

'What do you call that, Father?' I asked.
The Father spread out his hands, silently.
'I think so, too,' I said.

On Mafulu Station, when we arrived, the afternoon mists were beginning to gather; rain was not far away. How cool it was! How fresh and bright and invigorating! Between the waves of cloud, how far one could see, across purple peaks and black-green belts of pines, right into the untrodden country that lay beyond! How very, very far from all the world and its vain strivings was the little brown house of Mafulu, out on the verge of the great unknown!

It was pleasant and restful, by and by, to lie in the neat room of sawn boards that had been allotted to me, and listen, while evening crept down, to the singing of the wild Mafulu mountaineers, making their way from peak to peak in the distance. They sang beautifully in unison, with strange high notes like the mountain winds, and deep booming notes like the torrent waterfall. Outside my window the six or seven tiny children who are cared for by the Fathers were running about in the absurd little petticoats which (I suspect) the good Fathers themselves had made for them, calling out in French and English. They are rescued children for the most part, taken from the villages where their lives were threatened for one cause or another—death of a mother, leaving the child on the hands of unwilling relatives, is the commonest cause. They had been brought up in the Mission, and were one and all amazingly like white children of the same tender age, all but the color. Later on it is hoped that the Mission may start a small village for these rescued children to serve as a model to the villages round about, and act as a good influence generally. In the meantime they are the darlings of everyone, petted by the whole Mission, and

As Happy as Little Children Can Possibly Be.

On the next day the fattest calf was killed for me (literally), and its meat in various forms made feast after feast, during my short stay at the Mission. They are very, very poor up here, but generous to a fault, as every one of the few whites who have passed through can testify. What a feast the Brother who was skilled in the kitchen made for my arrival! Out of what poor materials, yet with what kindly ingenuity of resource! The French menu that ushered it in—the stately serving—the wit, the anecdote, the gaiety that accompanied its disposal, the songs of far-away France that they sang on the verandah afterwards, while the little brown children, in their pen-wiper petticoats, ran about and sucked bones, or gnawed happily on lumps of cakes—what a festival it all was! Then, all in a moment, the Fathers and Brothers vanished away for prayer, the little brown pen-wipers were whisked off to bed—evening was over.

Sunday followed after, and long before Mass, the wild folk of the mountains began marching in, singing soldierly melodies as they tramped down the hills. The women were much like those of Dilava, quite as unclothed, as shy and timid, wearing beads and dogs' teeth braided into their tiny plaits of hair, like the tribe I had left. They were a little taller, however, and seemed of a milder type. In the Mafulu district, the natives were not quite such determined murderers and cannibals as they were in Dilava a few years ago, though they are, strange to say, less impressionable to the doctrines of the Church than the fiercer Dilava tribes. Both men and women were bent back from the waist as if they had been forcibly seized by neck and hips, and made to lean as far backwards as possible; their feet were all corded with strong sinews, and the toes were far separated. One could see that they used the foot continually for grasping and holding on.

At Mass They Behaved Decorously, even devoutly, and some few of the converts received Holy Communion. They love the little church, and think its simple decorations the greatest wonder of the world. A beautiful statue of our Lady and the Holy Child, painted in colors, nearly sent the valley out of its mind when it first arrived. Tribe after tribe came

from far away to see the wonder; they danced before it to show their delight, and one old woman shrieked and slapped her stomach in ecstasy, demanding to know why the white woman did not speak? 'Hush, you foolish thing!' admonished a neighbor, who thought herself better instructed, 'you cannot expect her to speak to us till she has had time to learn the language!'

In their journeying through the wild country that lies behind Mafulu, the Fathers are often called upon to settle disputes, and make treaties between hostile tribes of cannibals. The natives have realised that the Fathers' presence brings only good, and many are the messages they receive from far-away tribes who have never even seen them, begging them to come and make a station. Very willingly indeed would the Fathers concur with such demands, but there is not money enough. It costs something to establish stations, and they have not always got the something.

How much does it need—to build the tiny native material church, set up a little house for the Fathers, and begin work in a new district?

Twelve pounds! No more. Twelve pounds will start a new station any day, a place to be visited regularly by the Fathers on their rounds, stayed at as often as possible, and used as a centre of good for the whole district round about. Fifty pounds would start four, and leave something over. But twelves, and fifties, are not plentiful. So new stations are seldom made, and the Fathers, from their eagle-nest at Mafulu, look out upon fields that are white to the harvest, where yet they may not reap.

Not long before I came, a message had been sent down to the station from one of the far-away tribes, begging the Fathers to come and make a church and a house there. They wanted the good white men to make peace for them with their enemies, and stop themselves from fighting. They wanted to stop, so they said, but they could not trust themselves. If the Fathers would come, they would be able to do what other tribes had done—make peace for good, and have leisure to cultivate their lands, hunt, dance, enjoy their lives, instead of living under the shadow of constant murder.

But the Fathers cannot come yet. When they have the money they will.

A New Central Station

is now being made at Ononghe, four days' walk further inland than Mafulu, and much higher, nearly seven thousand feet. This will do much for the lesser known folk of the far interior—but a few scattered secondary stations in its neighborhood would do still more, if they could be started. The Fathers hope they may be—unexpected gifts have been known to arrive.

After a rest of a day or two, it was time to go, if I was to catch my steamer down at the coast; so the swags were packed again, and a couple of huge bullocks were brought up to carry them for me, and Father F—and I started out in the cool of the early morning for Deva-Deva once more. It meant a twenty-five mile walk for the Father, who had more business on his hands than he could well get through, and could not have wanted to add this extra load; but he was doing a kindness to somebody, and that was enough, as it is enough for any Father, Sister, or Brother in the Mission, when there is a question of taking trouble, giving things away, or doing without.

So the loads were put on the bullocks, and the Father and I each took a stick to drive them, and back we went along the long track to the half-way house of Deva-Deva. This time the way was not long, for the wonderful things done by these mountain-bred bullocks—climbing like goats, scrambling down gorges and up precipices, sitting down like huge dogs and sliding where there was a landslip, marching unmoved through deep rivers, where the current would have been too strong for any horse—these kept me constantly astonished and amused. And when we came to the long pull up towards Deva-Deva, I fastened a pair of puttees to the girth of Mambu, the biggest beast, who was lightly loaded, tied them to my own belt, and made him haul me up the weary track—which he did with the utmost politeness, being, like every animal

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