

are incompatible with a deep, practical interest in the work of mutual improvement societies such as we describe. Hence a lack of appreciation of their benefits, or an idea that the gains are not worth the pains. And hence again, so many youths are satisfied to loaf and drone and dawdle their precious evenings away, propping up verandah-posts and house corners, turning out their minds to grass—till their intellects, for lack of exercise, lose their grip of things. In this respect they resemble the fortune-spoiled, aimless-lived man of whom Dale-Owen writes in his autobiography. 'I have let my mind go to seed,' said he remorsefully, 'I have thrown away a life.' And he had but one life to throw away.

The fresh impetus, the new verve and sparkle, imported into Young Men's Societies by the recent Catholic Congress is, we hope and believe, working like a useful leaven in our federated associations in New Zealand. So much, at least, we gather from the recent meetings in Dunedin. We wish the young men God-speed in their noble apostolate among their fellow-youths who are marching with them shoulder to shoulder along the road of life.

'All in a Fog.'

Nova Scotia, California, and Oregon possess fogs that have won a name for themselves in the literature of meteorology. But London's own particular fog may claim to be the gold-medallist among fogs. Oscar Wilde wrote of it thus:—

'The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.'

But that was a thin, tame, and inadequate fog. One, for instance, settled down on London in the beginning of November, 1879. It wiped out all view of the city, clung on till the following February, raised the death-rate to forty-three per cent. above the average, and swept into another world more people suffering with asthma, bronchitis, and other respiratory troubles than had ever had the partnership between body and soul in the world-capital during the same period.

Here is a cabied description of a London fog from last Friday's daily papers:—

'A very dense fog stopped vehicular traffic in London last night, and disorganised the railways. Pedestrians were hopelessly lost, and there were numerous accidents. Queen Alexandra was unable to travel to Sandringham. The fog continues, causing great loss to the London Christmas trade.'

A fog is also in many other ways a costly visitation to London. A simple eight hours' day of it may involve an extra positive expenditure of from £50,000 to £100,000 in chinking coins of the realm. A goodly proportion of this finds its way into the hands of the gas and electric light companies. A fog also brings much danger, tribulation, and expense to the railway companies. 'Fog signalling,' says an English railway paper before us, 'is expensive. At Clapham Junction alone £50 has been spent by a single railway company during a day's fog in extra pay to the platelayers. When the red light cannot be seen at a distance of a hundred yards the platelayers become fog signallers. For this they are paid a shilling a day in addition to their regular wages and fourpence per hour overtime, provided the overtime does not run into a second shilling.' But extra lighting and fog signalling represent only a part of the cost of the rolling yellow visitation, and London is a fine city to live out of when it is 'all in a fog.'

The Grey Statue

Once upon a time the Fool of Brederode tramped heavily across some freshly ploughed fields, making, as he went, the motions of a man who is sowing grain.

'What are you sowing?' said one to him. 'I sow fools,' he replied. 'Why do you not sow wise men?' 'Why?' echoed the Fool; 'just because the earth does not produce them.' Yet, with the good leave of the wearer of the cap and bells of Brederode, this old earth has produced a goodly crop of the wise and great. It was a dictum of Sir William Temple that 'some ages produce many great men and few great occasions; other times, on the contrary, raise great occasions and few or no great men.' New Zealand's early days produced some great occasions; they likewise produced the men to fit them. 'There is nothing,' says William Pember Reeves in 'The Long White Cloud,' 'like the colonial grindstone for putting an edge on good steel.' Sir George Grey's commanding faculties were sharpened by his New Zealand experiences till he became one of the master-builders of the Empire. His memory will long remain in New Zealand as the man whose mind stretched out a generation in advance of his day, and Auckland honors itself as well as him in the noble monument which it unveiled last week to perpetuate the fame of his name by the waters of the Waitemata. Grey landed in New Zealand as Governor in 1845. Heke's war was then in full blast, and a great fear had settled down upon the scattered white population of the infant colony. He was then a youthful officer of three-and-thirty years: blue-eyed, reticent, courageous, courteous, and as strong-jawed and tenacious of his grip of a purpose as a Bordeaux mastiff.

The following lines have been aptly applied to 'Good Governor Grey':—

'No hasty fool of stubborn will,
But prudent, wary, pliant still,
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it as he could.'

To New Zealand of sixty years ago Sir George Grey was in a minor way, to New Zealand what the great silent warrior, Field-Marshal Moltke, was, in a later day, to the German Fatherland—der Schlachtenlenker, der Schlachtendenker (the battle-ruler, the battle-thinker). He 'smashed' the insurgent Heke and his men—who marvelled at seeing the Pakeha warriors march into the red heart of battle with their clothes on and great packs (knapsacks) upon their backs, and without a hint of the fierce yells and contortions and obstreperous hullohaloo of the war-dance. But Grey had courtesy as well as courage. He possessed first-class talents as a 'pacifier'; he made his enemies his friends, and they learned to love—even to idolise him; he restored tranquility to the country; he kept guns and gunpowder out of the hands of the Maori and waipiro (fire-water) out of their mouths; he started useful public works; and he set white man and brown man in the Land of the Long White Cloud on the high-road to such peace and prosperity as they had never known before.

In New Zealand history, says Reeves, 'Grey is the greatest figure, and most attractive and complex study. Of such a man destiny might have made a great visionary, a capable general, an eloquent tribune, or a graceful writer. He had in him the stuff for any of these. But the south wing of the British Empire had to be built, and the gods made Grey a social architect in the guise of a pro-consul. Among the colonies of the southern hemisphere he is already a figure of history, and among them no man has played so many parts in so many theatres with so much success. Not merely was he the savior and organiser of New Zealand, South Australia, and South Africa; not merely was he an explorer of the deserts of New Holland, and a successful campaigner in New Zealand bush-warfare, but he found time, by way of recreation, to be an ethnologist, a literary pioneer, and an ardent book-collector who twice was generous enough to found libraries with the books which had been the solace and happiness of his working life.'