

commandment, the Lord God will not destroy them, but will be merciful unto them; and one day they shall become a blessed people."

With the customary perversity of human nature, the practice of polygamy was for a time adopted in the face of these teachings of their own scriptures, but it would appear that the Mormons have now freed themselves from this reproach, and are endeavouring to realize their original standard.

MAORI MAGIC.

I asked the venerable old warrior as to his belief in magic. He said, "If by magic you mean a power possessed by certain inspired or instructed persons and not by the common people, I believe in it. Have you not seen a great stone broken to pieces when the priest touched it with a little wand? I have, often, and have seen the thunderstorm brought on by the incantations. Let me tell you about your famous Bishop Selwyn and the chief, Te Henheu. This great chief lived at Lake Taupo, in the centre of the North Island, and was for his birth and courage held in high respect. The bishop started off to convert the powerful Pagan noble, and reaching Taupo preached about the white man's God. 'What do I want with a God,' said Te Henheu, 'I who am myself a God? I can show you my genealogy. I am one of the Heavenly race. My ancestor was Heaven, my ancestress the Earth. I have no need of gods from over the seas.'

"The Bishop preached on. Te Henheu answered: 'I am a priest, a high priest, and high chief. My power you could not contend with, but it is sacred. See now, here is a Tohunga' (a common priest or medicine man). 'Give him a sign, show him a miracle and prove that you are greater than he.' The Tohunga stepped forward and said, 'What is your sign?' The Bishop replied, 'The religion I preach allows no outward sign; its sign is within, in the changed and purified heart of a man.'

"Pooh!" said the priest. "Can

you make this dead leaf green again?" "No" answered Selwyn "Nor any other man." Then the priest lifted the leaf, a yellow withered leaf of the Ti (cabbage tree) and flung it up a few inches in the air. It came down, green as the forest lizard. Te Henheu died unconverted. Fifty other men saw this, not I alone.—*From Maori Tales and Folk Lore by Edward Tregear, F. R. G. S.*

AT THE WICKET GATE.

Am I a total abstainer from all spirituous liquors?

Do I live a perfectly pure and chaste life?

Am I perfectly truthful, just and honest, in all my words and deeds?

Is my mind perfectly and permanently in a state of serenity, *i.e.*, have I banished from it all passion, pride, hate, malice, envy, anger, greed and craving for worldly advantages? Is my heart, in fact, at peace with itself and all the world?

Have I learned to subordinate myself to others, my own pleasure to the good of my fellows? Is my heart filled with loving kindness towards all living beings; and do I watch for opportunities of doing secret kindness to all within my reach?

Do I thoroughly realize the empty and transitory character of all earthly things, and, while zealously discharging all duties falling to my lot during my brief halt in this world, can I truly say that all my desires centre on the unseen and imperishable, and on the attainment of that higher knowledge which leads to those?—*Hints on Esoteric Theosophy.*

FREDERIC HARRISON ON RUSKIN.

British society can overlook murder, adultery or swindling—it never forgives the preaching of a new gospel.

The Ruskins and the Tolstoys, these evangelical zealots, must go their own way and deliver their souls of their own gospel. We can all see their intense earnestness and single-hearted devotion. . . . It is all very well