

CHAPTER I

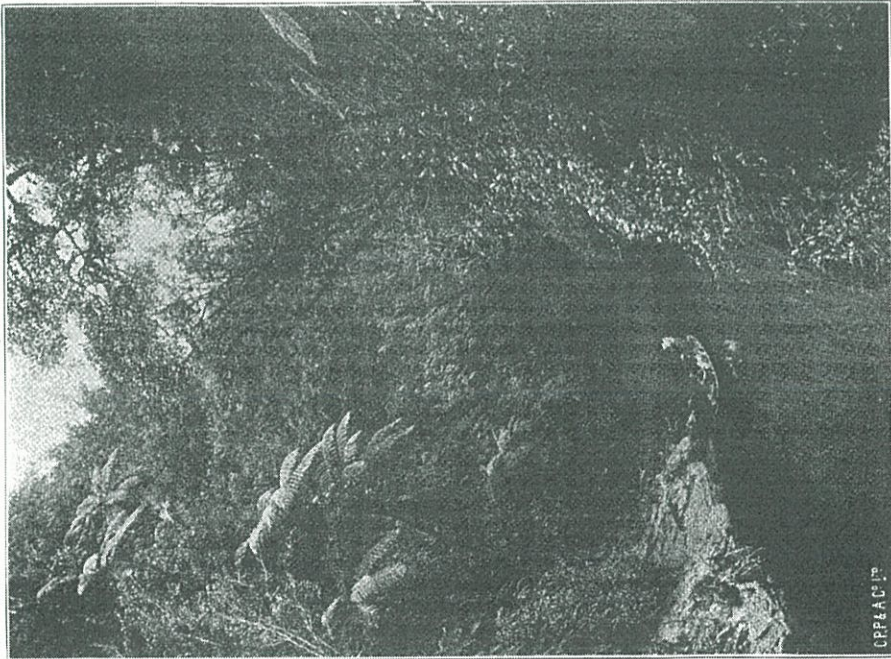
THE LONG WHITE CLOUD 1

Into my heart a wind that kills
From yon far country blows,
What are those blue, remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

A Shropshire Lad.

THOUGH one of the parts of the earth best fitted for man, New Zealand was probably about the last of such lands occupied by the human race. The first European to find it was a Dutch sea-captain who was looking for something else, and who thought it a part of South America, from which it is sundered by five thousand miles of ocean. It takes its name from a province of Holland to which it do bear the remotest likeness, and is usually regarded as an antipode of England, but is not. Taken possession of by an English navigator, whose action, at first adopted, was afterwards reversed by his country's rulers, it was only an antipode at length by the English Government which did not wait to keep it from the French who did. The Dominion's name bears the name of a famous British commander, whose connection with the country was a flat refusal to add it to the Empire. Some of the chief New Zealand settlements were founded by Church associations; but the Dominion's education system has long been purely secular. From the first those who governed the Islands laboured earnestly to preserve and benefit the native race, and the whole the treatment extended to them has been just and often generous—yet the wars with them were long, obstinate

¹ Ao-Tea-Roa, the Maori name of New Zealand.



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ON A RIVER—“PAPA” COUNTRY

[To face page 25]