THE THEOSOPHIST

NEW ZEALAND CENTENNIAL ISSUE

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is a world-wide international organization formed at New York on 17th November 1875, and incorporated later in India with its Headquarters at Adyar, Madras.

It is an unsectarian body of seekers after Truth promoting Brotherhood and striving to serve humanity. Its three declared Objects are :

First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

Second—To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

The Theosophical Society is composed of men and women who are united by their approval of the above Objects, by their determination to promote Brotherhood, to remove religious, racial and other antagonisms, and who wish to draw together all persons of goodwill whatsoever their opinions.

Their bond of union is a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by service, by purity of life and by devotion to high ideals. They hold that Truth should be striven for, not imposed by authority as a dogma. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or of intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They see every Religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

Theosophy offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and demonstrates the inviolable nature of the laws which govern its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence as, in their original purity, they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition. The Society claims no monopoly of Theosophy, as the Divine Wisdom cannot be limited ; but its Fellows seek to understand it in ever-increasing measure. All in sympathy with the Objects of The Theosophical Society are welcomed as members, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

As The Theosophical Society has spread far and wide over the civilized world, and as members of all religions have become members of it without surrendering the special dogmas, teachings and beliefs of their respective faiths, it is thought desirable to emphasize the fact that there is no doctrine, no opinion, by whomsoever taught or held, that is in any way binding on any member of The Society, none which any member is not free to accept or reject. Approval of its three Objects is the sole condition of membership. No teacher nor writer, from H. P. Blavatsky downwards, has any authority to impose his teachings or opinions on members. Every member has an equal right to attach himself to any teacher or to any school of thought which he may choose, but has no right to force his choice on any other. Neither a candidate for any office, nor any voter, can be rendered ineligible to stand or to vote, because of any opinion he may hold, or because of membership in any school of thought to which he may belong. Opinions or beliefs neither bestow privileges nor inflict penalties. The Members of the General Council earnestly request every member of The Theosophical Society to maintain, defend and act upon these fundamental principles of The Society, and also fearlessly to exercise his own right of liberty of thought and of expression thereof, within the limits of courtesy and consideration for others.

THE THEOSOPHIST

Vol. LXI (Incorporating "Lucifer") No. 4

EDITOR: GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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Communications from writers in England may be sent direct or through Miss E. W. Preston (Stamford House, Wimbledon Common, S.W. 19), and from America through Mrs. Marie Hotchener (6137 Temple Drive, Hollywood, Cal.) or Mr. Fritz Kunz (Hillandale, Port Chester, New York).

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(Price: See cover page iii)

BARON RUTHERFORD OF NELSON, O.M., F.R.S.

From the portrait by Oswald Birley in the Royal Institution, London —photograph by a New Zealand artist.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

BY THE EDITOR

IMPORTANT: These Notes represent the personal views of the Editor, and in no case must be taken as expressing the official attitude of The Theosophical Society, or the opinions of the membership generally. "The Theosophist" is the personal organ of the President, and has no official status whatever, save insofar as it may from time to time be used as a medium for the publication of official notifications. Each article, therefore, is also personal to the writer.

NEW ZEALAND 1840-1940

THIS January issue of THE THEOSOPHIST is an issue of homage to New Zealand, and to the gallant Section there of The Theosophical Society. The special occasion is the centenary of New Zealand's existence as a Dominion within the British Empire, and it is an occasion well worthy of honour, for all who have visited New Zealand are well aware not only of its beauty and of the sturdiness of its people, but no less of its stalwart loyalty to the essential British principles of Freedom and Justice. One senses these in the very atmosphere of New Zealand as one senses its virility. And The Theosophical Society in New Zealand has a great record of well-organized devotion both to Theosophy and to The Society as a whole. I remember well the delightful friendship with which Rukmini Devi and I were greeted when we visited New Zealand many years ago, and how proud I felt of the sturdiness of my fellow-members—such fine examples of Theosophical worthiness to us all. I hope it may be our good fortune once again to visit New Zealand before this incarnation is over, for it is like going to the top of a mountain to breathe the invigorating air and to gaze into the distances of the future.

New Zealand is a Land of the Future and sparkles with that youth upon the enthusiasm and idealism of which the future shall rest.

Before I leave this part of the Watch-Tower let me say how very much I appreciate the graciousness of the Prime Minister of New Zealand in making the time to write a special article for this commemorative issue. It is always the busiest people who have the most time at their disposal, and the greatest who have time even for the smaller things of life, as the writing of an article for THE THEOSOPHIST must be to one who shoulders the immense responsibilities of head of the Government of progressive New Zealand. I thank him and all the other contributors to our New Zealand issue, and only regret that the advent of the war has prevented us from giving as many illustrations as we had hoped, and from using all the interesting articles so generously sent to us. I hope to make use of some of them at least in subsequent issues. Printing is infinitely more expensive than it has been, and art paper is simply unattainable in India at present. So we have had to do what we could, and I apologize for the fact that we have been unable to rise as equal to our opportunity as we had intended. But THE THEOSOPHIST salutes New Zealand with deep respect and unstinted admiration.

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ADYAR IN WARTIME

I have been in the habit of making the January Watch-Tower the vehicle for my annual Presidential Address. This year I do not do so as the January issue has to go to press in Nov.-Dec., and I fear my Address would be entirely out of date—so rapidly are events moving—were I to write it under present conditions. So I shall write it as late as I can in December, sending air mail copies to the General Secretaries so that they may receive it as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, the censorship of wartime stands in our way, but fortunately my application to the Chief Censor in India to allow free passage for our Theosophical journals to all countries has now received a favourable reply, though there is the possible censorship at the other end. So I have to apologize for the hitherto non-receipt by neutral, and even by belligerent, countries of our very harmless printed matter. I have been helpless in the matter though henceforth I hope there will be unimpeded transmission.

I must also apologize for the difficulties of correspondence. I am exceedingly busy with all kinds of war work, and am unable to attend to correspondence as I should like. I may say, however, that all is going unusually well at Adyar, which is more active than ever, what

with the very honoured presence of Madame Maria Montessori and her adopted son, with the 316 students who have gathered at Adyar to attend her Diploma Training Course, with Rukmini Devi's Kalākṣetra Arts Course which Madame Montessori herself inaugurated on December 1st, with the frequent concerts by some of India's leading musicians which will in part act as demonstrations of the Course, Rukmini Devi herself giving the principal lectures on South Indian Art, with the active participation in definite war work on the part of many of Adyar's residents, and with preparations for a Convention which will in all probability be larger than any we have had for many years. I do not think Adyar has been so busy for a very long time, and this is as it should be in times when the spirit of Theosophy is so urgently needed throughout the world. I may add that some residents of Adyar have given a most appreciated series of lectures in Madras on "The Rebirth of India," lectures which have been crowded on every occasion, and which have evoked the most interested comments. My own little paper *Conscience* is now a weekly thanks to the support it is receiving, and week by week there is in addition a *New India Weekly Survey* which goes to the most important newspapers and other journals throughout India and to a number of India's leading workers. In return we find the Indian press giving us increasing publicity, as our press-cutting agency demonstrates.

MISS MADDOX

I am very glad to welcome to our International Headquarters Miss V. K. Maddox of Sydney, Australia, our leading exponent of Masonry especially in its Theosophical interpretation. Miss Maddox was for some years Private Secretary to Bishop Leadbeater, and has done extraordinarily fine work in building up in Australia the Brotherhood which is Masonry. The Masonic Order in India invited her to be its guest for a year to help in Indian Masonic work, and she is, at my request, making her headquarters at Adyar.

MR. JINARAJADASA

We in India are all very much regretting the fact that Mr. Jinarājadāsa will have to miss yet another International Convention. He could not be present at the Convention held in Benares in 1938, and now duty requires him to remain in Europe for the winter of 1939. But our loss here is Europe's gain, as letter after letter makes quite clear to me. Indeed, his presence in London just now is of inestimable value to the cause of the war as we know it to be, but we shall be thinking of him as we hold our session of the Convention at Adyar next month (December).

CHANGING THE SOCIETY'S OBJECTS

I am very glad indeed that the feeler I threw out in the September issue of THE THEOSOPHIST has met with so interested a response. I wanted to see how far our membership is satisfied with the Objects of The Society as they are at present stated, and generally with The Society's official utterances. Of course, there can be no question of changing the Objects for a considerable period of time, if at all, for the machinery to produce such a change would itself take some time to erect. But it is useful from time to time to gauge the general outlook of the membership upon the landmarks of The Society as we have them at present, for we must beware of any static attitude towards them, as if they were so sacrosanct that even to think of changing them is little short of blasphemy. That they will be changed someday I have no doubt whatever. They have been changed before and they will change as the growth of The Society calls for their change. In the meantime it is useful to exchange views on the desirability or the reverse for a change in the near future, and I shall be glad to print in the February issue a number of communications I have received.

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WAR AND THEOSOPHY

What shall I say about the War? I have already dispatched to our members throughout the world a series of letters as from myself personally, and I am glad that these have been so generously appreciated. I have also, for public consumption, issued a series of general War Leaflets. These also have been or are being dispatched to the various Sections of The Society, so that members may be fully aware of their President's personal views on the present situation. But I am very doubtful how far these letters and leaflets have reached their destinations.

Let me generally say that I could not do better than reiterate in all their detail our late President's observations during the course of the War of 1914-1918. This present war is in fact but a continuation of that war, left uncompleted as it was by the lack of understanding on the part of the majority of the then statesmen. The statesmen of today are using language with regard to the purposes of the war identical with the language used by statesmen during the last war years. Indeed, the resemblance is extraordinary, and is clear evidence of the fact that this war is intended to achieve that which the last war left unaccomplished. And I hope to God it will. But statesmen everywhere are dangerously obtuse and narrow-minded. I must confess I have very little confidence that any of them have either the vision to see

what really are the purposes of the present war, or still less the courage to pursue, to continue, the war until there is no danger whatever of the two wars degenerating into a trilogy of wars, if not more. It was bad enough to have the last war. It is worse to have the present war. It will indeed be devastating to have yet another war to show how little the world is ready to learn the lesson of its ignorance.

I feel convinced that if men and women of goodwill throughout the world will organize as never they have organized before against tyranny and injustice and cruelty and vulgarity everywhere these raise up their ugly heads, then is there hope for this war to be the last war. This war will assuredly not end war if it be regarded as just a European war to defeat Hitler and all his attendant evils.

This is emphatically a war against all that is evil everywhere, and every one of us must tilt his lance, all the more potent if it be a Theosophic lance, against the evils he sees most clearly before his eyes. If he be a member of an actually belligerent country he will assuredly, unless he have a really conscientious objection, do all he can to help his country in any way open to him. If he be a member of a neutral country he will assuredly fight against the many evils which he will perceive to exist therein. He will seek to help to purge his country of its evils, and if he be a Theosophist he will be the more ardent. There is no thinking citizen of any country, belligerent or neutral in whom the war spirit should not be aflame, in whom there should not be stirring a fervent ardour to help the world to the wisdom that is righteousness out of the ignorance that is devastation and destruction.

We live in wonderful times, times in which it is easy for us all to display the soldier spirit that is inherent in us, that soldier spirit which helps us to our own personal victories and to the victories which we must achieve in common with our fellow-men. Evolution itself is a war between the less and the more; and today that war reveals itself in an open conflict between the less that is tyranny and injustice and cruelty and vulgarity and the more that is freedom and peace and justice and culture.

We must see the war as taking place everywhere throughout the world, and we must ourselves be civilized enough to take part in it according to our interpretation of its nature.

We may war against Hitler and his persecutions and tyrannies. We may war against the enslavements of Abyssinia and Albania and Austria and Czechoslovakia. We may war against the rapine of China and the atrocities towards Poland. We may war against the myriad

persecutions we inflict upon our younger brethren of the animal kingdom. We may war against the vulgarities and crudities with which life is everywhere made so sodden and drab. We may war against that national lethargy which stands between India and her rightful place among the nations of the world—a fight in which I myself am taking part at the present time, as my great predecessor took part so nobly before me. We may war against wrong wherever we perceive it.

But we must all be making war so that the world may have peace. We must be warriors, and none should have in them the warrior spirit more than students of the Eternal Wisdom, than members of one of the greatest movements in the world which wars for Brotherhood, warring in the true spirit of war as enjoined upon Arjuna by Śrī Kṛṣṇa. The Theosophical Society must become an armed Camp, a Camp armed with Truth and full of soldiers utterly eager to spread the Truth. The Theosophical Society must be the spearhead of the world penetrating into a future nobler than the world has so far known. For over sixty years Theosophy and membership of The Theosophical Society have been the tremendous privilege of a small band of enlightened human beings. Those who hold this privilege today are face to face with the almost greater privilege of confronting with their Theosophy and with their membership of The Theosophical Society those who would destroy the world and cause it to suffer the fate of Atlantis. I pray indeed that every member feels himself anointed to the chivalry which the present time demands from him. I pray that there may not be one single member who is not in his own way and according to his own lights fighting for the Right as he perceives it in the light of Theosophy and of his membership of The Theosophical Society.

At least he must fight and so glorify the Divinity that is within him.

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FINLAND

As this Watch-Tower goes to press, might strikes another of its horrid blows, and Finland is the victim. How true indeed it is that Germany and Russia embody the forces of darkness, and that they are going down into desolation as they strike blow after blow at all the decencies of national and international life. The whole world is profoundly shocked, of course, but the whole world does nothing, and by that very inaction ranges itself by the side of the devastator. He who is not against Germany is for Germany. He who is not against Russia is for Russia. This is profoundly true even though in either

case he may utter the most condemnatory denunciations. I much fear that most of the neutral countries are generating for themselves a heavy karma, for had they abandoned their neutrality in the light of a clear perception of the real nature of this war, it might even now have been over; and if the League of Nations had been supported as it should have been supported, Germany might not have dared to go to war.

But because there are nations which are neutral to righteousness wrong continues on its horrible way, and hatred grows and cruelty and all that is of darkness. I wonder if, even though the American people are said to be at least 90% for neutrality at present, the time will come when once again, at the last moment, she will have the insight to abandon it, and help the world and herself once more to become redeemed from desolation. I think she will, I think she must, if she herself is to enjoy the fruits of the greatness which more than sixteen decades ago was set for her achieving. There is no question before her of becoming immersed in the slough of the western political despond. The disease of the war spreads far and wide throughout the world. It is in the United States of America as it is everywhere else, and every country must today be busy fighting the war within her frontiers and no less without her frontiers. Isolation belongs to yesterday. It is of the dead world. It has no place in the new, for the world is becoming one world, and is not any longer remaining a mass of unrelated units.

In any case, I hope that every member of our Society gains strength and inspiration the more darkness seems to be conquering. Darkness cannot keep victory for long, and we Theosophists who know this to be true can well afford to stand firm amidst the seeming defeats, realizing as we do that they are the precursors of victory. My heart bleeds for beloved Finland—one of the finest of peoples with one of the finest Sections in the world. I think of my many friends there who are now suffering deeply, as I think of their more than wonderful welcome to Rukmini Devi and myself when last we visited them. Russia's aggression is indeed a tragedy, utterly unprovoked as it was, with Finland eager to accept President Roosevelt's offer of mediation. But Russia has been encouraged in her evil ways by the example of the German rulers, and as the German people are helpless, so now are the Russian people helpless no less. How is it that some of the greatest countries in the world are always chosen for crucifixion? In the last war it was splendid Belgium. In this war it is Poland and Finland,

with more perchance to come, with the crucifixion of Albania, of Abyssinia, of Austria, of Czechoslovakia, and of China, to prepare the way.

Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat. Hitler is indeed mad, and, as we now perceive, so is Stalin. Karma will cause them to be lost for many an incarnation. But their madness will work great and terrible havoc ere its power passes away from them and they are set back to begin again an upward climb through the very darkness and misery they have inflicted upon others

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PRANJIVAN ODHAVJI

From one point of view I very deeply regret to record the passing away on November 29th last of one of the noblest of our Indian workers —Mr. Pranjivan Odhavji, of Bhavnagar, Kathiawar. He joined The Theosophical Society in the year 1899, and from the very beginning of his membership was a loved friend of the leaders of the movement. His own personal life was strewn with hardships, all of which he bore with remarkable fortitude. And his membership of The Theosophical Society was thereby strengthened into a very wonderful loyalty to the Masters' work and to Their representatives in the Theosophical world, and into a generosity of support of Theosophical causes almost unique in the history of The Society. He never had to be asked for help. He always sought out the need and gave to the full measure of his capacity, and wherever possible anonymously. He gave in secret lest he be thanked in public. Both Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater admitted him to intimate friendship, rejoicing in one who was, and of course still is and ever will be, the perfect Indian gentleman with all those old-world Indian courtesies and manners which make the Indian gentleman one of the greatest gentlemen in the world.

From another point of view, however, I am glad he has been allowed to take off his physical body, for it was in very indifferent health, and he will now be wonderfully happy in close relation to his Master and to all other elders who will have welcomed him home to a short but beautifully recreative rest.

We shall indeed miss him from the physical plane, and specially from the Conventions he has hardly ever missed. But he will be with us all until the end, and in truth we shall be together for ever. Death does not part us. It draws us all more closely together. Death after death makes the nearness nearer, until in the midst of a glorified individuality we become still more gloriously one.

George S. Arundale

EVERY NATION IS A WORD

Every nation is a Word in the world-song of Life, a class in the world-school. Each nation has a specific lesson to impart to those who have the honour to be among its citizens. Every citizen must learn to speak the Word and to master the lesson. Shall I daringly suggest the nature of the Word some individual nations seem to be striving to contribute to the world-song, the nature of the special lesson each seems to be appointed to teach its citizen-students? . . .

India: The Spirit of Aryan civilization and culture—latent in India as she is today, but moving towards renaissance. India is the heart of the Aryan world.

Italy: The Spirit of Independence, curiously permeated by the Spirit of Law. The Spirit of Culture in its western aspect.

France: The Spirit of Individuality, and of emotional and intellectual brilliance.

Germany: The Spirit of Discipline, strangely and wonderfully permeated by the Spirit of the Quest.

Holland: The Spirit of matter-of-fact Common Sense, of Probity, and of Receptivity for Practical Idealism.

England: The Spirit of matter-of-fact Common Sense, of respect for Law and Order and Tradition, and of Practical Capacity.

Scotland: The Spirit of matter-of-fact Common Sense, of Practical Capacity, and of making Oases out of Deserts. And fragrant with intimations of other worlds.

Ireland: The Spirit of Culture, and of closeness to Nature. Perhaps a beautiful bridge between the human and the angelic kingdoms.

Wales: The Spirit of Culture, different from that of Ireland, and of closeness to Nature. Fragrant, too, with intimations of other worlds.

Russia: The Spirit of Holiness, Mysticism and Culture.

Belgium: The Spirit of Independence and Virility.

Spain: The Spirit of Culture, Independence and Adventure.

Portugal: The Spirit of Culture, Independence and Adventure.

Austria: The Spirit of Culture, into which the Spirit of the Quest largely enters.

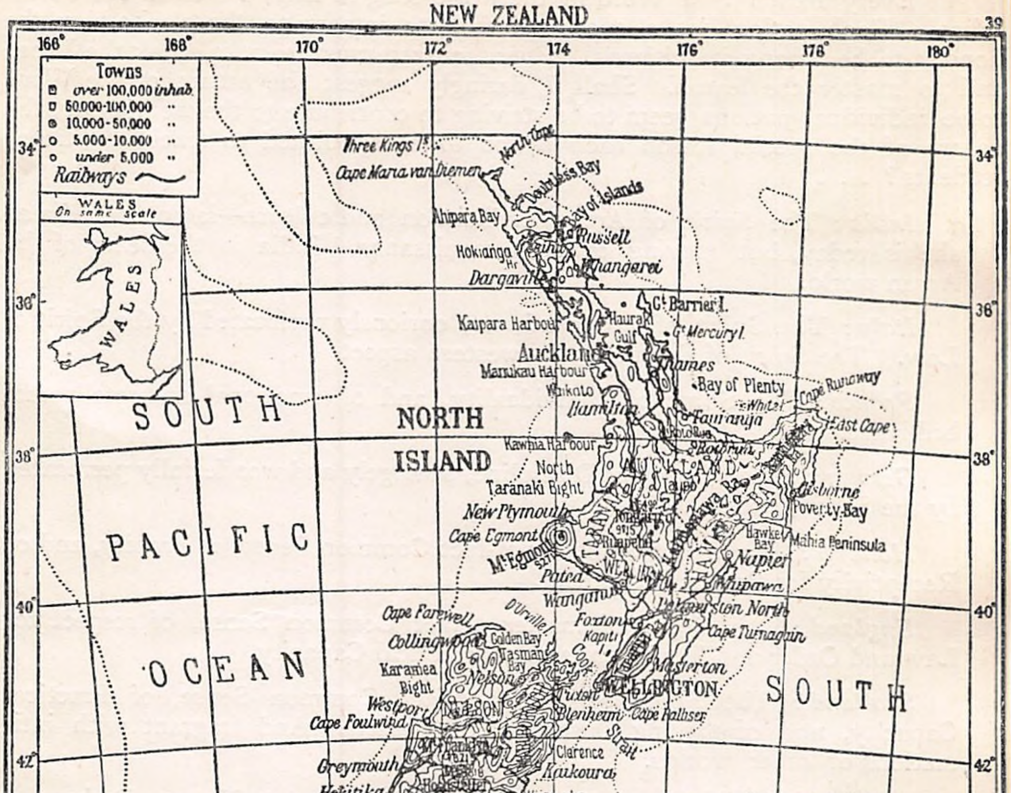
The United States: The Spirit of the Quest of the New Age, and of giving spiritual values to material things.

Australia: The Spirit of Adventure and of Brotherhood, to which may be added a widespread Appreciation of the Beautiful.

New Zealand: Britain in youthful and beautiful setting.

—From *Gods in the Becoming*, GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

NEW ZEALAND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SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
Three Kings Is.
North Cape
Cape Maria van Diemen
Doubtless Bay
Bay of Islands
Ahipara Bay
Russell
Hokianga Hr
Whangarei
Dargaville
Gt Barrier I.
Hauraki Gulf
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Kaipara Harbour
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Manukau Harbour
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Bay of Plenty
Cape Runaway
Waikato
Hamilton
White I.
Tauranga
East Cape
Kawhia Harbour
Rotorua
North Taranaki Bight
Gisborne
Poverty Bay
New Plymouth
Cape Egmont
Mt Egmont
Hawke Bay
Mahia Peninsula
Napier
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Wanganui
Palmerston North
D'Urville I.
Cape Farewell
Foxton
Cape Turnagain
Collingwood
Golden Bay
Tasman Bay
Kapiti I.
Karamea Bight
Nelson
Cook Strait
Masterton
Wellington
Westport
Blenheim
Cape Palliser
Cape Foulwind
Clarence
Greymouth
Kaikoura
Hokitika
Waiau-uha
Mt Cook
Pegasus Bay
Christchurch
Jacksons Bay
Lyttelton
Banks Peninsula
Cascade Point
Canterbury Bight
Mt Aspiring
Rangitata
Milford Sound
Timaru
Waimate
Mt Lyall
Oamaru
Secretary I.
Hampden
Lake Manapouri
Dunedin
Otago Peninsula
Resolution I.
Southland
Kaitangata
Cape Providence
Invercargill
Te Waewae Bay
The Bluff
Long Point
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THE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND

BY ROBERT GILKINSON

IN the eyes of the student used to telling the history of the old lands of the world—India, Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Greece, Rome, even the modern states of Europe—New Zealand is an extremely juvenile country with all its history before it. Yet this young colony, consisting of three little islands lying lonely in the great Southern Ocean, has already experienced great changes and has witnessed scenes of thrilling incidents and adventure.

First sighted by Abel Tasman, in the days when Charles I was king in England, explored and mapped by Captain Cook in 1769, these islands yet remained an unclaimed and unwanted part of the world. A few whalers, sealers and adventurers used to rendezvous in some of the bays on the coastline which offered a haven of refuge, but the British Government steadfastly refused to annex New Zealand or to accept any responsibility in connection with it. Statesmen considered the boundaries of British possessions were already too extended, and declined to annex a country which was full of ferocious and warlike cannibals and which, being 16,000 miles from London by sail, might be deemed at too great a distance to be controlled or protected. However, at last the English Premier was forced to take action by the fact that the French were known to be casting longing eyes on the South Island, and by the further fact that an English Company with powerful political influence, known as the New Zealand Company, had decided to colonize parts of both islands. Accordingly, at the end of the year 1839, Captain Hobson was sent out to make terms with the Maoris (the native race), and if they consented, to hoist the Union Jack and assume the governorship of the young colony.

AT WAITANGI AND AFTER

Then followed the great national gathering of the Maori people under their chiefs at Waitangi and their historic meeting with Captain Hobson. The Maori had no king, so it was necessary to get the consent of every chief and tribe. The scene was a most spectacular one. A vast number of chiefs with their followers gathered on the lawn under gaily decorated tents which had been provided for them. Clothed in their native costume

and carrying their spears and greenstone *meres* [clubs], they made a most impressive appearance. Captain Hobson, with the officers of H.M.S. "Herald" all in uniform, the missionaries and the French bishop marched in procession to a raised platform, and then followed a keen discussion on the advisability of the Maori people accepting the proferred treaty and becoming subjects of *Wikitoria te Kiuni* as they called Her Majesty.

Two of the chiefs (influenced it was thought by the French bishop and certain traders) led off the opposition, and one made a most impassioned address which for a time nearly prevented the adoption of the treaty. Stripped of his mat and encumbrances, he ran up and down the lines of his hearers gesticulating wildly and crying: "Send the man away. Do not sign the paper. Your lands will be taken from you, and you will become slaves."

The tide turned when the friendly chief, Waka Nene from Hokianga, spoke. He reminded his people of how their characters had been raised by intercourse with the English; how they could not carry on without frequent inter-tribal wars causing much bloodshed, and then turning to Captain Hobson said: "You must be our father. You will preserve our customs and our lands." That great speech was the turning-point. Nene signed, and after that practically all the chiefs did so by putting their tattoo marks on the document.

Thus New Zealand became a British colony. The flag of Great Britain was run up amid rejoicings, and the guns of the warship thundered forth a salute of 21 guns.

Wake Nene remained until his death the true and trusted friend of the settlers, and in later years his counsel was much sought after by Sir George Grey and other governors. True it is that in the course of years there were many dark days and misunderstandings when the dark-skinned native fought his white brother; but throughout, the English settlers have sought to observe the terms of the treaty and the English judges have enforced its provisions. From time to time difficulties arose through not understanding Maori customs and through the multiplicity of natives claiming an interest in certain lands, but a special court was set up to deal with these questions, and it may be truthfully claimed that no other people ever more fairly and honestly treated any native race, paying for all the land required, and taking all possible means to avoid the exploitation of the Maori. The historian, Rusden, in his first edition of a history of New Zealand, made some serious charges against New Zealand politicians and warriors, but John Bryce, who had fought in

the wars and later become Native Minister, took action in the High Court, London, and after a hard fought trial in which he disproved all allegations, obtained judgment for £5,000 damages and an injunction. Since then, calumniators of New Zealand soldiers have been more careful.

BRITON AND MAORI

And now the scene changed. To the new colony poured out the early pioneers from the overcrowded old land. To Auckland, the new capital selected by Governor Hobson, came settlers from all parts of Britain. To New Plymouth, Nelson and Wellington flocked many who had purchased their lands from the New Zealand Land Co. As Lawson sings:

They sailed away in the ships that sailed ere science controlled the main,
When the strong brave heart of a man prevailed as 'twill never prevail again.
They knew not whither—nor much they cared—let fate or the winds decide—
The worst of the Great Unknown they dared in the days when the world was wide.

The pioneers of the North Island, in addition to all the difficulties to be met with in a new country, had very great trouble in getting titles to the lands they had bought and paid for; and, worse still, frequently found themselves in jeopardy at the hands of the natives. Many a cruel raid was made by the Maori tribes on inoffensive settlers because of some unintentional infraction of Maori law in some other district. Without any warning, an outlying settler might find his house surrounded by hostile natives who would show no mercy to man, woman or child. Houses were burnt, crops stolen, cattle driven away—sometimes the farmer and his family slain on their own threshold.

Such incidents led to punishment and retaliation and devastating Maori wars. The British Government sent out General Cameron, a veteran with Crimean experience, with 10,000 men to crush the rebellion. This army marched into the Waikato Valley, captured many *pahs* (*i.e.*, carefully built forts of the natives) and drove the enemy into the depths of the bush. Though defeated, the Maori warriors won the admiration of their foes by their splendid fighting qualities, their skill in preparing fortified positions, and their extraordinary aptitude for carrying on operations in the bush. Eventually the British troops were withdrawn and the colonial regiments, with the assistance of friendly natives, completed the driving back of the Maoris from the settled districts. The irreconcilables then fell back to the centre of the North Island around Lake Taupo, and it was decided to press them no further. The Maoris said: "Leave us alone,

and we won't attack you." No formal terms of peace were signed, but it was practically agreed not to interfere with the Maori remnant in its central stronghold which came to be known as the "Maori King Country."

By this time the Maoris had given themselves a king, but he was only acknowledged by some of the tribes. In the King Country, the Queen's writ did not run and only Maori law prevailed. If a criminal escaped into that country he was not followed, and could only be captured if he ventured out again. Kereopa, the murderer of Mr. Volckner, the German missionary, took shelter for years in this Alsatia but was eventually caught outside. Te Kooti who, with his followers, had been guilty of ravaging the East Coast and of wholesale murder of men, women and children, was eventually so pressed by Colonial troops and their native allies that he was forced to take shelter in the King Country. There he remained and the Government, not being anxious to cause another war, did not attempt to arrest him, and thirteen years after the crime, granted him a pardon.

Thus at length the old generation of irreconcilable hard fighters passes away, and their successors agree to the opening up by road and railway of their last stronghold. And now Briton and Maori are as brothers, and shoulder to shoulder have fought on the blood-stained heights of Gallipoli and the flooded trenches of Passchendaele, and once more are volunteering to help the old land against Germany in the battle for justice for all small States.

THE GOLD-DIGGERS

In the South Island there was no native difficulty. The settlers there had to contend only with natural obstacles, yet the life was full of adventure and thrill. The Province of Otago was founded by the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland and was very largely settled by people from that country. Canterbury, on the other hand, was a settlement of the Church of England and has still many of the features of an English county. However, all such special settlements gradually lost the odour of separatism and became merged in the general colony of New Zealand.

In 1861 a rich gold-field was discovered by Gabriel Read in Otago, and this led to an inrush of gold-miners from all parts of the world; later the West Coast of the South Island had a similar experience, while in the North Island, at the Thames and Waihi immensely rich gold reefs were discovered which, worked by large companies, have produced great quantities of gold. The general result of the gold discoveries was to push the country rapidly ahead.

The special settlements became more cosmopolitan, and the towns became exceedingly progressive. The gold-diggers proved themselves to be a particularly fine type of colonist—brave, adventurous, strong, patient, enduring; and not only the diggers flocked to the rising towns, but merchants with a keen eye to the remarkable development of the young land and many professional men of high standing were drawn to assist the new Eldorado. Thus the years 1862 to 1865, in spite of the drawback of the wars, marked a very notable expansion in New Zealand cities.

NOBLE PIONEERS

The life of the early settler was a hard one, yet full of the joy of meeting difficulties and triumphing over them. There were dangerous rivers to cross, mountains to climb, new country to explore, forests to fell, fences to erect, huts and barns had to be run up, horses trained, land broken up. On the women especially the life was severe; many miles from a centre, medical help was rarely obtainable. The only society was that of a neighbour perhaps many miles away. Roads were non-existent: the traveller followed the tracks over the hills made by the wheels of a bullock dray, or a "corduroy" trail through the bush; stores had to be brought from some centre by pack-horse or bullock-waggon. Yet the people were happy—probably more contented than they are now with all the luxuries of civilization. There was always a rich plenty at country houses of the good things produced on the farm eked out with native produce. Visitors were pressed to stay, and no wanderer was ever turned away hungry.

In such a life the cordial virtues flourished; men and women were simple, downright, generous, hard-working; their life was near to Nature and they understood and loved the secrets of the lonely hills and the spreading forest. Their reward was not in gold, but ever looked to the future of their families and of the young nation they were helping to build.

NEW ZEALAND TODAY

New Zealand today with its lofty buildings, its noble churches and halls, its railways and electric works, its factories and workshops, has grown up within these hundred years as the result of the far-seeing minds, the energy, the skill of those noble men and women—the early settlers—who have now passed away. Of them McKee Wright says:

Some of them down in the cities under the marble are laid;
Some on the bare hillside sleep by the lone tree shade;
And some in the forest deeps of the West in their silence lie
With the dark pine curtain above shutting out the blue of the sky.

BARON RUTHERFORD OF NELSON: NEW ZEALAND'S GREATEST SON

BY J. W. SHAW, M. A.

ON 30 August 1871, there was born into the home of James and Martha Rutherford, of true pioneering stock both of them, a son, the fourth in their family, to whom in due course was given the name Ernest. It was a typical settler's home, nothing elaborate, plain but friendly, the centre of the daily struggle with nature for the necessities of living. It lay at Brightwater, a few miles out from the quiet old town (as New Zealand counts age) of Nelson. On 25 October 1937, Lord Rutherford of Nelson was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to the ashes of Newton, Kelvin and Darwin, universally deemed worthy to lie as an equal with such comrades of his rest. And from every land where knowledge and the achievements of the mind are held in reverence, came willing tribute to the greatest Briton of our day. A long and splendid road he had come—from the simplicities of a struggling colonial home to the glory of the National Valhalla.

New Zealand, small and remote and very conscious of its newness, the scene of the great man's early years and always the home of his heart, has thrilled to the triumph of the man it shaped and made aware. Our history, as the history of every land, is made up mostly of the faithful toil of obscure folk who fill their little place and pass on unremembered by the hurrying generations. But life can never be the same to a people that has produced a man indisputably great by all the highest standards. Its pride in the supreme figure it has given to the world touches all its life. It is justified in its own eyes. The splendour of the one becomes the inspiration of the many. Something formative enters into the national life, a new self-respect, a deeper faith in our manhood as our own special circumstances have evolved it.

THE PIONEER LIFE OF N. Z.

The life of the New Zealand pioneer gave few opportunities for the development of culture. Life was too hard. To wrest a living from the soil demanded the last ounce of physical energy of both men and women. It was weary toil-worn settlers who gathered in

the evening round the fireside with still a hundred tasks to occupy mind and hand till bed claimed them. In the farm-house the kerosene lamp and the home-made candles gave a feeble light. The sowing of wheat was for people like the Rutherfords, who were engaged first in saw-milling and then in flax-milling, a twilight task. The grain thrashed from the ear with flails on the barn-floor by candlelight, had to be carried to the nearest flour-mill on stalwart backs. Life was isolated too. Each family group tended to become a microcosm, largely self-sufficient. But if contacts outside the family were rare by modern standards, there was a very unmodern completeness of understanding and tapping of resources within the family circle. Home meant the biggest thing in the world to young lives finding what they were worth very satisfactorily within its narrow but very precious shelter. Minds struck fire from kindred minds. If mental stimuli were few, they were genuine and struck deep. Spiritual values had a place impossible in the distractions and competing interests of the more varied life of the town. The country home was no centre of stagnation. From pioneer homes came into New Zealand life many of its most potent inspirations. They wholly misunderstand the forces that have made New Zealand who minimize the part played by the constant stream of young life shaped in the homes of the country.

In another direction the pioneer life helped to mould Rutherford. He was fortunate in the blood from which he came. His father was a sturdy Scot who was brought as a very small child to Nelson by his pioneer parents; and Rutherford's mother also came of a pioneer family from Sussex.

Only men and women of high courage would dare to tear up the roots so deeply thrust into the soil of the old land. Only men and women ready to take a big risk would commit themselves to the perils of a voyage over 12,000 miles of sea to a land where everything had to be made from the beginning, and where in addition to the herculean tasks of breaking in the forest and the wilderness and the swamp there was also the menace of a strong and warlike native race. Only men and women of exceptional self-reliance would surrender the comforting support of an ancient social system, and commit themselves to the isolation of a land without institutions and traditions of its own. The testing of colonial life, too, soon weeded out the physical weaklings. As they said of the early settlers in California, the cowards never set out, and the weaklings fell by the way. It was a ruthless winnowing, but it inevitably selected the true

grain. On both sides Rutherford had this strong self-reliant blood. All his early environment would deepen the impulses in him through the stock from which he came. The pioneers had to face every situation as it arose. There was nothing to guide them but their own common sense. They had to weave all their own patterns of living. There was no custom or chart to guide them. They could not depend on others. When difficulties arose they could not ask what some one else was going to do about it. Neither could they demand what the Government intended to do. They were thrown back on their own skill and resource.

So perhaps we may be pardoned if we insist that Rutherford's early years were very far from being a handicap. He would have been the last to suggest such a thing. The healthy life of a New Zealand country home with its constant demand for meeting, by native common sense, every new situation as it arose, developed not only a robust body but an attitude of mind and a strength of resolution that gave an admirable foundation for the man of science.

EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND

Nature and nurture combine to make a man, even a genius. The blood Rutherford inherited and the discipline of a happy pioneer home helped to form the life that was ultimately to tower among the greatest of the human race. It remains to determine the contribution made to the man by his more formal education. Like all other educational institutions New Zealand's schools have for long been subjected to hostile criticism. And like all other schools they present an easy target. The perfect system of education will probably be devised when the Greek Kalends arrive. All systems tend to become rigid and conservative, especially national systems in a strongly democratic community. Free, compulsory and secular education was established in New Zealand by the Act of 1877, just in time for Rutherford to take advantage of it. The national schools in his day had something of the freshness of the dawn about them. They were new, with nothing stereotyped, necessarily experimental, a pioneer venture in perfect harmony with the pioneer spirit still dominant in the land. They gave a rich field to enthusiasm, and mere routine efficiency had not become the *summum bonum*. Most of the problems that have vexed later educationists had not risen to consciousness. Education was a good thing *per se*. Knowledge was the birthright of every young citizen. The intricacies of the educational process did not worry them. They had no clear-cut ideas of the ends of education. The school was the gateway to a

vast enlargement of knowledge and capacity and experience. How the children were to be guided into the new land of delight depended on the vision and ability of the teacher.

As a democratic community New Zealand set itself as far as possible with its limited resources to place a sound education in what it deemed the fundamentals, within the reach of all the children in the land. The children of rich and poor alike should have intellectually the same start in life. To further this end a system of scholarships was inaugurated to open the doors of secondary schools and the University to young people of ability, who in the ordinary course of events would be barred through the inadequacy of the family exchequer. Later the secondary schools were to be thrown open to the whole community, but Rutherford had left New Zealand before that progressive step was taken. In his day the primary school pupil of special promise could win in public examination a scholarship entitling him to free education in the secondary school with a small sum added to cover the cost of books and other equipment. For country children a special boarding allowance was added. After two years the pupil could sit for a further scholarship that would take him through the secondary school to the University stage. There was then open to him the possibility of winning a University scholarship that would take him to his first degree. The scholarship method selected from all over the land, both in town and country, boys and girls of special ability and industry, and opened to them the whole extent of the New Zealand education system.

Rutherford reached the University by this route. Scholarships he took in his stride. He was educated at primary and secondary schools in Nelson, Taranak and Marlborough. When he was sixteen he entered Nelson College as a boarder. Nelson College was and is one of the finest schools in the Dominion. Rutherford entered enthusiastically into every phase of the life of the school, an eager student, a vigorous athlete, loving every minute of the rich social experience such a school offered to any normal boy.

AT THE AGE OF 24

Again by scholarship he took the next step, his opportunity to work for his degree at Canterbury College, Christchurch. How he used his time may be gathered from the official records of the New Zealand University: In 1889 Rutherford E., Public School, Havelock, Nelson College, came fourth in the New Zealand Junior University Scholarship examination, presenting as his subjects: Latin, French, English, Mathematics, Sound and Light, Mechanics. A later entry

thus sums up his career. "Rutherford Ernest, B.A., 1892, M.A., 1894 (with double First Class Honours in Mathematics and Physics), B.Sc., 1895, D.Sc., 1901." He tried his hand at teaching during these years, but the young barbarians were too much for him. Later he was to become one of the great seminal teachers of our time, but his forte did not lie in teaching the young mathematical idea to shoot in the uncongenial soil provided by the lower forms of a New Zealand school.

It would be interesting to speculate what Rutherford would have achieved had he been limited to New Zealand. It is difficult to imagine his eager mind, his resolute purpose, and his superhuman concentration not making their mark wherever they were given a field of operation. But there is always the possibility of even the greatest talent rusting unused for lack of opportunity. There may have been buried in quiet villages mute inglorious Miltons. But Rutherford was given his chance in the one field for which everything hitherto had been preparing him. When in 1851 the Great Exhibition organized by the Prince Consort had come to its spectacular end, there were funds out of profits which were invested and applied for the development of scientific research by promising students in the colonies. Rutherford was awarded one of the 1851 Exhibition Science Research Scholarships. It was for two years and was worth £150 a year—not a great sum by Rhodes standards, but worth more then than it is now, and quite adequate for a keen man who knew what he wanted.

HE FINDS HIS LIFE'S WORK

Rutherford entered Cambridge in 1895 and found at once the direction of his life's work in his association with Sir J. J. Thomson in the Cavendish Laboratory. But before calling down the curtain on this the New Zealand phase of his life, necessarily ordinary enough in actual achievement, yet giving him all the impulses that afterwards were to be so signally realized in his world-shaking triumphs, it is worth remembering that Rutherford got his chance in the big things because the New Zealand Education system provided for him a succession of ladders from stage to stage, and he was able enough and keen enough to take full advantage of them all.

I have perhaps unduly stressed the New Zealand background to Rutherford's lifework. But it is the aspect of the man that naturally comes uppermost in a New Zealander's mind in assessing our country's achievements in its centennial year. The country that for twenty-four years shaped him from the materials his ancestry provided

has some share in the making of his magnificent gifts available for the rest of mankind.

Once upon his chosen road, Rutherford went on from strength to strength, from victory to victory. Ivor B. N. Evans in his *Man of Power* records the early impression created by Rutherford among his fellow research men at the Cavendish :

> It was one of his greatest gifts, his extraordinary energy, that made the first deepest impression. He gave the impression not so much of being clever, but of possessing greatness. His intellectual machinery was not dazzling ; he did not appear to be subtle ; but his intense enthusiasm made his colleagues feel that his intellect was brightly illuminated with a tremendous inner light. They were startled, it was said, by the illumination of the ideas in his mind.

Possibly there is a reading back into the past of ideas formed in the light of his later work. But that incandescence of a man's powers which we call genius was a special gift of the gods, something inherent in his make-up, waiting for the appropriate challenge to call it forth. Rutherford may well have known from the beginning that here at last had he found himself, with a corresponding quickening of tempo and heightening of tension.

THREE GREAT DISCOVERIES

Rutherford's achievements during the next forty years are deeply written into the history of our times. After much valuable preliminary work with his master, J. J. Thomson, he set himself to an investigation of radio-activity. This work, begun in Cambridge, was carried to a sensational conclusion in Montreal. Rutherford had accepted the chair of Physics at McGill University. He was only twenty-eight years old. He spent eight years in Canada and drew to his laboratory brilliant young men from all over the world. His first major achievement is linked to his Canadian experience. He discovered that radio-activity was due to the actual disintegration of the atom.

> The radio-active atom by shooting out these rays, changes into an atom of a different substance, having a lower atomic weight. The new atom may also be unstable and disintegrate into yet another atom. This process may continue through a long series of changes before a stable atom is reached" (J.W.N. Sullivan).

You might say that Rutherford had discovered in Nature the master alchemist. For no reason that we could determine there was going on a constant process of disintegration and transmutation, one element actually becoming another. Nature had been operating her own philosopher's stone since the beginning of things. It was left to Rutherford to surprise her secret.

Rutherford's discovery placed him in the forefront of modern scientists. He was invited to Manchester University. Here he continued his investigations into the atom. It had become obvious in

his first great discovery that the atom was not a solid indivisible body as had been taken for granted by previous science. In 1911 Rutherford was able to announce that the atom was in reality a miniature solar system, his second great epoch-making discovery, and perhaps the most significant. Long before him speculative thinkers had believed that there ran through the world a series of correspondences. The infinitely small would follow the same laws as the infinitely great. But it was left to Rutherford to demonstrate that in the atom a central nucleus held satellites at proportional distances as the sun held its planets.

Rutherford's third great discovery was that the atom could be artificially disintegrated. Nature was not the only alchemist. Man could tackle the atom, and by a concentrated bombardment of special rays secure the break-up of the atom and the consequent transmutation. The further implications of his revolutionary discoveries he with all other workers in his special field was engaged in working out in his last years. Nothing quite so sensational was to come from his eager teeming brain. When he died suddenly in 1937 he was still at the height of his powers.

HIS GREATNESS AND HIS SIMPLICITY

It is plain from the testimony of the leading scientific men of our day that it is almost impossible to overestimate the stature of his towering figure. His famous collaborator, Professor Niels Bohr of Copenhagen, called him one of the greatest men who ever worked for science. "We may say of him, as has been said of Galileo, that he left science in quite a different state from that in which he found it." Another affirms that "he discovered a new world, not by accident or lucky guess, but by working on strictly scientific lines, building on previously established bases."

What he achieved as a man of science has been indestructibly built into the heritage of the ages. The future with a truer perspective will assess his ultimate value with more certainty than we can conjecture it today. Others will build on his foundations, and he marches with sure step down the future to immortality. But we who are his contemporaries have at least this special privilege, we can know the personality through which this man of supreme genius expressed himself in his own character and in his relations with his fellow-men. What manner of man was Ernest Rutherford? We know that while he was capable of terrific concentration on the ends he had set himself, he was in reality a man of wide interests and sympathies. He always kept his friendships in repair. His colleagues and students regarded him with profound reverence for his scientific eminence and

with equal affection for the man who believed in them, encouraged them and was always generous with thanks and praise. He was modest too. "After all my years of study and experiment," he said, "I know little more than when I started out." When he built on other men's labours he was prompt to acknowledge his indebtedness. As he had been brought up close to the soil he never lost the simplicity and directness bred into him by those early associations.

"It's a great thing life," he once said. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything." At a school break-up he advised the boys to be keen on their job. Enthusiasm made everything worth while. That boyishness never left him and endeared him to a wide circle who would have been otherwise petrified by his eminence. Life was great fun. It would be hard to imagine anything more different than the happy sometimes boisterous Rutherford, full of the joy of living, and the dessicated inhuman scientist of the popular view. Something was created in the eager boy exploring the New Zealand countryside that remained a priceless possession in the days when his name rang round the world.

HIS IDEALISM

He was a capable man of business too. The public positions he held demanded high organizing power. And he was always equal to every demand they placed upon him. In his later years he became the head of a great organization which found useful work for continental scientific refugees driven from their laboratories by the stress of European politics. Hundreds were provided for, and many men of eminence who had definite contributions to make to scientific research were placed where they could still carry on their work. Nowhere else perhaps did Rutherford's greatness of heart and his outstanding organizing ability find fuller scope. With his business ability he could have commercialized his splendid gifts to his own profit. But he was frankly not interested in that aspect of things. He ended his days with very little more money than when he began. His treasure was otherwhere.

He was afraid that the triumphs of science which might, if wisely used, make the world a much better and happier place, might be used to increase sorrow in the world, to destroy and not to build up. He recognized that the man of science was not concerned with the why of things, but only with the how. This was a severe limitation of reality. There were wide areas of human life outside the scope of science, and these too must be diligently cultivated. He believed firmly in developing the arts. He foresaw disaster if absorption in

material things led to the neglect of spiritual and ethical values. Life could not advance on only a narrow scientific front. The whole man must advance or mere scientific progress might end in destruction.

The liberal humanity of the man shone strongly in his last address of all, the address he prepared for the Indian Science Congress, but which was delivered by another as a voice from the grave:

"While the study of modern science in India is comparatively recent, it is well to recall that India in ancient days was the home of a flourishing indigenous science which in some respects was in advance of the rest of the world at that time. May we hope that this national aptitude for abstract and experimental science shown so long ago, is still characteristic of the Indian peoples, and that in days to come, India will again become the home of science, not only as a form of intellectual activity, but also as a means of furthering the progress of her peoples?"

"What is wanted for progress" he once said, "is the knack of finding, so to say, God's idea of Nature." That was the quest of Rutherford's life, and chief among the seekers after truth in his own day and generation, he succeeded in it.

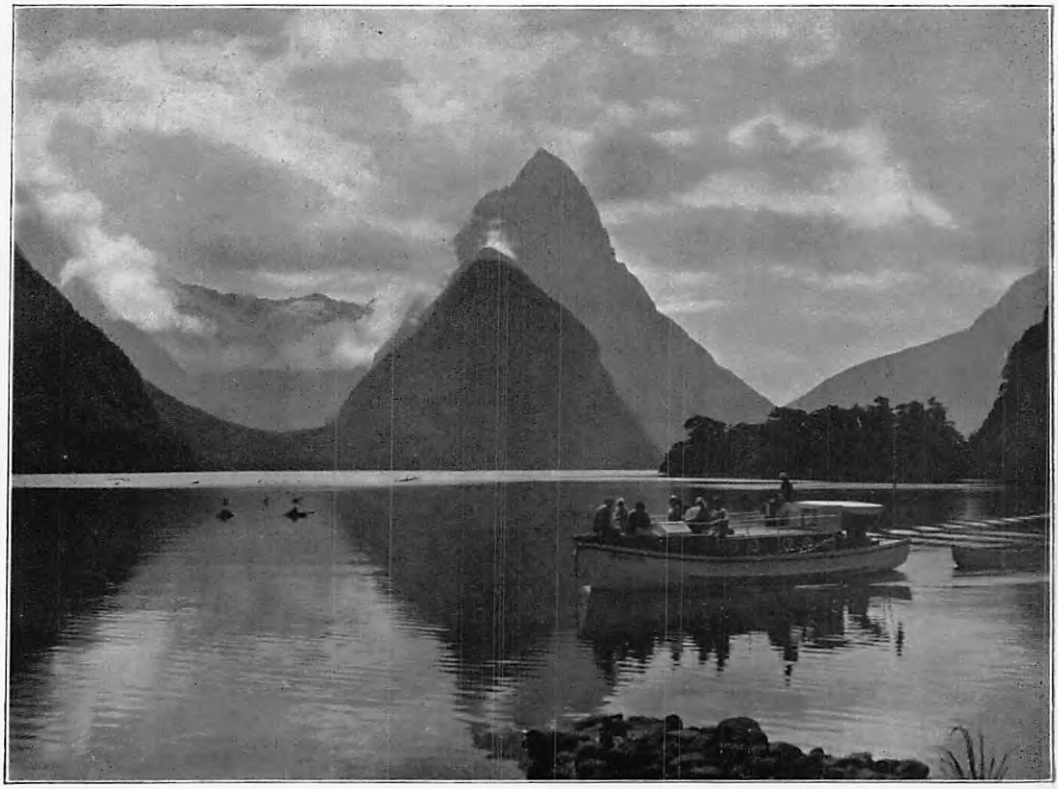
In 1911 Rutherford introduced the greatest change in our idea of matter since the time of Democritus.

—EDDINGTON

His refreshing personality, his dauntless spirit, the merry twinkle of his eye, the exuberance of his ever-youthful, ever-joyful enthusiasm: how can they be recaptured and confined within the limits of mere words? One can only say he was a man, a peer among men.

—BALDWIN

THE RT. HON. M. J. SAVAGE
Prime Minister of New Zealand



By courtesy of the N. Z. Government Tourist Dept.

MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND

THE POLITICAL IDEALISM OF NEW ZEALAND

BY THE RT. HON. M. J. SAVAGE

Prime Minister of New Zealand

IT is a pleasure to know that an international journal—THE THEOSOPHIST—desires to obtain authoritative information about the political idealism of New Zealand and the aims and achievements of the present Government in the practice of its social policy. Need it be emphasized that I appreciate this opportunity of placing before numerous readers in many lands a plain statement of what the Government (of which I have the honour to be leader) has done, and what it plans to do when existing wartime hindrances to progress have been removed?

LAWS BASED ON CONSCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE

There is no necessity to make extravagant claims for New Zealand's first Labour Government, but I do assert that it has tried hard within a relatively short period to make laws in keeping with conscience and common sense. In other words, we have put into effective practice the principles of kindness to old people, invalids and the poor, rewards for those who have earned them, and practical encouragement of the individual to know happiness.

All that may seem to political cynics as nothing more than sentimental idealism, but the record of achievements in New Zealand proves that our ideals were practical politics.

The statutes of the Dominion contain proof of my claim. Our improved social and industrial laws are a living force for the betterment of the people in every way, but particularly in respect of their health, work and opportunity for cultural development. No country in the world has enjoyed a greater measure of social happiness than that experienced in New Zealand during the past four years.

The basic policy of the Government is to eliminate the harsh inequalities in the economic and social system, and to establish as far as it is humanly possible to do so a standard by which "the workers share in the gain as well as in the toil of living."

RIGHT LIVELIHOOD FOR EVERY ONE

This was the declared aim of the Labour Government when it came into power: "To organize an internal economy that will distribute the production and services of the Dominion in a way that will guarantee to every person able and willing to work an income sufficient to provide him and his dependants with everything necessary to make a 'home' and 'home life' in the best sense of the meaning of those terms."

The Government held that by increasing the purchasing power of the community a powerful stimulus would be given to production, and it undertook that in the resulting prosperity it would see to it that the national income was more equitably distributed.

The policy of helping the less fortunate was justifiable on humanitarian grounds alone, but it was also sound economics and good business.

When the Government took office it immediately restored wages-cuts, and then proceeded to lift the rates of pay for all classes of workers. Workers on farms, in shops, in factories, on public works and in offices all benefited. The existing pensions system was liberalized, and pensions were introduced for the first time for invalids. The increased purchasing power gave a powerful stimulus to production, and more work was soon available for every one. Young people who had been deprived of the opportunity to work during the depression were rapidly absorbed into industry, and apprenticeship figures got back to normal.

Very soon the only people left on the unemployed register were those who were physically incapable of earning their living under a system of jostling competition. These people were adequately cared for by the Government.

WORKING CONDITIONS

Working conditions were improved, the system of compulsory arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes was restored, and the 40-hour week of five working days was introduced wherever it was practicable. This not only gave the worker the opportunity to enjoy a long week-end of leisure and recreation, but it was also a means of spreading the work among more people. It proved a boon to workers and their families, and employers also appreciate their increased relaxation. Industry did not suffer. The national income increased. For the first three years of Labour rule all previous records of production were surpassed.

SOCIAL SECURITY FOR THE AGED AND INVALIDS

At the beginning of April 1939 there began, under the Government's comprehensive Social Security Act, the progressive introduction

of what New Zealand claims to be the best measure of social security in the world. The benefits include a payment of 30/- a week to every man and woman over 60 years of age—this means £3 a week for an elderly married couple with the right to earn an additional £1 a week. The benefit for adult invalids is 30/- a week. Hospital treatment and operating are free in the public hospitals; in respect of private institutions the Government contributes £3 a week for each social security patient. A free maternity service is in operation, and arrangements are being made for a free general medical practitioner service.

Already 87,000 old people enjoy social security benefits. Nine thousand widows and over 10,000 invalids participate in the scheme. In addition, large families, orphans, and incapacitated men and women receive allowances. Over 28,000 returned soldiers and war veterans draw adequate pensions.

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

The housing of workers and their families has been an outstanding feature of the Government's social development policy. Over 5,000 dwellings have been completed and thousands more are in the course of construction. The State housing scheme will be carried on.

Today conditions have become abnormal in several ways because of the necessities of war, but general prosperity is still enjoyed. The fundamental policy of the Government will not be changed. Emergency conditions are being met with emergency laws. Equality of service and sacrifice is the Government's aim. The nation is at war. Yet the gains of peace and progress will not be thrown away. The best interests of our people will be first in all things.

M. J. Savage

Prime Minister.

EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND

BY L. F. de BERRY, M.A.

of the Department of Education, New Zealand

THE celebration of the Centenary of the incorporation of New Zealand within the British Empire affords a convenient opportunity for a brief review of the development of Education in this fair land so far removed from the Old World.

Particularly favoured has this land been, in that it was able to profit by the experience of the Motherland; it was peopled by settlers of an active and enquiring type of mind; and moreover it was enabled to start without some of the hampering precedents of the old land.

In the early years following Marsden's visit, the first educational efforts were directed towards the instruction of the native Maori youth, and the schools so established differed in no essential respect from those that British Missionaries were accustomed to establish and maintain in other savage or semi-savage parts of the world. Gradually, as white people settled, it became necessary to give attention to the education of European children who, in increasing numbers, were brought to or were born in New Zealand. Here and there schools were established in many respects so diverse, and yet all more or less following the lines of those maintained by private enterprise or more frequently by the Church in England, Scotland or Ireland. Such, in brief, was the story of the beginnings of educational effort in this land.

A FINE EDUCATION ACT

The need for a system to embrace the whole country, and the need for public funds to provide for such a system moved Parliament, and in the year 1877 was passed the first Education Act in New Zealand. This famous Act fixed firmly and unmistakably the form of educational administration in New Zealand to such an extent that no subsequent Education Act or amendment has substantially altered its basis.

The fundamental clauses provided that Education shall be "free, secular, and compulsory"; and shall be administered by a central Department of Education over which a Minister of Education, a member of the Cabinet, shall be responsible to the Parliament and the country. The whole of New

Zealand was divided into 12 Education districts each governed by an Education Board. The powers of the Boards were defined and to them was given authority to erect and maintain schools, Normal Schools and Training Colleges. Additional powers included the appointing, payment and removal of teachers.

The purely local affairs of each school so established were to be managed by a School Committee elected by the householders of the district served by the school. Yearly Parliament voted the necessary money to provide for education. The amounts were partly computed on a capitation basis, but attention was paid to the building and other needs of the various districts.

To the Central Department, presided over by the Inspector-General of Schools, was given the power and responsibility of distributing the money voted by Parliament, and the responsibility for promulgating the course of instruction for the primary schools of the whole country; but the appointment of School Inspectors to whom was given authority over the instruction in the schools was, after much discussion, given to the Education Boards. The members of the Boards were elected by the votes of the members of the School Committees.

Such in main were the terms of the 1877 Education Act, and although in 1904 an amending and consolidating Act was passed, the former Act is in essence operative today. The years following have shown a progressive development, of which the country may well be proud, and the ideal set before this young colony in those far-away days are progressively being realized.

In 1900 a comprehensive scheme of Manual and Technical instruction was instituted and in the years that have followed, the growth of practical and manual education has been such that today almost every boy in the schools of New Zealand has some instruction in practical work, and every girl in cookery and needlecraft. The Dominion is proud too of its 21 Technical High and Day schools giving a varied technical and cultural education to well over 13,000 students.

The system of permitting each of the 12 Education Boards to pay its teachers resulted in the establishment of twelve different salary scales, and in the practical immobilization of the teaching staffs within the boundaries of the several districts. For years the teachers strove, through their organization, for the establishment of a national scale of salaries and of staffing for the schools, for the centralization of the inspectorate under the Education Department at Wellington, and for all appointments to the

schools to be determined upon a Dominion basis of efficiency, and not upon the narrow one that prevailed—that of engagement by the local Education Board.

In 1901 the first measure of success came with the adoption of the Colonial Scale of staffs and salaries. Henceforth all teachers throughout New Zealand were paid upon the same scale. Thirteen years later the Inspectors were placed under the control of the Education Department, and in 1915 the teachers of the whole service were graded on the basis of efficiency, service, academic attainments and of position held. These reforms made it comparatively easy to bring into force a more equitable system of staffing schools and of paying teachers. The years following have seen the administrative side of Education gradully becoming more fitted for the realization of the great ideals that it set itself. A reorganization took place in 1914; its chief officer became the Director of Education; and as the Department has the duty of disbursing the money voted by Parliament its power became greater and greater; for in New Zealand the system of local rating for the purpose of Education has never found favour.

KINDERGARTEN SCHOOLS

The education of the child under five is in the control of the New Zealand Free Kindergarten Association, a body that, subsidized by the Government, has established 36 Free Kindergarten Schools. At the age of five the child enters the State Public Schools, though attendance is not compulsory until he reaches the age of seven.

At these primary schools the instruction is organized upon an 8-year basis; two years in the Preparatory division, four in Standards 1, 2, 3 and 4, and two in Forms I and II. Thus the average child completes his primary education at just under the age of fourteen. In the primary schools the curriculum includes English (Spelling, Writing, Reading, formal English and Composition), Arithmetic, History, Geography, Nature Study, Art, Music, Woodwork for boys, Needlework and Cookery for girls, and Physical Exercises. Great attention is paid to character-training, to health and to sport.

POST-PRIMARY SCHOOLS

Since 1932 there has been gradually established a system of Intermediate Schools, that is, schools intermediate in nature and function between the primary school—Standard 4—and the secondary schools which normally begin their course with Form III. At present there are 16 such schools and departments with just under 10,000 pupils. These schools provide an enriched programme of instruction

and afford opportunities for discovering aptitudes, and thus help in directing pupils to types of secondary schools and work that are best suited to the student's needs. In addition to the courses of work for the primary schools, Intermediate Schools have provided instruction in elementary language study in French and Latin, elementary mathematics, various arts and crafts, dramatic work, elementary science and social studies. Particular provision is made for the education of the non-academic type of child as well as for the gifted child who will go on to the more academic secondary school.

Secondary Education at first began in New Zealand under the auspices of the various Churches, but gradually the state developed its High Schools until today adequate provision is made for the full post-primary education of every child who completes his primary school course. No examination or test of any kind bars the way from the Kindergarten to the top form of the secondary school—that is, from the time the child is old enough to commence organized education until he reaches the age of nineteen years. Approximately 35,000 students are enrolled in the public post-primary schools of the Dominion. The number of State Colleges, Grammar and High Schools is 42, while there are 55 registered private secondary schools.

Private schools are required to be registered and they, equally with the State schools, are regularly inspected by the Inspectors of the Educational Department. In addition to the secondary schools, there are 306 registered private schools in New Zealand. As a consequence of primary education being free and compulsory it follows that the attendance of pupils reaches a high level. In fact the average attendance is over 92 per cent of those on the roll, and when it is remembered that population is scattered and that the great majority of the schools are small rural ones, this percentage is a fine index of the value the people of New Zealand attach to education and the influence of the schools.

A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

In 1922 was established by the Education Department a Correspondence School to serve the educational needs of those children in light-houses and other places from which schools were inaccessible. The growth of this venture has been remarkable. Today the school with its total enrolment of not far short of 3,000, provides primary and secondary education for all pupils, who, for one reason or another, are unable to attend school, primary or secondary. In addition it gives specialized education upon a multiplicity of subjects to adults in all walks of life, on the farm, at

sea, on lonely islands, in construction camps, in prison, indeed anywhere. Where a need is found and where mail can reach, there the familiar envelopes of the Correspondence School go. Where it is possible and necessary, pupils are conveyed free of charge from their homes to the nearest primary or secondary school, and grants are made to pupils obliged to live away from home in order to attend school. Where necessary free textbooks are provided. Thus it will be seen that "free" education is no over-statement of the position in New Zealand.

THE SCOPE OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

The value of books is recognized and liberal grants are made to schools for library purposes; while in the cities of Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin educational officers have been appointed, whose duty it is to utilize for the pupils and the schools the vast treasures of the museums and to co-operate in every way with the schools.

The Department prints and issues free to every child in the primary schools *The School Journal*, a publication that is used as the chief literary reader in the schools of the Dominion. The Journal is issued in three parts suited to the various sections of the school. Many schools are linked up with the National Broadcasting Service and weekly lessons are transmitted over the air from Stations. Daily physical exercises are indulged in in all schools, and ever since 1912 there has been medical inspection of all the pupils. In this work 14 School medical officers and 28 School nurses are constantly employed. In 1921 a Dental Service was instituted, and up to the present over 250 dental clinics have been established throughout the country. Here the teeth of the primary pupils are attended to by trained dental nurses. The local administration of these clinics is in the hands of local committees, who raise funds to meet a certain proportion of the cost of operating the clinics.

All teachers in New Zealand schools are trained at one or other of the Training Colleges at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin. Here the normal course is for two years followed by one year's teaching in the schools as a probationary assistant. The Training Colleges, while being under the control partly of the Department and partly of the Education Boards, yet maintain a very close connection with the University of New Zealand.

The University comprises the four University Colleges, at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, and has associated with it two Agricultural Colleges, one

at Palmerston North and one at Lincoln. In all there are 68 professors and about 4,500 students.

Provision is made for adult education also as apart from the University, and in this respect the Workers' Educational Association and the Country Library Service both play an increasingly important part.

Thus it will be seen that at no stage in his life need the citizen of New Zealand feel himself unable to get in contact with all the best that modern research, education and culture can give him.

What does this cost? For the year ending 31st March 1938, the expenditure from public funds for education amounted to £4,619,134. This works out at somewhere about 37/11 per head of the population. Surely a very cheap investment for such a splendid service.

THE POWER THAT IS LOVE

Love, I believe, is the greatest power in the universe; and the only power which is absolutely complete in itself, and which embraces all other powers and qualities. We find it at work in every kingdom of nature, from the highest type of human love, to the apparently mechanical attraction of atoms and molecules; but it is the same force working in every department of the universe, no matter how great or small it may be.

But in the world we do not find love used consciously as a power except by a very few individuals. The popular idea of love seems to be that it is a sentimental, haphazard sensation which comes into and out of our lives from some mysterious source and of its own accord, like an erratic tide ebbing and flowing, and bearing us up or down with its motion.

We should endeavour to become a distributing centre of love, and act in the same way as a distributing centre of electricity, giving out our power for the lighting of the places of darkness in the world, and in the hearts of our fellow-beings. And the light of love is a far stronger light than any we can see with our physical eyes. Love is never lost, and if not reciprocated will return and soften the heart.

A YOUNG NEW ZEALANDER

NEW ZEALAND: SCENIC GEM OF THE PACIFIC

BY A. H. MESSENGER

Publicity Officer, Government Tourist Dept., Wellington

NEW ZEALAND with its long rugged coastline indented with thousands of beautiful bays and harbours, is noted for its great natural beauty. Inland, where mountain peaks and ranges, glaciers, lakes and fiords are found in their magnificent setting of primeval forest, this beauty is enhanced to a very great degree. It is this wonderful variety of scenery that has made the Dominion famous throughout the world as a paradise for visitors from less favoured lands.

The climate is of such an equable nature that great changes in temperature are never experienced. The mean heat of summer and of cold during the winter months is considerably below that of the larger continents of the world. There is an abundance of sunshine throughout the seasons, and a bountiful rainfall which gives the country that fresh verdant appearance so favourably commented upon by visitors.

NORTH—A LAND OF JOY

The North Island of New Zealand differs entirely from the South in its general contours and physical features. The long, narrow peninsular of the North Auckland district with its winding tidal arms and rivers overhung with crimson blossoming pohutukawa trees, its kauri forests and rolling farm-lands, has a peculiar charm and beauty of its own.

To the Maori, this country was known as the land of "Taiamai" —a name of beauty and of leisure to the Maori, states Mr. James Cowan. This lovely district with its softly contoured, long extinct volcanic cones, its waving puriri woods like oak forests where the gentle wood-pigeon flocked during the berrying season, its bright streams and prolific soil, was a country apart. "The puriri trees laugh with joy" is an old Maori proverb, an expression embodying love of land and home, congratulations, joy of life. There is none but can sense this joy of life all the year round in this heart of the North.

SOUTH—A WORLD OF ENCHANTMENT

South of the shining waters of the Waitemata, Auckland's beautiful

harbour, lies a new world of enchantment where broad rivers flow to the sea from the heart of the Island. Here are great volcanic peaks slumbering now under their mantle of snow, though once active enough with inner fires and flowing lava streams.

Mountain flowers beautify the wide, tawny tussock plateau from which they rise, and forests of beech, rata and luxuriant fern and creeper growth mantle the surrounding country.

Close by, lies the Dominion's great thermal district with its many lakes and geysers and boiling springs, while Taupo, almost an inland sea in its wide circumference, lies like a great blue heart in the centre of the island. In springtime the shores of Taupo are a sheer delight with their groves of kowhai trees glowing with golden blossom.

THE RIVER WANGANUI

Of the several great rivers born of the snows of these giant volcanic peaks, the Wanganui is perhaps the most famous. Rising on the slopes of Ruapehu mountain, this brawling torrent sweeps downwards towards the sea, fed by innumerable tributaries, until it rapidly assumes the proportions of a noble waterway. Entering the all-enveloping forest of the lower reaches where the river is navigable by small steamers for 140 miles, the full beauty of the scenery becomes apparent.

The reflections are one of the delights of a fine-weather trip on the Wanganui, more particularly on the upper parts. The leafy glories of the forest, the overhanging sprays of wild flowers, the tall tree-ferns, the vivid crimson and green and gold of the mossy river-walls, are all mirrored with an added lustre in the deep waters. Marvellous are these water-pictures. For miles and miles you may watch the changing scenery of wooded range and painted cliff and ferny gully without raising your eyes from the surface of the river.

Bird-notes and the whirr of soft wings are around the voyager. The tui sings in the trees; the wild pigeons, with their iridescent feathers glacing in the sun, fly cooing from bank to bank. Now and then we startle grey ducks floating silently with the current, and the long-necked cormorants diving in the quiet reaches. Sometimes a razor-backed wild pig, all his bristles on end, glares at us from the edge of the woods, or on some open bank where the fern and pink-flowered veronica betoken an ancient Maori clearing, and with a grunt of defiance turns and dives into the gloom of the bush. Now and then, too, we pass a solitary Maori village, with its brown-thatched huts, perched on a cliff-top; and canoes, laden with brightly

garbed passengers, poling up the long, calm reaches, with many a warning cry of *Purutia!* ("Hold her!") from the toiling bow-poler, or paddling easily down-stream to the music of a river-song that echoes from rocky wall to wall.

Every season of the year has its charm of leaf and flower on the Wanganui. In the early spring the kowhai's golden blossom fires the riverside for miles, and its reflections are seen on many a glassy reach—*te ura o te kowhai*, ("the glow of the kowhai") of Maori song. Then the weeping-willows burst into leaf; they trail in the stream on either bank for long distances. The clematis stars the bush with its pure white sprays. In the late autumn the golden spires of the poplars in the Maori clearings gleam ruddy and cheerful, a glow of rich colour against the evergreen of the native forest.

MT. EGMONT AND THE NORTHERN LAKES

North of the Wanganui, stands lonely Egmont, the magnificent guardian peak of Taranaki, towering over 8,000 feet above the rich plains of the district which it replenishes with a thousand sparkling streams and rivers born of its gleaming snows. A 5-mile belt of rich sub-tropical forest surrounds the base of this noble peak, and climbs well up its slopes. Below the snowline are valleys and gorges full of alpine flowers, a constant delight to climbers and visitors.

One of the most outstanding of the North Island lakes is Waikaremoana, "Sea of Rippling Waters" to the Maori, situated in heavily forested, mountainous country.

Everywhere around Waikaremoana there are the woods, stooping down over many a bay as if to drink the sweet pure waters, and feathering the sky-high crags with a tufted covering in every shade of green. In midsummer the great woods take on lighter hues; then you have the rata, gnarled and knotty of bole and branch, flaming in his brilliant red-blossom coat—the blossoms which the poetic Maori calls "Tawhaki's Eyes," and as if the coast-wise woods were not enough, the forest invades the lakes and covers the islets, even in the tiniest rock, with as many trees and shrubs and ferns and flax clumps as they will hold.

The sweetest singers of the bush are here in their most favoured homes, they enliven the forest all day, but most of all at dawn of day, when every bird in the grove sings its loudest and its sweetest. The Kaka parrot, too, is here in numbers, and though he is no singer his sharp cry is a welcome sound in the forest. Inquisitive friendly birds these, which know no fear in this leafy sanctuary of timeless Maoriland.

By courtesy of the N. Z. Government Tourist Dept., Wellington

LAKE MATHERSON REFLECTING MT. TASMAN AND MT. COOK

MT. EGMONT, 8,260 FT., NORTH ISLAND

THE SOUTHERN ALPS AND LAKES

In the South Island of New Zealand the dominating feature is the great chain of the Southern Alps which runs nearly the full length of the country from North to South. Mt. Cook, highest peak in this range, rises to 12,349 feet and its summit and upper slopes are clothed in perpetual snow and ice. There are scores of other lofty and outstanding peaks in the length of the range, many of them still unconquered by climbers, and the glaciers here are of outstanding magnificence.

Some of the most beautiful of the glaciers are those which seam the western slopes of the Alps, descending through dense forest to within a few hundred feet of sea-level. The most notable of these are the Franz Josef and the Fox.

The great Southern lakes possess entirely different features from those of the North Island. Walled-in by giant mountain ranges, every detail of which is mirrored in their placid surfaces during the calm of morning or early evening, these lakes present an unforgettable picture of sheer loveliness that could not be surpassed in any part of the world.

MAGNIFICENT FIORDLAND

Perhaps the most magnificent picture that New Zealand has to offer, lies in the wild and rugged country of the extreme south of the Dominion known as Fiordland. The visitor is fortunate indeed whose ship makes her first call at Milford Sound, thus providing an amazing introduction to the many natural beauties of the Dominion.

Some of the largest ocean liners that have visited these parts of the world have cruised up to the head of Milford Sound, and indeed the greatest ships ever built could navigate these huge water-canyons, where the cliffs go up for a mile on end from enormous depths, and where a vessel can steam so close to such a waterfall as the Stirling, with its straight drop of 500 feet, that its spray makes a shower-bath for the ship's company, supposing they care to try a new sensation in refreshing baths.

The Sounds are not bare rocky walls like the fiords of Norway or the glacial inlets of Alaska. In some places, particularly Milford, the precipices are so sheer that no trees will grow, but they are nevertheless covered with mosses and small ferns, and except on these straight cliffs the glorious and extravagant bush is everywhere. Not even in the tropics is there a more amazing jungle of tree and fern than there is in these south New Zealand fiords. The great amount of rainfall and the comparatively warm and sheltered character of the Sounds, induces the richest imaginable growth of vegetation. Trees of huge size

grow in the valleys and along the shores of the streams and lakes; ferns and palm-like plants of the most vivid greenness climb the mountains and dip over the calm waters, and islands like floating tree-groves—in most of the Sounds except Milford, which is like nothing so much as an enormous water-filled trench—adorn the Sounds such as Dusky and Doubtful; bewildering intricacies of inner coastline, bays within bays. In one of these wondrously beautiful solitudes, Sealers' Cove in Dusky Sound, there are forty islets within the radius of a mile, besides larger islands. The depth of all those fiords is very great. At many places there is more than a thousand feet of water under your vessel's keel.

WATERFALLS

"What a country this is for water!" is the remark made by many a traveller in this land of bounteous rainfall. Over-bounteous in Fiordland, there is a vast surplus of water with which many a less-favoured land could very well do. What a picture these mountain walls are after a day or two's heavy fall, or even a few hours'! Waterfalls large and small are everywhere, some leaping in thunder to the sea, and many streaming down the cliff sides like silvery veils, some so thin and fairy-like that they are swayed this way and that by the breeze. "The scuppers of the mountain gushes" was R. L. Stevenson's description of the torrents which leaped down the vast black volcanic walls of the Marquesas Island. That excellently nautical phrase exactly fits the appearance of our New Zealand fiordland shores after heavy rain, and when the sun comes out and the mists are drifting away from the mountain sides those cascade-seamed heights, with their contrasts of dark granite and vivid ferns and forest, and infinite variety of flashing cascade, are a sight to remember with longing when one is perhaps in some far-away region where nature is far less generous with her water supply. The run-off is so swift and of such volume in this mountain land of frequent rain that after a downpour of a day or two the surface water of the Sounds is often quite fresh. It amazed some of the early naval visitors to the fiords to find that fresh water could often be obtained by dipping a bucket over the side.

THE SUTHERLAND FALLS

It is an easy trip from the head of Milford Sound to the greatest waterfall in this part of the world, the Sutherland Falls, which has a triple drop of over 1,900 feet. The route is up the wonderfully beautiful valley of the Arthur River and across a calm lagoon of the woods, Lake Ada. Half-a-day's leisurely journey takes one

to the camp close to the foot of the Falls; the travel is partly on foot and partly in a motor-launch, across the lake. The way is through an amazing succession of magnificent landscapes. Huge mountains rise on each side, and everywhere valley and height are clothed with forest and ferns in a tropic-like extravagance of growth. Cascades course down the mountain sides, white-threading the vivid green of the ranges and the grey precipices of the higher peaks.

As we approach the head of the Arthur Valley we are confronted by two great peaks springing tremendously high above the forests. Mt. Ballon is one, the more distant, Mt. Pillans (named after a pioneer surveyor) is the other. Balloon, which is one of the bastions of McKinnon's Pass, looms grandly menacing, a rugged cone shooting up at a startlingly acute angle, framed in the green forest, its crown often glowing golden in the sun, its precipices blue-grey and floating in the mists. Then turning in the other direction, we see Pillans, a perfect pyramid, its top perhaps first touched by the flames of sunshine, its forested flanks dyed a cool and lovely purple. All round the wild parkland close the mountain palisades; and ever growing louder as we go rise the pulsing thud of the Sutherland Falls.

Emerging from the fringe of the enchanted forest, we turn a corner in the path, and suddenly the great waterfall leaps at us from the clouds. It drops into a hidden chasm from which a cloud of steam-like spray continually rises. The first impression of the famous cataract is sometimes one of disappointment, for it is hard to realize that it is very nearly 2,000 feet in height, so vast are the dimensions of the surroundings mountains, it is long and narrow, like a white ribbon hanging down the cliff. But the longer one gazes at it the more the wonder grows.

Approaching the grassy verge of the deep frothing pool into which it plunges, and looking up, up to where mountain and cloudland meet, you see the first leap shooting over the edge of a great gap in the perpendicular cliff of dark-grey granite; then another long drop—a pulsating band of silver drawn down the grim and gloomy wall; then the third leap, in itself a huge waterfall, thundering into the boiling whirlpool at our feet. The rain-like spray wets us through if we remain long on the hillock that overlooks the ever-swirling pool. Iris colours play round the fall foot, and when the sun floods down through the flying spray cataract and cliff are seen through the most glorious of rainbows.

A FAMOUS FIORDLAND WALK

The Sutherland Falls camp, with its comfortable little bush cottages

known as the Quinton Huts (after Quinton McKinnon, the Fiordland explorer), is the first place of stay on the famous overland walk from Milford Sound to Lake Te Anau. Travellers may return from here to the Sound if the steamer is in waiting there, but the attraction of the foot trail to Te Anau is so great, and the steamers make so short a stay at Milford, that most tourists who visit the Falls continue their Fiordland walk on to the lake and thence by steamer, car and railway to Dunedin. The walk is a really easy one, except for the steep climb and descent of McKinnon's Pass, that wonderful saddle which divides the Sound-trending waters from the streams that feed Lake Te Anau, and even young children have crossed the pass. The whole walk can be done in two days, but it is better to make it a three days' walk and leisurely enjoy the glories of Fiordland scenes, and enter into the spirit of the rich fragrant forests through which the trail goes for most of the way. The pictures of Alpland from the pass-top are not surpassed by anything in the whole of the South Island central chain, and there is the cool and mossy and flower-armed bush through which the glass-clear Clinton River flows, a foil to the starkly magnificent scenes of swart bare granite precipices and peaks with their crowning glaciers and snowfields.

We have to get new ways of appealing to people, and in this new country it is especially your duty. It is of no use to repeat the methods of the Old World. If you do you will fail to give your real contribution to the civilization of the future. If here in New Zealand you could give the quality of beauty to your Lodge work, you would be giving a very helpful quality and tone to the coming civilization. You will have people coming here, generation after generation, who will be more intuitive, and you know that Buddhi, the intuition, is related to wisdom and to beauty. You know enough from your study of the invisible to know that every colour, every line, every tone of sound, has an effect, for harmony or disharmony. Here, and in Australia, you have the priceless opportunity of developing the intuitive conception of life. You must bring the wisdom and associate it with all that you possibly can of beauty and harmony, sweetness and light, and you will then have in a few generations all the people of New Zealand Theosophists, even if not members of The Society.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

MAORI BELIEFS

BY JOHANNES ANDERSEN

IT was for long difficult to gather any clear idea of Maori religion or philosophic thought; for the first Pakeha[1] folk—European and American whalers, sealers and adventurers—took no interest in such topics; and the next on the scene, the missionaries, whilst they had an interest, that had already been set in a form which regarded all thought set in any different form as error, and the thought especially of uncivilized man as heathen superstition not worthy even of consideration.

AN INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL PEOPLE

The Maori, a keenly intellectual and spiritual folk, very soon sensed the two types who invaded their shores; and it is hardly likely that they would expose their inmost and sacred thoughts and beliefs to the ridicule of the one or the condemnation of the other. The result was that a great variety of contradictory statements were made about Maori mental and spiritual concepts, most of the statements erroneous, many absolutely false; the Maori was accused of having no definite ideas because his ideas did not agree with those of the enquirer—who would himself, if interrogated, be found to have very hazy and indefinite ideas. In fact, the Maori was often able to put to confusion, by his logic, the very ones who had come with the intention of teaching and converting him without first enquiring if he really needed teaching and conversion.

It was not until earnest-minded, impartial and sympathetic students lived amongst the Maoris that it could be gathered that the Maori had a philosophy, a religion, that in many cases was equal or superior to that of the enthusiasts eager to convert him; and certainly far superior to that of the irreligious adventurers eager to exploit him.

POETIC PERSONIFICATIONS

Like most imaginative peoples, primitive or otherwise, the Maori had a genius for personification; and too many of the earlier writers on Maori subjects made the mistake of calling these personifications deities or gods. The Maori called them *atuas*, but many of these were little more regarded than mortals; there were inferior atuas and

[1] The Maori word *Pakeha* is generally used in New Zealand to refer to New Zealanders of European origin.

superior atuas; they were spirits or personifications; they were not necessarily regarded as gods except by the ignorant Pakehas, who thereupon assumed that the Maori worshipped a multiplicity of gods—a most absurd and unwarranted deduction. When our poets, by giving them a capital letter, personify the abstract ideas of Summer, Autumn, Faith, Hope, Courage, Humility—even when our painters or sculptors give them appropriate formal shape—that does not mean that they regard them as actual persons; it only means that an actuality is more easily thought of by the average person than a quality. So too when the Maori spoke of Hine-moana (the ocean-maid), Hine-kaikomako (the maid fire-guardian), they were personifications only; it was only in poetry or song that they seemed to be addressed as personalities; as when our poet addresses an invocation to his Muse, he is not addressing a person, neither he nor we are under that delusion.

This is clearly seen in the story of the little Maori maid to whom Elsdon Best, one of our most sympathetic and successful collectors, told the myth of the preservation of fire. He told her of Mahuika, the original guardian of fire (a pure personification), and of how the mischievous Maui deceived her, a deceit which resulted in her being overwhelmed by water; but before her destruction she threw her remnants of fire into the totara and other trees, one of which was the kaikomako. Therefore the kaikomako was personified as Hine-kaikomako, and from her could be obtained the wood the Maori used for the producing of fire by friction (whence she was Maid fire-bearer). All this he related to the little maid; she apprehended the myth; and when he remarked that she would observe that Hine-kaikomako was reduced to remaining in one spot; that she might wave her limbs, but whilst she wore flowers and sachets of scent she had the power neither of speech nor of motion, the maid seriously replied: "I have much sympathy for Hine-kaikomako."

MONOTHEISM

These collections of atuas have been called pantheons; but pantheon has come to mean something quite different from what such a collection of personifications should mean: they are the material for poetry, not the subject of religion. There were major deities—Tane, Tu, Tangaroa, Tawhiri-matea, Rehua—but Elsdon Best learned, indirectly, that the Maori philosopher at his highest had a distinct idea of a supreme deity; he was, in fact, monotheistic. The name of that deity was Io, a name, strangely—or perhaps not strangely—connected with Dyaus-pitar,

Jupiter, Zeus, Jehovah, names of the supreme deity in many lands and among various peoples.

The best information was never obtained by direct questioning; general discussion with well-informed Maoris, out in the seclusion of the bush, often led to the telling of a story to illustrate some word whose meaning was best explained in this way, when occasionally there would be a sudden revelation of some high matter that had not been sought at the moment —of whose very existence the enquirer had been unaware.

BODY, SOUL, SPIRIT

From such general discussion Elsdon Best, and other patient enquirers, such as Percy Smith, E. Shortland, and others, gleaned many an interesting fact. It was in such a discussion that Elsdon Best first heard the mention of Io, a name the old man from whom he heard it said was too sacred to be spoken of under any roof but the sky. It was in discussion such as this that he first heard of the existence in New Zealand of that strange folk-story of the woman with an eel for a lover—a woman whose name is Hina in New Zealand, Sina in Samoa, 'Ina in Mangaia—the story being much the same in all these places, though the tellers had been separated for upwards of 500 years. It was after the telling of this story that the old man, after a period of silence, suddenly said: "E! Peehi (Best)! —you are making me remember things your fellows have been fifty years trying to make me forget!" And during the last fifty, the last hundred years, how many things of interest have been forgotten!

One illustration of many may be given. We are all acquainted with the words "body," "soul" and "spirit"; we can all define more or less clearly the difference between "body" and "soul"; how many can as clearly define the difference between "soul" and "spirit"? Many will say: "But they are the same thing." Why then two words?

LAW AND CONSCIENCE

The Maori knew the difference; he had the same three words, or their equivalents. In order that the reader may realize the significance of the stories more, let it be said that there was one very great difference between the Maori religion and the Christian religion which the missionaries were trying to substitute for it. The Christian religion used the power of *fear* for the enforcing of its doctrines. It threatened punishment, if not here, then hereafter. One of the most difficult ideas for the Maori to comprehend was the idea of a God of Love who could decree eternal punishment for any one of His creation; the thing to him was

incompatible; the idea was monstrous. Whilst there was an after-life, there was no punishment in the Maori after-world. His much-abused (because misunderstood) system of tapu ensured his punishment in this life for all conscious sins. The system of tapu was more powerful, more effective, than our combined social law and moral law. With the Maori, conscience was all-powerful; once he knew that he had offended against the law of tapu, punishment began at once, and it usually ended in death. This seems absurd, but instance after instance could be given. Medical men have even examined the victims of conscience. A strong man became aware through a dream that he had offended against tapu, and conscience immediately began its work. The doctor, his friend, examined him, and found that physically there was nothing wrong with him; yet he gradually developed high fever, and in three days he was dead. How different with ourselves; even if we offend conscience—what matter? and as for the law, every one knows that the punishment due does not come at all unless we are found out by others. And our loose system was the one that we were at pains to substitute for the Maori system! No wonder the Maori went to pieces; no wonder our social system is threatening to go to pieces.

NO FEAR OF DEATH

Since, then, he received his punishment in this life, the Maori had no fear of the life to come. He had the natural objection of a healthy living man to death, but if death proved inevitable he did not dread it, nor did he dread anything that was to come. Here is a story in illustration:

An old Maori and his wife were going from one village to another, not very far distant, and as they went along the old man was suddenly taken ill, and lay down by the way. Feeling that his end was near, he said to his wife: "The end has come; they are calling me." She at once commenced to lament; but he said: "Do not lament; all is well. We have trodden the path of life together in fair weather and under clouded skies. There is no cause for grief. I do but go to explore the way." The old woman was comforted; but suddenly she remembered; there was no expert present to recite the *Tuku wairua*—the chant to dispatch the soul on its way—and she said: "O sir! who will dispatch your soul?" But another thought came—"Ah well! I myself will dispatch it." She intoned the chant which helped the soul on its way to the after-world, and before she was half through, the soul was on its way.

In that after-world there was a reunion of friends; it was not a place of lamentation. A woman

once said to Elsdon Best: "O friend! I went to the spirit-land last night and saw Kiriwai (an old woman who had recently died). She no longer looked old, but young, as we were long ago. So now I believe that we regain our youth in the spirit-world." She had comfort from the thought, and many a one has desired similar comfort, not realizing, or not understanding, that the spirit does not age, being cumbered by no material body, which does age. In the spirit-world, all is as you think it; do you think of your friend as young, young your friend will appear to you; as old, old your friend will be, but in neither state ailing or unhappy. Human age is of this world; not for eternity.

In one of the relentless Maori wars a young woman had been taken prisoner with her sister, but being both beautiful were spared by their young captor, though the order of Te Kooti had been that none should be spared. Te Kooti was furious and declared that all three should die. One of the captives, who were distantly related to this chief, pleaded for the life of their captor, and his life was spared provided that she married him and that he killed her sister. There was no help for it; and approaching this sister, the younger, twisting the thong of his tomahawk round his wrist, he cried out: "Stand up, Monika."

She flung her arms round her weeping sister, asking: "O Peti, will the suffering be long?"

"No; it will be quite brief."

The younger sister then said: "Hold you my hands, then, that I may have courage."

She did so, turning away her head while the blow fell. Monika felt nothing—nothing but the apprehension. Death she did not fear, nor the hereafter. And a Maori would always rather suffer death from a friend than from an enemy.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

The word *wairua* was mentioned earlier. Let this word be explained briefly, complicated as it is. Every object, animate and inanimate, has its *ahua*—its appearance. It is its ahua we see with our eyes. Man has his ahua, a tree its ahua, a stone its ahua; without that they could not be seen at all. All these have also their *wairua*—that is, their intangible form as seen in dream. The tree has its wairua, or how could it be seen, perhaps far away from the place where it grows? Man's wairua can be seen by the seer, the *tohunga*; it leaves the body during sleep and wanders about in dream; therefore a person must never be awakened suddenly, for fear the wairua is at a distance and has no time to return before the body is awake—when the man would be demented.

Once when on an anthropological expedition with Elsdon Best, we were staying up late at a certain village. Elsdon Best, not caring for the revels toward, had retired early—our couches being on the stage or platform of the hall in which the revels were being held. He went to sleep, but when supper-time came the elderly Maori mothering us came to me and asked me if she should wake Elsdon Best so that he might have some supper.

"Oh no," said I; "he would much rather sleep than have supper." This apparently she could hardly credit; and she approached another of our party with the same question.

He went even further: "Oh no," said he; "he is very angry if you awake him from sleep." She went away, but this too she apparently could not credit (and as a matter of fact it was not true).

Elsdon Best himself told me the sequel. My bed was just alongside his; and he told me next morning: "In my sleep I was away in some very distant place, when I seemed to hear a faint voice. It sounded on, but at first I could not hear the words. They became clearer as my wairua came nearer, and presently I heard the words, very softly: 'Would you like a cup of tea?—Would you like a cup of tea?' over and over. The words came near and nearer, or rather they became clear and clearer as my wairua came nearer my body. Then it got back, and I opened my eyes; and there was the old woman, lying on your bunk with her mouth at my ear, saying very softly: 'Would you like a cup of tea?—Would you like a cup of tea?' and when she saw that I was awake, she said: 'You poor old man; you looked just like my old father.—Would you like a cup of tea?' I would rather have slept by a long chalk, but said 'Oh yes,' to please her; and in a minute she came back with about a bushel of roast chestnuts, and half a melon, and two or three apples, and other tiny little kickshaws, and said: 'Here's just a little to be going on with while I get you some tea.'" The dear simple-hearted kindly woman. So his wairua got safely back from its wandering.

The *wairua* is the soul; but the wairua has a core, the *awe*. It is the wairua that can be seen by the *tohunga* or the seer; and it can be seen because it still has clinging to it some of the mortality of the body; in the course of some days this mortal part is shed, leaving the pure core, the awe, which is the spirit. That cannot be seen at all; but its presence may be felt.

A UNIVERSAL TRUTH-STORY

Kura was the wife of Toi. She slept in the inner part of their house, Toi sleeping in the outer

part. One day she said: "Is it you who come to me in the night?"

"I have not come to you," he answered.

"There is someone comes to me, but it is only his awe that comes; he comes with a faint light, and a fragrance, but he is not seen," said Kura.

"Keep quiet, and wait," said the husband.

The story is very fragmentary, but husband and wife conclude that the awe is that of some celestial being, and they called the child after the atua or minor deity they thought was the visitant—Tama-i-waho. The story has suggestions of that of Cupid and Psyche; and of the story of the immaculate conception, showing that the awe of the Maori is but a part of the universal awe whose presence inspires these and similar stories through all parts of the world.

AN INDIVIDUAL FAITH-STORY

Another story, and I have finished this fragment. A worthy old man, much of whose lore had been passed on to Elsdon Best, was eating his evening meal with his relatives. He was lifting some food to his mouth when he was observed to stop, and then put it down again. One said to him: "Eat away." But the old man declined to do so.

"What is it?" said another.

"My nose has twitched," replied the elder.

"Well, what of it?"

"It is a sign," said he; and he retired to his hut, where he was heard to address the Parent: "If my time has come, let all be clear before. If, owing to my dealings with lesser atua, disabilities exist, do Thou dispose of them." (The supreme deity was known as Io the Parent, or Io the Parentless). He asked the young folk to pitch a tent for him in a space apart, and therein he laid down his sleeping-mat. True to the feelings of his race he left his abode and went aside to die. A passing friend called, and the old man said: "Let us hongi" (the hongi was the salute of pressing noses).

"What for?" asked the caller; "are you going away?"

"No," was the reply, I am going to die."

Elsdon Best himself came to see the old man; and having, at his request, performed the ceremony known as whakaha, the old man said to him: "Retain the knowledge I have given you; deviate not from my teachings; and death shall find you an aged man." And so having passed his *mana* (prestige, knowledge) on to his scholar, the old man turned to await the end that was so near.

WRITERS OF NEW ZEALAND

BY H. WINSTON RHODES, M.A.

In your atlas two islands not in narrow seas
Like a child's kite anchored in the indifferent blue.

—ALLEN CURNOW

ONE of the most curious of literary heresies, as was noted more than thirty years ago by G. K. Chesterton, is the unreasonable yet persistent belief that a young country should produce in a very short space of time an original and virile literature. Hopeful critics in Australia and New Zealand have anxiously peered into the future straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the inevitable but long-delayed masterpiece. But colonies founded in the nineteenth century had aspirations which were not primarily cultural, and the minds of the early settlers were concerned more with severely practical and material ends than with any effort to express an attitude to life born of experience in strange surroundings.

THE ENGLISH TRADITION

Perhaps it is of no small importance that in social experiments affecting the material comfort of the people, New Zealand has often led the world, but from the literary point of view readers in other countries know New Zealand because for a brief period of five years Samuel Butler was sheep-farming in the back-country of the South Island, and it was here in a small hut in the Upper Rangitata district of Canterbury Province that he wrote "Darwin among the Machines," which contained the germ of his famous book *Erehwon*. He also made his contribution to the records of early pioneers by writing *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*. But most readers know New Zealand best through the short stories of a much later writer, Katharine Mansfield, who, although she was born in Wellington and spent most of her early years here, soon fled from the loneliness and the artificial reproduction of English life in the antipodes, fled to write about the memories of her childhood and to be alone in an older civilization.

Both Samuel Butler and Katharine Mansfield belong by rights to the literary tradition of England. Their brief contacts with New Zealand, important as the contact was to Katharine Mansfield, were only brilliant episodes in the literary history of the Dominion. They

were links with the outside world rather than home-grown products, nor were they the only links. Just as Charles Lamb had a friend and correspondent in Barron Field, one of Australia's early poets, so Browning had his Waring, Alfred Domett, commissioner of crown lands and later prime minister, who after his return to England wrote a long poem *Ranolf and Amohia* which, although rarely read because of its great length, is almost the only poem of the New Zealand of the nineteenth century which deserves to be remembered.

But the story of New Zealand writing over the past one hundred years is a story that cannot be told by a few casual references to names well-known abroad. It is the story of the gradual building up of a New Zealand tradition. It may be true as J. C. Beaglehole has written in his excellent *Short History* that "New Zealand affirms an Imperial tongue, a general loyalty; it pastures its soul impartially in fields classically English and delightfully American . . . the sense of intimacy, quietude, profound and rich comfort is not yet indestructibly mingled with the thought of a native soil . . . not enough men have died in this land. Not in letters nor in art has life crystallized and ennobled itself." But much has been achieved. The people of New Zealand upon whom all literary achievement must be based are slowly and unconsciously building their traditions, and creating a nation in which that indefinable love of the soil and community of spirit play such a large part.

MAORI CONTRIBUTIONS

In the old days men and women came here to undertake, in exchange for broad acres, the task of fashioning out of a wilderness not a civilization which would avoid the mistakes and injustices of the older civilizations, but one which would remind them as far as possible of the places they had left. Among them were not a few however who were capable of realizing that the Maori, from whom they had wrested the land by fair means and foul, had a long-established culture which was at least of historical value. The early writers of memoirs and records were men who were not aware that they were building a tradition. They were Englishmen, not New Zealanders. They had none of the pretentiousness nor yet the timidity of the future exiles which they helped to produce. They discovered rich mines of Maori folklore. They listened to fragments of Maori legend. They were surrounded by dark singing people who had developed their traditions in close intimacy with mountains and rivers. Those times will never come again, for the Maori of today is rapidly forgetting the colourful past in the

drab but satisfying hues of the material present.

In those days there were men like F. E. Maning who wrote "*Old New Zealand*, by a Pakeha Maori." The word Pakeha means pale driftwood, and is used aptly enough to refer to the white man. Bernard Shaw, like most visitors to New Zealand, was a little uncertain when he found that he had to address both Pakehas and Maoris. The life of F. E. Maning, who later on became a respected administrator, contains the dramatic and spectacular episode when before the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi he advised the assembled chiefs to have nothing to do with the white men. Maning's book is one of the first attempts to give some sort of adequate description of the Maori in his natural surroundings.

It was the time of records, and there must have been many an early pioneer who carefully wrote down fairy stories and traditional legends from the mouths of tall and dusky chieftains. Some of these records are still hidden away in libraries, records like Markham's journal of his experiences among the Maoris of the far north or Shortland's Maori fairy-tales. But perhaps the most valuable work was performed by Sir George Grey in his volume *Polynesian Mythology*. Grey has an honourable position in the history of New Zealand, more perhaps because of his ability, his energetic personality and his capacity for getting things done by autocratic methods in a democratic community than because of the actual results of his policy. But his painstaking efforts to learn the Maori language, to become familiar with poems, legends, proverbs and myths deserve the highest praise. On one occasion all his records were destroyed by fire, but like Carlyle he resolutely began again. "Probably to no other person but myself," he writes in the preface to *Polynesian Mythology*, "would many of their ancient rhythmical prayers and traditions have been imparted by their priests; and it is less likely that anyone could now acquire them, as I regret to say that most of their old chiefs and even some of the middle-aged ones who aided me in my researches have already passed to the tomb." The legends told to Grey have now become familiar to most New Zealanders—Te Kanawa's adventure with the fairies, the legend of Maui, the adventures of Rata; their names remind us of a world of poetry which is rapidly passing away. The Maori myths have filled New Zealand with fairies and ogres, with gods and dragons, and there is no need to import satyrs and fawns as a school of poets attempted to do in Australia.

Later writers like Elsdon Best also endeavoured to penetrate into

the well-stored past, and still more recently the work has been carried on by James Cowan, Lindsay Buick and others. But there is a very real danger that the valuable traditions of an ancient culture will become buried in the sentimental reflections of the Pakeha. The Maori has become a tourist exhibit and many a well-meaning but ill-equipped writer feels that it is necessary to offer his correct quota of *Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa*, to use the title of Thomas Bracken's volume. Here and there are to be found short stories and sketches which try to represent Maoris as they live today, when they are not enticed to perform hakas and poi dances before the curious eyes of hurried tourists. Two fairly recent volumes, Roderick Finlayson's *Brown Man's Burden* and Hamilton Grieve's *Sketches from Maoriland* are evidence of this.

GUIDEBOOK LITERATURE

As the years passed the work of taming the wilderness proceeded, and the old Maori legends received scant courtesy from settlers engaged in the sordid struggle for land. A scattered army of land-hungry men toiled and sweated to create a ghastly parody of an unhappy far-off world. It is recorded that Samuel Butler raced on horseback to Christchurch to forestall a rival eager for the sheep-run which became Mesopotamia. After the documents had been signed he established himself at his lawyer's piano and played Bach (not Handel) for several hours. But not every settler could conclude a land-grabbing deal in this fashion. The barren hills and vanishing bush bear eloquent testimony to the settlers' sense of fitness, and the fairies and spirits of wild New Zealand were forced into satisfactory retirement as the heavy-handed conquerors tore the slender threads of understanding which had connected Maori and Pakeha.

The spirit of frustration descended on the land as men and women became unhappily accustomed to exile. It took the form of an exaggerated attachment to all those unlovely symbols which would remind them of Victorial England. It took the form of a fervent admiration for the common-place, the artificial, the sentimental. It was inevitable that, as in Australia, the sentiment of Dickens, the sham Byronism of Bulwer Lytton, the puerilities of Ella Wheeler Wilcox were imitated with enthusiasm. And it was also inevitable, as in all young countries, that attempts to attract the tourist provided an easy if temporary cure for frustration.

Out of these attempts rose the guidebook literature which is a characteristic feature of all colonies. It is a guidebook literature which has lasted to the present time,

although care must be taken to distinguish between the ephemeral journalism in prose and verse of the advertising agent who solemnly catalogues attractions and the sincere and sometimes sensitive attempts to describe the New Zealand scene. The birds and trees of New Zealand, the sweet-sounding Maori words and stray fragments of Maori mythology have to far too great an extent provided the inspiration for poems which communicate little more than the mild feelings of wonder and admiration with which most ordinary people approach scenes unusual and yet familiar.

BEST WRITERS ARRIVE

During the first decade of the century a number of writers published slim volumes of verse which was of a considerably higher standard than anything which had appeared before. Among these were Jessie Mackay, Arnold Wall, Blanche Baughan, and Hubert Church who later went to Australia. The work of Jessie Mackay was perhaps the most noteworthy, partly because of her fine personality and the enthusiasm with which she dedicated herself to unpopular causes and struggles for the improvement of social conditions, and partly because of the prophetic fervour of her verse which drew its inspiration more from the ballads of Scotland than from the life of New Zealand.

Among the younger writers Eileen Duggan has perhaps attracted most attention. Her *New Zealand Bird Songs* are gracefully written, unpretentious and delicately appreciative. There is little doubt that many of those who do not admire the verse of the iconoclasts of today would regard Eileen Duggan as New Zealand's greatest poet. Her writing is quiet, thoughtful and gentle, the expression of a humble and shy personality. Here is one stanza about the shining cuckoo from her bird songs for children :

I remember once in Para how I heard
your mother calling,
Calling " Pipi-wha-rau-roa " from a
poplar by the river,
Crying slowly the one word.

And I burnt my eyes with gazing.
Still I see the poplars shiver,
Still I hear the little runnels down
the folded gully falling,
But I never saw the bird !

Here is a way of life which the irreverent, the bitter and the rebellious may not understand or appreciate, but few can read her verse without being impressed by her sincerity, her charm and her sensitivity. In one of her earlier poems she could write of so different a personality as that of Rosa Luxembourg :

For you no threaded spool, no singing time,
No young bees flying through laburnum boughs,
No little rolling head upon the
breast,

But now, beyond the bourn of flower
or chime,
May he who set the storm between
your brows
Pity your broken bones and give
them rest.

In prose the guidebook tradition has been as strongly marked as it has been in poetry.

But apart from the contributions to guidebook literature, much of it adequate if undistinguished, there have been some stories of pioneer life which have not been without merit. Jane Mander's *Story of a New Zealand River*, which is also a story of feminism, and William Satchell's most popular novel called *The Greenstone Door* are very much superior to anything which had been written in earlier days. G. B. Lancaster (Edith Lyttleton), J. A. Lee, the vigorous and able Labour member of parliament, and John Guthrie are the best among recent writers to publish novels with an historical setting and filled with local detail. These later novelists are beginning to write of the New Zealand scene with less of the self-consciousness which spoiled the work of so many of their predecessors. They are beginning to become aware of the fact that a country is only a background, if a most important background, to the lives of men and women, their mental outlook, emotional experiences and social struggles. Lee's novel, *Children of the Poor*, and Guthrie's *The Little Country* created more interest when they were published a short time ago than most novels have created in New Zealand, but it is unlikely that either of them will be contributing much of importance to our literature.

The tragic death of Robin Hyde (Iris Wilkinson) in London a few weeks ago cut short the career of probably the most promising writer of novels New Zealand has yet produced. *Wednesday's Children* is one of the most original and charming books which has come out of this country, and although in her other novels, among which are *Passport to Hell*, *Nor the Years Condemn* and *The Godwits Fly*, there is to be found much carelessness and hurried writing, none the less it is apparent that their author was capable of producing much better work. There are many episodes in her books which show that she had in her a rare streak of imagination amounting at times almost to genius, but she was too eager to produce, too contemptuous of discipline, too erratic and temperamental to overcome many of her defects. Like her prose, her verse was uneven in quality, but the genuine expression of a turbulent, over-sensitive and flaming spirit. She suffered greatly all her life in body and in mind, and her last days were spent in the midst of suffering in war-torn China. Her suicide in London after she

had finished her book on her experiences in the East was overshadowed by the war, but she will be remembered because her writing was alive and finely imaginative.

It has been seen that several of our most recent novelists have almost lifted themselves out of the rut of the conscientious but uninspired guidebook type of literature. Nothing has yet been said of the guides to "Home" written for New Zealand consumption. Arnold Wall, Alan Mulgan, Ian Donnelly and others have written books of this sort (the best of them is Mulgan's *Home*) demonstrating once more that the guidebook has excellent claims to be regarded as the characteristic medium for the writer in a young nation. *Poet's Progress*, an autobiographical fragment of experiences in doss-houses and hawking verse, written by D'Arcy Creswell, can hardly be placed in this category, for it is altogether too individual a work and too mannered in style. Creswell's output has been small, but he is the one figure in modern New Zealand literature who has successfully elaborated an attitude to life which is completely against the spirit of the times. His eccentricities are obvious and irritating, and if there is a faint aroma of the nineties about his personality there is much that has had an influence on some of his contemporaries.

New Zealand has produced n essayists of outstanding merit i spite of the fact that a large per centage of our writers are journal ists, and publish light articles an criticisms in the newspapers of th Dominion. The writing of Alar Mulgan and J. H. E. Shroder i pleasantly discursive on literary and other kindred topics without demonstrating any fresh and original approach to their subjects. Both of them have collected some of their essays. The most able historian that the country has produced is J. C. Beaglehole, whose individual style and ironic manner enhances the quality of his work. He is also a poet in his spare time, and the small volume called *Words to Music* contains some of the best verse written during the last decade.

The most interesting group of writers today is that which includes R. A. K. Mason, A. R. D. Fairburn, Allen Curnow, Denis Glover and Frank Sargeson. It is a little unfair to refer to them as a group except insofar as they are leading the attack on the sentimental guidebook literature, the cult of the pleasantly inane, the ceremonious approach to life and letters, and the dignified avoidance of vital issues and awkward facts. The short stories and sketches of Frank Sargeson are the work of a man who moves among people because he likes people, not because he is

unting for copy. His sympathies re with the oppressed and the ailures, but to him they are neither ppressed nor failures, they are uman beings; and it is because e treats them as human beings hat they talk so naturally and diomatically. Sargeson has learnt nuch from modern American writ-ng, but he is no imitator, and if is themes sometimes appear trivial hey do so only to those who re unable to detect significance in asual contacts with men and vomen described in an intimate tyle which is stripped of all super-luous detail and comment.

The verse of R. A. K. Mason, ike the prose of Frank Sargeson, nas appeared in anthologies over-seas. It is incisive and keen, de-void of outward show, and relies for its effect on intensity of utter-ance and the force of bare phrasing. The following stanzas are taken from *Youth at the Dance:*

Come young blood leave your prattle
for the machine-gun chatters
now your tamed and trusted cattle
turn like an old bull to battle
and rip their lords to tatters.

The lone hand digging gum
and the starving bushie out-back
girls from the stews and the slum
and the factory-hell . . . up they come
to the tune of the devil's attack.

Their faces are more scarred
than a miner's boot and rough
like a quarry-face and as hard
as a hammer-head, and good tarred
canvas is not more tough.

AN AMBITIOUS POEM

A. R. D. Fairburn has more exuberance though not more vitality than Mason. Like the others in this group he is more concerned with the New Zealand which has come to be a cheap and nasty imitation of suburban life and competitive methods than with the scenic grandeur and tourist attractions. It is only since the depression that the factories, the wharves, the mines and the slums have entered the consciousness of writers. Fairburn is no longer interested in London lost as was Arnold Wall, he is interested in New Zealand lost, and this is the subject of his most ambitious poem *Dominion.* He is the master of the telling phrase and his epigrams are a delight to read. Although *Dominion* combines history and politics with poetic statement and argument, and includes not a little satiric by-play and deliberate debunking, there are passages in it which are simple and direct and full of a sensitive awareness of the more pleasing aspects of the New Zealand scene:

Treading your hills, drinking your waters,
touching their greenness, they are content, finding
peace at the heart of strife
and a core of stillness in the whirlwind.
Absent, estranged from you, they are unhappy,
crying for you continually
in the night of their exile.

One of the most interesting of recent volumes has been *Not in Narrow Seas* by Allen Curnow, whose poetic development has been one of the most promising features of modern New Zealand poetry. *Not in Narrow Seas* is a series of poems with prose describing, but not from the point of view of advertisers of centennial celebrations, the progress of the Dominion:

Escape in seeming from smoke and iron
The hammered street and the hot wheels,
Clanging conquest of the deep-rich hills.

Left behind the known germ and poison
Breeding and soaking in decrepit soils.

Jerusalem is built as a city
That is at unity in itself,
Built with liturgy and adequate capital
Dwelling of the elect, the selected immigrants.

Curnow like many of the younger poets of today, including Fairburn, Mason and Beaglehole, has published his verse through the Caxton Press which is directed by Denis Glover, who is also a writer of excellent satiric and topical verse. It is also noticeable that many of those writers whom the depression and the political and literary changes overseas greatly affected are to be found writing for the independent, radical, fortnightly paper *Tomorrow*, whereas the quieter, less argumentative, more traditional writers are discoverable in the pages of *Art in New Zealand* and the annual collection *Best Poems in New Zealand.*

BUILDING A NEW TRADITION

Each of the writers of the group with which I have been dealing is attacking the poetic complacency and the solemn pretentiousness of the past. They are politically conscious and poetically alive. With all its obvious faults there is evidence in their work that literary exiles today are not content to remain exiles. They may miss the cultural traditions and intellectual contacts which are found in other countries, but they are not content to cultivate the flowers of literature in dignified seclusion, to remember with reverent demeanour and unctuous fervour the good old days of the pioneers, to catalogue the beauties of New Zealand or to write letters "Home." Instead they wish to put down their roots and feel the warm native soil, build a tradition and talk like men. If this is true, it is necessary first of all to remove the rubbish, denounce the shams and pretences of borrowed behaviour, and strive to make people aware of values which are born of constant struggle and ceaseless endeavour.

THE EMERGENCE OF ART IN NEW ZEALAND

BY RICHARD O. GROSS, C.M.G., A.R.B.S.

THE consideration of such a non-material thing as "Art" is hampered from the beginning by that old difficulty, the lack of a commonly accepted definition of the term "Art." But for purposes of this article may I be permitted to define "Art" as that human activity which is concerned with "the Adornment of Life," as distinct from that of Science, which is concerned with the harnessing of natural resources to our physical needs and the provision of material wealth for our use, whereas Art is the business of using these to refine and enrich our material and æsthetic existence?

The only "Art" complete in itself is the Art of Living. Painting, Music, Sculpture, Poetry, Language, all these arts are the fine flowers, offspring, of that main parent, the "Art of Living," although no doubt enriched by the development of the sciences.

ART BEGINS WITH LIFE

I suppose that from the earliest time, man's material being has been accompanied by some æsthetic and spiritual manifestation; only so could man express himself and become an individual. This brings me to the second point—that if Art is concerned with the adornment of life, it is also a very individual and exclusive matter; but even so, in the beginning of time, in a period of little material advance when as far as we know, man was greatly concerned in the maintenance of physical existence, it took a form wherein few differences could be discerned; this was due to the limited material means at man's disposal.

As this article is concerned with the "Emergence of Art in New Zealand" it is as well to review the beginning of Art. I have remarked that Art made its appearance with man's own emergence as such; so I think that Art made its first emergence in New Zealand at the very beginning of settlement.

MAORIS AND PAKEHAS

There are two races in these Islands, the Maoris and the Pakehas (whites), whose presence here is due to the operation of similar forces. The ancestors of the Maoris came from the Island of Hawaiki, where

the increase of population intensified the pressure and problem of life to such an extent that frequent wars resulted, and sections of the Maori people migrated; because they could not, in their own land, continue to live and develop as free men, so they fared forth across the seas to establish themselves in a land where they could develop and grow. I do not suggest that those ancient Maoris set out with a well defined idea of reaching a land where they could develop certain ornamental themes, or to strengthen tribal organization, but there is no doubt that though inarticulate, the purpose behind all the effort was the desire for freedom to work out their destiny.

The same applies to the settlers from Europe, and by settler I mean those who came determined to live and permanently make their homes here, as distinct from the mere adventurers, like the whalers and seafaring traders. These early permanent settlers also came here to have room for growth, to get away from the irksome limitations in the homeland where economic pressure was being increasingly felt from 1840 onwards. Though these pioneers would, no doubt, have smiled had anyone told them that the reason they came here was that they might develop the "Fine Arts," yet the fact remains that material things were not by any means the only consideration, but the hope to provide, if not for themselves, then for their children, a fairer prospect; not merely material well-being, but an opportunity to participate in the finer æsthetic and spiritual activities of life. Art arrived here with the earlier settlers and manifested itself in the singleness of purpose displayed by them when they proceeded to carve new homes from the primeval forests. Then, as soon as their material needs were assured, the question of ministering to the need for beauty arose, or perhaps I should say, was attended to, for the need is always present. Thus the added features of flowers, better homes, schools, institutions, libraries and museums, universities and colleges were the means whereby the urge for the "Adornment of Life" was satisfied.

EUROPEAN INFLUENCE CONTINUES

So far I have spoken of the pioneer who was engaged in the grim task of winning a bare physical existence, and whose finer æsthetic needs had perforce to await his material success for gratification. But there were, in different capacities, men of marked ability as artists, who set down in various mediums their impressions of the country—Heapy, Richmond, Mareyon, to mention a few. These men were accomplished and practised artists before reaching these shores, who no doubt set down as faithfully

as lay in their power their impression and reaction to scene and incident, but it was through European eyes and with European trained minds and faculties, and could hardly be claimed as New Zealand Artists.

With the development of the colony, as schools and colleges were established, teachers of many branches of the Arts came here to exercise their professions. These teachers themselves were the product of European tuition and brought their skill, very considerable in some cases, imbued with the traditions and mannerisms of Europe, no doubt unwittingly exercising an influence on their pupils, so that they in turn have largely expressed themselves in the terms of European style; this continues to be the case. Within the compass of these limitations we have many artists in the Dominion of high merit and achievement, many have commenced their Art Study here and subsequently visited Europe to continue their work. However, there is no indication of a definite school developing; nor has any New Zealand artist outstandingly expressed New Zealand life and scene. For instance, we have not as yet developed a school of painting comparable with that of Canada, where a distinct and virile Art is developing. To a lesser degree the same thing is occurring in Australia and in South Africa.

The true and significant emergence of Art in New Zealand, however, is not only a matter of Painting, Sculpture or Music, of which the Dominion is by no means lacking; the Art of Life itself has been of greater concern than has the pursuit of any of the so-called Fine Arts. For very early in the history of this Dominion the question of achieving a high standard of life and happiness, and the enactment from time to time of social legislation, has been a cause for justifiable pride; and also in another though similar field of endeavour, the problems concerning that very vital question, the care of mothers and babies, inaugurated by the late Sir Truby King, has won the ungrudging admiration of the world.

Very well then, so far I have tried in a brief survey, to draw a picture of this small community's origins and associations, and to show that so far we, that is, the Pakehas, have been content to draw our inspirations from our traditional connections overseas; in fact we have not ceased to be English, Scot or Irish; we are as yet seeking perfection not as New Zealanders but as migrants exploiting a freer field for our aspirations, and so far as the Fine Arts go, have not grown beyond the pattern of European outlook.

THE FRUITS OF WAR

Since the end of the last war, however, we have, in this Dominion,

experienced the same disquiet in the realm of Art as have other countries. And our young artists have displayed an impatience with the methods and technical processes which older artists have considered necessary, and though much of the present output lacks in finish and construction, it is undoubtedly strong in the essentials of great Art.

In the field of Fine Art, as it is practised in New Zealand, we have been fortunate in having had some considerable artists working here; it will be impossible to mention more than a few. John Gully of Nelson has left us some excellent landscapes of Mountains and Rivers, perhaps no one has better expressed the peculiar character and charm of New Zealand than he. Van der Velden, a Dutchman, has also given us some excellent examples; his work as a teacher is worthy of notice, and many of our practising artists owe their early training to him. Walter and Frank Wright have also left their mark both as artists and teachers. Worsley was another who devoted himself to portraying the natural beauties of both North and South Islands.

In recent times many able practitioners of the arts of Painting and Sculpture have worked here; and able workers have gone abroad in order to earn their livelihood by Art. Of those who remain, one happy feature is the fact that though having reached a high standard years ago, they are still exploring and experimenting; in which connection I would specially mention Thomson, McCormack, Weeks, and Rita Lovell Smith, (though these are by no means all), who are producing work remarkably vital and endowed, continually showing growth and deeper knowledge.

THE FUTURE

Only through the efforts of such workers with a background of hard and unremitting toil, will there ever be any true emergence of a New Zealand Art, for though they have no doubt been influenced by non-New Zealandic experience, patient search and analysis here is the sole way to reveal the secret of New Zealand's peculiar beauty.

To sum up, then, I would say that although there has yet been no true emergence of a distinct National Fine Art in this Dominion, the necessary conditions are being created by "a Desire for Beauty" in the National consciousness, and in the ever-increasing activities of cultural bodies in promoting an informed interest in all the Arts.

APERCUS

BY MARSYAS

I HAVE been asked to write about some aspect of New Zealand and New Zealanders. Thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot better in prose composition what from time to time, through the long years behind, I have already said in verse. It happens that in this particular incarnation the gift of verse is mine; if I did not actually "lisp in numbers" I certainly wrote verses in my early boyhood, and had reached the point of publication in my early teens. I think the first distinctively New Zealand touches in my output appeared in an address to the great Norwegian novelist Björnstierne Björnson, my sense of gratitude to certain writers flowing naturally out to them in verse:

A land of legend wild, and florid
Story;
Of Gods, and men, and fays; of strong
Malignant monsters; of the song
Whose magic notes could bring a throng
Of spirits round who sang; of long
Fierce wars, and horrid
Glory.

So much for the native aspect of the land, or more accurately its past, for the native race today is marching on abreast of the "Pakeha" new-comers.

A land of freedom, where no festering
Clay
Of a dead past the present feels
For ever dragging at its heels;
With each new need of life it deals
Free as the gentle air that steals
Down the sun's westering
Ray.

I am less sure today that this statement meets the facts than I was when I first wrote it. If the Maori has broken wholly from his past, assuredly the Pakeha has not; New Zealand is not yet a land of freedom, nor can its people, individually and collectively, deal with each new need as set forth in this stanza; there is still much covert tyranny, though it may mask itself in the vestures of beneficence, and for the time being defer its day of reckoning.

A southern Norway, land of mountain
Peaks,
With glistening glaciers, snowbanks white,
Aglow with pure, intense, still light;
With awesome fiords, with streamlets bright,
Falls, caves, where through the eternal night
Some drowsy fountain
Speaks.

A land of lake, and bush, and rustling
Downs
Wheat-clad; of hidden wealth untold
Of marble, iron, coal, and gold,
Jasper, and ruby; all men hold
Precious, and risk life, overbold,
To gain; and bustling
Towns.

Undoubtedly this country has great natural beauty. Kipling, some will remember, paying tribute to the charm of the most westerly of our Canadian Provinces, placed it before all oversea Dominions but New Zealand. New Zealand has, however, yet another claim to notice; she is but at the beginning of what may be, and what under heaven shall be, a notable career; she is a *land of promise*, and I closed my versicle with the expression of a wish that I might see that promise nobly kept.

Some further touches of like nature occur in such another greeting to the great northern dramatist Henrik Ibsen; first the scenic note is struck again:

Land of forest, lake and fiord,
Precipices glacier-scored,
Snow-clad peaks and water-leaps,
Caverns wherein echo sleeps
Yet unroused by woodman's steel
Or tramp of tourist's iron heel . . .

Follows the suggestion of an all-unfettered land and race:

—New Zealand, young and brave,
Free and life-full as the wave
That ever rolls upon her beaches—
. . . . . .
There are men who find their needs
Ill-supplied by mouldy creeds,
Priestly lies, and old-world stories—
Ashes cold of ancient glories;
There are men who will be men,
Driving plough or wielding pen,
Boldly for themselves they think
And from no conclusion shrink.

Lest I offend, let me explain that in my view there are other creeds than the religious creed, other priests than those of a religious faith—creeds social, financial, scientific, philosophical, artistic, literary; and each has its appropriate hierarchy. My words refer to all of them.

When the idea of an Australian Commonwealth was mooted, it was suggested that New Zealand might throw in her lot, with the Trans-Tasman States. The idea made but slight appeal, yet here and there voices were raised in favour of such action; and when these voices, probably because there were but few of them, grew louder, I wrote my *Nefas*, which I still feel, after close on forty years have passed away, glad to have written. It seems worthy of quotation here in full:

O sisters six whom the Lord hath blest—the Lord of our own green earth,
O sisters six, on whose seething hearts his spirit brooded long—
Brooded and dwelled till the glad light leapt as it leapt at the primal birth,
And fashioned a thought into colour and form, a silence into a song;

By courtesy of the N. Z. Government Tourist Dept.

QUEENSTOWN, SOUTH ISLAND

FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER, WEST COAST, SOUTH ISLAND

Builded and shaped in the secret parts of your mighty sixfold frame
Till lo, at the fullness of her time the southern Pallas sprang
Forth on the fields where the Great Ones stood amazed at the sudden flame
Struck from her glittering panoply, and the clarion voice that rang.

O sisters six who are one, fast bound in a love that will last, will last
Till the pride of the world, the English Name, is hoary with clustered years,
Tempt me not, tempt me not ; scarce mine eyes I dare on your faces cast,
Scarce dare I suffer your sweet words reach the portal of mine ears.

" Come to us ! Join us ! " ye chant. Ye stretch your arms, and my bosom heaves ;
" Share in the greatness, stands written there on the future's arc of blue ;
Come ! " Sisters mine, could I else but fly to your hearts, had the rustling leaves
Not read me a day, and a destiny, and a duty even as you !

I am youngest of all of the Empire's babes—who nurtured my early years ?
Who taught me to walk in the grand old way, to murmur the dear word " Home " ?
My own heart only has counselled thus and thus, and the crescent powers
Of body and brain have marcht at that word, and the road has led to —Rome !

Yes, young as I am, I have carved me a name on the granite crags of time ;
Light may the tracing be, but mark, the centuries, racing on,
Shall see each symbol bitten deep till the legend stands sublime—
Stands and shall stand while the world endures, for the world to gaze upon.

Tempt me no longer, sisters ; nay, now I am strong once more,
And had ye the Sirens' utter sweet in your song, 'twere in vain ye cried ;
My day it is mine, and by earth and heaven and the Gods, and who ruleth o'er
Even them, I swear, I shall take no rest till it cometh to eventide !

I here, ye yonder, sisters ; both for him who hath said " Create ! "
Both helping heaven's high purpose, though our earth's be all we see ;
For you, your broad-leagued continent to be made a teeming state,
My nebula of ocean isles to be made a world, for me.

I here, ye yonder, sisters loved ; and the hearts of us all afar
In the sea-girt isle where the name of pride was cut in the days gone by
From the lustreless lump of the parent lode to a myriad-flashing star,
Pole of an age whose far faint dawn scarce blanches the southern sky.

O England, England, England ! Dost thou tremble, mother mine,
For the fall that lieth in wait for pride ? Dost not thou even understand ?
Body and spirit and soul of me, see, it is thine, mother, thine, thine, thine ;
'Tis England that shines, and speaks, and does from my brow, my lip, my hand !

Not, not for myself, but as one with thee, have I 'stablisht my island seat,
Firm so no foreign foe dare hope to upblast it from its base ;
Firm so no social canker e'er may gnaw the massy feet
Till it crumble down in rottenness, and a stronger know my place.

Not, not for myself, but as one with thee ; O witness my life-blood poured
By spruit and kopje and thirsty veldt when I heard thy bugles play,
And the nations stood in a ring and laught ! O mother beloved, adored,
From that thou may'st know my faith and truth for ever and ever and aye.

Pride in the great, not the little self is mine, though indeed my sea
Circles a pearl of earth's chosen rope ; pride in the power, the might,
The beauty that still is England, and millennia yet shall be ;
For England to heart of my heart am I, dawn, noon, and eve, and—night !

Even as I copy out this piece many a reader of this paper will have heard over the air the fullest confirmation of the truth with which it closes—been thrilled, perhaps, by the reserveless offer to the Homeland of this country's whole resources.

It was natural that from time to time some episode in the War of 1914-18 should move one with the gift of song to utterance, whether he struck the note of pain, the note of triumph, the note of doubt, or that of quiet faith in the sure issue of the conflict. When even a small corner of the veil that walls this outer life, which is as death to those who really live, from the more real and still more real spheres beyond, is lifted, one does not sing of pain, of sorrow, of defeat, frustration, failure; one knows that the end for which all "This" was emanated will inevitably be attained ; one learns to look past much that once absorbed one wholly—to use those "larger, other eyes" which Tennyson has told of. I did not strike the note of sorrow, though in those tragic years I sometimes struck the note of sympathy with those who grieved no less than notes of triumph and of faith. When the War broke out I imaged in *The Angel of the Church of the Antipodes*, the Deva in whose charge, under whose guidance, are certain aspects of the progress of this land ; imaged him as rejoicing in the opportunity the War afforded for the proving of New Zealand manhood, glad

That they already worthy God's assay be deemed ;

a little doubtful of the issue, yet full of hope

That they shall prove them all that he hath dreamed—
Men, very men, alert of eye and ear;
Men, very men, strong-willed, quick-brained, heart-pure ;
Light-swift to answer when the call they hear ;
Mighty to strike, and patient to endure.

The whole world knows the answer to the Mother-Country's call:

Never with franker scorn
Was death entreated since those elder days;
Never more mirthfully was suffering borne
Since Hector and Achilles went their ways,
And the great King of men.

I picture the watching Deva fully satisfied:

Ah, now he knows
Them all he hoped, yea, more; and, passion spent,
His being stiller and yet stiller grows,
And his heart fills with marvellous content.

I sang Messines:

Messines! Messines! Rich word of power
That crowds an age into an hour—
So in your priceless phial rooms
The essence of ten thousand blooms—
Messines. The heart like choicest wine
It fires; O countrymen of mine—
Mine? very me of very me,
Tear ope my bosom here and see!

Follows a passionate assertion of my New Zealand sonship, for it so happens that I was born elsewhere, and came to this land—which has claimed me to the least last fibre—at the age of eight; and thence onward it is a pæan, a proud commemoration of the way our forces bore themselves in that phase of the fighting. Our men's "black day" at Passchendaele I sang under the title "Bellevue Spur"; it is no lament as this excerpt will shew:

'Tis over; the bravest can no more;
Limbs are weary, and hearts are sore,
And souls are sick for the task undone,
The wasted labour, the goal unwon.
Peace, lads, peace; let it rest; rest ye;
Ye are still too near to your work to see
The great thing ye this day have done,
The more than triumph ye have won!
Proudly the tale of the doughty deeds
Of these lads of hers New Zealand reads,
But never her heart hath so wildly throbbed
As now. What though untoward fortune robbed
Their valour of visible outward crown?
In God's great book it is written down
That never a nobler thing did they
Than fling their strong young lives away
On the side of the hill, by the oozy creek
And shell-torn dyke of Ravabeke.

There is talk today among our younger members of the Dharma of New Zealand. I make no claim to seership, but, like many others, have painted in my time a fancy picture of what New Zealand may be in the years—in this case rather in the ages—yet to be. In my *For Peace Day*, written in glad anticipation of the swift close of the Boer War when as a matter of fact the struggle had but begun, I sang of this furthest outpost of our great Commonwealth of Nations:

Ah, there an islet floats, a long white world,
Upon the waters, very fair to see,

Daughter and queen of the immaculate wave
Like those who come to save.
All beauty the Gods gave her for her dower
In the beginning.

How far into the future my fancy winged its way will easily be seen from the next excerpt :

The land—a garden of Hesperides
From north to south ;
The people—O, from some old temple frieze
Wrought by the infinitely patient knife
Of beauty-worshipping Praxiteles
Surely some God has called them ; from his mouth
Filling their nostrils with the breath of life ;
A noble race,
Time's fullness making real
That old-world sculptor's exquisite ideal,
Strength one with grace ;
And crowning it with loveliness withal
Beyond the wildest, wonderfullest, dreams
E'er held that old-world sculptor's soul in thrall—
Heaven's perfect way—for as they walk, meseems
Each moveth in a moving golden mist
Shotten with quivering lines of amethyst,
Like the lone cloud that morn hath found at rest
Beneath some mountain's crest,
And the glad sun hath delicately kist. . . .

and of course I tell of inward qualities to match this outer fineness. Interestingly enough, a friend, Dr. Hutchinson of Wellington, many years ago, decades ago indeed, sent to the Director of the Harvard gymnasium photographs of nude New Zealand athletes, each taken in three distinct positions, together with their anthropometrcial measurements ; and was told by that physical culture expert that our men were the nearest to the Greek ideal he had yet seen, and that he could not match them among his pupils. In recent years Mr. Jinarājadāsa, when visiting this country, drew attention to its similarity in geographical conditions and much else to Greece, and hinted at the possibility of a Greek-like race being developed here in the centuries ahead. Let us hope that when that day comes, if it comes, the physical perfection will not be a thing apart, but a true manifestation of the "height of soul," the "magnitude of mind," the wisdom, the serenity, my fancy placed within the noble forms it pictured. Both these developments are possible within fairly measurable time ; the further stage my picture hints, the stage of astral vision, suggests the era prophesied in *Nefas*, an era when the present-day "nebula of ocean isles" will have become the peaks of a great range, and the New Zealand of our day a broad plateau, upon a future continent.

CHARACTER FOCUS IN EDUCATION[1]

BY C. JINARAJADASA

(Although this address was given in U.S.A., the ideas are applicable to all the divisions of the sixth sub-race appearing in U.S.A., Australia and New Zealand.)

THERE are many definitions of Education, but in the end they can but mean one thing, that the purpose of education is to help us to live happily, usefully and nobly. How this aim is to be reached is the problem. All are agreed that a child must be taught various subjects. Therefore the educational material is carefully graded according to some psychological system which keeps as its objectives the Intelligence Quotient (I.Q.) and the Achievement Quotient (A.Q.).

EDUCATION IN U.S.A.

I have, till lately, been a warm admirer of the educational system in the United States, which I have visited nearly a dozen times in the course of the last thirty-five years. And I have praised that system in many countries. But I received a shock during my last visit four years ago. Statistics then published concerning the jail population in this country showed that about 18 per cent of the prisoners in jail were under twenty-five years of age. Of course there had been a bad economic depression previously; but if, during a period of stress, such a large percentage of young men and women, who had been worked upon by the most expensive and developed educational system in the world, had been unable to adjust themselves to life, surely there was something wrong in the system. I doubt if any other country at the time—and all countries were badly hit by the depression—showed such a large criminal population among the young.

Perhaps we get a clue to the fundamental defect in the system in these words of John Dewey:

> The distinguishing trait of the American student body in our higher schools is a kind of intellectual immaturity. . . . The immaturity nurtured in schools is carried over into life. If we Americans manifest, as compared with those of other countries who have had the benefits of higher schooling, a kind of infantilism, it is because our own schooling so largely evades serious

[1] Broadcast in Chicago by Radio WGN in its Midday Service programme, Sep. 5, 1939.

consideration of the deeper issues of social life; for it is only through introduction into the realities that mind can be matured.

THE PROBLEM IN ALL LANDS

But how can this "introduction into the realities" of life be achieved? There lies the crux of the problem. For in the educational system today in all lands, an appeal is made only to the intelligence; the emotions are ignored. It is really as if the definition of a child is "an entity who thinks, whose emotions can be ignored." The mind of the child is appealed to all the time, as he rises from class to class; it is taken for granted that his emotions are valueless in the problem of understanding.

I have myself suffered greatly under this system of intellectual forcing; I have experience of three universities, that of London, Cambridge, and Pavia in Italy. It was only in the last that the professors seemed to have any idea that the emotions also were avenues of knowledge.

I recall four years ago reading in a students' manifesto, that among the reforms necessary in the universities one is to "debunk the Ph. D." Though crudely put, there is a truth underlying the phrase, for today the whole educational system is far too intellectualized. The fact that a man can put Ph. D. after his name does not mean that he understands life. The shadow of the Ph. D. extends from the universities to the training colleges for teachers, and from them to the school-children.

MORE THAN MIND NEEDED

The inability of intelligence to understand life-processes, as distinct from the movements of matter, is the theme of Bergson's philosophy. The challenge which Bergson made twenty-five years ago has not yet been met. Bergson showed that intelligence conceives all objects as inert solids and as divisible into smaller and smaller units; and that the intelligence therefore construes the universe as a mere mechanism. But the universe consists of life too; the intelligence, however, fails to grasp the significance of this life. For this, the intuition is required. In other words, until the intuition enters into the problem of understanding, there is no real knowledge of the movements of life.

Bergson thus points out along what line must be the reforms needed in education for an "introduction into the realities" of life, of which Dewey speaks. We must appeal, in our educational technique, not only to the mind of the child, but also to his intuition.

BEAUTY AND LOVE

Now, there is a subtle relation between the intuition and beauty.

Surround the child with beauty, make him appreciate beauty, hunger for beauty, as Ruskin once put it, and this mysterious faculty of intuition grows in the child. He understands each subject in a new way. Furthermore, the intuition is called into activity as the child becomes creative; let him be taught to draw and paint, sing and dance, write poetry, and create drama and act in it, there is then an awakening of the intuition.

Another way in which a child's intuition begins to blossom is when he is guided to love plants and flowers and animals. The child needs to be not only intelligent, but also creative emotionally. I think we need a new standard for a child's growth—the Creative Quotient.

The intuitive man comes into direct contact with life, in a way not possible to the person who is purely mental. He does not need a teacher, for he is himself the teacher. But for this, he must know something of the technique of creation in one or other of the arts. We have unfortunately made of the arts a something "extra," outside the curricula of education. When we realize that the emotions can reveal truth to us just as does the mind, our schools will be studios also.

Of course the mind needs to be trained; not to memorize any material, but to know where the material can be found in encyclopedias. But each topic offered to a child's mind must be set in a framework of beauty, so that the child's first reaction is "How beautiful!" It is this artistic reaction which is needed to help the child to be inducted into the realities of life. When so inducted rightly, the child will discover little by little by his subtle intuitions the nature of that supreme mystery which we call God.

VIRTUES BECOME NATURAL

Emerson once penetrated into this mystery, that within a man's nature exists goodness. With profound insight he says:

> To the soul in her pure action, all the virtues are natural, and not painfully acquired. Speak to his heart, and the man becomes suddenly virtuous.

The processes of the mysterious faculty of the soul's intuition could not be better described than in the words "in her pure action." It is that "pure action" which we induce in the child by the artistic training which we offer him. When all the scholastic material is presented to the child in a framework of beauty, then we speak to his heart. The problem of ethics is then solved automatically, for the child becomes "suddenly virtuous," as Emerson says, for the child senses intuitively that all the virtues are "natural." The intuitive child does

not require a set creed; he will create it for himself as he grows.

Such a child will be truly educated, and when grown to manhood or womanhood, he or she will live happily, usefully and nobly.

INTUITION SUMS UP ALL

Of course this new type of education implies a new type of teacher. In India we are working towards the new type in some of our experimental schools, like those of the Theosophists and of Rabindranath Tagore. They are mainly boarding-schools; in some, the teacher, who is usually married, makes a large home where a number of children live with him. Apart from the usual games, there is considerable emphasis on painting and modelling, on song and theatricals. The teacher himself takes part in the games. The root idea is that the teacher shall be recognized by the boys as an elder brother, not an individual of a class apart. Indian teachers have a great admiration for the Montessori system, and it is being developed considerably.

Next month Madame Montessori is to visit India and conduct courses. Last year, when visiting the countries of South and Central America, Mexico and Cuba, I called special attention to her last book, *The Secret of Childhood*. It offers a startling new conception of the child, which inspires all who love children.

I am thoroughly convinced, from my experience of travel and observation in many lands, that we need many changes in education. The world is rapidly changing. In addition to national values, there are now international values. The modern child, in order to obtain in full what life can now give him, needs to be not only patriotic but also something of an internationalist. He must know not only administration and economics and science, but also art. He has, of course, a vast material to assimilate. And he cannot assimilate it all with his intelligence alone. But he can with his intuition. His intuition will lead him to swift summaries, to the heart of his material and subject.

In fine, one word sums up the need of the child, the teacher, the nation and the world. That word is *Intuition*.

Whoever will induce our people to sing will do a national service. Oh, the dumb congregation in church, the dumb audience in theatres, the dumb soldiers in camps, the dumb crowds in the street! How they would be liberated, fired, invigorated, if they could and would sing.

FRANK CRANE

MR. WILLIAM CRAWFORD

General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in New Zealand

VASANTA GARDEN SCHOOL, AUCKLAND

THEOSOPHY IN A YOUNG DOMINION

BY EMMA HUNT

REMINISCENCES

IN the relaxed and happy atmosphere of a winter fireside a group of present-day workers sat talking of the early days of The Theosophical Society in New Zealand. There were several present who had played a part in the affairs of the Section in the latter part of last century. Eagerly they were plied with questions, and faces became bright as precious memories were brought to the surface bearing witness to the power of the Masters which shone through their early efforts. With the uncovering of these stories of the past a feeling of reverence grew as when one lovingly handles an old volume, or turns over the faded pages of a rare manuscript. One member brought to show us a silver matchbox once belonging to Colonel Olcott: on one side was engraven "To H.S.O. from Aunt Sara"; and on the other were the initials of the member who had been the happy recipient of the gift. Inside the box was a lock of the Colonel's hair preciously kept in a piece of blue ribbon. As this was passed round we felt the atmosphere of the early days, and the President-Founder became real in our midst.

A member from the south told of how she had been visited by the Colonel when he was in New Zealand and she had been too ill to attend his lectures. He came many miles to see her. He gave her a metal tube to hold to her forehead, and she said that as she did this a sensation as of an electric battery shot through her, filling her with vitality. The next day she was able to get up and was completely cured. The Colonel then told her that in the metal tube was a piece of the hair of the Master Morya.

There were stories recounted of visits paid recently to old members in the hopes of getting something for the history and archives of our Section, and of the shock of being told on one occasion that letters from the leaders, from Annie Besant and H. S. Olcott, had been "kept for years," but later "I burnt them all"! How precious they would have been to us now.

One told of her memories of the early visit of Annie Besant in 1894 when each member had been allowed an interview of quarter of an hour. Eagerly each had looked forward to his turn, and this lady said that she wrote out a long list of questions so that not a

moment's time should be wasted. Wasted ? She soon found that she was lifted into an atmosphere where time disappeared, and when Mrs. Besant smiled into her eyes she heard herself saying words she declared were impressed upon it : " It is no use asking questions, is it, unless one is living up to one's highest ?" And then she truly lived for fifteen minutes of her life in an ecstasy that could not be expressed. She was told : " It is good to ask questions at the right time, but it is well to try and answer them oneself, for even if you cannot find the solution you have prepared your mind to understand it."

It was reported that one lady member on the way to her interview stopped to look at a hat in a shop-window ; she arrived late for her interview and Mrs. Besant would not see her; she learned through her bitter disappointment to correct a lifelong habit of unpunctuality.

EARLY HISTORY

When The Theosophical Society was founded in New York in 1875, New Zealand was only a young British colony of 35 years' duration with but a sparse population. Yet we read that a few years later members began to join in the new country. The first member was Augustine Les Edgar King, who received a diploma as early as 1879, so we see how quickly the teachings of Theosophy penetrated into the isolated land. Early and interesting history centres round the name of E. T. Sturdy, who joined in 1885 and founded the Wellington Lodge in 1888. Colonel Olcott speaks of him as "the father of Theosophy in New Zealand." It seems that he soon after went on a world tour, and we find the President-Founder writing appreciatively in THE THEOSOPHIST of his work in U.S.A.

In India Mr. Sturdy joined the Colonel at Bhavnagar and journeyed with him as far as Junagad in company with Prince Harisinhji. An article appeared in *Lucifer* in 1893 by Mr. Sturdy on "Gurus and Chelas," and it provoked an answer from Annie Besant—later printed together as Adyar Pamphlets. Mr. Sturdy now lives in England, and our Section is endeavouring to make contact with him in order to get fuller records of the history of the earlier days.

At the time of the founding of the Wellington Lodge in 1888, there was only one other Lodge in the Southern Hemisphere; this was in Brisbane, Australia, where a Lodge had been chartered under the direction of Mr. Carl Hartmann. In 1889 a Lodge came into existence in Hobart, Tasmania, and another in Melbourne the year following. Others came a little later, so that during the visit of the President-Founder in 1891 it was

possible to form an Australasian Section, and Wellington Lodge, New Zealand, was one of the seven needed. The Colonel appointed Dr. A. Carroll as General Secretary *pro tem.*; he was a man of great ability, eminent as an ethnologist engaged in scientific research in New South Wales. The death of H. P. B. made it necessary for the Colonel to return at once to London, and his proposed visit to New Zealand was cancelled.

The Wellington Lodge continued to remain an integral part of the Australasian Section for a few years; interest in the teachings was spreading rapidly in New Zealand, members were joining and new Lodges being formed, and in 1896 much interest was excited by the news that New Zealand was ready to be formed into a separate Section with seven Lodges and 112 members—remarkable growth for so young a colony. The project was looked upon with favour and a cable received from the President-Founder in May 1896 appointed Miss Lilian Edger, M.A., General Secretary *pro tem.*

HEROIC PIONEERS FROM OVERSEAS

The early workers who came to us from overseas were heroic souls with the pioneer spirit. Just what it meant in sacrifice and discomfort to come to the then young colony in small ships across a stormy Tasman, and to travel in coastal boats to get from one part of New Zealand to another, can only be pictured by those who know something of the conditions in those days. It is appropriate that in an article such as this we should pay tribute to these friends.

MRS. COOPER-OAKLEY

It was owing to the efforts of the Melbourne Lodge that Mrs. Cooper-Oakley came to this part of the world to lecture. She was the first to visit us from overseas. The Melbourne Lodge had written to Headquarters to see if it would be possible to get a trained and experienced Theosophist to come and help them; they had the good fortune of having Mrs. Cooper-Oakley sent out, and arrangements were made by which she visited New Zealand also. Two months were spent in our Lodges and interest in the teachings was stimulated. Her lectures were at that time a challenge to the materialistic thought of the day and naturally provoked a certain amount of criticism; we are amused to find one writer to the Press saying:

> Theosophy is one of the phases of latter-day feeling to which it is not worth while to attach any importance, seeing that it is in all probability merely temporary. In a very short time we shall never hear the word.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley made an impression on her audiences by

her culture, and by her grasp of Theosophical teachings, and the people liked her unassuming yet dignified manner. There was a certain simplicity which was appealing. In an interview with the *Auckland Herald* she is reported to have said: "I have discovered when in Melbourne more psychic temperaments than I have met with in any English-speaking race with the exception of America."

ANNIE BESANT

The following year 1894 marked the first visit of Annie Besant to New Zealand. She came under the direction of R. D. Smythe, father and prototype of touring managers. In order to raise money for a special fund Mrs. Besant contracted to deliver a series of lectures in different countries of which New Zealand had the good fortune to be one. Mr. Smythe's advertising methods were pronounced; he did not take the lecturer into consideration when he planned his bills and circulars. An advance leaflet contained a portrait of Annie Besant margined by quotations, one being "Her soul is like a Star and dwells apart." He also billed her as "The Great White Mahātma"—a title to which we believe Mrs. Besant raised objection at the time; but perhaps the imagination of the much travelled R. D. Smythe carried him nearer to the truth than he knew.

Mrs. Besant lectured on politics, and on general subjects; it seemed she was restricted in the number of addresses she was to give on Theosophy. She roused great enthusiasm everywhere; the teachings of Theosophy were comparatively new in New Zealand at that time, and controversies raged in the newspapers, but our members were evidently well equipped for the task and waged war in defence.

In 1908 Mrs. Besant made a second visit to New Zealand accompanied by Mrs. John, wife of the General Secretary for Australia at that time. The writer remembers Mrs. John telling her how in a bird shop in Auckland a parrot in a cage remarked to Mrs. Besant: "Fancy meeting you," and she wittingly asked in reply: "How did *he* know that I was here?"

Everywhere in New Zealand at this time the public responded to Theosophic thought and Mrs. Besant evoked a generous enthusiasm and strengthened people considerably. A stranger was heard to remark with decision after one lecture: "I will never call myself a miserable sinner again." The Press gave to her much attention and spoke of her as "a woman of great intellectual power and high scholarship." Asked in an interview how to check the lack of reverence in young New Zealanders Mrs. Besant said:

On educational lines chiefly. Build up good citizens out of your girls and

boys. Secular education can never do that; it neither makes good citizens nor patriots. Educate each child in a sense of moral responsibility and a great nation will evolve.

An interviewer in the *Dunedin Star* wrote:

> Instinctively one feels that Mrs. Besant is one of the elders, one of the teachers of mankind, one whose every word is precious and whose every moment is golden.

COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER

Also from overseas came the Countess Wachtmeister in the year 1895 just before New Zealand became a separate Section. Indeed it was during her visit that the Section Charter was applied for; members were enrolled and a new Lodge was formed in Woodville where Mr. Sturdy had lived. The Countess had been a pupil of H.P.B., very devoted to her, and had imbued some of her "ways" with members. She was unconventional, intensely in earnest, a stickler for punctuality, and she gave good lectures which helped to waken further interest in Theosophy amongst the public.

COLONEL OLCOTT

In 1897 the President-Founder visited New Zealand. He landed in the south at the Bluff where he was met by members of the Dunedin Lodge, who came aboard his boat and gave him a hearty welcome. With him was Miss Lilian Edger, General Secretary for New Zealand, who had met him in Australia and who lectured alternately with him both in that country and on his New Zealand tour. Besides the four larger Lodges the Colonel visited some of the smaller towns; and he speaks of the intelligent members of the Pahiatua Branch where he was the guest of a very musical family, all the adult members of which played instruments and had fine voices. Everywhere he was received with honour, and a Press report read:

> It speaks much for a Society when there is at its head one who is a genial, well-educated, intellectual and cultured gentleman.

In Auckland his lectures on Healing and Spiritualism drew audiences of over 1,000. He gave The Society in New Zealand a great impetus, but he took away with him its General Secretary, Miss Lilian Edger. With her friends Mr. and Mrs. Draffin she had become the centre of the work in this Section and her going was a distinct loss. It says sufficient for her calibre as a speaker that Colonel Olcott took her to Adyar to deliver the Convention Lectures there. She was well received in India and after the Convention toured India with the Colonel and lectured both in the north and in the south. Later Mrs. Besant called her to work in Benares, and it was not until 1903

that New Zealand saw her again and then only for a visit. Miss Edger's book *Elements of Theosophy* and *Theosophy Applied* are well known in many Sections.

The Colonel appointed Dr. Sanders General Secretary *pro tem.* in place of Miss Edger, and he was re-elected to that position until the time of his death in 1918. He has the distinction of having held the position for 21 years, the longest term served by any General Secretary in our Society. He was a born propagandist and a fine old man, and the spread of Theosophy in New Zealand was to a large extent due to his inexhaustible energy and cheerful self-sacrifice. He never swerved from his devotion to the Masters and Their cause whether in the greater storms which shook The Society as a whole, or the lesser gales which affected the New Zealand Section alone.

FIRST YEARS OF 20TH CENTURY

Dr. Marques, then General Secretary for Australia, represented the New Zealand Section at Adyar Convention in 1900 and we find him writing :

> I was received most enthusiastically as your delegate, and the Indian Section at its special session voted with great demonstration a vote of thanks for the greetings you had requested me to carry to them ; and I promised to notify you of the interest that is felt here in the work in the New Zealand Section which is closely watched and fully appreciated.

In the first years of the new century two members came into our Society who were destined to play an important part in its development. They were two Scotchmen, Mr. John Ross Thomson and Mr. William Crawford, each of whom became our General Secretary in turn, and each of whom in time was consecrated a Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church. Bishop Thomson passed away last year, and only those who have worked in our Section will ever be able to fully appreciate all that his work meant to us. I think that it would be true to say that seldom has any leader so universally won the hearts of his people. Bishop Crawford, his lifelong friend and comrade, has been General Secretary for the last 14 years, and there is none now living in New Zealand who has given steadier or greater service. He was invited at one time to go to Adyar to be Manager of the T.P.H., but he felt he could not be spared from work in his own country.

The magazine *Theosophy in New Zealand* was started in 1900 by a group of workers. It commenced to be sent free to members in 1911, and in 1914 a Press was established and the magazine printed by the members themselves.

On 21 June 1906 the building known as City Chambers (Auckland)

was totally destroyed by fire. This included the New Zealand Section Headquarters of The Society, the Library and the Book Depot. The whole of the valuable reference library and files of magazines and Sectional records were destroyed, so that the Section sustained an irreparable loss, for though insured it was impossible to replace the many valuable works that were out of print and unprocurable. From a mass of debris they were fortunate enough to recover in a very damaged condition the cash-book, ledger, magazine and membership records. It is of interest to note that certain pictures of the Masters were undamaged though the frames had been charred.

CHARLES WEBSTER LEADBEATER

New Zealand was honoured and benefited greatly by three visits from C. W. Leadbeater, that great scientist of the invisible worlds. His first visit was as early as 1905 when he went to ten Lodges. Then he came again in 1914 and was in New Zealand when the war broke out; he had to cancel some of his engagements and return at once to Sydney where he had important work waiting. In 1916 he paid another visit and spoke at times to audiences as large as 1,200 on the subject of the new sub-race and an occult view of the war. In his opening remarks at Convention in 1916 he said:

> The matter of the sub-race is more especially your affair, because it is only in new countries that a sub-race can effectively arise. Australia and New Zealand are chosen because they are new lands and in such a Dominion as this you have greater facilities for the introduction of far-reaching reforms than can be obtained in other countries. The great majority of the races inhabiting these islands know nothing of all this, therefore we who do know are all the more bound to try to make up for what is, at present, the paucity of our numbers, by energetic work.

Bishop Leadbeater's near presence in Australia over a period of years was a great uplift to New Zealand and enriched our work. It became quite a habit for our members to visit Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND WORKERS

Of the many old workers in New Zealand not so far mentioned, who played a part in the early work, it is impossible to speak at any length, and we know that like Cromwell's soldiers they would "look not to be named." However, most outstanding was the personality of Mr. W. Draffin who was held in much affection by Dr. Besant. He was a sensitive man and very impressionable and worked under the conscious direction of the Masters. All who came into contact with him speak of the influence which irradiated through him while he was speaking.

Another fine server was Mr. A. W. Maurais of Dunedin, who

was deeply read and intellectually alert and who worked dauntlessly in the cause of Theosophy. At that time there was in Dunedin, in the south, a fine band of intellectuals, led by Mr. D. W. M. Burn, M.A., one of New Zealand's poets who is still in harness. From this group came Miss C. W. Christie, the "Chitra" of the children; she later lectured in many countries, and her book *Theosophy for Beginners* has run through four or five editions. Also in this group was Miss Kate Browning, M.A., now in England, who published *Notes and Index to the Bhagavad-Gītā;* she was the first national lecturer for the Section. Another old southern worker is our present veteran Section Treasurer, Miss Louie Stone. There are many others we ought to mention but the list is too long; let none feel that any has been forgotten, for the Good Law takes account of all its workers even when human memory may seem to fail.

VASANTA GARDEN SCHOOL

Of all the movements initiated by the Section, the forming of the Theosophical Education Trust in 1917 was perhaps the most important. Owing to the generosity of a member the Section received the offer of 110 acres of land at Hobsonville near Auckland, for the purposes of founding a school and a Theosophical retreat. It was later disposed of as being not suitable for this purpose; in the meantime another fine property had been bought, money had come in readily, and Vasanta Garden School came into being and was dedicated in February 1919. It is situated in a beautiful suburb of Auckland, quite near to the City. It is largely owing to the genius of Miss Bertha Darroch, the present Principal, that the School has continued and progressed all through the years. Its outlook was never brighter than it is at the present time. There are 60 pupils and four teachers, taking the children from infancy to matriculation.

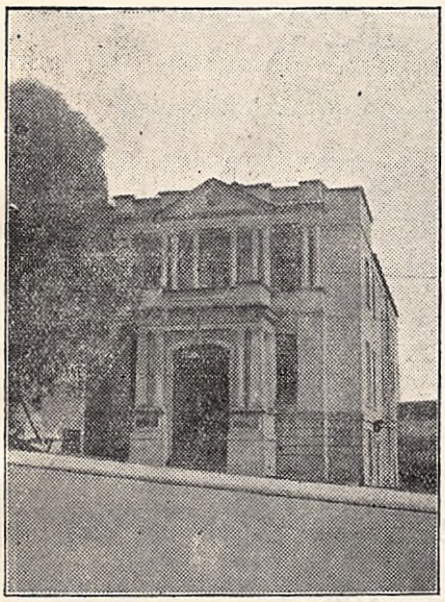
PRESENT WORK

Perhaps the brightest and the most encouraging feature of our work in New Zealand at the present time is the number of young Theosophists who are holding responsible positions in our Lodges. This is most noticeable in the north, in Auckland, where they work in closest co-operation and friendliness with their older colleagues. It presages well for the future.

Though our membership today is not as high as it was before the world depression yet we have 760 members, and this is larger in proportion to population than in any other Section with the exception of Iceland. Still we do need more members.

The four larger Lodges and some of the smaller ones have their own

Halls. It is not the custom in New Zealand to let these to outside bodies! This has been found to be a distinct advantage as we are able to make our own environment and keep the conditions necessary for our work. These Lodge properties must be worth, approximately, from about forty to fifty thousand pounds. Vasanta Garden property which belongs to the Section is not included in this estimate.



H.P.B. LODGE, AUCKLAND

in which the New Zealand Section of The Theosophical Society has its Headquarters.

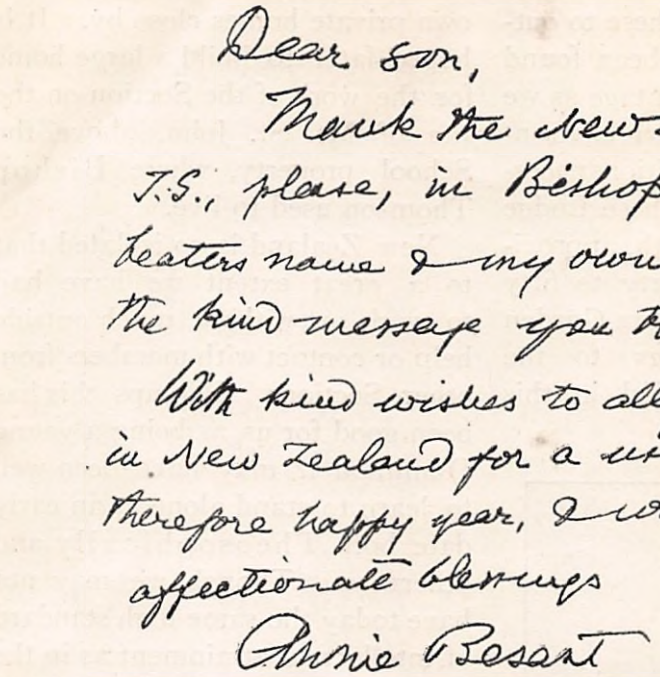
A Theosophical Community has grown up in Auckland round the Vasanta School, where members live in flats in the large house on the property, and others in their own private homes close by. It is hoped later to build a large home for the work of the Section on the site of Mt. St. John, above the School property, where Bishop Thomson used to live.

New Zealand is so isolated that to a great extent we have had to work on without much outside help or contact with members from other Sections. Perhaps this has been good for us, as being a young Dominion it may have been well to learn to stand alone at an early date both Theosophically and otherwise. Though we may not have today the same high standard of intellectual attainment as in the earlier times, yet we are a united body and have some able and keen workers. Many of our members have visited Adyar, and recently we have provided at least one permanent worker there in the person of Miss Gertrude Watkin, who is engaged in the Library.

When the present clouds pass away from the world we hope through our Theosophical work to assist in the national growth and culture of our country, and to help in laying the foundations of a new social order. This has to be built on human Brotherhood, not as an intellectual appreciation only, but as a spiritual experience.

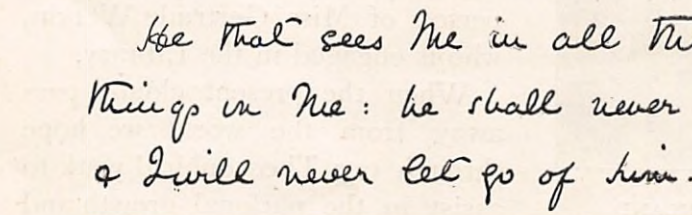
LETTERS FROM DR. ANNIE BESANT

I



This is the last letter received officially by our Section from Dr. Besant. It is dated *1930* and has no month, but would be written about February-March 1930 as it was an answer to a message of greetings sent by the New Zealand Convention of The Society, 1929-1930, to Bishop Leadbeater and herself. Dr. Besant's reply was written to Bishop Crawford, who treasures it because she addresses him as " Dear Son."

II



During her visit to New Zealand in 1894, Dr. Besant gave this to Mrs. G. E. Hemus of Auckland, who treasured it and kept it in her copy of *The Voice of the Silence.* Dr. Besant was at that time preparing her translation of *The Bhagavad-Gītā* for publication, and while sitting on the boat with Mrs. Hemus prior to departure, she gave to Mrs. Hemus this piece of translation written on a small slip of paper.

The revised translation given below, is that actually published in 1896 and subsequent editions, and its more euphonious form reveals the fact that great writers also work patiently at polishing their writings before giving them to the world.

" He who seeth Me everywhere, and seeth everything in Me, of him will I never lose hold, and he shall never lose hold of Me " (vi, 30).

Adyar
18. 3. 28

Do not trouble at all about your feelings, keenness, enthusiasm & so on. You are trying to come from "your world into ours," & our test of a person's value is not her feelings but her capacity of being a channel for the Master's work. Give yourself entirely to Him & work for Him, & all will be well. With best wishes

Annie Besant

This letter regarding feelings and enthusiasm was a reply to a member in New Zealand who had written to her of the difficulty of keeping up enthusiasm in face of many difficulties at that period.

IV

Please thank "Madri" for me. What is her name in this mortal world? She thinks too highly of me, but she describes what she & I are trying to be.

This extract from a letter, dated 21 November 1912 to a New Zealand member, beginning "Please thank Madri" is an instance of the humility of Dr. Besant. Madri was the nom-de-plume of a member who had written a tribute to Dr. Besant.

—E. HUNT

VASANTA GARDEN SCHOOL

BY MILTON THORNTON

IN his first Presidential address in Bombay, in which he inaugurated the educational work of The Theosophical Society, Colonel Olcott said :

> We must all promote education to the utmost of our united power. That is the keystone of the arch of a nation, the foundation of true national greatness.

Since then many Theosophists, and The Theosophical Society itself, have contributed much to the science of education.

Theosophy gave to those interested in education a new concept of the child, which was to change entirely their ideas and methods. It confirmed, and enlarged upon, the ideas psychology was proclaiming. The child was not an empty vessel to be filled, not a vacuum to be crammed with a lot of facts, but an unique individuality full of latent and unknown possibilities. The job of the teacher, then, was to draw out this faculty, accumulated during many lives in the past, and to help the evolving Ego to reach the maximum development of which he was capable.

I have just paid a visit to Vasanta Garden School, which was established near Auckland, over 20 years ago, by the N. Z. Section of The Theosophical Society, and where the practical application of Theosophy to education can be seen. It was not a first visit, for I had the good fortune to be a pupil at the school for three years.

And now since you are interested, I shall take you with me on a tour of the school.

Our first impression of the school is the spaciousness of the well-kept grounds which look more like those of a park than of a school. No drab asphalt squares here, but green lawns dotted with trees. Surely the impact of all this beauty must have some beneficial effect on the children !

The schoolrooms which are grouped in a corner of the grounds are built on the open-air principle; on warm, sunny days the whole of one side of each class-room, which consists of huge folding-doors, can be opened so that the pupils enjoy the benefit of fresh air and sunshine and cheerful surroundings.

It is just after 9 o'clock and school is in. Let us see what is going on in the middle school—Standards 3 to 6—which is in the charge of the Principal, Miss Bertha H. Darroch.

The children are discussing with Miss Darroch the news in the morning's paper, it is a friendly talk in which they reveal an amazing knowledge of current topics. In this way the pupils learn geography, civics, nature study and all manner of things; moreover they have a reason for learning them. In a few minutes they have exhausted all the subjects of interest in the paper. "Very well," said the Principal, "next subject Arithmetic." That was all. Desks were swiftly moved out into the sunshine, note-books produced, and the children went quickly and quietly on with their work.

There is little class-training at Vasanta, especially in the middle school. Here we see the children working on their own. They are learning arithmetic, but, more important, they are learning self-discipline, self-reliance; they are experiencing the thrill of discovering things for themselves. Of course in a subject like arithmetic problems arise. Today Standard 4 has a class problem —they have a new type of sum to master—so they are grouped around the blackboard receiving instruction. When the others, who are working on their own, have some individual problem, something they do not quite understand, they leave their desks and bring their books up to the teacher or to an older child who explains their difficulty. In this way the children not only receive individual attention, but they make their own pace, and are not held back by the problems of others.

This principle is adopted in teaching all the subjects in the middle school, where a modified Dalton plan is used. Each child has an individual work chart, prepared by the Principal, setting out the work to be done in the different subjects during the month. It gives full details of the exercises to be done, and instructions as to how the work is to be carried out. The child ticks off each exercise as he completes it, and if he is brilliant at one subject and slow at another he can give more attention and time to the one in which he is backward, providing he completes the schedule of work for the month.

There is no compulsory home-work, but nearly always when a child is behind in some department of his work he will do home-work voluntarily to catch up.

Here it may be necessary to say something about the role of the teacher in this school, where the pupils learn to work on their own. The teacher does not become less important; she becomes more important. It is her responsibility to inspire and encourage, to create right habits, as well as to give instruction, and, last but not least, to maintain discipline. For although the children enjoy much greater

freedom than is permitted in ordinary schools it is an ordered freedom. It is not license. One inspector from the Education Department who came prepared to criticize "these schools in which too much freedom is allowed," at the end of the morning after observing Vasanta School at work, changed his views. "This was," he remarked, "controlled freedom."

An example of what can be obtained when the child has no fear of the teacher, when fear is replaced by friendship and confidence, is shown by the results which have been achieved with one pupil at present attending the school. A boy of 10, when he came to the school, was a nervous wreck and stuttered so badly that he could scarcely speak. He was sent to the school by a prominent Auckland medical man, who said that the boy was not to be sent to any other school. In six weeks he is almost a complete cure and can sit alongside Miss Darroch and read for half-an-hour without stuttering.

Now the period is drawing to a close. Children rise and collect answer-books from which they correct their own work. Then, one by one, they bring their work to the teacher who inspects it. One little girl had several sums wrong. "Do you need me," Miss Darroch asked. "I don't know," the child replied, "but I think so." "Very well," said the Principal, "remind me tomorrow morning." Another girl hung back, shy and timid in marked contrast to the others. She was a new pupil who had not yet adjusted herself to the free and friendly atmosphere which prevails throughout the school.

At the end of the period there is a short break. When the interval is over the bell is rung and the children come promptly in and sit down at their desks. There is no regimentation, no marching into school in line, but there is no lack of order. The children simply stroll into the room, sit down at their desks and begin to get ready for work.

They thought that spelling was to be the next subject and were prepared for it. Miss Darroch, however, had a surprise for them. "Who has written a play which we could act," she said. One small girl put up her hand. At the principal's request she came out and read it to the class, chose various children to act in it, and took charge of the whole thing. The children assembled on the stage, (an interesting feature of the schoolroom), the curtain was rung down, and when it was again raised the play commenced. It was not a brilliant performance, as the pupils willingly admitted at the finish, but it was an extremely interesting example of organized and concerted effort, and the dialogue was good. It would have fascinated a psychologist.

Now the kindergarten. Here the very small children are learning the "play way." They play "number-games" with special apparatus; they learn nursery rhymes and colours; they play "feeling games" in which they learn the feeling of different materials, and which give them a sense of proportion. All these are intended gradually to develop the senses. Most important of all they learn to behave properly to each other. In the beautiful grounds in which they can enjoy themselves, they have a sand-tray, a rocking-horse, a swing, and a see-saw. The school day ends for them at 12.15 p.m.

The primers and Standards 1 and 2 are in another room. In this department we are shown some excellent hand-work done by small yet nimble fingers, and we watch with interest, while these little folk strive to solve the mysteries of symbols which are letters, and even more difficult symbols which are numbers. It is all very novel and exciting, this strange new world into which they are venturing. Modern textbooks are, of course, used, and one that interests us particularly is a "number-activity" book, which teaches children to count by means of interesting illustrations.

In the secondary department, because of the large number of new subjects to be learned and the demands of the University entrance examination, more class instruction and a more rigid time-table are necessary. The teacher is an ex-pupil of the school, who has 9 third-form pupils.

Vasanta Garden School is a community in miniature. In a community people must learn to use their hands as well as their heads, so that all the children do some hand-work. That hand-work is varied and practical, and includes gardening. There are "community" gardens and "individual" gardens in various parts of the grounds. The former are large gardens which are the responsibility of all the school, and the latter are small plots where any child who wants to do more of this fascinating work may have a piece of ground of his own in which he may plant anything he likes. The community gardens look particularly well kept, and one contains at present a fine display of Iceland poppies, freezias and hyacinths.

Indoors, too, we find that the beautiful curtains hanging in the cloak-room were made by the pupils. Then, because they like to have their lunch on the lawn, the children are all making small cushions to sit on. Creating things becomes much more interesting if there is a real reason for doing it.

Besides the things already mentioned the boys are taught woodwork, (at present they are doing

fret-work and making model aeroplanes), while the girls learn cooking and sewing. All the school is trained in swimming and sports, and they also learn the famous Bagot-Stack exercise system and Greek dancing, which are taught by a specialist.

The central pivot around which all this splendid activity revolves, and has been revolving (and evolving) since 1923, is the Principal, Miss B. H. Darroch. It is her enthusiasm, inspiration and ability that are the driving-force in this world in miniature. We are very proud of this Theosophical school. The work of the School is appreciated by the Education Department of New Zealand.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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THE DHARMA OF NEW ZEALAND

A SYMPOSIUM BY YOUNG THEOSOPHISTS

I. YOUTH

THEIR PRESENT QUALITIES

THE youth of New Zealand is just a little different from the youth of other countries, and the present generation of New Zealand youth is different even from past generations of Young New Zealanders. Why is this ?

There may be several factors at work such as changed outlook and more freedom since the Great War of 1914-18, improved methods of education, and so on. These factors have influenced children all over the world. There is, however, a more fundamental change in young New Zealanders which might in part be accounted for by climatic conditions, the peculiar magnetism of the country, or the mixture of races, the blending of adventurous and pioneering types of English, Scottish, Irish, and some of the native Maori. No doubt these may all play a part, but, as students of Theosophy, we know that there are other factors influencing the change. We know that New Zealand, along with Australia and the United States of America, is forming what will become the sixth sub-race of the great Aryan Race, and that each of these countries will have in common the essential qualities of that sub-race though they will each differ from the others in certain lesser respects.

The essential quality of the new race is to be the functioning of a new sense —the intuition. Just as the fourth sub-race developed emotion and the fifth sub-race the mind, so the new race will develop a still higher quality, the intuition. Since intuition is of the Buddhic world where all is Unity, the new type will have a greater sense of brotherhood and comradeship.

How are these qualities beginning to show forth ?

Young people of America, Australia and New Zealand today have noticeably unique qualities, *viz.*, they are much more sensitive in all ways, and seem to be precociously intelligent and very quick at grasping new things—signs of the working of the new sense, intuition. They are very independent and fond of freedom (which they do not always use wisely, but wisdom can only be gained by experience, and freedom permits that experience). There is much co-education in schools and universities and a greater degree of comradeship between the sexes than even in modern European countries. They are much interested in health, physical fitness and sport, and like doing things in groups. Health movements, tramping clubs, and sports clubs of all sorts, Esperanto clubs, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, all kinds of societies with brotherhood as a basis, flourish in these new race countries. There is also a great interest in and appreciation of the arts in spite of being so far from old-world centres

of culture and with consequent difficulty of seeing much of their greatest exponents and examples. Quite a large number of young New Zealanders have shown such exceptional ability along general Art lines that they have been sent to Europe for special training, sometimes by public subscription (an example of the comradeship and unity of the New Zealander).

THEIR DHARMA

Now we shall look at what seems to the writer to be the Dharma of New Zealand through youth :

(*a*) It is for them to express unity and brotherhood. As a nation they shall help on the work of The Theosophical Society as expressed in its First Object, "To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour." They shall see more and more the one life not only in their fellow-men but also in all animals, plants and even minerals.

(*b*) They are to express also freedom and joy, beauty and peace.

(*c*) They must become a cultured and refined people.

(*d*) Finally, it is for them to lead the world along such lines so that in time, when the ideals of brotherhood have spread, international problems and wars will cease, for it is only through feelings of unity and brotherhood that peace can be attained.

THE METHOD

How may these objects best be carried out ? Briefly :

(*a*) *Education.* It should be the aim in educating the young people of the new age to lead them to the discovery of principles, and not to make them memorize facts as in the old days, for while principles help them to a realization of unity, facts emphasize separateness.

(*b*) *Political and Social Economics.* The present New Zealand with its progressive outlook and socialistic trend is doing a great deal in the right direction. For example, there is the Social Security Scheme, "From each according to his capacity to each according to his need."

(*c*) *Freedom.* Freedom is a necessary part of the environment of these young people. They should be allowed to develop naturally and should not be constricted and moulded according to the ideas of some would-be authority.

(*d*) *Nationalism and Internationalism.* A real brotherliness towards other races and nations will be noticeable in New Zealand. The presence of the native Maori in their midst and the fact that he has all the privileges of a Pakeha (white man) and their understanding and appreciation of his good qualities will help them to be less conservative in this direction than their British forefathers.

(*e*) *Art.* In all fields of science and art a stage has been reached where further progress along many lines requires the use of the intuition.

It is along the line of art that the Dharma of New Zealand may best be carried out. Intuition is to be the characteristic of the race and art is, *par excellence*, the medium of intuition. Indeed it is the function of art to awaken the intuition. This would also encourage the development of a distinctive New Zealand art to which the

Maori influence would tend to contribute new expression.

(f) Refinement. The emphasis on art would in itself tend towards refinement of feelings and thoughts, and as more of the new race type is born into the nation their greater sensitiveness will naturally make for refinement.

CONCLUSION

New Zealand has a great future. The smallness of the country compared with its sister countries which are also destined to be the home of the sixth sub-race, make the required reforms easier and quicker to carry out. Not only is it among the young people that these qualities first appear, but youth is always full of fiery idealism and reformatory zeal and is open to new ideas, which now with the new faculty of intuition will be more than ever imbued with the Truth and Realities of higher places. Therefore, it is to youth that we look to, to forward the Dharma of New Zealand.

—GEORGINA BOYD

II. RELIGION

The "raw material" from which the coming New Age is being fashioned consists of the bulk of New Zealand's youth, which is today exhibiting independent and highly individual qualities. The first definite impression we recieve when turning our attention upon them is that they are distinctly Aquarian in character. Independent, self-reliant, enthusiastic, with great powers of courage and endurance—these are some of the higher qualities. Among those not quite so lofty, but just as characteristic, are a certain hard-headedness tinged with cynicism; a boisterous quality that delights in rather crude jesting; and a great love of vigorous recreation which perhaps exceeds the love of culture. In the higher types, however, there is a pronounced love of art and culture—one which is vigorous and embracing rather than æsthetic. There is also very noticeable intuition, and a strong sense of brotherhood.

What then is the attitude of these young people to spiritual matters, represented by religion?

What is New Zealand's religious Dharma? I believe that truly Theosophy is the next step in religion. And now I will endeavour to set out the respective sections of which every religious system is comprised, relating these to the New Zealand of the New Age:

1. Tradition.—All religions are based upon tradition of some kind, but in our future religion, the importance of tradition will be set at a minimum. New traditions will be created, and greatest appeal will lie in the thought of the Living Christ, the Living God; religion will be a dynamic force rather than a static charge.

2. Doctrine.—The doctrine of salvation achieved without individual effort will have died out. The New Age will be conscious of the fallacy of this idea. "As above, so below." A law of cause and effect is observed "below," therefore that will be logically translated to spiritual things. Karma will probably not be recognized by that name, but the basic idea will be realized. "As a man soweth, that also shall he reap."

Reincarnation as a belief will colour doctrine, and the interpretation of Holy

Scripture. At present, reincarnation is considered as a romantic fantasy, pleasant to speculate about, but not to regard seriously. By the time our "Dharma" begins to be fulfilled, it will have evolved to the stage of common acceptance as a matter of course.

3. Ethics.—Ethics evolve with the age. It seems logical to suggest that a more humane attitude toward the animal kingdom will progressively increase, since this is becoming apparent in the young people today. Ethics will be regarded not so much from the old standpoint of inflexible right and wrong based upon a single narrow standard, but from a more relative standpoint. Standards of right and wrong will be based upon obligation to the community rather than obligation to the demands of a personal God.

4. Sacraments.—A sacramental system in some form is an essential to every religion. It is suggested that the old sacramental forms will be revived, and filled with new life. In the coming age, moreover, it is expected that an intense appreciation of beauty, which is seen developing, will come to be regarded as a sacrament, and will eventually colour all thought and life, both spiritual and mundane.

5. Priesthood.—A new and virile priesthood will arise; one which will win appreciation and respect by its excellence in all those things which New Zealanders love, both sporting and artistic; which will inspire by example, rather than precept, the ideal life; vigorous, active, efficient, also cultural, refined and intuitive. Introspection will be at a minimum, but the idea of service will be well developed. Perhaps priests will hold posts and offices other than ecclesiastical, though dedicated to God. The world may again see teacher-priests, artist-priests, healer-priests, and so on. Then will these sacred professions no longer be soiled by the unworthy, and exploited to private ends.

6. Politico-Social Aspects.—Inasmuch as religion is "not a method but a life," it cannot but react upon the government and social system of the people; but not as of old, in grasping domination of the legislative and executive system. Religion will inspire the desire and *will* for correct government and a sane social and economic system.

CONCLUSION

New Zealand's religious Dharma is to be one in which God as Beauty, God as Efficiency, God as Creative Activity will be perceived as well as the old idea of God as Love. The system will allow of big-heartedness in every way. The people will not tolerate smallness. Sin will be regarded as something foolish rather than something shameful, and corrected by teaching rather than by punishment. Intellectual appreciation and intuitive consciousness of God and spiritual things will predominate over devotion. Above all, the people will be happy. Even today there is oft shown a mocking refusal to accept the gloomy spectre of discontent. Religion and life will be as one, each permeating and infusing vitality into the other.

—NOEL S. JENKIN

III. ART: THE DANCE

Since the creation of existence man has had a natural instinct to dance. He

has had the gift of expressing his feelings by dancing, and he has always enjoyed the music and the rhythm of life the more by his being able to portray that music through the medium of his body. The dance has developed as one of the highest forms of art.

Each nation has developed a different aspect of the dance because each race of people has a different outlook on life governed by the rhythm of their national tempo. For instance, the Spanish dance bears the characteristic stamp of Spain, and is entirely different in rhythm and style from the art of, say, Java. Therefore it would seem that until that law of interpretation is understood the arts of a nation and its national life lie undeveloped and unmatured.

New Zealand is about to celebrate her Centenary as a British possession, but her history of the native race, the Maoris, runs back to Biblical days. Maori art is highly developed and follows a definite tradition, but the art of the Pakeha (white stranger) in New Zealand has lagged far behind.

One of the most beautiful of the Maori arts is that of the dance. Its tempo is very rhythmical and most artistic. The most unique development of the Maori dance is the use of the poi. This is a ball tied to the end of a string and it is swung in the most amazing and intriguing ways, always emphasizing the beats of melody which they sing as an accompaniment. The dance of the Maori is original and different because it has developed with the race and has been made manifest by the culture of an ancient people.

The Pakeha dwellers in New Zealand are descendants of European pioneers, and as yet have had no time to turn to the development of the dance. It is not nationally understood that dancing is something more than just a spectacle for an audience, that dancing is a tremendous personal experience.

Each country has its own characteristic art documenting the great adventures of its soul. Therefore, sooner or later New Zealand must strike an individual note in the development of its art. The native arts and pioneer spirit must influence the future outlook of the culture of this country.

Native dances are built upon spontaneous expression. Civilization makes a study, feels the vibrations of the force embodied, and transmutes that power into new channels, always enriching the field of technique and scope of expression. The dance of today must express the now and its problems.

The slow maturing of national art should bring the student a clearer and deeper understanding of the forces which are constantly making themselves felt, seeking to be expressed. Dance is of the spirit. It is a manifestation of the creative side of man. Only those with vision can mould together the illusive forms of movement. Through such creative movement the mortal can portray the audible rhythm of music through the visual rhythm of the dance. Thus the mortal links himself with the immortal.

—STELLA ZAHARA

IV. IN PEACE AND WAR

I wonder to how many of us it has occurred that the geographical situation of countries is something more than

mere chance. Ranges of separating mountains, intervening seas, great navigable rivers, desert boundaries, these all so admirably help to fit the lands they serve for the development of special cultures and racial qualities, that we are compelled to ask ourselves whether they are not the planned work of some over-ruling intelligence.

We must not, however, imagine that man is entirely at the mercy of geographical features; he can modify his environment, he can take more advantage of some things in it than of others. There is a constant reaction between man and Nature, and it is from this conflict that the character of people, perhaps millions of men, women and children, is born. To gain strength we must expend strength. Idleness spells weakness and death, or, worse than that, the contempt of other peoples. On the other hand, the more we do for our country, the more will she do for us.

Here we have New Zealand, cut off from the rest of the world by tumultuous ocean wastes, blessed with a mild climate and productive soil, beautiful and fresh as an ocean child should be. In its plains and hills and in the valleys of its mountains dwell two races that are blending into one by the inevitable process of absorption of one by the other.

What a mass of possibilities: Space; a young people; a beautiful productive land; a history in which misery has not coarsened us; and, perhaps most important, a wonderful age to live in. A young race is said to be rising in these islands: a young people who one day shall receive the torch of world-leadership from the declining Teutons. Here is an opportunity, or rather an incentive, to work for the betterment of our country. We can help to keep it fresh and beautiful as a home for a superior race, which, we must remember, will be child of our own.

He who gives serious thought to the harmony of design of the house he is building; whoever tries honestly to eliminate the smoke nuisance from the neighbourhood of his factory; the man or woman who develops artistic or musical faculties; the parents who try to bring up their families in freedom and happiness—all these are going far to improve New Zealand. Others, again, will be able to take their places as members of local bodies for the improvement of their districts; and all can endeavour to brighten the appearance of their homes and gardens. Beauty—not "prettiness"—is truth; and truth is evolution's twin-brother. Do we not evolve by realizing truth more fully? Therefore, if we wish to accelerate New Zealand's national evolution, we certainly can do no better than to beautify all aspects of our life—our gardens, our architecture, our educational system, the national standard of honour and morality, our brotherly feeling towards other men, and, above all, our home life.

This is the best we can do at all times to fulfil the Dharma of New Zealand, which is to make it a true home for a better race of the future.

Today we have upon us, like a tremendous thunder-storm, a war that may yet engulf a great portion of mankind. What is to happen when it is all over, and the young and the strong demand once more the right to live and expand as heretofore?

The world is stiff with friendly organizations whose avowed aims are the brotherhood and—more important—the comradeship of mankind. If such ideals can be extended and fostered, then perhaps work may be found for idle youthful hands during the awkward decades that are bound to follow this war. Work, movement, activity, physical and mental, moral and spiritual, these are the only things that will ever be able to steady youth in troubled times. If these can be provided, in sufficient quantity, and guided rightly, a real settlement of world difficulties will be reached in our time.

—ERLING JOHANSEN

V. THE SOIL

Although only a New Zealander by adoption, I think long thoughts about the possibilities of this country which seems to have so much even now.

In the belief that much comes from the soil, I would have New Zealanders work closely with it, seeing them as co-operators with the creative forces of nature. For this, too, they will become small-holders, horticulturists rather than agriculturists, and New Zealand will become not a stud-farm but the seed-farm of the Southern Hemisphere, possibly to the whole world. Already in New Zealand we grow strains of green peas which are marketed by English and Continental seed firms, and I believe and proclaim wherever possible that this is the real line of development in New Zealand, so far as soil cultivation is concerned. The larger holdings will disappear to be replaced by small farms, intensely cultivated, where nature can create the seeds of future forms. These holdings will have shelter belts of trees wherever necessary, planned and planted by provincial authorities, and not left to the whim or fancy of individual cultivators. Irrigation works will be extensive, so that the earth may yield its fullness to man.

In this basis will be built the coming civilization of New Zealand with a population of from 10 to 15 millions of people. There will be, of course, many industrial works, for the people of the future will be not merely primary producers but a self-contained nation. They will no longer export butter, wool and meat in competition with other lands, but export those things they grow which others cannot—seeds of all kinds and possibly fruits (yet to be discovered by the hybridist) which will be peculiar to New Zealand.

These New Zealanders will be markedly socialistic and co-operative in all their works, a race (as Mr. Jinarājadāsa has said) of big men and women physically, whose lives will find a simplicity that we do not possess. Because of their close contact with the soil, they will have a sense of the rhythmic creative forces of nature that will lead them to discover LIFE everywhere and hence find expression for the spirituality they will possess.

Thus will grow one of the nation-races belonging to the sixth sub-race, the intuitive counterpart of Britain in the Northern Hemisphere, and destined to be to the Southern countries what Britain is to Europe today.

—JOHN MCEWAN

A REVIEW

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—H. VEALE

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