

According to Maori notions, the children belonged more to the tribe than to their parents, who, therefore, had very little control over them; so that they grew up wild and knowing nothing of honouring their fathers and mothers. They were taught nothing, except flax-working and other household business for the girls, and shooting arrows, and spear-throwing, and canoe-paddling for the boys.

Their religion was very dark, and had nothing in it to please or win young hearts. There was a loose, dim idea of an unseen Being greater than themselves; but this faith was most clear and active about some power of evil, which they constantly feared, and did many things to please. Their religion was, indeed, chiefly one of terror and suspicion; and they knew nothing of a God who cared for them, in whose loving kindness they might put their trust.

Amongst the foolish traditions which the children learned was one to account for the spots on the moon. Perhaps you may have heard some strange stories about "The man in the moon;" for people have been foolish enough to believe that he is the man who was stoned for gathering sticks upon the Sabbath-day (Numbers xv. 32); and that he is now kept there in the moon as a warning; and that, if you look carefully you can make out his shape with a bundle of sticks on his back. If the Maori children had been asked what that was in the moon, they would have answered, "Rona." This Rona was a slave-girl, who, one moonlight night, was sent by her master to fetch some water from a brook near by. To do this she had to go down some rough steps cut in the bank, under the spreading branches of a tree called *Pokutukana*. Just as she was going down, a black cloud hid the moon. Not being able to see the steps, the girl cursed the moon in her anger. No greater crime than this could be committed by a slave against a superior. The moon was greatly offended, and stooped down from above to punish the girl. Feeling herself being lifted up by her long hair, Rona caught hold of the tree that overhung the stream. But the moon was very strong, and went on lifting, so that the girl and the tree

went up together; and there, on the face of the full moon, may be seen Rona the slave-girl, and the tree to which she clung.

[Stories of the Netherland War.]

THE WOMEN-SOLDIERS.

BY MARY BARRETT.



APTIST Plato was careful to commence his next mine a long way off. In order not to be discovered, he sunk the shaft at its entrance in the night.

Then by the help of mathematical instruments, he shaped his underground course so correctly that at length his miners found themselves directly beneath the doomed ravelin.

Here they dug out a spacious vault in a very painstaking and even elegant manner, and placed in it a great quantity of powder. Upon the third day of April they blew it up, and destroyed one angle of the ravelin. A storming party crossed the moat upon the stones and rubbish that partly filled it, but they were finally driven back.

The Spanish engineer now set about a third mine, while the soldiers on the opposite side of the city were hard at work cannonading the gate of Bois-le-Duc. Five days afterward they determined to storm both gates at once. The besieged found out the design, and made ready to receive them. Their gallant leader, an engineer named Sebastian Tappin, from Lorraine, took his stand at the gate of Bois-le-Duc, and exhorted the people to fill the now empty moat with their blood rather than yield.

A heavy storm of bullets, and all sorts of missiles, greeted the Spaniards as they rushed forward. The women threw among them balls saturated with pitch, bitumen, and gunpowder, all blazing, and wherever these hit they stuck fast. It was impossible either to extinguish the flames, or to tear them away. The stout peasants were armed with long, heavy flails, with which they dealt tremendous blows upon the heads of their struggling foes. Meanwhile an awful strife was raging at the Tongres gate.