CHAPTER 1

THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

Into my heart a wind that kills
From yon far country blows,
What are those blue, remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain.
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

_A Shropshire Lad._

Though one of the parts of the earth best fitted for
man, New Zealand was probably about the last of
such lands occupied by the human race. The first
European to find it was a Dutch sea-captain who was looking
for something else, and who thought it a part of South America,
from which it is sundered by five thousand miles of ocean.
It takes its name from a province of Holland to which it do
bear the remotest likeness, and is usually regarded as
an antipodes of England, but is not. Taken possession of
an English navigator, whose action, at first adopted, was
reversed by his country's rulers, it was only and
at length by the English Government which did not wa
to keep it from the French who did. The Dominion's
calls the name of a famous British commander, whose
connection with the country was a flat refusal to a
adding it to the Empire. Some of the chief New Ze
settlements were founded by Church associations; but
Dominion's education system has long been purely sec
From the first those who governed the Islands labored
earnestly to preserve and benefit the native race, and
the whole the treatment extended to them has been just
often generous—yet the wars with them were long, obsti

*At-Tau-Roa, the Maori name of New Zealand.*