amusant—so I think he must be a good kind of dragon, for he never says anything. We always remember to admire his handiwork and so appease his wrath, perhaps. The drive home up the valley with the sun setting in gorgeous splendour over the western hills was a fitting close to a most enjoyable day.

AUGUST, 1911.—Mrs. Mackay came to me in quite a flutter this morning. "Only think," she exclaimed, "two extra men for lunch and only bones of mutton from yesterday." Someone's dog had found out where the mutton was hanging, and had eaten some and spoiled it for use. "Mackay is just going up to kill, but that will not help, the meat will be too fresh, what are we to do?" I just thought for a moment, then said, "Devil the bones, that is all we can do." Mrs. Mackay looked shocked—thought I was so vexed that it made me use a bad word. She was sometime understanding me when I explained that she must get the grid hot, and treat the bones just as if they were legs of turkeys, just as we did a short time ago. This she did and there was plenty for everyone, with nice butter-milk scones and fresh butter just out of the churn, all made a good meal. Truly, hunger is the best sauce; coming in from riding in the fresh air they always eat well.

AOMARAMA

MAY 2nd, 1912

NELLA and I motored out from Hastings this evening. It was moonlight and almost a warm night. We quite enjoyed the drive. Father and sons pleased to see us.

THURSDAY.—Again I am sitting on the verandah, mending. The air is full of the lamentations of sixty black calves who are just weaned. Nella and Leslie rode this afternoon and George and I drove to the Bush cottage.

FRIDAY.—We have been busy making jam, quince and green tomato. Indeed, most of our mornings have been spent in preserving fruit this holiday. It has been all the same very happy, even if uneventful.

MAY 11th.—Nella, Leslie and I went to luncheon at the O.....'s. Nella paid her first visit to the Garden of the Hesperides. In company with the other young people, she braved the Sterne dragon's wrath. As they returned Leslie's pockets were bulging with lemons, oranges, pears, etc. The girls were laden with flowers and branches of bright-coloured leaves, all gold, red and brown. Really, the autumn tints are lovely. Coming home, up the valley, the afterglow, when the sun had gone, seemed to repeat the tints of the flowers and leaves. The frost brings colour into everything, our faces even. Our sitting-room, with the old-gold couch, and the old-gold curtains and carpet, looks so nice with the fresh flowers.

I will skip over all the days up to the 18th.

MAY 18th.—Bad news came in from the bush end this morning. Woods, our shepherd, broke his leg last night. He was going to Hampden for stores after his tea, when his old horse fell with him, not far from Gwavas. Poor man ! he lay on the cold ground for two hours before anyone heard his coo-ee. About 9 p.m. McDermid went out on the verandah of the cottage to listen, thinking Woods ought to be coming home, when he heard his coo-ee. He went at once to look for him, then returned quickly for a horse and to tell the poor young wife, then rode off to telephone at Gwavas for the Waipawa doctor, who arrived just in

one hour's time on the scene of the accident. He managed to move Woods in a cart borrowed from Gwavas, with the help of the men, and got him home to the cottage. Mrs. Woods had fires lighted and hot water and all ready when they came with her husband. Poor girl ! she is only a girl wife—what must she have gone through ! For when first McDermid told her of the accident both children were in bed, so she put out all the lights and fires for safety, then set off with blankets to cover up her husband until help came. It was dark and it took ages before she found him. She must have lived in reality what I have so frequently gone through in imagination when any of my sons or husband have been late coming home.

My revered Governess, Miss Everett

This morning we hear Woods is doing well, a sister is helping and both babies have gone to an aunt.

This evening, to lighten our conversation when all were worried over Woods' accident, I told them the story of dear old Parson Andrew, long years ago headmaster at Nelson College. In some way he chanced to break his leg. Whilst he was confined to bed, for some reason the grey goose, who was sitting, left her nest just at the last week or so. Now, what did this original parson do ? He made them bring in the eggs, put them in a warm nest beside him in bed, and hatched out three nice young goslings. Amusing, was it not ? and what is more so is that when he was well enough to take duty again, he preached a strong sermon to his congregation on the sin of wasting time. This reminds me of our old governess, Miss Everett. When we were children she gave us plenty of training from the good Old Book, and often had to reprove me for dreaming and wasting my time. I can hear her now saying :—" Child, you will be called on to give account of every wasted moment." It is only of late years that the words have ceased to haunt me. Now I know that God is a God of love, not a tyrant: "His compassions fail not, they are new every morning." (Lamentations iii., 22, 23.) Now I find it better to often rest both mind and body, then I am more amiable to those around.

MAY 19th, 1912—We leave to-day, Nella and I, for Mangawhare. It is raining ; we need it, for the water is low in the tanks. Nella and I have each planted a tree in memory of our visit. Mine was a wattle about three feet high. This is the incantation I said to myself as I planted it: —

"Grow, wattle, grow, and be a strong tree,
Don't laugh at my premature fancies,
But I hope I may see, long ere I dee,
My grandchildren play in your branches."

Leslie killed three turkeys with one shot last evening. Two we take to Mangawhare.

I made pastry, apple pies, etc., this morning. We both have made our rooms neat and clean so that Mrs. Rettie will not think us a trouble. I really believe she will miss us, she is so fond of chatting. We often wonder how her work gets done, she stops so often to talk.

As I was busy in the kitchen, Rettie was hunting up pannikins for the Maoris who come on Wednesdays for crutching. He was working hard to get them clean and free from rust, and said to me in a hurt kind of voice, "These Maoris, they are that particular, and it's not so very long since they were cannibals." I said, "What about the Scotch folk ? Have you read 'The Grey Man' by Crockett ?" He laughed, and said, "They were a wild lot in those days."

Mr. Waterhouse came about 2 p.m. and off we started. It was raining a little. The road is very up and down and round corners. I attempted having mal de motor and was glad when we reached Mangawhare about 5 o'clock. Such a nice home. I had quite a pleasant visit, they are all so kind. Mrs. Waterhouse is such a good housekeeper. I love to see her make the tea at breakfast She has the tea kettle boiled on the table and the tea in a caddy. I see her make the teapot hot and infuse the tea. You feel it must be delicious, and it is.

I think, as I watch her, of a terrible upset some friends of my cousins had long ago near Masterton. Quite a big family party had just finished afternoon tea. The tray had gone out about five minutes, when Jane, the maid, rushed in with a scared white face, saying, "Oh, Mrs. B...., do look what came out of the teapot," and there in the colander, in the hot, wet tea leaves, lay a very small snake, somewhat swollen and looking most horrid. Everyone was terribly alarmed ; they sent for the doctor at once, thinking they would all be poisoned, emetics were talked of but it was needless, most of the party were sick without. However, all ended well and no one was any the worse.

Poor, silly, nasty little baby snake, how did it come into the tea box ? Had it wandered away from its mother, I wonder, and got into the hot pan for drying the tea, and at dusk perhaps, when some plantation coolie came, was thrown with the dry tea into a bin, then afterwards

into a lead-lined chest and shipped out here. The maid most probably just went to the tea box in a dark cupboard, or without looking put a handful of tea into the teapot. Never can an accident like that happen at Mangawhare, not when Mrs. Waterhouse is at the head of the table.

Nella took me for a drive to the Blow Hard Ranges. We saw some curious rocks, one they call the Devil's Pulpit, and another place was called Hell's Gate.

TUESDAY.—Mr. Waterhouse has so very kindly telephoned for a car to come for me. It will be so much nicer than the coach.

WEDNESDAY.—Reached Hastings mid-day yesterday. The drive was very enjoyable, such a perfect view all the way of Hawkes Bay, and the Kidnappers in the distance. J. and S. met me, drive to the Grange to luncheon, then back to Hastings, where I stop to-night, leave by express for Greytown to-morrow.

My Mother

IN THE TRAIN FROM GREYTOWN TO WELLINGTON
MAY 29th, 1912

MY PLEASANT VISIT to Moroa has come to an end. I am now in the train speeding towards Featherston, the carriage is warm and the seats comfortable. A good many boys and girls are going through to their schools in Wellington. As I drowse in my seat with my fur coat round me, the spirit of the past comes to me and takes me back to the days of long ago.

A little girl of about 11 years is seated near me, evidently on her way back to school after the May holidays. How easy for the child is this journey—to just glide over the miles as we are doing, with a foot-warmer at feet—three hours will see her at her destination. My thoughts go back through the long past years, and I see my Aunt Mary Cameron, then little Mary Gilles, on her way to school in 1852. This is the picture that comes into my mind.

In fancy come with me right round to the head of Lake Wairarapa. It is early morning, the day promises to be very hot, for it is January and mid-summer. Now skirting the head of the lake are two riders. Look again, and you will see it is old Mr. Hume and Mary Gilles. Mr. Hume has stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Gilles the night before, for he has promised to take little Mary to school in Wellington, having to go on business of his own. So they must start early. If you look closely you will see that Mary Gilles is a tall, slim girl of ten years ; her face is a perfect oval, with bright pretty colouring, there are just a few sun freckles on her face, and brown spots to match in her nice, dark eyes ; her thick, dark hair is in a long plait, tied with ribbon. I have just said good-bye to my Aunt Mary Cameron as a sweet-faced grandmother of seventy, but I feel to know what she looked like as a child of ten. But we must follow our riders as they rode on and on. The warm morning air is sweet with the scent of manuka and scrub aki aki, both are out in bloom on all sides of the way. All is pleasant until they reach the Muka Muka rocks. These rocks went quite out into the bay when the tide was in, as it happened this morning, but on they must go, so Mr. Hume tells Mary to get off her horse and to creep through a hole in

a rock out of the water line, and he, riding, leads her horse, swims them both round the rocks with big waves coming in ; then once on the other side it is up again and off round the coast to Wellington, such a long ride.

Whilst they are picking their way along the rocky beach, let me be inquisitive and see what kind Mrs. Gilles had put up for their luncheon. It is in a Maori kit and hangs from the dee of Mary's saddle. There is a bottle of milk, some fresh butter-milk scones, and such nice slices of home-made bread, well buttered. Now, I want to tell you about this bread ; it is not too white. The wheat it was made from was grown by the Maoris at the Pah not far away. The missionaries had given them the seed and taught them how to grow the wheat some years before ; indeed, the Maoris were more industrious and independent in those days than now. Stores were so hard to procure in those old times, that when the Sydney flour was all finished, the settlers were glad to buy from the Maoris, as Mr. Gilles had done. The wheat was ground at home in a hand-mill, and Mary and her sister helped to sift the flour for bread.*

Another time this is the way Aunt Mary went to school. Her father would ride with her round the bay to Te Kope, the home of the two well-known boat men, Nick the Greek, and Tom Brown. These two could see their passengers from the look-out rock—no telephones or wireless in those days. Then they, with their packs, get into the open whale boat and put out to sea, then came the long, long row, all the way round out of Palliser Bay, and into Wellington late at night.

Boys and girls of this year of peace and plenty, Anno Domini 1912, let not yourselves grow soft, or thankless to the great Giver of all good; time may come when we shall need all our women to be brave and our men to be strong and enduring.

If you go round Palliser Bay now, and look for the Muka Muka rocks, you will find it easy to ride round them on dry land, for the great earthquake on January 22nd, 1855, lifted them up and the waters went back, as it were.

My aunt told me how terribly frightened they all were. Their kitchen chimney fell in, and for over three weeks it was impossible to get any clear water to drink. Mr. Donald McLean (afterwards Sir Donald) had been stopping at Mrs. Gilles' house just a few nights before, with John Russell, his secretary, and four men with pack horses. These men slept in the kitchen on the sack stretchers used at that time. Had they been there when the earthquake occurred they must have been killed. Some natives were killed in a clay whare not far away.

Aunt Mary said that all these settlers went up and down the coast

*The task of grinding the corn was so arduous that one settler I knew of wrote on his gate a notice to swaggers who came that way, "Grind, or go on."

on the old native track. There was no other road between Napier and Wellington in those days. They nearly always stopped a night at her father's house, longer, if they wished, for Mr. and Mrs. Gilles were known for their hospitality. She remembers Messrs. Ormond, Tanner, W. Cooper, Beamish, Lowry, St. Hill and many others, all came riding with packhorses, tents, pannikins, etc., in case they had to camp out.

It was my aunt who told me how much loved and looked up to was Sir Donald McLean. He was one of the very finest types of men we have ever had in this country. The Maoris all felt his goodness and trusted him. Once, when he was passing through with money to pay for native lands, he asked Mrs. Gilles to take charge of the bags of sovereigns while they stopped the night—they were quite big bags.

Now this does away with the stories we hear sometimes of land up our way having been bought with tobacco and pocket knives. But the Maoris are most of them a grateful people ; if they felt Sir Donald was their friend and had done his best for them, it would be their pleasure to give him some land for his own. That may have been the case ; rough fern clad hills had not the same value in those days as now.

By now it must be six o'clock ; we are climbing up the steep ascent of the Rimutakas. they have lighted the carriage lamps ; all is very comfortable. I think of those brave surveyors in the very early days, who walked over these mountains through the thick bush from Wellington, spied out the land and walked back again, reaching the Hutt almost in rags—nearly nude would be nearer the truth. Poor men, they had to borrow clothes to go home in. Next comes into my mind that enterprising pioneer, the German Hirschburg, with his patient, sure-footed pack-bullock, old brindle Stompy. Give them both all the honour and thanks for finding out and making the first track over the Rimutakas. For many years this persevering, industrious man was the only one to take mails and stores, etc., to the scanty settlers in the Wairarapa. They say " ginger for pluck "—Stompy was a brindle, much the same, I should think. I fancy I see the pair starting off in the early morning, Herr Hirschburg singing in German a song of the Fatherland, but looking so well after Stompy, letting him feed and rest after the very steep places on the way. All honour to them both, I say.

7.30 p.m.—I am both tired and sleepy. We are well on our way and nearing the Hutt. I can just remember a gentleman seated near me say to his wife—" The next station but one is Petone, that is where this nice rug was made. For years it has been famed for woollen goods, but lately has been made notorious for its cowardly anti-militarist youths."

I must have fallen asleep almost as soon as we left the Hutt, for a strange dream came into my mind. I thought I could see through the carriage window my uncle Duncan and my father, both on horseback with stock-whips. My father looked so well and was riding his old

black mare with a white blaze. I remembered her at once. It was the Maori mare, the one he used to ride when I was a girl. Uncle Duncan is eighty, they told me so yesterday, still, he sat his horse grandly, looked fit for anything. In front of them was a small crowd of nondescript youth on foot. I felt so very surprised, and asked "What are you both doing?" Uncle Duncan: "We are taking these lads for a good long walk right round the coast by Palliser Bay and up into the Wairarapa. They are a weak-kneed lot, not an ounce of grit or pluck in one of them." Then I saw a quiet smile come into my father's kind face and he said, "Not so hasty, Duncan, not so hasty. Speak kindly, speak kindly, they will make men yet, give them time." Uncle Duncan: "Well, John, you can see for yourself there is not a brindle one in the bunch." In a moment, as uncle Duncan said these words, that marvellous athlete, Memory, who so oft-times takes her fling in dreams, leaped with me back to the year 1847. There I see my father and Uncle Duncan again, and almost in the very same place, the small fern-clad rough little valley, now Petone. Both are walking. My father is a strong young man, clean shaven and dark, wearing a Scotch bonnet. Top, his black and tan dog, is well to heel; both have stock whips, and, looking, I see a mob of hungry cattle, all with their heads down in the native grass. They have evidently just landed from the Sydney boat that rides at anchor in the bay; the swim ashore has been good for them after the rough trip. Uncle is a stripling of fifteen or so; he is young and fresh at the morning of his day, and is anxious to hurry the cattle on, but my father says, "Let them take their fill now before we get into the bush, there will be less danger from tutu." So I see them at the beginning of that journey with cattle round the coast by Palliser Bay into the Wairarapa and up to Mr. Drummond's place, on foot every step of the way there and back again. A train whistle wakes me up again to see the glare of gas lights on Lambton Station.

I feel sorry my dream has gone, but that kind man, my husband's brother, is waiting, so I rouse myself and make an effort to talk. When he kindly asks me if I am tired and says "You have had a long journey." I answer "Yes, it has been a long, long journey." But I cannot tell him how far I have been; he would never understand.

What is written in this part of my Journal is only fragments —fragments of an old, old song, a song of the days that are gone.

ALMOST EVERY TIME I come down from Wellington in the clean, swift ferry boat, the S.S. Maori, I think of the time, long, long ago, when my father sold out his share in the Pahau station to his brothers-in-law, the Cameron Bros., for £600 and packed up all his worldly goods, and, with my mother and infant brother Malcolm, set sail for Port Cooper (Lyttelton). They were three weeks on the way coming down the coast, and on quite a small schooner, "The Flirt." Fortunately it was summer and the days were fine, and as my mother loved the sea she always spoke as if she quite enjoyed the trip. Also with them, coming to try their fortunes in the new colony, were a young pair, Mr. and Mrs. William Stewart. Mother had too, on board, a milch goat, which, sad to relate, was lost on the Port Hills almost directly they landed in Lyttelton.

Now you have asked me to tell you, my grandchildren, something of these first days in Canterbury. Oh, Spirit of the Past, be kind! Come to me now and help my memory, for I find this chapter very difficult to write. Sometimes I am prompted to just say that my father came to Canterbury in 1850, took up land and prospered exceedingly, leaving his large family well provided for, as don't I, his daughter, know to my comfort every day of my life. "Thank the Lord for a good father," say I. But now you want to be told stories of the old, old days. I must try to remember. Of course it was years before I was born, about four years, I think, when they first came to Canterbury. They landed at Port Cooper (Lyttelton) just a short time before the arrival of the First Four Ships, on December 16th, 1850. Now, as the Land Office was not opened, and my father could not transact his business—which was to take up sheep country—and as accommodation was difficult to get in Port, he, with William Stewart, who both felt they could not be idle, went to Captain Thomas, who was in charge for the Canterbury Association, and asked him to give them a decent job. As little was being done but road making, Captain Thomas asked them to help with the Sumner-Christchurch road. They then undertook a few chains of rock blasting near Sumner, and all went round in a small craft to Sumner, and put up at the small boarding house and store kept by Mr. Day for the Canterbury Association. Here they managed to find room, although very uncomfortable, but I think this was the only house in Sumner at that time. The men, who were busy making the road from Lyttelton to

Christchurch, lived in tents, but got their stores from Day's. But fancy to yourselves, my children, how hard the living must have been, no cows, no milk, preserved milk was not known in those days, so they did without. And butter that had come from the Bays to Port Cooper, then on to Sumner, was not like our Fernleaf brand. Mother said that whilst they were in Sumner the First Four Ships came into Port Lyttelton, and she, with Mrs. Stewart and the others, all climbed up to where Clifton now is, and sat on the tussocks and saw two of the white sailing ships coming near the land. They were so excited and pleased at the prospect of seeing more people.

First of all, before they began their contract, my father and William Stewart went up to Heathcote and looked out a place to camp at, as it was not fit for their young wives to be at Day's. My father bought about two or three acres of land near the river where stores, etc., could be brought by boat. Then he and Mr. Stewart set to work to clear the toi toi, flax and nigger heads. Then they built two primitive toi toi tents or huts, and another on piles, called the whata, a place for stores. I think Tan, my father's sheep dog, had his sleeping quarters underneath, and helped to keep the rats from getting at the food. Tiny, the little terrier, slept in mother's tent, and, valiant little fellow, many a rat did he kill. The rats were a terrible plague, and one night were the cause of a fire.

Mrs. Stewart had been ironing her husband's shirts. When she had finished she put her candle in the wash hand basin, in water, and went across to my mother's tent to have a chat. Now these ravenous creatures must have come into the tent, and, finding no food, only the candle, they threw it down alight, on the clean shirts, and set them on fire, and very soon the toi toi tent was in a blaze. I often think I see them all. I fancy mother caught up her baby in a blanket, and she and Mrs. Stewart coo-eed for the men, who were at the Ferry Camp seeing about to-morrow's work. All came running in great haste. My father hurried them away from the tents as far as possible, for danger lay in the fire reaching the whata, where two kegs of gunpowder were stored for blasting the rocks. Fortunately it escaped, and so did mother's tent, but the Stewarts lost almost everything. Poor little Mrs. Stewart ! In my mind I think I see her startled, fawnlike eyes, full of terror, her black ringlets and neat, pretty figure. For in years afterwards she often came to stay with us and we liked her very much. Now, my mother's tent was as comfortable as it was possible to be under the circumstances, and when fine they lived a kind of gipsy life, cooked outside, had a camp oven, frying pan, kettles, etc. They often had fish and potatoes grown by the Maoris, and brought round by boat. Stores came from Day's. As matches were not usual in those old times, they kept the fire alight always, if possible. For to use the flint and tinder was no easy task.

For several months they lived in these toi toi tents. A new one

was soon built for the Stewarts, and mother gave them things to go on with.

In April, 1851, my second brother, John Donald, was born in mother's toi toi home, Dr. Donald and a nurse being in attendance, for by that time a great many people had come into the country, and it was possible to get help. He was called John after my father and Donald after my grandfather Cameron. Whilst mother was laid up and in the care of good Ann Mackay (afterwards Mrs. Donald Coutts, of Coutts' Island, Kaiapoi), my father took the opportunity of walking, in company with a lad, George Day, to Rangiora, but oh ! the rain came, and the river was in flood. Poor little mother in bed could not be moved. The nurse, kneeling on the bed, would look out of the window and say how much higher the river was, and how much nearer to them the river was coming. Higher and higher came the water—now it is at the door, then it creeps up and up until at last it is up to the bed. Then they carry poor little mother and children away to a tent on a high bit of ground some distance away. The next difficulty was how to get any food for them. It was hours before mother had anything to eat. Just a cup of tea. Thanks be, the rain stopped, the tide went out, and the river went down, and another bad time in the pioneer's life was past. My father used to tell of this walk he took to Rangiora, and how rough a journey it was, through swamp and nigger heads a great part of the way. George Day, the lad I have just spoken of, was afterwards Pilot Day of Sumner, and only recently died.

By this time my father had been to the Land Office in Lyttelton, and drawn as his lot a block of land north of the Ashley. He called this place Loburn. He had been up and down several times, getting ready with the help of two good friendly Maoris, one called John Patterson, and the older man Te Iki. These two men helped to build the house we children were most of us born in. When my father consulted John Patterson as to where they should build, he replied, " My head tells me to build up there, pointing to a ridge with a view, and my belly tells me here by the stream." The latter had it, and it was built near the water for convenience. One Sunday, after my father had drawn his land, he, with mother and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, went for a walk in the afternoon down to the Ferry, and crossed over and went up a short distance on the hills. Malcolm was carried in turn by the men. He was just about fourteen months old. My father pointed out to them the direction where Loburn lay. Now, children, in those days the everlasting hills were just as you see them now, only without any houses or other than native trees ; but imagine to yourselves all Woolston, Christchurch and suburbs, just a tussock-coloured plain, no houses, just tents showing in white, and smoke coming from a few habitations where a big city now is. A nice big bush at Riccarton and Papanui, also at Kaiapoi and Rangiora and Woodend. All the rest looked like toi, fern,

Our Old Home, Coldstream

flax, nigger heads and native grass, no green to mention, no willows and clover in those old days, no bees, no gorse, lupin or broom, just the sweet-scented native grasses, the matagowre in flower, and, in clumps, manuka here and here, so pretty when in bloom. I think I can hear my father saying, "A lovely country, all it needs is population." And before he died he saw Christchurch quite a city, and the plains well covered with nice farms and homesteads. The next difficulty to be overcome was how to get mother and the children up to Loburn. No road, no bridges, and no horses or conveyances, so this is the way they went. A boat came first up the Heathcote and took mother with the children and all their possessions round to Sumner. There they embarked in a small schooner sailed by Mr. Day, of the Canterbury Association, and set sail for Kaiapoi, reaching there in the afternoon of the second day they were out. They went up the river near to where the bridge is now, and where Mr. Day had a shanty store, and landed there. Some Maoris came up later on and rowed them to the camp near the Pah, which was situated high up on some sand hills on the north side of the Cam. Old Te Iki was head man and he and the women in the Pah made my parents very welcome and did all they could for their comfort. Poor little mother was not so fearless and brave as she was two years before in Palliser Bay. She was not so strong and had two young children to care for. My father had to leave her at the Pah to go and look up the team of working bullocks that were promised him by some men who were near Woodend, making the once famous North Road where Cobb and Co's coaches ran so many years from Christchurch to Hurunui. Then it was that her courage gave out, and she sat down and wept, and all the native women wept too. Soft-hearted, kind creatures, they gave her the very best of all they had. Served her first with fish on leaves so nicely cooked, with sweet potatoes, and she had the best whare to sleep in. These natives were just as glad as mother to see my father return. They soon settled for the night and my father rolled himself in his plaid and slept near by under a tree. I often think how interested these Maori women must have been, for mother was, I think, the first white woman they had seen, and the white piccaninnies, too. They all crowded round and watched the new ways of the pakehas, and made many remarks to themselves. Mother understood, and could speak Maori fairly well. She heard them compare her eyes and father's and the children's to the Puru Moana, the blue sea. I quite think they may never have seen blue eyes before. I can picture it all so clearly in my mind. I even fancy I can hear mother in her whare, putting her babies to sleep, and what she says sounds like "Ian a cheist" and "Ian mo grah." Is she loving her babe, or is she speaking to my father? Both are Ian, or John. And near by is a native woman nursing Malcolm. He is so friendly with them all. This brown mother says "Te aroha, Te aroha," different tongues with the same meaning. Just love words,

" my darling," or " my dearest." After spending about a week at the pah, one morning they made an early start on the journey to Loburn. Te Iki went with them to help. The road was just the tussocks, and very bumpy. Mother sat on the bedding in the bullock dray. Fortunately, the Ashley was low, and they had no difficulty in crossing. They had spades to shovel down the banks of gravel when they were too high for the dray, so in this way at last they reached home. Strange how, in the early days of most countries, the ox is the best friend of man. Slow, patient creatures, who need so little care, no stable, no shoes, they feed themselves on the native grass, and very seldom wander far from camp. One reads of them in Africa and in Australia. They always come first in the history of most countries. But, alas ! cows and milk were not to be had, and mother often spoke of the terrible privation it was to her not being able to give the little children milk. But my grandfather Cameron sent about five milch cows down to mother as soon as he could. They came in a schooner from Wellington, and old black Pollie, Snaly and the others were an untold comfort to all of us. I am almost certain these cattle were landed at Salt Water Creek—in those days quite a busy port.

Another story of the useful ox was told me not long ago by some friends in South Canterbury. Mr. Gladstone, a cousin of the G.O.M., was living on the Rhoborough Downs, about 1864, I think it was. Letters only came once in a few months, and he, being terribly anxious to get news from Home, and having no horse fit to do the journey to Timaru, saddled his pack bullock and came into town that way. The distance must be almost sixty miles, so I expect he was some days on the journey. How tired he must have felt. But in 1913, and as I write, he still lives to tell the tale, a hale old man of eighty-five years.

My earliest recollection of horses is my father's horse, Caspar, and his saddle mare, Lapwing. Years afterwards I knew the latter was named after the sailing ship that brought my father from Scotland to Nelson in 1840, I think the year was.

Next this picture comes into my mind : mother and father are seated at breakfast in the one living room of the little old cob-walled house. With them is young Quoit, the new cadet. He had been with them just a short time and was one of these younger sons of gentle folk, perhaps a ne'er-do-well, numbers of whom were sent out here in those early days. The bullock dray had brought up his boxes a few days ago; one contained a good many books, but when mother looked longingly at them, he said, " They are not fit for you to read, Mrs. Macfarlane." Now at breakfast, this morning, the conversation was all about what they were to call a young saddle horse that was being broken. Presently mother's voice was heard; she said, "Why not call it Leading Article ? " " Ah ! " said Mr. Quoit, " you have been reading my books." They all laughed and the horse was so called.

Can you wonder at mother's book hunger, away up on the run with seldom another woman to talk to, no mails except once a month, perhaps, just when anyone happened to go to Rangiora for stores? She had so little recreation no wonder that often she was homesick for Kaiwarra, Wellington, and the sea. Mother told us that the loneliness of her life at Loburn was at times almost greater than she could bear. For two years after they went there she never saw a white woman. Father was away on the run a great deal of his time. She said the wind came sighing and soughing through the long tussocks on the river-bed flats, with such a lonely sound; it was a wind that seemed to come from nowhere, was going nowhere, and had met no one on the way; but she read her Bible and prayed often for strength to live her life, and God sent his two angels, Hope and Patience, and they stayed with her—Hope, always; poor Patience when she could, but we children (there were eleven of us) must often have driven her away. Things improved very much when we went to live at Coldstream. Mother loved this home and was happy there. The good years she enjoyed made up for the lonely ones.

Talking of guardian angels: I really think my mother had a small army of them watching over us all. Once, long ago, at Loburn, in the month of October, the year 1854, when I was an infant of about six days old, what might have been a sad catastrophe almost took place, only those same angels took care of us.

Mother was in bed with me, her new baby, when about ten o'clock in the morning little K——, my sister, aged two years, ran into the room almost breathless with fright and in tears, saying, "Jimmie is in the water! Come!" Mother sprang out of bed, ran through the house and out, in her sleeping things, with bare feet. She was just in time to wade into the cold stream up to her waist and catch the child in time to save his life. Ann McKay, mother's nurse, and Sophie, the new emigrant girl, were soon on the scene and heard from mother what she thought of them as nurses. She gave it to them hot, and in her mother tongue. They had been washing near by the stream, and had just left a minute or so to carry the clothes to be spread out in the field near by, leaving the two babies safe, as they thought.

However, all ended well. Mother was hurried out of her wet garments and put to bed at once. My brother, too, was soon dry and warm beside her in the big bed. No one was any the worse; mother said she did not suffer in any way. I only hope those women did all they could to comfort my wise little sister; she was too young for such a shock.

Mother used to tell this story when she was over eighty years, and always was so proud of my sister, a baby of two years, being so wise; but for her coming to tell mother my brother would have lost his life—but now, as I write, both sister and brother are still with us. Oh, my

daughters, my daughters-in-law, and granddaughters, give thanks, give great thanks that you live sixty years later—life is not so difficult now as then.

Now, talking of cadets, another distant, almost dream picture, comes into my mind as I write. It is Sunday afternoon, I am a child of about three or four years. The two maids are taking us children for a walk. Father says "They must go as far as Captain Ellis's, and see how he is, he has not been up to the house for some days." Bob, our man, goes with us, so off we start, my young brothers and sister running on in front, the two women and my faithful slave and father's handy man, Bob Noble, carrying me most of the time, for on the ridges the manuka scrub was very severe on my bare legs in short socks. To me it feels such a long walk; when I look back I cannot see our home. In time we reach the hut where father's boundary shepherd lives. It is cut in the side of a low hill facing the east, three sides having earth walls, the roof is covered in manuka, the front also, just a place left as doorway. The bed is made of manuka and fern, covered with red blankets, there is a fireplace and cooking utensils, all very primitive. Years afterwards mother told me that this Captain Ellis was of very good family. His mother and two sisters drove about London in their own carriage, and they also attended Queen Victoria's Drawing Rooms. I used to wonder why he was out here, but I fear that Demon Drink, the cause of so many broken hearts and ruined lives, must have spoiled his life. Always vote for prohibition, my daughters, let the franchise be of some good.

Another man, who was our bullock driver, had been some three years at Cambridge as a student. How he must have wasted his time, for when he with his brothers found themselves without money and stranded, the only thing they were fitted for was to come out to New Zealand, then the dumping ground for all useless, idle and penniless young men, without energy or perseverance. Very few turned out well.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

—The Ancient Mariner.

Again, another faint picture of long, long ago comes to me as I write. It is a dull misty morning. Father has come to the house quickly for his gun, for right up on the flag pole ridge is seen a white crane.* It cannot fly. Father shoots it and brings it home with a broken wing. The hungry or greedy bird had almost choked itself in trying to swallow an

*Or, rather, Heron (Herodias timoriensis), now almost extinct in N.Z.

eel. We children gaze with the wide-eyed remembering eyes of childhood on this strange, tall white bird. I wonder, as I write, if anyone thought at the time it was bad luck to shoot it. For just about this time, John Mann, our shepherd, came in from the back of the run to say he did not like the look of those Australian rams father had bought shortly before. They both went out and yarded the sheep. Oh sorrow ! woe ! and grief ! They find the dreaded scab has come. A seven years' terrible trouble it was ; no sheep could be sold, the wool was not fit to shear, and the expense was very great in stamping out the awful disease. I well remember my father's big Highland overseer, who had contracted a dreadful habit of eating arsenic (they used this poison for dipping), coming one night to sleep at Coldstream. He was very ill and mother and our governess were up all night with him. I cannot remember if he had taken an overdose or if it was he had none to take ; both are at times fatal, I have been told, to the arsenic eater.

When I look up and see my father riding home with his dogs at heel, he does not appear to be the same man I tried to show you in the earlier pages of this journal. He has a beard, and that is grey, his hair, also, and he wears a panama or cabbage tree hat, with pugaree. We children think him stern. Only in later years we find out how kind and loving he was to us all. It does so please me to remember how in after years my father had one of the finest flocks of Border Leicester sheep in Canterbury, and some of the very best land. With patience and great industry he deserved his success.

My dear sons, and grandsons, I have tried in these last few pages to make you understand some of the difficulties of those early pioneering days. You may in turn each have your battles to fight, but be of good heart. Honesty, industry, with thrift, your guardian angels, will bring you safely through.

I feel I cannot do better than copy an extract from the memorial service held in Rangiora, after the death of my father, John Macfarlane, of Coldstream. At the close of the sermon, the preacher remarked,

> "That the mention of the deceased gentleman's name could but stir up feelings of regret at his loss. The elements of a true Colonial were to be found in him who had been taken from their midst. Coming to New Zealand at an early period of Colonial life, he worked his way upwards with energy and perseverance, exhibiting at all times an upright manliness of character. It was to the faithful labour of such men we owe our present prosperity, and it would be well if those who came to the country at later periods would strive to follow his example of industry and perseverance under difficulties. Kindly feeling toward his fellow-men was one of the leading traits of the deceased's nature. Many who had passed away before him had benefited by his kindness, and there were many enjoying prosperity to-day who could trace the source of that prosperity to the helping hand kindly extended by him. He was not one to wear his religion on his sleeve, yet the existence of true religious feelings could not be doubted, their presence being most brightly manifested by deeds of kindness. In conclusion, it could only be added that well would it be for our colony if all men dwelling herein would seek to leave behind them names so untarnished as his."

14 RAWHITI TERRACE, WELLINGTON

21st October, 1913

THIS HAS BEEN quite a strenuous day. Mary and I are alone, James and Ian both away from home. After helping a little in the house first thing this morning, I went down to the D.I.C., and had morning tea with Valentine Hoadly and his wife, the latter looking so pretty in rose colour—dainty bride of six days. Afterwards I wandered round the book shops until one o'clock and then had luncheon with Mary in town, also I saw some cousins, and we had a pleasant chat. Afterwards we went home to rest for an hour, then set off to afternoon tea with Mrs. Knox. Here we met several nice people. One was an old lady, a Mrs. Basil Taylor, from Wanganui. She was most interesting, and the widow of one of our first Maori missionaries. Was married in 1863 at Auckland. Then she and her husband came by boat to Napier, then on to Wellington, and round the coast to Wanganui. It was a fine, summer day when they came up the river to where the town now is, in those days a very small place. After waiting a day or so, a war canoe with about 50 natives came down the river to take them home. To make their welcome more impressive these Maoris arrived in war paint, in a big war canoe. They wanted to take the timid bride by herself, and her husband to go in the smaller boat, but Mr. Taylor saw how frightened she was, so he stood up and talked to them in Maori, telling them it was not etiquette to part man and wife, so in the end the luggage was put into the small canoe. Thus they went up together, up the lovely river, with the sun shining, and the native birds singing, all nature at its very best, and only these big, brown, painted savages to spoil the charm. They were almost naked, and rowed with such wonderful precision, chanting in time to each stroke of their oars a native song. It was most weird and alarming, for so many of the natives at this time were on the war path, that it was difficult to feel trust in them. However, these men meant kindly, and just took them to their home. Mrs. Taylor told me that all the weeping willows round Wanganui were grown from cuttings from an old tree that grew in her father-in-law's garden. This tree was grown from a small slip brought from the Island of

St. Helena, and was taken from a tree that grew on Napoleon's grave. Old Mrs. Taylor cared for this cutting all the voyage out, and kept it alive in a medicine bottle in water. When they reached their home near Wanganui (then called Petre), she made her Maori man dig away the manuka, and planted her willow slip, with the result that it grew to be the mother tree of hundreds of willows all round Wanganui. For whenever Mr. Taylor, senior (also a missionary) went to a new part of the district, he took with him a bundle of cuttings in his pocket. She told me that the first old tree died about three years ago.

This evening Mary and I went to the House of Parliament at the invitation of Sir Walter Buchanan. The debate was not very interesting, but we enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Sir Walter, who was kind and genial as he always is, then came home early. My proverb for to-night has been, "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."

ETHELTON

16th December, 1913

I HAVE BEEN UP HERE almost a week. It has rained most of the time, but to-day it has been glorious, so bright and fine. Leslie drove me this morning in his buggy with Kiri Kiri through to the back station, and through the river beds and streams, the summer air filling our lungs. I felt quite happy. Leslie pointed out the different places, so interesting to me, for I have never been in this part of the country before. He showed me the Lowry Peaks, but when I asked who they were called after, he could not tell me. Now, resting, I let my memory stray far, far back into the years that are gone, and this is the picture that comes into my mind.

It is a bright, warm evening in the month of December, quite ten years before I was born, 1846 I think was the year, and somewhere on the Cheviot side, and not so many miles from where we drove this morning, I fancy I see a surveyor's camp beside the creek. The evening sun is shining on the two white tents, and the men are busy settling the camp. Three pack horses are feeding on the higher terrace, in the rich, native grass. By the constant swishing of their tails, you can see that the sand flies and mosquitoes are very troublesome.

Who is head of the survey party, I cannot tell, but they came walking all the way down from Nelson. For you must know at that date, my children, Cheviot belonged to Nelson Province. There are three of the party I must tell you about. Two are friends who came out from Scotland in the sailing ship "Lapwing," and have been working hard ever since. Now they are having a first good look at the new country they have come to. One is my father, upset by the horrors of the Wairau Massacre. He has left Major Richmond, and with James Smith and Thomas Lowry has joined the survey party for a month or so. In my fancy I smell the smoke of the camp fire, and see the agile Maori boy drawing water. Near by, are some men's garments, washed, and put to dry on the scrub, the manuka and matagowrie bushes that fringe the creek, and can it be my father, this tall, dark young man, in a Scotch cap and homespun suit, coming towards the camp with his dog and

gun ? So full of resource always, he has in his hand several brace of native quail. These little birds are under the tussocks in plenty everywhere, and are such sweet eating.

After the evening meal is over, and all are enjoying their pipes, and trying to keep the sand flies away with the smoke, I see our party resting on the cut fern that will serve later on as beds, and, in my fancy, I think I hear something of their conversation. The chief is busy writing and doing his papers. He says, " I shall call these hills ' The Lowry Peaks,' after you (Tom Lowry), as you fancy them so much." I have found out that Mr. T. Lowry came back later on and took up this land as a cattle station, but did badly, owing to the Commissariat Department compelling him to sell his cattle at a low price during the Maori War. He went afterwards to Hawkes Bay, and his name is well-known as one of the successful pioneers. The next to speak is James Smith. He says so quietly, and in broad Scotch, " I will go further south, and get land to plough, and grow wheat and oats, for surely a big population will come to this lovely country." This he did, and, in years to come, was one of the most prosperous farmers in Otago. He had his big farm of 20,000 acres in the Tapanui district, and for some years had most of it under the plough, with the greater part of it in wheat.

Now I notice my father is charmed with the look of the land. It is lovely weather, and all these virgin hills, as far as the eye can see, are clad in virgin white. Untrodden as yet by the feet of man or beast, they are covered with anise in bloom, so white in the sunshine. These low, undulating hills now known as Mount Palm, Achray, and St. Leonards, are all covered with soft tussock and anise in flower. Sweet country for sheep. In his mind he hopes that if God prospers him, his luck may be to have some of this beautiful country. Truly, good things come to those who are industrious and can wait. When I was a girl in my teens, I can remember his buying a slice of St. Leonards from Messrs. Rhodes and Wilkin, and his calling it Achray, after the home of his clan in Scotland. Kaiwarra, also, was another division of his purchase, and to-day these hills look almost the same, only no anise can be seen. It is a thing of the past. Sheep eat it out, so it does not seed. But in the days of my childhood it grew in plenty, and we, like the lambs, often used to nibble the succulent leaves. Driving over this morning, just near the back homestead, I spied one root of anise growing overhead on a steep bank near the road. Leslie waited whilst I gathered it. When I crushed it, and gave a leaf to him to smell, he laughed, and said it smelt like a cough mixture, but the scent brought back to me the days of my childhood. Now we talk of calling this new and happy home " Anise Dale," or " Anise Downs."

I think I hear some of you, my sons and grandsons, saying, " Tell me more, Grannie, tell me more tales of long ago ! " My dears, the

dark curtain of oblivion has hung so closely all these seventy years that, metaphorically speaking, only now and then can I lift a corner, and give you a glimpse. You think, I expect, from the last chapter, that life in those old days was one long picnic. To show you such was not the case, I will tell you differently. In a month or so, my father and his friends returned to Nelson with their survey party, and soon afterwards went over to Wellington.

Was there, I wonder, a young Alex Cameron with them in the survey party, and did he introduce my father to his family at Kaiwarra? for the next I know is that the Cameron brothers and my father took up a sheep run on the East Coast near the Pahau river (some of the family live there now), and Donald Cameron, with my father, set out walking up the Coast on the old Maori track to see this country. When almost half way, they were taken prisoners by some warlike Maoris. After several days at the pah, my father made his escape at night, when the Maori man is afraid of the taipo. Afterwards Uncle Donald also got away. They both made their way back to Wellington. No roast quail on the menu this trip. More than likely it was weka. Fancy them to yourselves, hiding in the fern and flax, yet pushing on towards Wellington. It wanted plenty of courage in those old days to take up land. I smile, when I think to myself I see any one of you toying with the boiled leg of a weka on a tin plate, and with your knife digging the black embers out of your damper before you can eat it, with a pannikin of billy tea to wash it down. Not a picnic to please many and, perchance, your boots are worn out, and you are coming to town in mocassins of pigskin tied with flax. Give thanks and be grateful, my children, that you live seventy years later.

Now, my children, if you want to hear more stories of long ago, you must get Grandfather to tell you what Christchurch was like when he arrived in New Zealand with his parents, three brothers, and one sister. It was the 1st of May, 1863, when they landed in Port Lyttelton, after a voyage of one hundred and twenty-six days in an old ship of 900 tons, called the Sebastopol.

Christchurch was in those days such a little place, laid out as you see it now, but just a very small population. Most of the houses were of wood, no beautiful Cathedral like you see now ; indeed, he has told me that coming home from school he and his brothers used to watch the men digging the sand in preparation for the foundations. One day the men unearthed the skeleton of a Maori ; they gave the skull, or part of it, to your grandfather as a curio. I remember seeing it and wondering who it had belonged to—if it was a cruel cannibal savage whom Fate would not permit such a grand tombstone as our Cathedral, but scattered his bones to the four winds. For many years the walls were only about seven or eight feet high. In 1874, when we were married, I used to see them like that, and for years afterwards.

Bush, Aomarama

In those old days Christchurch was very unhealthy, many died of low fever; the drainage was bad, like it is in the early stages of most New Zealand towns.

DECEMBER, 1913.—I cannot but contrast in my mind these three hardy pioneers of long ago with these misguided men on strike, some of whom are idling in tents near our home, waiting for their foolish leaders to tell them when to go to work again. Certainly they are as driven cattle, not heroes in the strife. I would like to see them cross big rivers and mountains on foot, and walk through rough and unknown land, like my father and his friends. But the old days of freedom have gone. Men are slaves now to their Unions. They are forced to follow even when common sense tells them it is all wrong. So I must remember my father's words. "Be charitable, be charitable," and hope some day they will act more wisely, for their own good as well as ours. Sometimes I am tempted to think that the old sturdy, indomitable spirit of independence of the early settlers is a thing of the past.

I will here relate an anecdote to illustrate the meaning of sturdy independence. Some years ago a young Scottish lad, of very poor parents, left his home and went to London to look for work. He told his father and mother that he would not write until he had found a job, and not a penny would he take from them, only his fare to London. After three weeks they had a letter written in a cheerful way, saying he had found work, "it was all right, just knocking boxes about in a shed, he had to work from 6 a.m. until 9 p.m., but afterwards the rest of the day was his own to do as he liked. He received 15/- a week as wages, 10/- of which he put into the bank, and but for his d——d stomach, he would put in the other five." Just think of this lad's splendid courage and independence in contrast with some of our young colonial men. But even if some have the same courage, of what avail! The Unions tyrannize over all their actions.

In reading over my notes for this "belated pen child," this "ill-kept diary," or, shall I call it my "Swan Song," my first and only attempt at writing, it comes to me that it is too personal, too intimate for publication, and I am overcome with print shyness. Then the other thought comes as well—"Don't let all be forgotten, let your grandchildren know something of the old days." So, as I am the only one left who can write, I overcome this fear. The kindness of my printers has much encouraged me, so now I put away my pen feeling pleased I have been able to tell you just the little you will read in this book. In places, I confess, I have embroidered a little, feeling the bare bones of my story needed some clothing, but you will understand what are facts, and what fancies.

Yours affectionately,

January, 1916. AGNES JAMESON.

STRAY LEAVES

October 2nd, 1912

AS I am laid up for a week or so, copy for this journal comes to me from what I can see from my window. How green and springlike it is, but the mountains are still very white. I can see farming operations going on, potato planting, and cows feeding, boys minding cows on the grassy road—poor little chaps, they have been minding cows all their lives, orphans in care of a woman who keeps them at it all the time. I cannot remember ever to have seen them at play, it is minding cows at morning before school, minding cows in the afternoon when home from school; these two lads look just about the same size always, they grow so slowly. I fancy in the first years of their lives they must have been stinted in cow's milk, as well as the milk of human kindness and love, and that is why they are not bigger lads.

Some years ago, when we lived in the country, I undertook to visit a Burnham boy who was farmed out near our village. I had instructions to inspect his bed and clothing, and to see that he attended school regularly. This was a duty that might have been most unpleasant, only that the woman in charge of this lad was most amiable, and so made things easy for me.

My friend, M. T—— also had to look after three children near Ashburton, they all lived with a Mrs. Crowe. The Secretary, Miss W— was most fussy and exacting, let me say conscientious, and constantly wrote asking different trivial questions, as why the youngest had not gone to school regularly last month, and so on. The poor child had had chilblains, most likely. She asked to be told where they all slept, and on being told that Mary shared Mrs. Crowe's bed, she asked what became of Mr. Crowe at night in this case.

This was the last straw; my friend lost patience, for she thought Miss W—— ought to have known that Mrs. Crowe had been a widow for some years, so she sat down and wrote the following lines :—

"Mr. Crowe has gone below,
The event took place some years ago,
What he does at night, I do not know,
No doubt he finds it very slow."

Yours truly,
M. T.....

This ended all correspondence for a year. My friend has a ready pen as well as a witty tongue—she is delightful company. I like to hear her say "Down on your knees, all ye wives who have good husbands, and give thanks to the Lord."

DREAMS

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for,
the evidence of things not seen."—Hebrews XI., 1.

WHAT ARE THEY? None can tell, though many have their pet theory. Never scoff at anyone's belief but just keep your mind open and receptive. We all have our intuitions: the mind perceives things often that reason cannot explain.

Why, I wonder, did I for so many years always dream of my young sister A....., who died just a few months after I was married? Always before some trouble, worry, or sickness, would she come to me in my dreams at night, until I grew to expect the trouble that really came. Now for years she has ceased to come, but later on, when my father died, I dreamt of him in the very same way—always just before some trouble.

I wonder if the spirits of our loved ones stay near us for a time, perhaps?

We are told that we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses (angels), so when our loved ones leave us we should not vex them. Perhaps they ask to be our guardian angels. Oh, there is much that we shall never understand on this planet. Let us take all things more on trust; just try our best to do the things that are right in the sight of our Lord.

Most Highlanders believe in what is called second sight; maybe their faith is so strong and pure that they are allowed to see things we others cannot.

My father was as level-headed, practical and sensible as any man I have ever known, yet he saw things, and often told of once when crossing the Ashley in flood, he was on foot, and no doubt prayed hard that he might get over in safety, when, looking up, he saw a man in the water just in front of him, so he followed and came out of the river safely—but the man was nowhere to be seen. That he was permitted to see his guardian angel is the explanation that comes into my mind.

ELLERTON

September, 1912

A DULL DAY. I have been gardening this morning ; all looks so springlike and green, only we who are going down hill and not feeling well, feel sad on days like this, for this morning I could not help thinking of how many friends have gone since we came to live in this garden.

There is the Christmas rose, a strong plant given me years ago by Mrs. John Overton. She has been at rest for over ten years now. I think of her, what a warmhearted, kind little woman she was.

Then my blue stilotis reminds me of dear Mrs. Greenstreet, she gave me them, years ago. Now just recently she, too, has gone from suffering to her long home.

Now I come to my young clematis plants, not so very long since given me by dear, kind Mrs. W. Wilson. She, too, is now resting in her last garden on earth. You, my children, may enjoy the delight of gathering this clematis in years to come, but mine has been the privilege of having dear Mrs. Wilson's friendship—kind, strong, loving friend, one only meets one or two like her in a lifetime.

" May God give her sweet rest."

A peep of the mountains so white reminds me that dear Mrs. Snow has gone, too. She lived not far from us, and I hear her old home, the one I remember in my girlhood, is to be pulled down. Change, change, all the time !

Some fine, tall young kowhai trees in the shrubbery over the creek were given to my husband by his old school friend, Mr. Bickerton Fisher. He, like the others, is resting in his grave, but the trees flourish.

Then, quite at the back of the shrubs are some lemon matapos. I can remember our old friend, Bob Inwood, bringing them to us as tiny plants in a tin, the first winter we were here. Now they are big, beautiful trees, but he, poor man, is a great invalid and sufferer, and has been so for many years.

Lower down the garden " over the gentle stream, that through my garden purls," is a very fine clump of Chatham Island lilies. They

were given me by poor Uncle Fred, just shortly before his last illness. They bloom in the spring sunshine, but he has been resting for over four years at Linwood.

I walk slowly on to the end of the garden to my own primrose plot, there I can see some fine golden star-like narcissi holding their heads up proudly, in a never-say-die kind of way. They teach me a lesson, for those bulbs were given me some six years ago by my old friend Mrs. Jennings, of Ashburton. She is now eighty-four years and I am told still works in her garden, stands on a ladder to prune her beloved roses, can still stoop to plant and sow. Wonderful, I call her, so I cheer up.

I think lovingly of all my friends who have gone, and make a mental vow to be kind to those who are left, so that when I too am a memory only, I may be a pleasant one.

As I wander back towards the house a whistle sounds, a bang of the letter-box, the mail has come. Joy ! Perhaps letters from sons. I walk quickly, forget my infirmities in expectation. Sorrow ! sorrow ! No letters ! " Never mind," says that angel Hope, who never leaves me, " You may get one to-morrow," so I go indoors and have a cup of morning tea with Walter. I fear he, too, finds the day a little dull.

P-62

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