was a commotion at the back of the crowd. Men and women and children jumped hastily aside, and Maggie Peka pedalled furiously into the group on the Parson's bike. She jumped from the machine and it took two or three women to stop her from throwing herself over

Hearing the commotion, Monday looked up. He took a long, long look. Every detail of that scene must have printed itself deep in his memory-the girl in her old blue dress, among all the finery of the others she was bare-legged and hatless in an old faded dress. Her hair blew wildly in the wind, her strong legs and arms and her whole strong body strained to break away from the women, to leap into the sea to be with Monday. What her eyes were like only Monday could tell. He looked straight into her eves.

Monday Wiremu had just let go of the tree, and lots of people swore that he was walking on the water. But after that one long look at Maggie he seemed to shrug his shoulders and fall right through the water. He sank like a stone.

Women screamed and men shouted advice to one another, children began to cry and dogs to howl. People rushed here and there. All was confusion.

But scarcely had Monday gone under the water and bobbed up again than a boat manned by some of the boys of the gang shot out from the shelter of the headland, where it had been waiting for this very moment, and fished Monday out of the sea.

After that everyone was emphatic that Monday had walked on the water. If it hadn't been for that Maggie Peka hussy he would have walked right to the other side they all agreed. They couldn't do enough for Monday. They wanted to build him a meeting-house where he could preach and cure the sick.

THE funny thing, though, was that Monday didn't want to be thought a prophet after that.

"No," he insisted. "No good to call me the prophet. Monday Wiremu not the good saint, just the poor bad man."

What he did want was to marry Maggie Peka. And he married her.

"That the miracle," he tells his friends. "How a man want to put up with a girl like this all his life—that the miracle, That the everlasting miracle." eh?

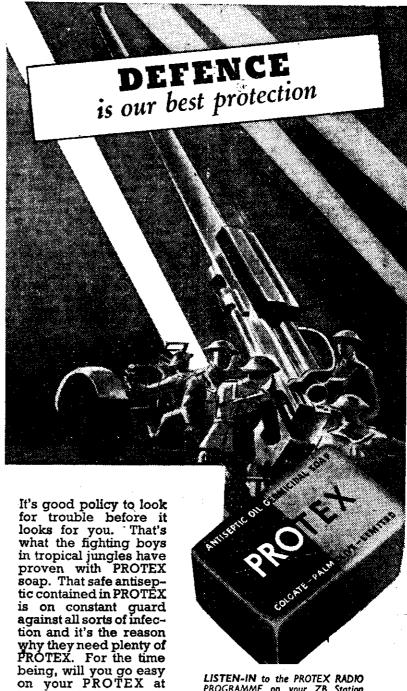
Old Tupara, who listens at a distance, just winks.

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