

men the practice was rationalised by the assertion that the virtues of the deceased passed into his consumer. I make this statement on the authority of a Maori chief who continued his cannibalistic practices to the last. I quite agree with Mr. Prince that the sacramental implication never entered into any missionary's mind.

To wind up: I deny that Mr. Prince and his collaborator "have taken what the Indians *had* to give." I am now quite satisfied that they took what certain Indians *chose* to give which is quite another matter.

EDITH NARES.

CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD. With Stevenson, I hold that it is the grown person, and not the child, that is possessed of the greater imagination. But before I read his delightful essay entitled "Child's Play," I had never considered my views on the subject. In our youth "we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist." Growing older, we see more truly, and our keener imaginations strip half the landscape of this golden mist. But it adds some fine colors. In those early days our imagination went no farther than to suit our own ends. My author says—"They know more than when they were children, they understand better, their desires and sympathies answer more nimbly to the provocation of the senses, and their minds are brimming with interest as they go about the world. According to my contention this is a flight to which children cannot rise. They are wheeled in perambulators or dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor. A vague, faint, abiding wonderment possesses them."

It is this abiding wonderment, now faintly remembered, which we are apt to look back upon as the superior imagination of our childhood. And all the time we find that it was a "pleasing stupor," and "a golden mist." There was an age when we loved everything that amused us; when a volunteer in scarlet and pipe-clay meant more to us than a hero in soiled khaki; when the piety of the best of clergymen left us unmoved, and we loved him only for his comic songs, and generosity; when any and every nice looking girl possessed our hearts, and when the clown at the circus held up to our consideration nothing but his baggy knickers and painted face. Was this an age of

imagination? I think not. Perhaps, today, we are without the golden mist: But is it not better to feel our hearts stir at sight of the quiet hero; to love the parson for his broad humanity and fine life, rather than for his songs; to see one girl as a rare and desirable jewel, though we pass a thousand unnoticed; and to be able to look behind the clown's painted grin, and see in him a man, with a soul, maybe, above the painful vulgarity of his tricks. I, for one, like it better. Thus far I am with Stevenson. But on another page he says—"Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind." I do not believe, for a moment, that Stevenson in outgrowing his childhood also outgrew the devil in his bed-curtains. He says so in this one essay for the sake of his argument. The devil that frightens the child has a face, and most likely a hooked nose; and looks no worse than the picture of the witch in his book of fairy-tales. The devil that frightens the man may have, for a visage, the combined faces of an hundred enemies, and the eyes of many past dangers. Or it may have neither face nor shape. It may be Fate, or it may be Memory, or it may be unreasoning Fear—fear that a Power whose works he has seen and wondered at, may blindly kill his happiness. The man will not scream. But I venture to say that he will light his candle, and maybe his pipe, and read an hour or two out of some favorite book.

T. R.

A LETTER. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie wishes to express to the writer of the comment on some of his books in the current number of *THE KIT-BAG*, his sincere satisfaction in having found so kind a reader, and his great pleasure in so genuine an appreciation of what he has tried to do. The fact that he feels that the reader has put as much in the reading of the books as the writer put into the writing of them, does not diminish his satisfaction; since the best result of all writing is to find the right reader and persuade him or her to do your work for you.

January 19, 1903.

MUSA SEPTENTRIONES. Saith the good landlord who speaks the prologue to *Pipes of*