

most real *Imitatio Christi*." Mrs. Fausset, honouring him with graceful verses, asks if he is to be remembered as warrior or knight, and then—

How shall we think of thee?—as one who dared the winds and waves,
On Heaven's sublime discovery, and brake men's living graves;
Whose mighty mind in patience tuned its wide linguistic lore
To wake the first *Te Deum* on a Melanesian shore.

Ah! no, thy style and title owns a bearing far more bright—
The MARTYR is a grander name than hero, sage or knight;
The lofty joy was thine, afar upon the wilds to trace
The Master's life, and loftiest souls wear still the lowliest grace.



NEW ZEALAND CHIEF AND WAR CLUBS.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty,
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

—F. W. Faber.