

vacant observation which the body at times insists on maintaining, when the mind is busy with some overmastering preoccupation. he observed the most trivial details; he made an inventory of the things which he could see lying on the dirty bed of the river underneath the dirty water. there was a tin bucket with a hole in the bottom; there was a brown teapot without a spout; there was an earthenware blacking bottle too strong to be broken; there were other shattered glass bottles and shards of crockery; there was a rim of a silk hat, and more than one toeless boot. he turned away, and looked down the road towards the town. they were beginning to light the lamps, and the reflections showed a criss cross of white lines on the muddy road, where the water stood in the wheel tracks. there was a dark vehicle coming down the road now, making a fresh track in the mud, and leaving two shimmering lines behind it as it went. he gave a little start when it came nearer, and he saw that it was the undertakers cart carrying out a coffin for some pauper at the union workhouse. he gave a start and a shiver; the wet had come through his overcoat; he could feel it on his arms; he could feel the cold and clinging wet striking at his knees. he was stiff with standing so long, and a rheumatic pain checked him suddenly as he tried to straighten himself. he would walk quickly to warm himself would go home at once. home what home had he that great, gaunt hand of god. he detested it and all that were within its walls. that was no home. yet he was walking briskly towards it, having no other whither to go. he was in the mean little streets, he was within five minutes of his goal, when he heard singing. he was greatly delighted with the appearance of order, bustle, and industry it presented. here were storehouses, dwelling houses, and various offices for the mechanics; and every department seemed as well filled as it could have been in a civilised country. to me the most interesting circumstance was to notice the great delight of the natives, and the pleasure they seemed to take in observing the progress of the various works. all were officious to lend a hand, and each seemed eager to be employed. this feeling corresponds with my idea of the best method of civilising a savage. nothing can more completely show the importance of the useful arts than a dockyard. in it are practised nearly all the mechanical trades; and these present to the busy enquiring mind of a new zealander a practical encyclopaedia of knowledge. when he sees the combined exertions of the smith and carpenter create so huge a fabric as a ship, his mind is filled with wonder and delight; and when he witnesses the moulding of iron at the anvil, it excites his astonishment and emulation. the people of the dockyard informed me that, although it was constantly crowded with natives, scarcely anything had ever been stolen, and all the chiefs in the neighbourhood took so great an interest in the work that any annoyance offered to those employed would immediately be revenged as a personal affront.

chapter v. journey overland to bay of islands. here we left the brig to unload her cargo; my friend shand and myself having determined to proceed overland to the bay of islands. an intelligent chief, hearing of our intention, offered to accompany us for a kiss no doubt, no doubt. and hermas did not wrench himself from her white arms, as he had torn himself from hers that noon by the spring torn himself away never to return. cold drops stood on her brow, she buried her hands in her thick, black hair, and a loud cry escaped her a cry like that of a tortured animal. a few minutes more and she had slipped through the stable and the gate by which they drove the cattle in; and no longer mistress of herself, was flying up the mountain to the grotto of mithras to warn phoebicius. the anchorite gelasius saw from afar the figure of the girl flying up the mountain in the moonlight, and her shadow flitting from stone to stone, and he threw himself on the ground, and signed a cross on his brow, for he thought he saw a goblin form, one of the myriad gods of the heathen an oread pursued by a satyr. sirona had heard the girls shriek. what was that she asked the youth, who stood before her in the full dress uniform of a roman officer, as handsome as the young god of war, though awkward and unsoldierly in his movements. an owl screamed replied hermas. my father must at last tell me from what house we are descended, and i will go to byzantium, the new rome, and say to the emperor, here am i, and i will fight for you among your warriors. i like you so exclaimed sirona. if that is the truth, cried hermas, prove it to me let me once press my lips to your