

I mean and will be an object-lesson to you not to be too inquisitive.

"Joey" was a brilliantly-coloured young chap who thought, as he flew high up there above sea and forest, that he had nothing to learn from the wiser old birds who were leading the flock; so, gathering a few young bloods like himself, he left the main party and settled down in a forest, near where people were seen digging.

There were wise old men in that village who knew the habits of our tribe very well, and their keen eyes saw "Joey" and his companions detach themselves from the main flock and settle in the forest near-by, and they immediately made preparations to catch them. They had with them one of our tribe, which they had taken from a nest and reared, and which lived with them in the village. This bird they took with them into the forest, and there they built a small hut with leaves of nikau and ponga, leaving only a small hole in the top out of which they put a small stick.

Hiding themselves in the hut, the men made the tame bird call out, and it was not long before "Joey" heard it. He knew from its call that it was not one of his companions, and so he thought he would find out for himself. Nearer and nearer he drew until he perched on the stick that led down the hole. As it was dark inside he could not see down into the hut, but as the bird inside kept on crying out he sidled down the stick until he was almost out of sight. Just then a strong hand was thrust up out of the darkness, and poor "Joey" paid for his inquisitiveness with his life, and I am sorry to say that he was not the only one of that flock to do so.

One bird managed to escape from his captor and fled away screaming to take the sad news to the others of the main flock, which had settled in a large forest on the Waitakere Ranges. Later on the flock moved further south, flying across the Manukau Harbour and the Waikato River. There they found a very large forest, where many of them settled down for good.

Later on, towards the spring of the year, a number of the flock came back to the old home on the Mangamuka. Now no more can we fly up and down the land as we used to. The forests are nearly all

gone, and we have to be content with our own little world, and it is to be hoped that this will not be taken from us. There are signs, from what I can hear, that these white people are now sorry that they destroyed so much of our forest home and that they are now going to keep as much as possible of what is left for us and our children's children, but we will never have the "good old days."

## Kindness to Birds

The picture below shows a drinking-font, bath and nesting-box for birds in the beautiful War Memorial Gardens of Kaikoura. Similar provision for the feathered friends of man should be made in all public gardens.

Increasing numbers of thoughtful folk are putting bird-baths into their gardens and they are pleased to have feed-boxes for them during the winter and early spring when natural food is comparatively scarce and bad weather may make foraging difficult.

