



NEW ZEALAND.—EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

The School Journal.

PART I.—FOR CLASSES I AND II.

At least one copy of each Part should be filed in the school as a School Record.

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1916 Quote

DORA'S DANGER.

Dora turned her toy-book over—

Pictures, pictures everywhere.

First a wolf and then a camel,

Then a tiger, then a bear.

Dora's eyes were widely open;

"My!" said she, "how gross they look!

But I don't think I should mind them

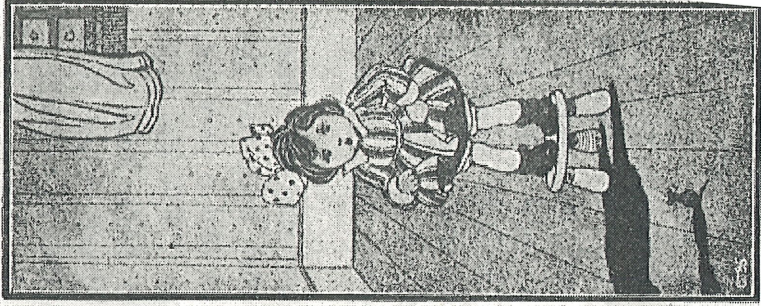
If they sprang out of my book.

"I should like to take a journey

Through the country where they live,

And I'd say, 'Now do be gentle,'

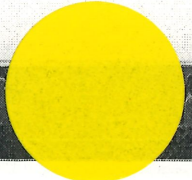
While a friendly pat I give.



(New Zealand Education Department, 1916: 13)

Approved. 2003

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THE LION CUB.

In the forest they pounce and play,
 A lion mother and lion child.
 They have left their den at the end of day
 To romp in the tangled forest wild.

The lion cub is of tawny hue;
 His mother trains him with cuff or pat.
 The furry cub has a kitten's mew;
 The mother purrs like a monster cat.

The lion cub like a kitten springs
 On padded paws, dancing soft and light;
 He bites the tail that his mother swings
 While she nibbles the bone she left last night.

"Dear cub, might I tame you and play with
 you?
 I would love you more than a mastiff pup."
 "And I would love you till I larger grew—
 Then I'd claw you, and gnaw you, and eat
 you up!"

—MARY COLBORNE-VEEL.

THE COMING OF THE MAORIS.

PART I.

Long ago and long ago, New Zealand was
 a land of great trees and bright flowers.
 Birds flew about and sang, or swam on the
 lovely lakes and rivers. One bird stalked
 like a giant on long legs through the bush

and over the hills. Whales played in the
 near seas; and seals that had no fear, because
 they had never been hunted, lay out on the
 rocks and were happy in the sun.

There was no man to hunt the seals, or
 to follow the giant bird, or to catch the big
 eels in the rivers, or to call the trees and
 flowers by the names we know. Not one
 man had ever seen New Zealand, where so
 many men live now. Years and years went
 by; still this lovely land lay waiting, like
 an empty playground before any children
 come to it to play.

Then at last, from over the sea, there
 came the Maoris. And what land did the
 Maoris come from? Let us find a very old,
 wise chief, and say to him, "Tell the little
 boys and girls about the days long ago.
 Tell them how the first Maoris found New
 Zealand." This is the story that he will tell:—

"Long ago and long ago, before I was
 born—or my father, or my father's father—
 all the Maoris lived in a fair land they called
 Ha-wai-ki. Where was the land? Ah! how
 can I tell you? The Maoris have forgotten.
 Only the white men say, 'Lo, it was here,'
 or, 'It was there.' Wait, then, my children,
 until you are many standards older. Then
 the white men will tell you, in wise, long
 words, all they know about days of old.

"We know that Ha-wai-ki was a warm land, where the sun always shone, and the fruit was always ripe, and many good things grew that are not seen in New Zealand. From Ha-wai-ki many big canoes went sailing amongst the islands in the South Seas. The Maoris were very clever then, and could build very strong canoes, fit to sail in wind and storm.

"Once two Maoris, called Kupe and Ngahue, went sailing farther than any canoe had gone before. Each went in his own canoe, with men to row or to set the sails; and with Kupe went his wife, and two daughters, named Matiu and Makaro.

"Far they went, and far they went. Kupe's wife said, 'Shall we ever reach home again?' Kupe's daughters said, 'Father, is there no end to this sea?' But Kupe and Ngahue said, 'We have gone so far, let us not turn back yet. Let us sail on until we come to some strange land.'

"So it was that the two canoes came to New Zealand. Kupe and Ngahue were the first men to step on shore. Matiu and Makaro were quick to follow them. They found no men, no houses, no smoke of any fire. It was an empty land, and yet a green, rich land. Soon they caught some eels for dinner, and cooked some fat pigeons as well.

Soon they hunted a great moa, and said, 'One bird gives meat for a tribe!'

"They sailed along the North Island coast, and they sailed round the South Island. Then the two chiefs took flowers, and birds, and greenstone, and feathers, and dried meat of the moa, and the canoes sailed back many days over the sea, till they came to Ha-wai-ki.

"For many years, men in Ha-wai-ki would talk of the strange far land that Kupe found; but still no canoe went so far again. The story of New Zealand—of 'Aotearoa,' as Kupe called it—became like a dream, or like a fairy-tale told to children round the fire.

"Yet, after a time—how long ago I cannot say—there were men, and children, and houses, and fires in Aotearoa. Three boats were blown there from another island, carrying men who were not Maoris, but lazy, stupid people, with flat noses and very dark skins. These people stayed in New Zealand, and spread from place to place, hunting the moa, and eating the fish and the fern-root. I must tell you how the next real Maoris came, and found these people here.

"One day, in Ha-wai-ki, the young men and boys were on the water, having races between their canoes. A storm came up and blew them out to sea. Some came back,

Anonymous.