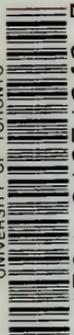


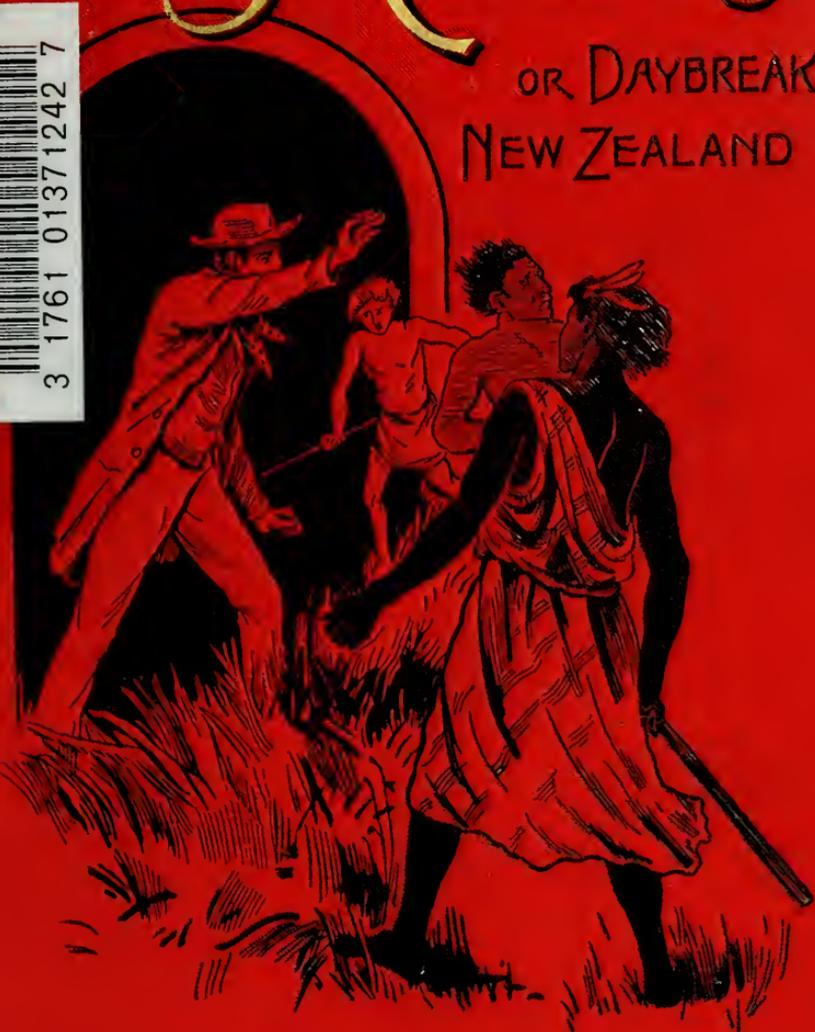
# Among the Maoris

OR DAYBREAK IN  
NEW ZEALAND

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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BY

JESSE PAGE

J. B. [unclear]





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“STAND BACK! I HAVE FISH-HOOKS.”

# AMONG THE MAORIS

OR

## Daybreak in New Zealand

*A RECORD OF THE LABOURS OF SAMUEL MARSDEN,  
BISHOP SELWYN, AND OTHERS*

BY

JESSE PAGE

AUTHOR OF "AMID GREENLAND SNOWS;" "HENRY MARTYN," ETC.

~~~~~  
Another record of what Christ can do,  
The miracle of grace in heathen lands,  
How faithful witnesses to duty true,  
Went forth for Him, their lives within their hands,  
Counting His smile their gain, all else but loss,  
So they might point poor sinners to the Cross.  
~~~~~

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## P R E F A C E.

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WHEN Macaulay depicted the New Zealander some day sitting on the ruins of London Bridge, to meditate upon the mouldering relics of St. Paul's, he clearly anticipated for that intelligent native a future he was never to see. For the Maori race is a fast vanishing quantity, and long before old age sets in upon the Thames, the tattooed original of New Zealand will have become as rare as the dodo.

To many, this rapid declension of a fine race will be a source of regret; to still more it will bring keener disappointment to remember that its extinction, which some think inevitable, has been hastened by a policy hardly creditable to the English people. In taking up any historical thread in the past of New Zealand, it is extremely difficult to avoid an extended reference to the political situation, and those movements of arms and diplomacy which have been inextricably

woven with the religious question. Throughout the story of the Maori war, the wild patriotism of the native Royalists, the flicker of their temporary success against the English, the final crash and darkness of their subjugation, and their subsequent retreat and demoralisation—all this has been told, and is, indeed, a recital of vivid and pathetic interest.

But the purpose of this present work is with the religious aspect of New Zealand almost exclusively, and to reproduce from a past of less than a century, some scenes of early labour for Christ, and the labourers themselves. Amongst these, two figures stand out in bold relief—Samuel Marsden, the pioneer missionary, and George Augustus Selwyn, the first Bishop.

It is surprising how little is said about Marsden in the plentiful mention of missionaries now-a-days. Such a man ought not to be forgotten. To him we owe the establishment of Christianity in New Zealand; indeed, to his wisdom and work are we indebted for the colony itself. A study of his character will easily show that he was not a man to become very popular. He had the ungentle faculty of calling a spade a spade, and denounced, like all the prophets do in every age, the wickedness of worldliness. Like Henry Martyn in India, so Samuel Marsden in Sydney soon found his foes were of his own household, and that officialism, lay and cleric, was affronted by the faithful rebukes of an uncompromising zeal. This man was no trimmer; he had not learnt those arts of worldly-wise navigation which sails between loyalty to God and communion with the devil. He made enemies, and

one can only regret that he spent so much time and money in defending his character in the courts. In common with all pioneer missionaries he trusted the natives, and stood up manfully for their just rights in the face of his own countrymen. Selwyn, who followed him, took up the same honourable line of conduct. There was a massive simplicity about the character of Marsden; he believed in God and the Bible, and found the grand old evangelical doctrines of Christianity quite enough for his work in preaching salvation to sinners. One cannot help loving him for his humility, as evidenced on one occasion when discovering, in the memoirs of his friend, Dr. Mason Good, some pages speaking highly of his own work at Paramatta: he would not allow it to be read in his house until he had cut out the portion devoted to his own praise.

He sowed the seed in the yet untilled ground, and lived to see much fruit in the conversion of the natives; and with his catholic spirit he rejoiced that not only Churchmen but Christians of other communions were also reaping the benefit of his toil.

Of Bishop Selwyn there is not need for many words; not that he was not worthy, but because he belongs to our own time, and the story of his noble and apostolic ministry is still fresh in the annals of his Church and country. Those who have studied the life of Bishop Patteson will not be surprised that he and Selwyn should have been such close and sympathetic friends. The work of the first Bishop of New Zealand remains to this day in a thriving and earnest Colonial Church, and ministers, who

are stimulated by his example to conceive a high estimate of their responsibility to God and man.

It only remains for me to express my obligations to the Church Missionary Society for again giving me every assistance in the preparation for this work, and to mention, for the guidance of any who would like to pursue the subject more fully, the following volumes as reference works, viz.:—"Memoirs of Rev. Samuel Marsden," edited by Rev. J. B. Marsden (Religious Tract Society); "The Story of New Zealand," by Dr. A. S. Thomson (John Murray); "Christianity among the New Zealanders," by the Bishop of Waiapu (Seeley); "Life of Bishop Selwyn," by Rev. W. H. Tucker (Seeley); "New Zealand," by William Gisborne (Petherick); "New Zealand, Past and Present," by Rev. Richard Taylor (Macintosh); "The Maori King," by J. E. Gorst (Macmillan); "Maori," by Captain Johnston (Chapman & Hall); "Nation Making," by J. C. Firth (Longman); "Our Last Year in New Zealand," by Bishop Cowie (Kegan Paul); Yate's "New Zealand" (Seeley); and "Conquests of the Cross" (Cassell).

And now, gentle reader, let me ope the door of my book and introduce you to two good men and true, from whose company, I trust, you may receive the same stimulus, profit, and pleasure which have been vouchsafed to me.

JESSE PAGE.



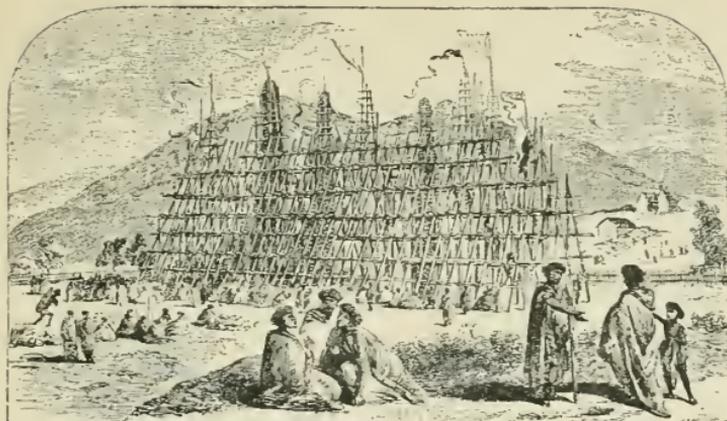
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# AMONG THE MAORIS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### DISCOVERY AND EARLY HISTORY.

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world’s light ;  
Look unto Me ; thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.”

**I**N the olden days, when stately Spanish galleons sailed the sea, a Dutch admiral, Tasman by name, first sighted from the deck of his good ship *Heemskirk* the land about which these pages tell. He had sailed from Batavia with two ships on a voyage of discovery, and on the 18th of September, 1642, cast his anchor in a quiet bay not far from where the beautiful and prosperous city of Nelson now stands. Although some have claimed for Juan Fernandez and Magellan the credit of the discovery, there is now little doubt about that honour being rightly attributed to the Dutchman, whose name is

still associated with the country under the title of Tasmania. He looked eagerly for signs of human beings, and presently saw two canoes leaving the shores for his ships. As they drew near he noticed their manly physique, and one of the party hailed him with discordant sounds from a huge trumpet. Nothing, however, could overcome the timidity of these savages; every effort to barter was useless. But, finally, by dint of much persuasion, two or three of the natives climbed the side of the *Heemskirk* with fear and trembling. The Dutchmen, scarcely less distrustful of the consequences, warned their fellows of danger, and quickly a panic ensued; the boat passing between the ships was attacked by the canoes, and three men were dispatched by their tomahawks. Fearing further mischief, Tasman weighed anchor and prepared to sail away, when twenty-two canoes came towards the vessels, whether with hostile intentions it is difficult to say, but they were promptly met with a broadside which killed some of the men and frightened the others into hasty retreat. Significantly naming the place Massacre Bay, the discoverer passed round the North Cape, which he called Maria van Dieman, where again he attempted to land; there, however, he saw, or thought he saw, natives of immense size striding along the shore with big clubs in their hands, so with a terrible story to tell, he steered his ships back to the Indies.

Australia had already been discovered by De Quiros, who gave it the fanciful name of *Quira Australis del Espirita Santo*, or the Southern Land of the Holy Spirit, and Tasman did not know that the land to which he gave his name was an island, but concluded it must be a part of the mainland of Australia.

Nothing seems to have been heard of the newly discovered country until our own Captain Cook in the year 1769, nearly a century later, reached the place, and was the first European to set his foot upon its shores. He had been commissioned to voyage in the Southern Hemisphere to make special observations of the transit of Venus over the sun ; but his love of discovery led him to pay more attention to



CAPTAIN COOK.

terrestrial than celestial matters. He was not impressed, however, with the appearance of the land upon which for the first time he stood, and called it Poverty Bay ; but passing afterwards among the islands of the Western Cape, he managed to get into familiar intercourse with the natives, and discovered the beauty and value of their country.

He seems to have acted with needless severity in

punishing these poor, ignorant people for their misdeeds, and much bloodshed followed upon his high-handed treatment of natives caught pilfering, or otherwise making themselves offensive to the white men. One instance will suffice. Lieutenant Gore fired from the ship's deck at a New Zealander in his canoe who had defrauded him of a piece of calico. In the excitement of paddling to escape the injury done by the musket, it was not noticed by the natives in the canoe, although detected by Mr. Gore from the ship's deck, that Maru-tu-ahu (the man shot) had scarcely altered his position. When the canoe reached the shore the natives found their comrade sitting dead on the stolen calico, which was stained with his life's blood, the ball having entered his back. Several chiefs investigated the affair, and declared Maru-tu-ahu deserved his fate, that he stole, and was killed for so doing, and that his life-blood should not be avenged on the strangers. Seeing, however, that Maru-tu-ahu paid for the calico with his life, it was not taken away from him, but was wrapped round his body as a winding-sheet. Singular to relate, Captain Cook landed soon after the murder, and traded as if nothing had happened. The question naturally arises: Would Cook's crew have acted in the magnanimous spirit which these natives had evinced if one of their number had been as ruthlessly killed? When he left he had not lost a single man at the hands of these wild men; he had traded with them very successfully, and had introduced to them pork and potatoes as articles of food.

As his vessel, *The Endeavour*, passed away, a French ship arrived in Doubtless Bay, with De Surville and a large crew. The natives received them with kindly welcome, and during a violent storm

cared for their sick in a village on shore. A suspicion however fell upon one of the chiefs as to the theft of a boat, he was enticed on board, put in irons, and died of a broken heart eight days afterwards. In common with all savage races, the spirit of retaliation was strong in the natives, and, greatly incensed at the cruel injustice of De Surville, they waited their time for taking revenge. The opportunity did not arise for three years, when another French discoverer, Marion du Fresne by name, reached the Bay of Islands, and was delighted with the apparent friendliness of the people. The strangers were soon ashore, and lived a free and careless life in the villages. One day, when Marion returned to his ship, the natives decorated his head with four white feathers, much to his gratification. Two days afterwards, he and sixteen officers went with a friendly chief on a fishing expedition, and were never seen again. A survivor related how the whole party, with the exception of himself, had been killed and eaten. A terrible attack upon the natives was the consequence—hundreds were slaughtered, and those found walking about in the dresses of the murdered sailors, were specially marked for death. Crozel, the second in command of the French boat, who led the expedition away from such dreadful associations, called the place, “‘The Bay of Treachery,’ for,” said he, “they treated us with every show of friendship for thirty-three days, with the intention of eating us on the thirty-fourth.”

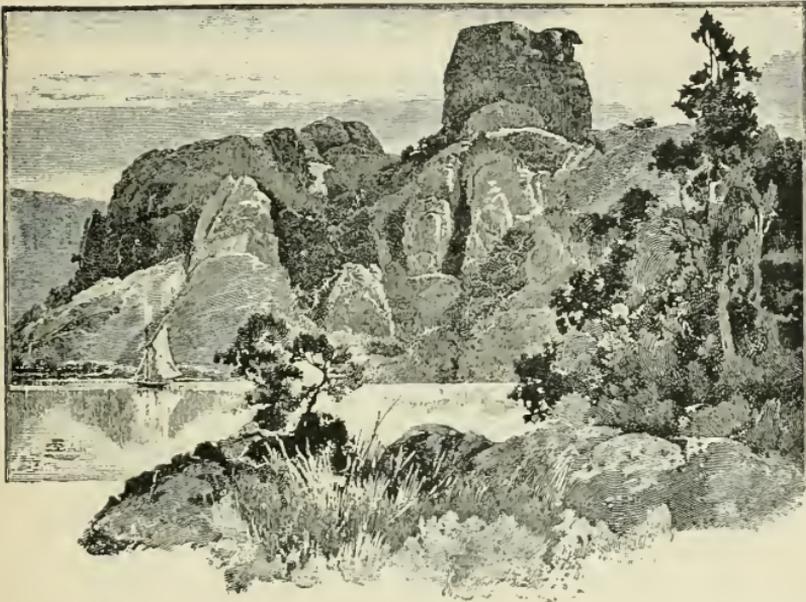
Many years afterwards, however, quite another version of the affair was gathered from the conversation of some old New Zealanders round a fire. Says the narrator: “I awoke one night, and hearing the name of Marion mentioned, I pretended to sleep, and listened to the conversation. From many words, I

gathered that, long ago, two vessels commanded by Marion visited the Bay of Islands, and that a strong friendship sprang up between both races, and that they planted the garlic which flavours the milk, butter, and flesh of cows fed in that district. Before the Wewis, as the French are now called, departed, they violated the sacred places, cooked food with tapued (sacred) wood and put the chiefs in irons; that, in revenge, their ancestors killed Marion and several of his crew, and in the same spirit the French burned villages and shot many New Zealanders."

On Captain Cook's return to New Zealand in 1774, other collisions with the natives followed, and when the news reached Europe of the savagery and cannibalism of the newly discovered country, its people became a byword of horror. Benjamin Franklin urged that a ship should be sent filled with useful articles to barter with them, but this object could not be accomplished, for even sailors sick with scurvy or dying of thirst could not be persuaded to approach a coast where such a dreadful people dwelt.

When Admiral D'Entrecasteaux visited the coast in 1793, he was so terrified at the prospect of meeting with the natives, that he would not permit a naturalist who was on board to secure some specimens of the flax, which, from the mats already taken to Europe, was proved to be of such fine quality. What, however, the French were too fearful to obtain, the English in the same year found a method of securing. A colony had been formed in Norfolk Island in 1789, and the settlers were delighted to see the flax plant growing luxuriantly, but they found it impossible to weave the material with the same ingenuity as shown in the New Zealand mats. So they kidnapped two of the natives from the coast, but found to their dis-

may that one was a chief and the other a priest; neither professed to know anything about the weaving, which they contemptuously described as "woman's work." They were consequently sent back to their homes loaded with presents, the most valuable of these being some pigs and maize, and, as a result, the natives treated Captain King, the governor of Norfolk Island, and his men with



SCENE OF THE "BOYD" MASSACRE.

great hospitality. After this the prejudice against the New Zealanders began to abate, and many fishermen visiting Cook's Strait, Queen Charlotte Sound, Dusky Bay, Mount Cook, and other haunts of the whale, made acquaintance with the people on shore, and even left their ships, to settle down permanently with the natives. One of these, a sailor youth named Bruce, suffered himself to be tattooed, and married the daughter of a chief, but

through the unscrupulous conduct of his own countrymen, he came to a melancholy end.

A strong desire to know something of the land from which the white men came, tempted several New Zealanders to visit England. A chief named Mohanger came in 1805, Matara in 1807, and Ruatera in 1809; the latter was a very intelligent man, who afterwards became a useful worker with the missionaries, and was one of the first fruits of Christianity in New Zealand. But in 1809, just as confidence was beginning to be established, it received a severe shock by the tidings of the massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Boyd*. She had on board the son of a Wangaroa chief named Tarra, and because he was ill and could not work, the captain treated him with brutal severity, and twice flogged him at the gangway. He bore the injury in silence, but when once ashore he hastened to his tribe and showed them his scarified back while he recounted his wrongs. The revenge was awful; the whole of the crew were allowed on shore and then killed and eaten, one boy alone being spared who had shown to Tarra some trifling kindness when in his sufferings. This shocking conduct was in turn speedily avenged, unhappily not upon the guilty but upon an unoffending people who had been no party to the massacre. Five whaling ships landed armed men in the Bay of Islands, burnt a large native village to the ground, killing every human being, young or old, including the friendly chief Te Pahi, who had hitherto been very kind to the English.

This terrible occurrence awakened a strong feeling of animosity in Europe against the New Zealanders, and the traders openly employed any means, fair or foul, for their destruction. It became war to the

knife on either side ; every vessel nearing the coast shot down like partridges the natives who clustered on the beach, and in return ship after ship wrecked on the shore had its crew murdered and eaten.

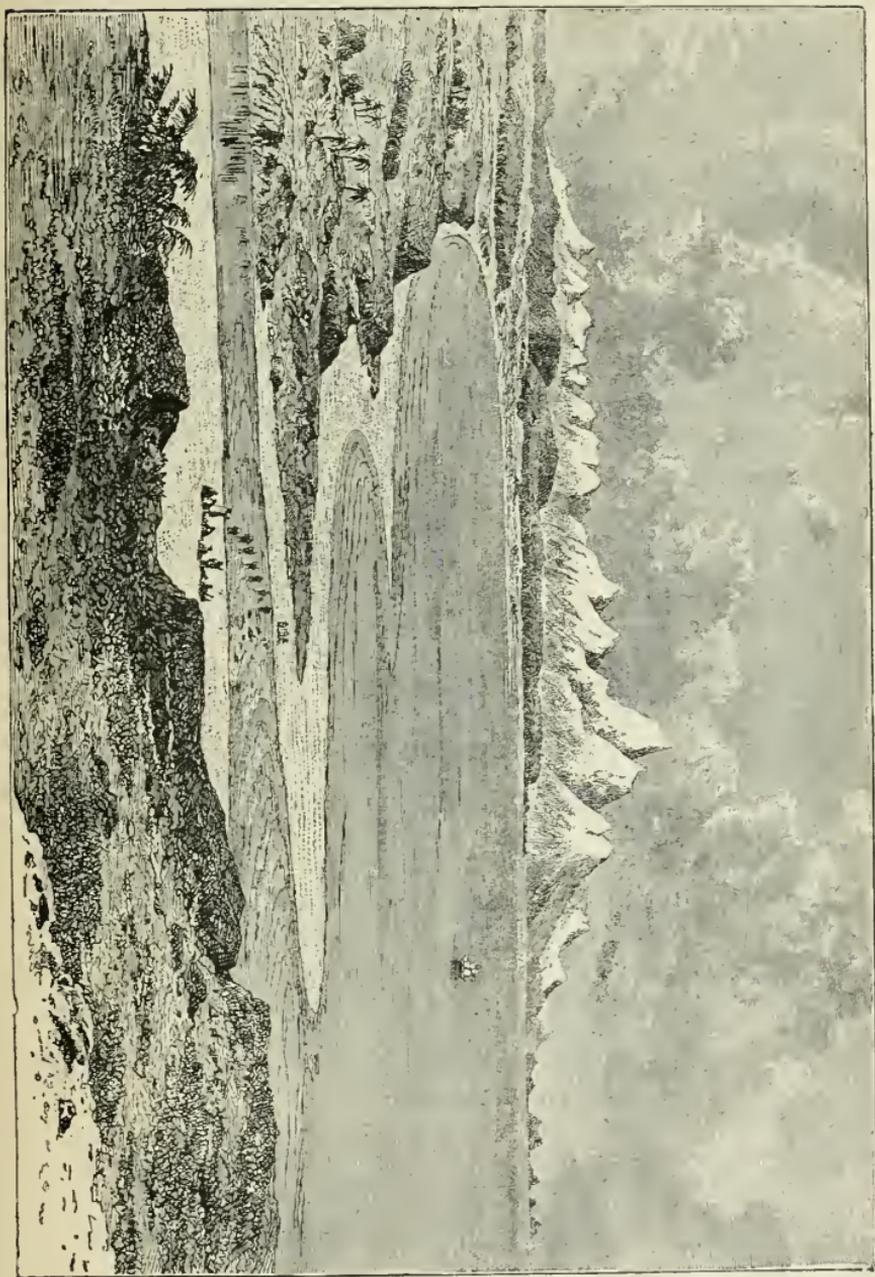
How long this disastrous spirit would have continued it is impossible to say, but a change was brought about in the situation by the introduction of gunpowder and firearms to the natives. A distinguished and brave New Zealand chief in 1820, Hongi by name, came with a missionary to England and was of great assistance in compiling the first grammar of his language. George IV. gave him audience and many presents, and, filled with exciting stories of Napoleon's battles and the military prestige and weapons of the English, he returned to his native country, nominally a Christian, and rich in gifts. On landing at Sydney he heard of the death of his son-in-law in a tribal fight, and this completely changed him. Consumed with grief and a desire to avenge his death he sold off all his presents to buy 300 European muskets, and fitting out a fleet of canoes he made war upon the offending tribe. The use of firearms gave him a speedy victory, slaughter and cruelty abounded, as he laid waste the country, and when he returned to the Bay of Islands it was with a host of slaves. His enemies now saw that at any cost they also must obtain the deadly weapons of the white man, and in his subsequent battles Hongi soon found it necessary to wear a suit of steel armour which had been given him by the English king. But a bullet found him at length, and he lingered long, mortally wounded. At last, decked out in his war array, grasping the instruments of destruction which had stood him in such good stead, Hongi died in his tent, urging his followers, however, not to harm the missionaries, "for" said he, "they

have done good, and not done harm." Thus died a man who was the Napoleon of New Zealand, save that his genius for bloodshed was directed against his own countrymen. He also had many estimable qualities, a high sense of honour and a tender heart, and no insult would provoke him to take the life of a European. But when on the war-path and his savage nature was inflamed, he displayed that utmost disregard for human life which characterises the Maori.

In due time the natives and Europeans were brought in closer contact commercially, the former being anxious to possess firearms, the latter ready to take advantage of their willingness to barter. The natives became anxious to possess European commodities. The introduction of tobacco had made a brisk trade in the weed, and the height of ambition in the New Zealand mind was to walk about with a pipe and to dress himself in the second-hand calico garments of the white man. Contact with Europeans, and those of a very inferior order, soon began to tell upon the native character, and their simple confidence in the traders having so often been betrayed, they conspired with equal treachery to outdo their unprincipled visitors.

But the most fearful result of the new order of warfare was the increase of tribal bloodshed. The example of Hongi was soon repeated, and masses of natives were involved in bitter and cruel strife. They had firearms now to supplement their savage weapons and tactics, and in some cases the white men were ready to offer their services. The most terrible conflict was that between Te-Whero-Whero, chief of the Waikato nation, and Pomare and Kawiti, leaders of the Ngapuhi warriors, in which no quarter was given, and even prisoners were all killed after the battles.

THE ALPS OF THE SOUTH AND COOK'S STRAIT.





Such disastrous fights could not long continue ; the bullet had soon filled the land with limping sufferers who had survived, and as the use of firearms became more common the people began to hesitate before they entered upon a struggle which so exhausted both victor and vanquished.

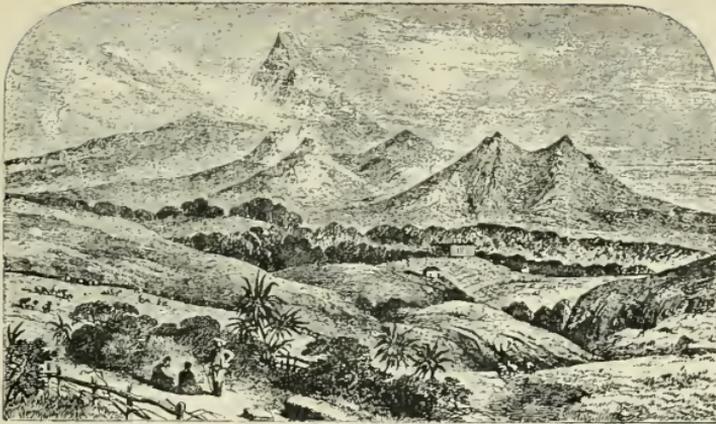
About this time there was a class of men mixing with the Maoris (a name signifying "native"), known as Pakeha Maoris, a term which meant "strangers turned into natives." These were Europeans, mostly whalers, who had voluntarily left their ships and settled down into savage life, suffering the painful ordeal of the tattoo, and in all respects living as the natives. For some years the aborigines treated these visitors with scant respect, seeing that they came amongst them for selfish motives only, the Maoris compelling them to become their slaves. So hard was their lot under this bondage, that several of them, who were convicts, and who had escaped into the bush from Botany Bay, were glad to escape and ask for their chains again, after such a life with the natives. In the course of a few years it was found that these Pakeha Maoris would be serviceable in their trading with the settlers, and some who took advantage of this to make themselves of great importance rose to the position of chiefs. They in turn tyrannised over their captors, and held high revel with whisky and scores of retainers as kings among savages.

Again, however, the tide of popularity left them when at Auckland, Wellington, and Taranaki, the natives found out that they could trade better direct with the white men, who were evidently of a class far superior to these Pakeha Maoris. Henceforth these degraded men, who had renounced all the decencies of civilisation, to say nothing of Christianity, became

an unemployed and vagrant class, and gradually died out. In 1840 every tribe had its white savage, but from 150 the number fell to 10 in 1853, and while, of course, half castes abound to-day, not one of the original Pakeha Maoris exists. Travellers passing far inland up the Wangani river have found an old copy of Shakespeare, a classical dictionary, and by a grave on the Mokau river was picked up a tattered and stained English prayer-book. As these men preceded the missionary in the island, it may be asked how far they influenced the natives for good. Their self-imposed savagery had, of course, a brutalising effect on themselves, but it is only fair to record that in many cases they taught the natives to trust the white men and cultivate the employments of industry and peace instead of preying on each other in tribal wars.

But before the Gospel had come to New Zealand, in the darkness of heathen night the people unconsciously waited the rising of a better dawn. An eye-witness, speaking of such a time, says: "We cannot well picture to ourselves a race of men more savage and debased, more strongly bound with an age-riveted chain than they were. Killing was literally no murder, and man regarded his fellowman as his proper food, which he was justified in using whenever it could be procured. Hence wars never ceased; murders, rapine, and wrong were of constant occurrence. And this was not only the case with tribes, but even with families."

Surely if ever a nation needed Christ it was this people, and the time drew near when the great Master of the vineyard of this world would call one of His servants to go forth thither and sow the seed of His kingdom.



## CHAPTER II.

### MARSDEN GOES FORTH.

“Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them !  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;  
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them ;  
Now they go to free the slaves ;  
Be Thou with them ! Be Thou with them !  
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves !”

THE man who was the pioneer of Christianity to the Maoris was the son of a blacksmith. He was a Yorkshire lad, born at Horsforth, near Leeds, on the 28th of July, 1764, and was brought up under the fostering care of good old-fashioned Methodism. In due time, however, it was found out that he had not only the desire to become a minister, but showed certain gifts for the office ; so, after his youth had been spent at the Free Grammar School of Hull, he was selected by the Elland Society to go to Cambridge and prepare himself for holy orders.

Little is known of his student life at St. John's, but one who was his lifelong friend, Dr. Mason Good,

said of Marsden at that time: "Young as he was he was remarkable for firmness of principle, an intrepidity of spirit, a suavity of manner, a strong judgment, and above all, a mind stored with knowledge, and deeply impressed with religious truth, which promised the happiest results." He seems from the earliest to have had a deep desire to minister to the spiritual wants of the heathen, and the news which had from time to time come to his ears of Australia and New Zealand led his thoughts in that direction with yearning for work.

It was, therefore, a welcome surprise for him to find that through the influence of Mr. Simeon at Cambridge, and Wilberforce in London, he was appointed by the Government on the 1st of January, 1793, as second chaplain of the settlement then known as "His Majesty's territory of New South Wales." A singularly modest man, he accepted the position with some misgivings as to his merit. He was "sensible of the importance of the post, so sensible, indeed, that he hardly dared to accept it on any terms; but if no more proper person could be found, he would consent to undertake it." This important step being finally arranged, he settled another, which was scarcely of less consequence, by marrying Miss Elizabeth Tristan, the devoted wife of forty-two future years. It is related that during his honeymoon he was officiating in a church, when, just as he was entering the pulpit, the gun was fired from the ship to summon him on board; he immediately left the church with his bride on his arm, the whole congregation following him to the shore, and waving their farewells and good wishes as the boat took him and Mrs. Marsden away. He soon found that being on shipboard was a very disagreeable experience; not

only was he terribly ill with sea-sickness, but, what was even more distressing to him, those on board the ship—officers, crew, and pensioners—were utterly wicked. He writes, doubtless with a shaky hand and under depressed feelings, the following in his journal of the first day:—“This morning we weighed anchor with a fair wind, and have sailed well all day. How different this Sabbath is from what I have been accustomed to! Once I could meet the people of God and assemble with them in the House of Prayer, but now am I deprived of this valuable privilege, and instead of living amongst those who love to serve the Lord Jesus, spending the Sabbath in prayer and praise, I hear nothing but oaths and blasphemies. Lord, keep me in the midst of these, and grant that I may neither in word nor deed countenance their wicked practices.”

England was then involved in war with France, and Marsden's ship, with a number of others, proceeded under care of a man-of-war. For a long time he could not persuade the captain to grant him permission to preach to the crew; he asserted that he had never seen a religious sailor, but on the second Sunday in October, having been nearly three months at sea, he makes an entry in his diary with much thanksgiving:—

“I arose this morning with a great desire to preach to the ship's company, yet did not know how I should be able to accomplish my wish. We were now four ships in company. Our captain had invited the captains belonging to the other three to dine with us to-day. As soon as they came on board I mentioned my designs to one of them, who immediately complied with my wish, and said he would mention it to our captain, which he did, and preparations were made for me to preach. I read part of the Church prayers, and

afterwards preached from the 3rd chapter of St. John, the 14th and 15th verses: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,' etc. The sailors stood on the main deck, I and the four captains on the quarter deck; they were attentive, and the good effects were apparent during the remainder of the day."

But the daring unrighteousness of his surroundings weighed heavily on the heart of Samuel Marsden. It seemed as if their hearts were as the nether millstone; and it was already a foretaste of the heathenish spirit which he was destined to meet: His godly wife was his constant solace and helper, and in the quiet of his cabin with his Bible on his knee, he would find refreshment in the green pastures and by the still waters of the Word of God. He also found a great encouragement in reading the life of David Brainerd; and this missionary's story of his trials among the North American Indians gave keen edge to his desire to go in like manner to the heathen in the Southern Seas. In truth, he had heathen enough for the present on shipboard. "I am surrounded," he says, "with evil-disposed persons—thieves, adulterers, and blasphemers. May God keep me from evil, that I may not be tainted by the evil practices of those among whom I live." That he spoke fearlessly and faithfully to these men about their sins, there can be no doubt; the long voyage of nine months giving him ample opportunity of declaring to these hardened sailors and convicts the whole counsel of God.

When at last, on the 2nd day of March, 1794, a hundred years ago, he stepped on the shore of Australia for the first time, it was with a full heart, praising God for his preservation thus far. He was quartered in the barracks of Paramatta, near Port Jackson, and found himself in charge of the very

refuse of England, a convict establishment without any of the humane accompaniments of such places in these days. He makes the following note in his diary about his first Sunday there:—"Saw several persons at work as I went along, to whom I spoke and warned them of the evil of Sabbath breaking. My mind was deeply affected with the wickedness I beheld going on. I spoke from the 6th chapter of Revelation: 'Behold the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?' As I was returning home a young man followed me into the wood, and told me that he was distressed for the salvation of his soul. He seemed to manifest the strongest marks of contrition and to be truly awakened to a sense of his danger. I hope the Lord will have many souls in this place." The senior chaplain soon afterwards gave up the work and sailed home, leaving Marsden alone to cope with the immense responsibilities of the position.

In order to fully understand the work he had to perform, and what had led to the present settlement, it is necessary to glance backward to the earlier days of Botany Bay. When Sir Joseph Banks, who had been with Captain Cook to the island, proposed in 1788 the establishing of a penal settlement on the shores of Australia, the project was treated with contemptuous scorn. It was objected to on the ground of a wasteful expense, for anticipations were freely indulged in of the whole colony becoming food for the hungry Maori. In due time, however, the first fleet of convict ships set sail with a small military force, and, amid the wilderness of Port Jackson, Governor Philips unfurled the English flag, and the first rude habitations were built upon the spot destined to become the beautiful city of Sydney.

But the civilisation which had been introduced to this distant field was of the most degraded kind, the vilest denizens of the vile prisons of Europe brought to their new home all the wicked practices and the unchecked brutality of their lives. Many of them obtained tickets of leave, and settling down made money fast, and soon a rough and corrupt state of society was established, where both master and men were of the same criminal class, and connived in the wrong-doings of each other. The administration of the law was, under such conditions, a matter of great difficulty, and if the crimes were many, the dreadful punishments adjudged to carry terror into the hearts of evil doers were vindictively severe.

In the midst of such a state of things Samuel Marsden came, not only to be the sole representative of religion, but speedily to be elected to the difficult position of magistrate. Such a dual position must in any case seriously impair the usefulness of a chaplain; but it should be remembered that he was a Government servant, and as such had to be responsible for the authority of the law being regarded with respect. His new office soon brought him into conflict with the governor and his fellow-magistrates; he courageously opposed their extreme severity, and his own high-spirited and energetic temperament provoked collisions which spread slander and persecution in the colony, and even as far as England. For years he endured the most spiteful opposition, and in some cases had to vindicate his character by an appeal to courts of law. In addition to these discouragements he had to suffer domestic bereavement of peculiar bitterness. His little first-born son of two years had fallen out of his mother's arms while travelling over the rough country in a gig and was

killed. A short time afterwards his remaining child was left at home during one of their journeys, so that a like fate might not happen to him, when by the carelessness of a servant the child was scalded to death. It is said that he bore this double calamity with "calm and even dignified submission, for he was a man who said little, though he felt much." The ploughshare of suffering had cut very deep in the heart of this man, and he learnt thus early in his career to have a sympathy with all who are weary and heavy laden.

In the year 1801 he addressed to the London Missionary Society a memorandum on the prospects of mission work in Tahiti and the islands of the South Seas, and his suggestions as to the proper requisites of a missionary, and the best methods to ensure success, are of much interest. He had already begun to look farther afield than the sphere of his chaplaincy, and yearned to preach the Gospel to the people in the lands afar off. Especially had his heart gone forth to New Zealand. From time to time Maoris had crossed the sea to visit the white settlement at New South Wales, and these visits had awakened a remarkable interest in the mind of the convict chaplain. He bade them welcome to his house, talked with them about their country, and soon it became known to all natives who came, that Marsden was their friend and would give them counsel and protection.

"My father had sometimes," writes one of his daughters, "as many as thirty New Zealanders staying at the Parsonage. He possessed extraordinary influence over them. On one occasion a young lad, the nephew of a chief, died, and his uncle immediately made preparations to sacrifice a slave to attend his

spirit in the other world. Mr. Marsden was from home at the moment, and his family were only able to preserve the life of the young New Zealander by hiding him in one of their rooms. Mr. Marsden no sooner returned and reasoned with the chief than he consented to spare his life. No further attempt was made upon it, though the uncle frequently deplored his nephew had no attendant in the next world, and seemed afraid to return to New Zealand lest the father of the young man should reproach him for having given up this, to them, important point."

Marsden determined to lay the whole question of a special mission to New Zealand before the Church Missionary Society at home, and returned to England in 1807, on board the *Buffalo*, an old merchant vessel which narrowly escaped going to the bottom.

He stayed in England two years, and during this time he laid before the Committee of the Society the whole case of the New Zealand field. He urged them to adopt the policy of first civilising the natives and then preaching to them the riches of the Gospel. His point was: "Commerce and the arts having a natural tendency to inculcate industry, and moral habits open the way for the introduction of the Gospel and lay the foundation for its continuance when once received. Nothing can pave the way for the introduction of the Gospel but civilisation. The arts and religion should go together. I do not mean a native should learn to build a hut or make an axe before he should be told of man's fall and redemption, but that these grand subjects should be introduced at every favourable opportunity, while the natives are learning any of the simple arts." To these views the founders of the Church Missionary Society gave a qualified approval. They felt that the first thing was

to preach the Gospel, and that it would be unwise to defer its proclamation on the ground that civilisation would first effect a reformation as its pioneer. In sending forth their first missionaries, the Society issued a statement vindicating their position on this very point, and their final instructions to Mr. William Hall and Mr. John King were: "Ever bear in mind that the only object of the Society in sending you to New Zealand is to introduce the knowledge of Christ among the natives, and, in order to do this, the arts of civilised life." The wisdom of their decision has been confirmed by the subsequent history of missionary enterprise, and their exhortation concluded with the following clear statement of the case: "Do not mistake civilisation for conversion. Do not imagine when heathens are raised in intellect, in the knowledge of the arts and outward decencies, above their fellow-countrymen, that they are Christians, and therefore rest content as if your proper work were accomplished. Our great aim is far higher: it is to make them children of God and heirs of His glory. Let this be your desire and prayer and labour among them. And while you rejoice in communicating every other good, think little or nothing done, till you see those who were dead in trespasses and sins quickened together with Christ."

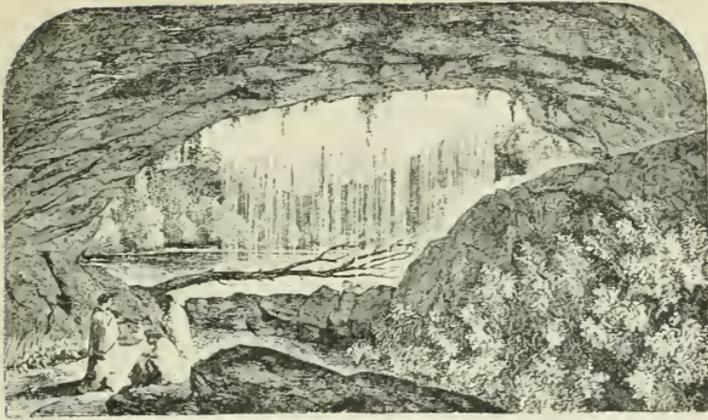
In later life when Marsden could review the work of many years, he saw that his first impression was an error in judgment, for he said: "Civilisation is not necessary before Christianity; do both together if you will, but you will find civilisation follow Christianity more easily than Christianity follow civilisation."

Accompanied by Messrs. Hall and King as the only men who volunteered to assist in such a hazardous enterprise, for the scare of cannibal Maoris was still

rife, Samuel Marsden, in August, 1809, set sail from England, which he was viewing for the last time! He wrote to a friend, on the eve of his departure, a letter which, just tinged with a shade of natural regret at leaving his land and friends, shows that he had set his face steadfastly to accomplish his mission to the poor darkened aborigines on the other side of the world.

“Yesterday,” he writes, “I assisted my much esteemed friend, Mr. Simeon, but here I shall have no continuing city. The signal will soon be given, the anchor weighed and the sails spread, and the ships compelled to enter the mighty ocean to seek for distant lands. I was determined to take another look at Cambridge, though conscious that I could but enjoy those beautiful scenes for a moment. In a few days we shall set off for Portsmouth. All this turning and wheeling about from place to place and from nation to nation, I trust is the right way to the heavenly Canaan. . . . I believe that God has gracious designs towards New South Wales, and that His Gospel will take root there and spread amongst the heathen nations to the glory of His name.”





### CHAPTER III.

#### DUATERRA AND OTHERS.

“ In Thee we move ; all things of Thee  
Are full, Thou Source and life of all,  
Thou vast unfathomable sea !  
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,  
Ye sons of men, for God in man)  
All may we lose, so Thee we gain.”

**M**ARSDEN had not been on board many days before he made a discovery which awakened his deepest interest. He had noticed in the fore-castle a poor emaciated man of colour, covered by a ragged and dirty old coat, and evidently in a deplorable condition. To his astonishment he found this miserable stranger to be a New Zealand chief, and soon conversing with him in his own tongue, Marsden drew from him his sad story. Like many another of his countrymen on meeting with white men, he was ambitious to know more of the visitors, and, if possible, to see the wonderful land from which they came. He went to work as a sailor on board one of the whaling ships, and after

six months was pitilessly put on shore in a state of desolation without a penny of pay. Nothing daunted, however, Duaterra (for that was the poor man's name), became a sailor on another ship; there he was more kindly treated, and put on Norfolk Island with others, where they endured great privations, having for three months nothing to eat but an occasional seal and birds, and no water to drink but what the heavens afforded from time to time. His next voyage was to England under promise to see King George, but immediately he landed in London he was again deserted, ill-used, and finally put on board the outward-bound ship, *Ann*, whose human cargo comprised a number of convicts and Samuel Marsden and his mission party.

The indignation of Marsden was aroused, and it was well that the captain of the vessel which had brought him to England was not within reach to answer for his inhuman treatment of the man. However, his constant care and medicine soon produced a change for the better in the New Zealander, and there arose between the two men a bond of affection and gratitude which was to perform good work and service in the future of the Mission to the Maoris. He stayed with his deliverer six months after their arrival at Sydney, and returned to his native land deeply impressed with the tender-hearted Christian character of almost the only Englishman who had not betrayed his confidence.

Troubles were in store for the Chaplain, who had in time past already borne so much persecution in the colonies. The governor, a man of resolute self-will, was overbearing to him, and not only harshly treated the Chaplain in his magisterial capacity because he declined to associate with some convicts who had

been appointed to the bench of magistrates, but dictated to him what he ought and ought not to preach from the pulpit. Now there is no doubt that Marsden was himself a high-spirited and sensitive man, and neither flattery nor menaces could move him from what he felt was his rightful position in the colony. His plain preaching also made him enemies, and on more than one occasion his life was in danger. One day, walking by a river, Marsden saw a convict plunge in evidently to drown himself. The next moment the Chaplain's coat was off, and he was in the water to rescue the man who, however, struggled for the mastery, and tried to hold Marsden's head under water. When, eventually, he was brought to land he confessed with much penitence that he had been so stung with remorse, under a sermon which Marsden had preached the Sunday before, that he determined to attract the preacher's sympathies by jumping into the water, and then try to drown him for declaring so openly the vices he had committed.

But the eyes of Marsden were towards New Zealand, and the visits of the Maoris from time to time made him long to leave the worries of his chaplaincy and go to their land to preach the Gospel. His three English laymen, Mr. Kendall having now joined them, went and through Duaterra's influence were kindly received; but the governor of the colony forbade Marsden adventuring himself on such a mad and reckless enterprise. In the meantime Marsden sent Duaterra some corn for sowing, and this, the first introduction of wheat into New Zealand, caused the liveliest interest and excitement among the natives. When Duaterra sowed his little field they laughed him to scorn, and at harvest time when he prepared to grind it in an old coffee-mill, which did not work

successfully, they held him in still greater derision. But in due time the grinding was accomplished, cakes made of the flour were baked in a frying-pan, and when handed round for tasting their joy knew no bounds. Such a result did more even than the words of Duaterra to persuade the natives to receive favourably the three white lay missionaries. At last Marsden was allowed to go himself, and, having purchased the *Active*, probably the pioneer missionary ship, he set sail on the 19th of November, 1814, with a party of English men and women, Maori chiefs and convicts, sheep and poultry. When they landed they found a violent tribal war in progress, and Marsden determined first of all to try to bring this to an end.

There are not many incidents in missionary history more notable and heroic than this, of two lone Englishmen, Marsden and his friend Nicholas, unarmed, going deliberately to a hostile camp of savage cannibals to live with them. When they arrived and had sat down amongst the warriors, one of them named George, who knew English, acted as interpreter, and explained the object of the visit of the white strangers. Their first night under such strange circumstances is depicted by Marsden himself in one of his letters:—  
“As the evening advanced the people began to retire to rest in different groups. About eleven o’clock Mr. Nicholas and I wrapped ourselves in our greatcoats and prepared for rest. George directed me to lie by his side. His wife and child lay on the right hand and Mr. Nicholas close by. The night was clear, the stars shone bright, and the sea in our front was smooth. Around us were innumerable spears stuck upright in the ground and groups of natives lying in all directions, like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I

viewed our present position with sensations and feelings I cannot express, surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured our countrymen. I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence and how these things could be. Never did I behold the blessed advantage of civilisation in a more grateful light than now. I did not sleep much during the night. My mind was too seriously occupied by the present scene and the new and strange ideas it naturally excited. About three in the morning I rose and walked about the camp, surveying the different natives. When the morning light returned we beheld men and women and children asleep in all directions like the beasts of the field."

His efforts towards peace were crowned with success, and he had the felicity of seeing the two rival and bloodthirsty chiefs rubbing noses together in amity and concord. The astonishment of the natives when for the first time they saw a horse and a cow was immense. Hitherto a pig was the mightiest of quadrupeds to them, and when Marsden mounted one of the horses and set it to a gallop, they were speechless with astonishment. They received presents from Marsden with gratitude, and promised that they would never again repeat their cruel and vindictive treatment of the English as in the case of the ship *Boyd*.

The Union Jack was now brought from the ship and hoisted on a flagstaff, beneath which the first religious service was conducted by Marsden in a simple pulpit constructed out of a canoe. The scene was very remarkable and denoted the first step towards Christian teaching in New Zealand. He must tell the story himself:—

"On Sunday morning, when I was on deck, I saw the English flag flying, which was a pleasing sight in

New Zealand. I considered it as the signal and the dawn of civilisation, liberty, and religion in that dark and benighted land. I never viewed the British colours with more gratification, and flattered myself they would never be removed till the nations of that island enjoyed all the happiness of British subjects. About ten o'clock I prepared to go ashore to publish for the first time the glad tidings of the Gospel. I was under no apprehension for the safety of the ship and, therefore, ordered all on board to go on shore to attend Divine service, except the master and one man. When we landed we found Korokoro, Duaterra, and Shingie dressed in regimentals which Governor Macquire had given them, with their men drawn up ready to be marched into the enclosure to attend Divine service. They had their swords by their sides and switches in their hands. We entered the enclosure, and were placed on the seats on each side of the pulpit. Korokoro marched his men and placed them on my right hand in the rear of the Europeans; and Duaterra placed his men on the left. The inhabitants of the town, with the women and children and a number of other chiefs, formed a circle round the whole. A very solemn silence prevailed, the sight was truly impressive. I rose up and began the service with singing the Old Hundredth psalm, and felt my very soul melt within me when I viewed my congregation, and considered the state they were in.

“After reading the service, during which the natives stood up and sat down at the signal given by Korokoro's switch, which was regulated by the movements of the Europeans, it being Christmas I preached from the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel, and tenth verse—‘Behold I bring you glad tidings of

great joy, etc.' The natives told Duaterra that they could not understand what I meant. He replied that they were not to mind that now for they would understand by-and-by, and that he would explain my meaning as far as he could.

"When I had done preaching he informed them what I had been talking about. Duaterra was very much pleased that he had been able to make all the



A MAORI COUNCIL OF WAR.

necessary preparations for the performances of Divine worship in so short a time, and we felt much obliged to him for his attention. He was extremely anxious to convince us that he would do everything in his power, and that the good of his country was his principal consideration.

"In this manner the Gospel has been introduced

into New Zealand, and I fervently pray that the glory of it may never depart from its inhabitants till time shall be no more."

One of the most encouraging instances of the fulfilment of these pious desires of Marsden is the case of Rangi, a chief who heard for the first time the news of the Gospel during the cruise of the *Active*.

His conversion, which followed a few days afterwards, soon made an outward difference in the life of the old man. It showed itself, as is commonly the case among the heathen, by an observance of the Sabbath. Whenever the sacred day dawned Rangi hoisted a piece of red cloth above his tent, and told the people of his tribe that it was a day to be kept holy. He showed by his patience under acute suffering that God was with him. A long and arduous life of warfare began to tell upon the old man, and it became only too evident to his neighbours that before long Rangi would die. But while his physical frame weakened, his mind was clearer than ever, and he could answer the questions of his sympathising friends with quiet composure.

Somebody had asked him what his ideas were about death. "My thoughts," he replied, "are continually in heaven, in the morning, at midday, and at night. My belief is in the great God and in Jesus Christ." They told him that he would go to heaven where there would be no more pain or tears, or suffering. They supposed that at times he felt it almost too good to be true. "This is what I sometimes think when I am alone. I think I shall go to heaven, and then I think perhaps I shall not go there, and possibly this God of the white people may not be my God; and then after I have been thinking in this way, and my heart has been cast down, it again

becomes more cheerful, and the thought that I shall go to heaven remains last." He was assured these were temptations of the devil, and God would deliver him. "I pray several times a day," he said; "I ask God to give me His spirit that He may dwell in my heart and remain there. I think of the love of Christ, and I ask Him to wash this bad heart and to give me a new heart. When I think of heaven and of Jesus Christ I am glad, because when I die I shall leave this flesh and these bones here, and my soul will go to heaven." At another time his mind was clearly dwelling on the atonement, and how his debt of sin had been paid on the Cross. "I have nothing to give Him," he said trustfully, and with humility, "only I believe that He is the true God, and I believe in Jesus Christ."

The end of the old man drew near, and he continued even more earnestly to express his faith in God and counsel his friends to follow his example. His last words, full of pathetic sincerity and love, were these:—

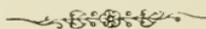
"I have prayed to God and to Jesus Christ, and my heart feels full of light."

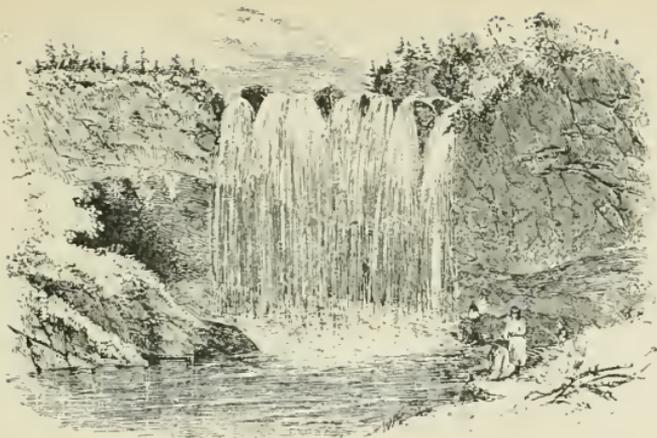
Surely such a death was more like a blessed beginning of life, for he who had lived in the darkness of superstition saw now the glorious rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and stretched forth his weary hands towards the everlasting day.

As an evidence of the new spirit infused into the natives, the missionaries found that they could hold their services in the open air, surrounded by Maoris whose spears were stuck in the ground ready to hand, and whose deadly short weapons, called pattoo-pattoos, were hidden away under their cloaks. Marsden felt how constantly he was in their power,

and often sleeping at the foot of some huge tree, his thoughts would wander to the unenlightened inhabitants of these dense forests, who bore the unenviable reputation of being the most bloodthirsty of mankind. But looking up at the silent stars, this servant of God realised that he was safe in the Divine keeping, and he asked himself by what wonderful guidance of God's Providence he had been led to that place and work? "If busy imagination inquired what I did there, I had no answer to seek in wild conjecture; I felt with gratitude, I had not come by chance, but had been sent to labour in preparing the way of the Lord in this dreary wilderness, where the voice of joy and gladness had never been heard; and I could not but anticipate with joyful hope the period when the Daystar from on high would dawn and shine on this dark and heathen land, and cause the very earth on which we were then reposed to bring forth its increase, when God Himself would give the poor inhabitants His blessing."

To this good man, amid all his discouragements, God vouchsafed many visible results of his work. One native, who had become a teacher, might have been seen instructing others in the truths of Christianity, and going forward from time to time preaching the love of God to sinners. This man is said to have been able to repeat the whole of the liturgical service of the Church of England by heart, an achievement in which he would have few competitors even among the pale faces.





## CHAPTER IV.

“WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS.”

“ Though waves and storms go o’er my head,  
Though strength and health and friends be gone,  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.”

**T**HE radiant commencement of his work in New Zealand caused Marsden much satisfaction, but his hopes were soon to be dashed to the ground by a series of untoward circumstances. Sunshine and shadow is the lot of all true workers for Christ, and the darker seasons, though hard to experience, are never without their profit to the teachable spirit. This heroic and devoted man had already suffered many things, but he was destined to bear a still heavier load. The first blow was the death of Duaterra, his son in the faith and valuable helper in dealing with the natives. He had suddenly fallen ill, and though in the prime of his manhood and strength soon drew near to death. Marsden

was with him a short time before his death, and was grieved to see that the superstitious rites of his people were practised as he passed from time into eternity. His priest, the great chief Shunghai, and others, were cutting themselves with knives, and his wife had hanged herself from a beam in an adjoining room as a token of affection. The poor dying man, shadowed by these heathen surroundings, and incessantly plied by the priest of his tribe with invocations to the gods, was quite bewildered and distressed. To Marsden the event was a mysterious Providence. "I could not but view Duaterra," he wrote afterwards, "as he lay dying, with wonder and astonishment, and could scarcely bring myself to believe that the Divine goodness would remove from the earth a man whose life appeared of such infinite importance to his country, which was just emerging from barbarism and superstition. In reflecting on this awful mysterious event, I am led to exclaim with the Apostle of the Gentiles, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!'"

When Duaterra passed away, the spell of his influence was broken, and the restrained heathenism set free, and tribal wars and cruelty became common. Of course the mission work suffered, and in some cases hostile crowds of natives surrounded the Wesleyan mission places, threatening the lives of the missionaries. In the midst of this peril, however, these devoted men held on, and during anxious months, threatened by savage New Zealanders and unrelieved by any help from over the sea, they trusted in God, and held fast to the promises of His word. Their meals were eaten in readiness to march like the Israelites at the passover, their little children were laid

to rest in their cots fully dressed in case of emergency, and they waited expecting every day to bring the critical moment when to save their lives they must put out to sea. But He whose eye is ever upon His children, and whose arm is ever mighty to save, suffered them not to die, for the wave of persecution and vengeance passed by, and once more they could in safety and peace go forth to their work.

News of this, however, coming to Marsden's ears, greatly distressed him, and the experience was especially bitter, because he was just then under painful circumstances of persecution from his own countrymen. In the colony (from whence he visited New Zealand from time to time) Marsden had made many enemies through his championship of the weak; and his interference in the judicial and social questions of the settlement brought upon his devoted head a rain of slander and reproach. Marsden had evidently ideas which were a century too soon for the people of his time. Had he lived in our day he would have received well-merited approbation instead of blame. He bravely denounced the profligacy of the officials, and with equal earnestness exposed the abuses of their administration. It is only necessary to cite one case to show how much reform was needed in the colony. The condition of the female convicts was deplorable beyond description. Marsden went himself into the factories where they were employed, and found these poor women toiling long hours in a pestilential atmosphere, eating their food as best they could, and sleeping amongst the wool and refuse upon which they worked. They were speedily transferred to the hospital, which was scarcely more satisfactory, and there, in his ministrations as chaplain, Marsden met them again. In language not a whit

too severe, he remonstrated with the governor of the colony. "As their minister," he wrote, "I must answer ere long at the bar of Divine justice for my duty to these objects of vice and woe, and often feel inexpressible anguish of spirit at the moment of their approaching dissolution, on my own and their account, and follow them to the grave with awful forebodings, lest I should be found at last to have neglected any part of my public duty as their minister and magistrate, and, by so doing, contributed to their eternal ruin."

Such reflections did not impress the very mixed European officialism of the place, and, after waiting eighteen months, he appealed to the Government at home, and this act set the colony in a blaze of exasperation. The most scandalous libels were circulated to destroy his reputation, and this persecution became so unbearable that he had to "appeal to Cæsar," and find legal redress and vindication in the civil courts. The charges made against him had involved the integrity of other missionaries, so that the moral victory he gained in the verdict was a wide-spread blessing. Letters of congratulation from his friends in England flowed in upon him. Lord Gambier, a Christian admiral of the fleet, in a long letter said: "I deeply lament with you that your very zealous and arduous exertions to extend the kingdom of our gracious Lord, and to diffuse the knowledge of the glorious Gospel of salvation among the inhabitants of the dark regions around you, should meet with the spirit of opposition from the persons in the colony whom you would naturally look to for support and assistance." His old friend, the venerable Charles Simeon of Cambridge, wrote him some loving words, and Wilberforce was commissioned

to express to him the confidence of the Government and the House of Commons also. But perhaps the most interesting of these letters is that of Elizabeth Fry, whose humane and tender heart was deeply touched by what he had done and suffered. “I am sorry,” she writes, “that thou hast had so many trials and discouragements in filling thy very important station, and I cannot help hoping and believing thy labours will prove not to have been in vain, and even if thou shouldst not fully see the fruit of thy labours, others I trust will reap the advantage of them, so that the words of Scripture may be verified, ‘That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.’”

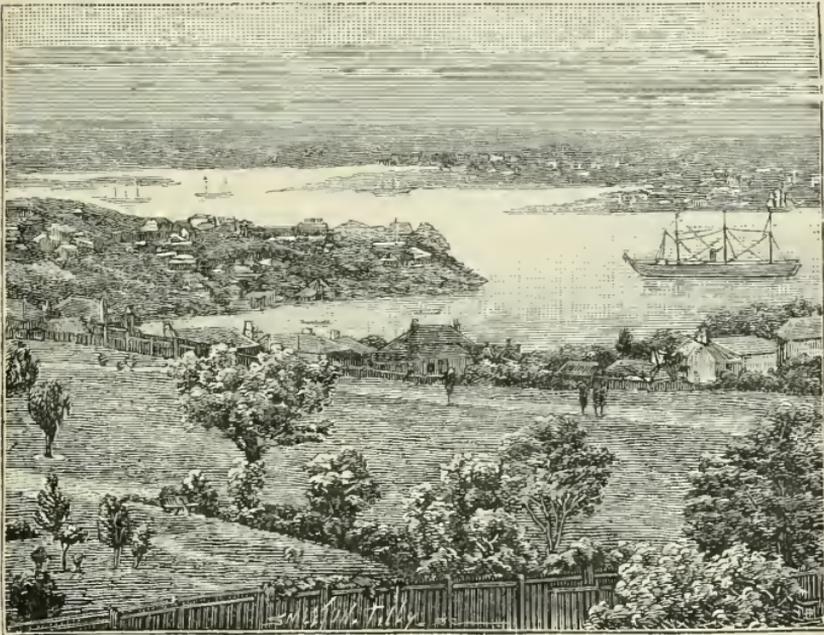
After this, Marsden took ship again to New Zealand, and continued his missionary journeys through the island, staying generally eight or ten months at a time. He paid great attention to the relations which existed between the European settlers who had stayed there for the purpose of trade, and did his utmost to discourage the use of firearms and alcoholic drink among the natives. Then, as now, these evil adjuncts of civilisation had begun to degrade the heathen, and Marsden, when he saw the dreadful consequences of such barter, wrote sadly, “I think it much more to the honour of religion and the good of New Zealand even to give up the Mission for the present than to trade with the natives in those articles.” He saw with painful reality that education, contact with Europeans, and increase of knowledge and refinement did not change the character of the Maoris. Nothing but genuine conversion by the saving power of the blood of Jesus Christ could make such vile and degraded savages into new creatures. Utterly fearless, he went alone into the midst of these wild people,

preaching the Gospel with power. He walked many miles through trackless forests and wide plains, sleeping under the star-spangled sky with his head on a heap of ferns, and suffering cheerily all the hardships and privations which such a life involved. His thoughts were full of sweetness and consolation. "When I have lain down upon the ground after a weary day's journey, wrapped up in my greatcoat, surrounded only by cannibals, I often thought how many thousands there are in civil life, languishing upon beds of down, and saying with Job, 'in the evening would God it were morning,' while I could sleep free from fear or pain under the guardian care of Him who keepeth Israel."

On every hand he received kindness from the natives, and saw, to his great joy, that they listened with much attention to his preaching about salvation by Jesus Christ. He prepared with infinite patience a grammar of the language, so that the Word of Life might be infused into their own hearts direct. Seeing also the frightful devastation and cruelty of their tribal wars, he laboured hard with the chiefs to persuade them to establish peace, and to settle their difficulties without resorting to the weapons of conflict. He became the peacemaker between many, although, in one or two instances, they would not listen to his injunctions.

On one occasion he suffered an experience of shipwreck very much like that of the Apostle of the Gentiles. He had been on a visit to the Wesleyan Mission Station at Wangaroa, and found both the Rev. Samuel Leigh and his wife very ill. He persuaded them to accompany him to Sydney or Port Jackson for rest and change. On their journey, however, they met with stormy weather, and the

vessel was driven on to the rocks upon an unknown and inhospitable coast. Marsden launched a small boat, and, taking Mr. and Mrs. Leigh with him, reached an island, where the natives met them and made them a fire, preparing a hut of bulrushes for their protection from the storm. The other persons on board were rescued, and, although the ship was lost, no harm came to any one of the party. Mr.



SYDNEY HARBOUR.

Leigh felt grateful to God, and had a still firmer confidence in the character of New Zealanders and Marsden's power over them.

“For several days,” he wrote, “we were in their power, and they might have taken all we had with the greatest ease; but instead of oppressing and robbing us, they actually sympathised with us in our

trials and afflictions. Mr. Marsden, Mrs. Leigh, and myself were at a native village for several days and nights without any food but what the natives brought us willingly, who said, 'Poor creatures, you have nothing to eat, and you are not accustomed to our kind of food.' I shall never forget the sympathy and kindness of these poor heathens."

Marsden was always much struck with the fine characteristics of these New Zealanders, and felt the time had come for the Christian Church to bring the Gospel more fully within their reach. "They offer up human sacrifices," says he, "as sin offerings. Whenever the Gospel shall be revealed to them they will very easily understand the doctrine of the atonement. They *demand* a sacrifice or an atonement for almost everything which they consider as an injury. . . . It is only the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, that can subdue their hearts to the obedience of the faith. I am of opinion that civilisation and Christianity will go hand in hand, if means are used at the same time to introduce both, and one will aid and assist the other. To bring this noble race of human beings to a knowledge of the only true God and Jesus Christ, is an attempt worthy of the Christian world. I believe that God has stirred up the hearts of His people to pray for them, and to open both their hearts and their purses to prosper the work and raise up a people from amongst these savages to call them blessed."

One of the missionaries relates the following conversation between a chief and himself:—He commenced by saying that his old heart was gone, and that a new one was come in its place. "Gone! whither?" "It is buried, I have cast it away from me." "How long has it been gone?" "Four days."

"What was your old heart like?" "Like a dog, like a deaf man; it would not listen to the missionaries, nor understand." "How long have you had your old heart?" "Always till now, but it is now gone." "What is your new heart like?" "Like yours; it is very good." "Where is its goodness?" "It is altogether good; it tells me to lie down and sleep all day on Sunday, and not go and fight." "Is that all the goodness of your new heart?" "Yes." "Does it not tell you to pray to Jesus Christ?" "Yes; it tells me I must pray to Him when the sun rises, when the sun stands in the middle of the heavens, and when the sun sets." "When did you pray last?" "This morning." "What did you pray for?" "I said, O Jesus Christ, give me a blanket in order that I may believe." "I fear your old heart still remains, does it not?" "No: the new one is quite fixed; it is *here*," pointing to his throat. "But the new heart that comes from God does not pray in that way." "How then?" The missionary then proceeded to point out to him something of the nature of prayer; what he should pray for; and how ready and willing God was to answer. "As I was leaving," says the missionary, "he told me that I must ask him, on coming again to his residence, whether he remembered what I had now said, and that, if he had forgotten it, I must tell him all over again."

It was well that the interest of these natives so occupied Marsden's mind at this season, for the calumnies to which he was subjected in Sydney made the colony a very undesirable and unhappy place for him to live in. But his letters exhibit a spirit of patience and forbearance.

At the close of the year 1826 he prepared to make his fourth journey to New Zealand, and heard with

much concern that disastrous changes had taken place in the attitude of the natives, and that the Wesleyan missionaries had only just escaped with their lives. Under what circumstances the work had been started, and how the disaster had befallen, may be told in this place. The Rev. Samuel Leigh had arrived as Wesleyan missionary to New Zealand not very long after the massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Boyd* had filled the minds of the people with horror.

Undismayed, he landed very near to the spot where the *Boyd* had been wrecked, not by choice, but because the native boatmen, fearing an approaching storm, had laid themselves on the bottom of the boat, as dead men, and left the navigation of the boat to the English missionary. Thus it was that it drifted into Wangaroa Harbour, and when he set his foot on shore he noticed the hulk of the *Boyd* not far distant on the rocks, and a crowd of wild savages rushing down to the beach brandishing their weapons on his approach.

He asked for the chief, and went unarmed and alone to a hut to spend the night, not to sleep, for the clamour of the cannibals was deafening in the darkness. This chief on the morrow talked in broken English about the massacre and eating of the people of the *Boyd* with perfect unconcern, and Mr. Leigh, suspecting treachery, signed to his native boatmen to keep well inland, waiting for him. In a few minutes he was surrounded by threatening and armed savages, the chief, upon whom he had relied, looking on without any gesture of disapproval. As he slowly turned backwards towards the boat, he felt his hour had come, when suddenly, taking a packet from his pocket, he cried, "Stand back! I have fish-hooks," and

flung them over their heads. This turned their attention for a moment or two, and he escaped in his boat as by a miracle.

And yet such was the heroism of the witness for the truth, that he returned sometime afterwards with his wife and others, and landed at the same spot. The chief remembered his fish-hooks, and Mr. Leigh conducted a religious service which laid the foundation of the Wesleyan Mission. With unwearied patience the little party built their premises and began to teach the natives; the women were instructed in the art of sewing, the children were taught to read, and the men to till the ground. In return these people were most ungrateful, the meat was often stolen from the fire while being cooked, the Mission premises were invaded and robbed, and those who had literally given themselves for these heathen were insulted and abused. In their tribal fights they stormed the Mission house, flung down Mr. Leigh, and tried to kill them all. But God mercifully preserved their lives, while the Gospel was faithfully and not altogether unsuccessfully preached. Some sort of order had been restored and the work established, when Mr. Marsden, as has been seen, called and took away Mr. and Mrs. Leigh for a little rest, in which journey they suffered shipwreck.

When, therefore, Marsden was on the point of starting for his fifth journey, he had hoped to find these devoted servants of the Lord doing well at Wangaroa. But in the meantime troubles had arisen. One day while the Mission family had gathered for prayers as usual, a messenger rushed in with the evil tidings that Hongi, the chief, otherwise known as Shunghai, the same who had visited England, was approaching with an army of warriors. Before they could gather

anything together for flight, twenty savages entered ; and with their wives and children and a few faithful Christian natives, the terrified missionaries hurried away. Their retreat to Keri Keri, the station of the Church Missionary Society, was fraught with perils ; but, arriving safely there, they took ship to Sydney. The Mission premises at Wangaroa were utterly wrecked, plundered and destroyed, and the work of years of patient labour was apparently in vain.

On hearing of the disaster, Marsden hurried to the scene, if possible to arrest further trouble. In the *Rainbow* he arrived at the Bay of Islands on the 5th of April, 1827, and immediately called the chiefs together and pointed out the consequences of Hongi's conduct. By this time, however, the cyclone of devastation had spent itself, and Hongi's death had given the opportunity to some friendly chief to invite the missionaries to return. This they did in 1828, and after ten years the work was blessed with remarkable spiritual success, the meeting-places were crowded with eager worshippers, and other missionaries came out. One of them, the Rev. J. Whitely, was, however, killed by a band of warriors while on his way to a preaching appointment.

The work was beginning to tell, and some of the converts who had learned English expressed themselves in a touching manner in writing to the missionaries. A letter from a young man named Wariki contains the following confessions of spiritual fluctuations :—

“ How is it that I am so deaf to what you say ? If I had listened to your various callings, I should many times have done the things which God bids us do ; and should not have obeyed my heart, which is a deaf and a lying heart, and very joking : and my heart



*From the Pictorial*

MARKSDEN'S ARRIVAL AT THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

*[Atlas of Australasia.*



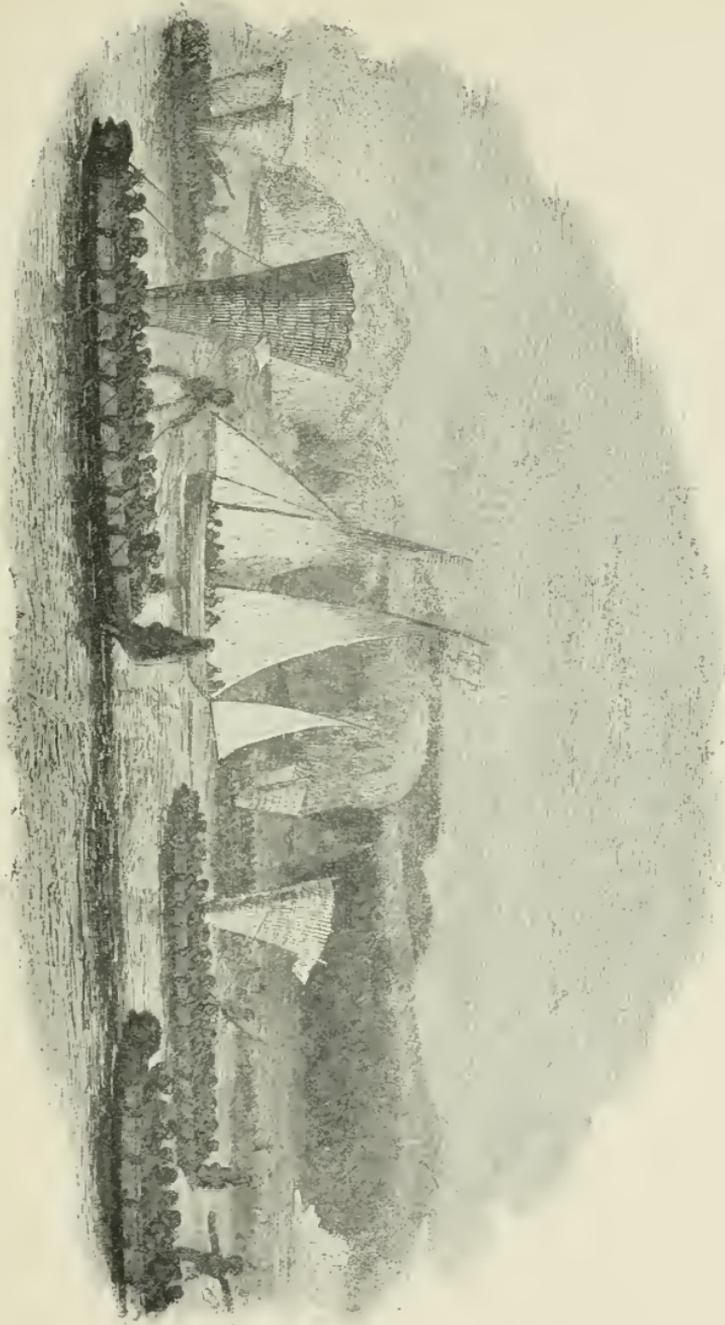
sometimes ridicules me for saying, I wish to believe right, and to do right. How is it? How is it? Sometimes I say Ay, and sometimes the thoughts within me cause me to say No, to the things of God ; and then there is a grumbling and a contention within, whether Ay or No is to be the greatest, or which is to be overturned. The more I turn my eyes within, and continue looking, I the more wonder, and think perhaps I have never prayed, perhaps I have. I have this day and many days, kneeled down and my mouth has whispered and said loud prayers, but I wish to know, and am saying within me, if I have prayed with my heart. Say you, if I have prayed to God with my heart, should I say No, and not do His bidding, as the Bible says we must, and tells us how? And should I flutter about here like a bird without wings, or like a beast without legs, or like a fish whose tail and fins a native man has cut off, if I had love in my heart towards God? Oh! I wish that I was not all lips and mouth in my prayers to God. I am thinking that I may be likened to stagnant water, that is not good, that nobody drinks, and that does not run down in brooks, upon the banks of which kumera and trees grow. My heart is all rock, all rock, and no good thing will grow upon it. The lizard and the snail run over the rocks, and all evil runs over my heart.”

Marsden, however, could not stay more than a few days, as urgent business called for his return to Sydney ; but in 1830 he took ship again and landed on the shore of New Zealand, the Rev. Henry Williams, who afterwards became Archdeacon, being his companion. Immediately they reached the Mission station they held a council with the brethren about the position, which at that moment had become critical. The tribes were at war, Hongi the ambitious chief being

dead, and the whole nation was absorbed in civil war. Only a day or two before the arrival of Marsden a battle had been fought on the opposite shore, and another was imminent, which might probably be disastrous to the Mission, as the triumphant party were bitterly opposed to the English. The enemy had indeed already camped at Keri-Keri, and not a moment was to be lost.

Mr. Marsden with Mr. Williams at once crossed the bay, and summoned the rival chiefs together for mediation and peace. The gathering was a remarkable one, the chiefs on both sides, who paid great respect to Mr. Marsden, "the friend of the Maoris," made orations, and discussed the question of satisfaction from early morning till the shades of night began to fall. Finally they appointed two commissioners to go with the white men and arrange the terms of peace.

In the meantime the two missionaries visited the battle-ground, with its horrible scene of unburied corpses, and this awful sight had a strong effect on their minds. But these terrible scenes of carnage, the seamy side of what men call "glorious war," and the noise of desperate men clamouring for fight, were exchanged by Marsden and his companion for the quiet sanctity of the little mission station, where on the Sabbath morning the Christian natives had gathered to praise the Prince of Peace. In one of his letters Marsden gives a graphic picture of the scene:—"The contrast between the state of the east and west side of the bay was very striking. Though only two miles distant, the east shore was crowded with different tribes of fighting men in a wild savage state, many of them nearly naked, and when exercising entirely naked; nothing was to be heard but the



THE MISSION BOAT GOES WITH THE WAR CANOES.

[p. 63.



firing of muskets, the noise, din, and commotion of a savage military camp; some mourning the death of their friends, others suffering from their wounds, and not one but whose mind was involved in heathen darkness, without one ray of Divine knowledge. On the other side was the pleasant sound of the church bell; the natives assembling together for Divine worship, clean, orderly, and decently dressed, most of them in European clothing; they were carrying the litany and the greatest part of the Church service, written in their own language, in their hands with their hymns. The Church service, as far as it has been translated, they can read and write. Here might be viewed at one glance the blessings of the Christian religion, and the miseries of heathenism with respect to the present life; but when we extend one thought over the eternal world how infinite is the difference.”

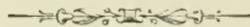
This picture of tranquility was, however, to last for a brief time. A day or two afterwards, the movement of armed men on the opposite shore was seen, and a chief woke up Marsden to come and help to make peace. When he reached the shore the extraordinary activity of the troops showed that a war was imminent; the water was studded with canoes filled with men in battle array, in some cases the head of one of their slain chiefs being fixed at the prow to incite them to vengeance. The yelling of these savages was fearful, and the fact that the women and children had been left on the island showed that the passion for blood had been thoroughly aroused.

Marsden, however, had not a dream of misgiving, his duty was clear; at any cost it must be performed, and launching the mission boat he sailed right into the midst of the combatants. The three men who

had been appointed as commissioners a few days before paddled in their boat in the rear, and when they reached the beach they placed themselves between the missionaries and the warriors. "If we are killed," said they to Marsden, "you will be given up to our friends as a sacrifice for the loss of our lives."

It was a critical moment, and the lives of the missionaries hung in the balance. A great council of stormy orations was forthwith held, at the end of which the great chief took a stick and cut it into pieces to show that his anger was broken and satisfied. A roar of wild yelling attended the ratification of the peace, and the two armies having through their chiefs rubbed noses as a token of friendship, danced together with hideous antics and harmless firing of their guns. Marsden having succeeded in his mission as mediator steered once more across the bay, and in the quiet of his hut wrote:—

"The time will come when human sacrifices and cannibalism shall be annihilated in New Zealand by the pure, mild, and heavenly influence of the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The work is great, but Divine goodness will find both the means and the instruments to accomplish His own gracious purposes to fallen man. His Word, which is the sword of the Spirit, is able to subdue these savage people to the obedience of faith. It is the duty of Christians to use the means to sow the seed, and patiently to wait for the heavenly dews to cause it to spring up, and afterwards to look up to God in faith and prayer to send the early and latter rain."





## CHAPTER V.

### THE CROSS EXCHANGED FOR THE CROWN.

“Thy wonderful grand will, my God,  
With triumph will I make it mine ;  
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes !  
To every dear command of Thine.”

BE gentle with the missionaries, for they are gentle with you, do not steal from them, for they do not steal from you, let them sit at peace on the ground that they have bought, and let us listen to their advice and come to their prayers. Though there be many of us, missionaries and Maoris, let us be all one, all one, all one.” These were the concluding words of a Maori chief who had been speaking to his fellows about Marsden and his friends. They indicate what a feeling of confidence had been implanted in the breasts of these *men* by the teaching, and better still the practice of the missionaries. It was, indeed, the fair dawning of Christianity moving over the hills of New Zealand. The storms had blown over, Hongi and his imperious rule had

passed, and the land began to feel the blessedness of peace.

The missions flourished, many converts from the darkness of heathenism were rejoicing in the light of Christ and His Gospel, and the little chapels were crowded with worshippers, who, possessed of a prayer-book and hymns in their own language, joined in praise to the Lord.

One of the missionaries tells the following story:—  
“During our visits to the sick of Ahiparu, I visited the hut of a poor cripple, whom I found with a New Testament lying by his side. I asked him if he could read, as I saw he had a book. He replied in the affirmative. I asked, ‘How did you learn to read?’ seeing he had never attended a school. He said, ‘I used to creep about to pick up (after raking the rubbish thrown out of my neighbours’ houses) all the bits of printed paper I could find. Sometimes I got a half leaf of a New Testament, sometimes a bit of a leaf of a prayer-book. The pieces which I got from time to time, I used to sew together. Then came the task to learn to read. This I accomplished in the following manner:—I pointed to a word, and asked my brother to tell me its meaning. This I often did, till I could manage to read a whole verse, and from that to a chapter. I can now read any chapter!’ I next inquired: ‘Do you esteem the Word of God?’ He replied, in his expressive language, ‘It is my pillow.’”

The cry was on every hand for missionaries, such was the general awakening of spiritual interest. The natives would not fight, they affirmed, if any teacher were sent to show them the way of life. The Rev. William Williams (the younger brother of the veteran Henry Williams), who eventually became Bishop of

Waiapu, gathered large crowds of natives together, and after preaching to them was astonished to find that they could repeat the hymns so correctly; a result which was due to their having been carefully taught in the schools. One of the most cruel and implacable chiefs, on one occasion, welcomed the missionaries and professed a great desire to have a settled teacher. He was, however, a savage at heart, and when remonstrated with for his fighting raids, and reminded that he would meet with a violent end, he insolently exclaimed: "Stop, say not that! If I am killed, what matter? If I return, will it not be well?" His destructive actions were a serious hindrance to the settlement of missions in Ruatera and Mata Mata, which he governed. In connection with this ferocious tribe of warriors, an act of heroism is recorded on the part of the English missionaries. They had heard how a group of peaceful natives belonging to the warlike Waharoa's tribe, who were threatened with death by some warriors who were on the warpath, intent on an act of vengeance. Directly the news reached the Mission house, two of the missionaries, Wilson and Fairburn, calling together a few Christian natives to lead them, hurried off in the dead of the night to the rescue. Through dangers of lurking cannibals below and a flashing storm in the sky, these brave men crossed the river, wading through deeps of thick mud, and at last just reached the imperilled men. The affrighted flax workers flung down their bundles, and had just time to obey the warning by hiding in the long grass and silently swimming the river when the savage horde came up yelling and brandishing their weapons. Koinaki, the chief, rushed in, tomahawk uplifted to kill them. He was staggered to see before him the white

missionary, unarmed and perfectly cool, and dared not strike. Abashed by the bravery of Mr. Wilson, the crowd of savages stood in perfect silence for two hours, afraid to attack. The rain was pouring in torrents, and savages and missionaries had sheltered under the same hut, when, presently, amid the hushed stillness, a prayer rose from the white men, and then a hymn, in which the Christian natives joined:—

“E Ihu homei e koe  
He ngakau honi ki au.”

(“O Jesus! give to me  
A heart made new by Thee.”)

The effect was magical. Fierce, passionate hatred no longer filled the hearts of the warriors; they were astonished and confounded. Koinaki, the chief, felt the sweet influence which the Christian teachers shed abroad.

“If Waharoa will cease fighting, so will I.”

The missionaries wended their way homewards, fainting often by the way, but glad to have done their duty as the peacemakers, who are blessed, “for they shall be called the children of God.”

The persecution to which the missionaries were still subject only proved a testing time to the Maoris, who were as babes in the faith, and showed the reality of their new nature.

Few spectacles in the history of missions are as encouraging as the sight of these chiefs, one by one giving their hearts to God, and turning their back upon the old practices and cruelties. One of the most violent and bloodthirsty of these was Taiwhanga, who after his conversion asked for Christian baptism. The missionary's wife in a letter at that time wrote: “When I saw Taiwhanga advancing from the other end of our crowded chapel with firm step and subdued

countenance, an object of interest to every native as well as to every English eye, and meekly kneel where six months before he had at his own request stood sponsor for his five little children, I deeply felt that it was the Lord's own doing."

In 1835 the veteran missionary who had borne so long the heat and weariness of the work received a severe shock in the death of his wife. Mrs. Marsden had gone out with him a young wife to share the perils of his first voyage, and now after a long wedded life of sacred and happy companionship she passed to her rest. Marsden was not altogether unprepared for this sad occurrence; her health had been failing for some time, and he had prepared a comfortable parsonage house in which the survivor of them, whichever it should be, would be able to spend the evening of life. He was himself over seventy years of age, and his work had told upon him; and now that his "dear partner," as he was wont to call her, had left his side, he began almost unconsciously to prepare for and talk about his own speedy departure to the land of peace. He used to point to a tree not far from his house, which had been stripped of all its companions of the wood, and, exposed to the fury of the storm and alone, it seemed, as he thought, a fit emblem of himself. But though at times his spirit was bowed by these depressing thoughts, he quickly rose again to the emergencies of the present, and when he saw the continued and unredressed wrongs of the natives of his colony his soul was stirred within him.

A deliberate attempt had been made to exterminate the aborigines, and cruelties, which happily would be almost impossible to-day, were committed by the settlers upon these degraded and defenceless people. It would answer no end to recapitulate these crimes

against humanity, or to speak at any length of the desolating wars which the white men waged against the "blacks," as they were then called, and who were remorselessly slain. In vain Marsden raised his voice against this; he was in a minority on the side of the justice of God, and when in the courts he begged that the natives' evidence might be received, it was repudiated by the legislature. Turning his back upon all this turmoil and discouragement, Marsden looked again across the shimmery sea and made up his mind that, old and infirm as he was, he would make a seventh and last missionary journey to New Zealand, where his heart lay. He took his daughter with him, and his biographers are indebted to this lady's journals for much information about these his latter days.

On arriving in the country, they were of course received with acclamations of joy, both by the missionaries and the natives everywhere. A terrible fight had just occurred between the Maoris and the English, through the rash conduct of one of the European captives. Had Marsden been near the scene, no doubt he would have interceded successfully; as it was, a very bitter feeling of resentment had been engendered on both sides. But this did not affect in any way their love for one whom they called the friend and father of their country. The Maoris welcomed him and showed him, amid his growing infirmities, the tenderest care. His daughter speaks in her journal of the pleasure they experienced in seeing the Mission so prosperous and the people so kind.

"We anchored near the Wesleyan Mission station, where we were kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Turner. The Mission here (Hokianga) has been

established nearly nine years ; they have a neat chapel and one or two comfortable houses, and are about to form an additional station. The missionaries related several instances of the melancholy death of various New Zealanders who have opposed the progress of the Mission. One chief became so incensed against the 'Atua' (that is, God), for the death of his child, that he formed a circle of gunpowder, placed himself in the centre and fired. The explosion did not immediately destroy him ; he lingered a few weeks in dreadful agony and then died.

"The natives are coming in great numbers to attend Divine worship. Mr. Turner preached, and afterwards my father addressed them. They listened with earnest attention, and were much pleased. Many of the old chiefs were delighted to see my father, and offered to build him a house if he would remain. One said : 'Stay with us, and learn our language, and then you will become our father and our friend, and we will build you a house.' 'No,' replied another, 'we cannot build a house good enough ; but we will hire Europeans to do it for us.'

"The whole congregation joined in the responses and singing, and though they have not the most pleasing voices, yet it was delightful to hear them sing one of the hymns commencing, 'From Egypt lately come.'

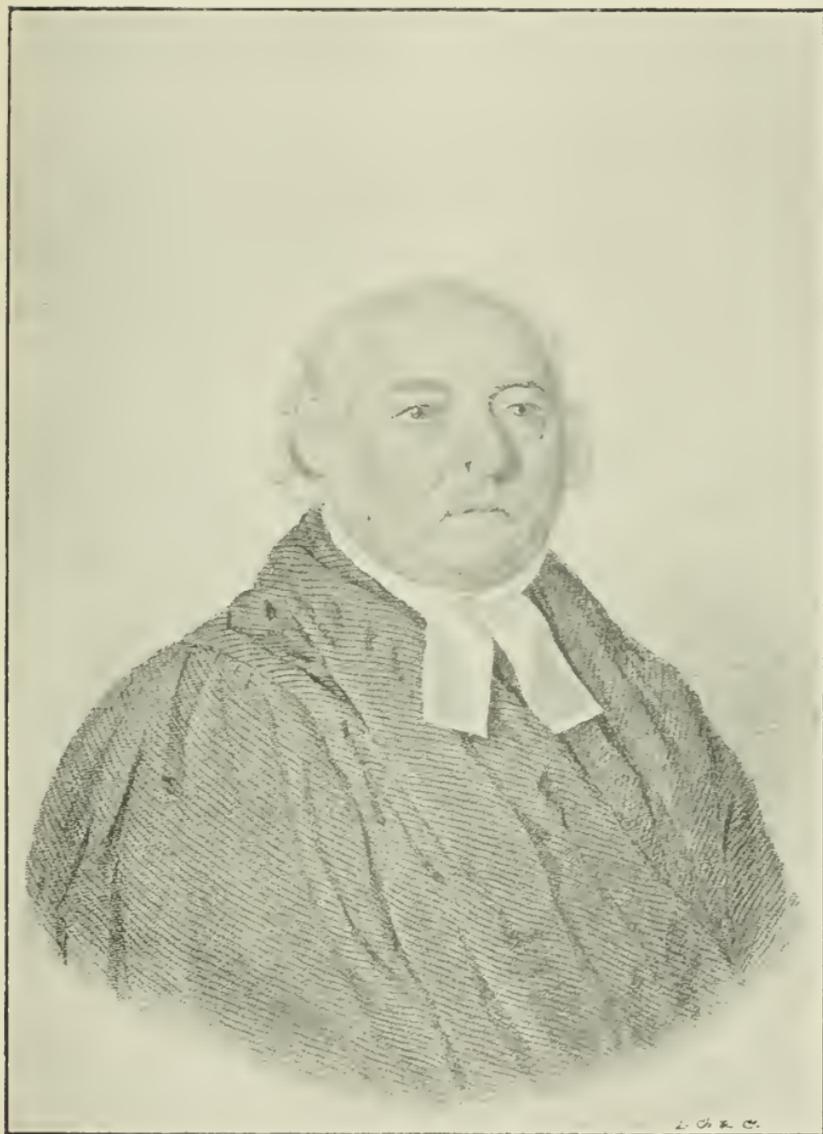
"Took leave of Mrs. Turner, and, mounted in a chair on the shoulders of two New Zealanders, I headed the procession. My father, Mr. Wilkinson, and the two children, were carried in 'kaw-shores,' or native biers, on which they carry their sick. We entered a forest of five miles, then stopped to dine. The natives soon cooked their potatoes, corn, etc. in their ovens, which they scoop in the sand, and, after

heating a number of stones, the potatoes are put in, covered with grass and leaves, and a quantity of water poured upon them; they were exquisitely steamed. As I approached one of the groups sitting at dinner, I was much affected by seeing one of them get up and ask a blessing over the basket of potatoes.

“Five miles from Waimaté I left my chair, mounted on horseback, and reached Waimaté for breakfast. Old Nini accompanied us the whole way, and told my father if he attempted to ride he would leave him. The natives carried him the whole way with the greatest cheerfulness, and brought him through the most difficult places with the greatest ease. The distance they carried him was about twenty miles.”

Miss Marsden gives us other peeps at these interesting incidents, and shows us that wherever her father appeared the natives came forth to meet him with firing of muskets and dances of exultation. One old Maori chief sat on the ground before him, and, in perfect silence, looked for hours into the face of the venerable missionary; some one reproved him for taking such a liberty, but he broke out into the pathetic remonstrance: “Let me alone, let me take a last look, I shall never see him again.” As Marsden sat there in his chair under the blue expanse of heaven, the thousands of Maoris clustering respectfully about him, it formed a striking and suggestive scene.

When at last he had to go, and the ship stood off the shore waiting for him, his farewells to his friends were most affecting. “Like Paul at Miletus,” said an eye-witness, “he parted with many benedictions, sorrowing most of all that we should see his face again no more. Many could not bid him adieu. The parting was with many tears.” On his



SAMUEL MARSDEN.



way back, the old man talked about his dear wife, who would not this time be there to meet him on his return. He told his friends how for more than forty years they had pilgrimaged together, and he missed her more and more every day. Some one suggested that they would not long be separated now. "God grant it," he exclaimed, looking up at the moon-lit sky :—

"Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day."

He reached Sydney, and began again to go forth among the wild and lawless people of the bush, speaking of the Christ who is a Saviour from sin. He had not a particle of fear, and rebuked the sinner without hesitation. One day, when driving in a lonely place in the bush, two desperate ruffians, members of a gang of robbers who had long been the terror of the colony, stopped the gig, and holding a pistol at his breast, and another at his daughter, threatened to shoot them if money were not given. The aged man was not in the least dismayed, talked to them of the judgments of God, and warned them that unless they repented, he would meet them again on the gallows. This prophecy was, alas, too true, for some time afterwards he attended them as chaplain at their execution for capital offences.

He had brought with him from New Zealand some native youths who delighted themselves in his house and company. A lady friend writing about these visitors, says :—

"They delighted to come to our barrack apartments with him, always making their way to the bookcase first, take out a book and point upwards, as if everybody who had anything to do with 'Matua' must have all their books leading to heaven. Pictures

pleased them next, when they would direct each other's attention to what they considered worthy of notice, with extraordinary intelligence; but when the boiled rice and sweets made their appearance, they dug their elbows into each other's sides, with gesticulations of all sorts, and knowing looks, putting their fingers to their mouths, and laughing with greedy joy, Mr. Marsden all the time watching their movements and expressive faces as a kind nurse would the gambols and frolics of her playful charge, with restrained but grateful emotion."

When the first Bishop of Sydney, Dr. Broughton, was appointed, some surprise was naturally felt that Marsden had not been selected, but he would not allow his friends to regret what appeared to them to be a slight. "It is better as it is," said the venerable saint, "I am an old man; my work is almost done."

And when in the presence of a large concourse he stood, the tears flowing down his cheeks, and stretched forth his hands to bless him to whom he said he "yielded up the keys of a most precious charge," he could say, with much feeling, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Soon afterwards the end came. He had contracted a cold while on a journey of twenty-five miles in his gig, and in the fever which supervened, his mind wandered back to his beloved New Zealand and the Maoris he loved. During a few moments of consciousness he heard some one speak of the value of a good hope in Christ. "Yes, that hope is indeed precious to me now." And, with the words "precious, precious," upon his lips, he passed where the worker meets the Master, and the weary find sweet rest.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SUPERSTITIONS AND WORSHIP OF THE MAORIS.

“ Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought our rest in vain ;  
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost,  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay :  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.”

**W**HEN the missionaries first went to New Zealand they were struck with the unusual prevalence of “tapu,” or the making and holding of things sacred, which indeed underlies all the religious ideas of the Maoris. This law, which also exists among the islands of Polynesia, was the code of life to these New Zealanders. Its origin is enveloped in mystery ; the Maori word “tapu” is sacred ; “tabūt” is a Malay word to express “the Ark of the covenant of God ;” “tabooh” is a Hindoo word for a bier or coffin ; and, in the ancient Sanscrit, “ta” means to mark, and “pu” to purify. The use of tapu was not always in a religious sense ; it was often political, and might

be practised for either saving life or destroying it. Certain persons or things were invariably held sacred by it—the bodies of chiefs, the first sweet potatoes, the men engaged in planting them, sick persons, fishing nets, sticks upon which the priests keep their ancestral records ; and, for temporary purposes, the same law applied to trees likely to make good canoes, to places where birds lay their eggs, and generally everything which relates to the priest. The act of rendering a thing or place tapu was very simple : the priest had simply to touch or point to a thing, or, in some cases, to tie a piece of human hair or a bit of an old mat to the object.

Chiefs and priests were, by virtue of their office, tapu, and therefore not allowed to work, but were fed by their slaves. If, however, a man was tapu, and had no slave to perform these offices, he was compelled to go upon his hands and knees, and eat the food from the ground like a dog. Perhaps in nothing is the sacredness of this practice shown more than in dealing with the dead. The place of departure is so sacred that everything on the spot is destroyed by fire ; this requirement, however, they meet by taking their dying persons to the side of a stream, or covering them with a slight shelter, the destruction of which will not interfere with the value of their property. To break the tapu was punishable with death, and most of the wars between the tribes arose from some difficulties of that character.

To remove the spell the tapued persons had to undergo an elaborate ceremony. A consecrated stick of wood was passed over the right shoulder, round the body, and back to the left shoulder ; then broken in two or flung into the sea. After that, the priest would stand over these persons waving branches

of the korokio tree, and chant some such dirge as this :—

“ Oh, fearful and dreaded tapu, get you hence,  
 Now thou art being put down and out of the way ;  
 Go to the streams and wade through them,  
 These are the waters which the sun has to cross so that he  
 may be free.”

Then the priest says to the people, “ The tapu is here, the tapu is removed to a distant place, that tapu which held thee. Take away the dread, take away the fear, the tapu is being borne away, and the tapued person is free.”

It may be said that this system is an unseen network of fear and misery to the native mind, and ensnares the heart of the people in the meshes of perpetual bondage and trouble.

In some respects the religions of the Maoris may be considered no religion at all. They have no conception of a Supreme Being, no place of worship, no special dress or marks of priesthood, and few sacrifices. The traditional creed embodying the story of creation is very strange and worth quoting :—

“ In the beginning was the ‘ Night,’  
 The ‘ Night ’ begot the ‘ Light,’  
 The ‘ Light ’ begot the ‘ Light standing long,’  
 The ‘ Light long standing ’ begot ‘ Nothingness,’  
 The ‘ Nothingness ’ begot ‘ Nothingness the possessed,’  
 The ‘ Nothingness the possessed ’ begot ‘ Nothingness the made excellent,’  
 The ‘ Nothingness the made excellent ’ begot ‘ Nothingness the fast bound,’  
 The ‘ Nothingness the fast bound ’ begot ‘ Nothingness the first,’  
 The ‘ Nothingness the first ’ begot ‘ Moisture,’

‘Moisture’ married ‘the Strait, the vast, the clear,’  
And their progeny were Rangi the heaven, and  
Papa the earth.”

Afterwards, they believe, the children of these two quarrelled and tore their parents asunder, Rangi or heaven going upwards and Papa or the earth downwards; but though separate, they still maintain their natural love for each other. The earth, say they, sends her love up in mists at evening, and heaven, mourning for her beloved earth, sends down tear drops which men call dew.

These unnatural brethren are the gods of the Maoris, who do not, however, practise idolatry, no idols such as are found in other countries being amongst them. They believe that their principal chiefs become deified men, and to them the various tribes pray and offer worship. They hold the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and like the Hindoo imagine their ancestors in the bodies of lizards, birds, spiders, and rats. Beside this, they believe in the existence of a multitude of invisible spirits called Patupaiariche, and are haunted with spiritualistic fears and imaginings. Like the poor Singalese they never go out after dark without a terrible dread of these evil agencies who lurk under the trees, and fly in the night air. It is said that in misty weather these beings allow themselves to be seen, and when not bent on the torment or destruction of mankind they are represented as sitting on the tops of the mountains singing and playing on flutes. It is a curious tradition that these fairies or demons taught the Maoris the art of fishing and weaving nets.

Unlike the North American Indians and other native races, the Maoris do not appear to have any adequate conception of a Good Spirit, the only super-

natural person whom they revere being Mawe, the author and originator of their country. The tradition of this mysterious and all-powerful personality is thus told in the myths of the Maori, as related by the old men.

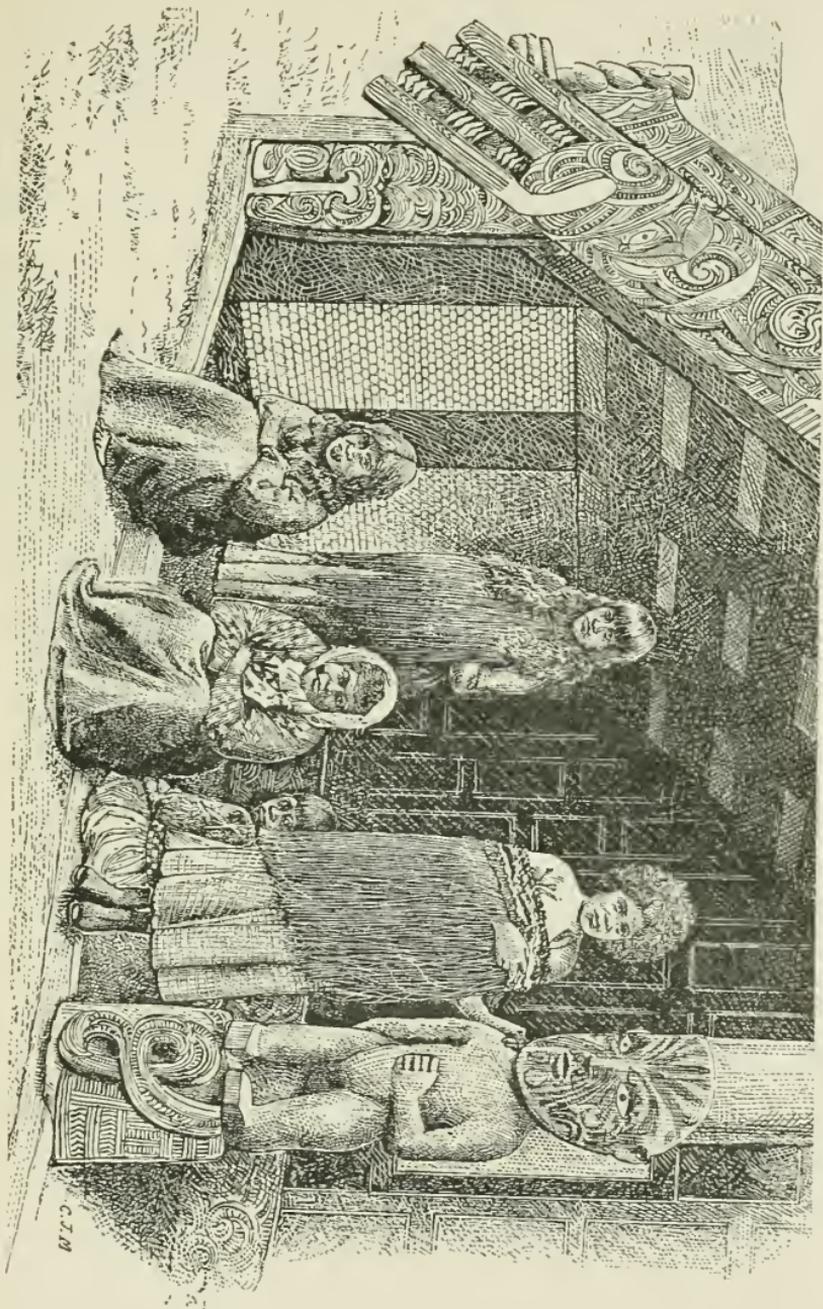
“Mawe dwelt upon a barren rock in the middle of the sea, supposed to exist somewhere northward of the ‘Three Kings;’ his wife Hina, and his brother Taki, were his only companions. He had two sons, both of whom he slew when they were young men, that he might make fish-hooks of their jaw-bones. The right eye of each he afterwards placed in the heavens; making one the morning star, and the other the evening star. So great was the strength of Mawe, that he could draw up the largest whales, and take them with ease on shore.

“While fishing one day, with the jaw-bone of his eldest son for a hook, and a piece of his own ear for a bait, he fastened on something exceedingly heavy, which he found to be land. He was three months in hauling it up above the water; and would not then have succeeded, had he not caught a dove, put his spirit into it, tied the line to which the land was fastened to its beak, and then caused the dove to fly to the clouds, and draw up the islands above the surface of the water. This sacred dove, at times, appears endowed with Mawe’s spirit; and coos in the night, presaging a storm, or some terrible calamity to those who hear it. When New Zealand was raised from the depths of the ocean, Mawe went on shore, where he found many things to astonish him—men and fire; neither of which he had ever seen before. He took some fire in his hands, not knowing the torture it would create; but when he felt the pain, he ran with the fire in his hands, and jumped into the sea: he

came up, bearing Sulphur or White Island (a burning island, called Puhiawa-kari, in the Bay of Plenty) on his shoulders ; to which he set fire, and which has continued ever since to burn.

“When he sank in the waters, the sun for the first time set, and darkness covered the earth. As soon as he found that all was night, he immediately pursued the sun, and brought him back again in the morning, but had no power to keep him from running away again and causing night. Mawe, however, tied a string to the sun and fastened it to the moon, that as the former went down, the other, being pulled after it by the superior power of the sun, may rise and give Mawe light during his absence. But the men of New Zealand offended him, and as he could not darken the sun to punish them, nor hide the moon for ever, he placed his hand between it and the earth at stated seasons, that they might not enjoy the light which it was intended to give. Mawe also holds all the winds, except the west wind, in his hands, or places in caves that they may not blow. He could not catch the west wind, nor discover its cave, to roll a stone against it ; consequently he has no power over that wind to prevent it from almost constantly exerting itself. When the westerly breeze dies away, it is supposed that Mawe has nearly overtaken it, and that it has hid itself in its cave till he has passed by or given up the chase. And when the north, south, or east wind blows, it is supposed that the enemies of Mawe have rolled away the stone from the mouth of the cave where these winds are confined, or that he himself has let them loose to punish the world, or to ride upon their wings in search of the westerly breeze. This latter is only supposed to be the case when the storm arises in the east, and veers about from south-

MAORI WOMEN AND CARVED FRONT OF HOUSE.





east to north-east. The form of Mawe is that of a man, except the eyes, one of which is an eel, and the other a piece of the green talc found in Te-wai-ponamu, or the Southward Island."

The Maoris have, however, very clear ideas of the evil spirit called Wiro, from whose malevolent person all sin and trouble come. They say like us that he is the father of lies, that he urges men and women to commit all crimes, that he is the embodiment of cruelty, laughing at the sight of weeping men, rejoicing when they are bowed with trouble; and that he who has taught the Maori to eat each other himself feeds on the souls of men. He is omnipresent, and awfully haunts them everywhere, crouching on their pillows when they go to sleep, perching on the stern of their canoes when they go to fish, and coming the unmasked, and certainly the most unwelcome, guest into their circles of sacred or social life. Thus it will be seen that they were, when the missionaries first came to their shores, a demon-ridden people.

All this, of course, makes the priest a necessity, and among the Maoris this personage assumes the usual importance and prerogatives. The office is hereditary, and its members are generally of chieftain status. But the people are not so strict in this respect as some native races, and it often falls to the lot of the youngest son of a chief to become the priest, and he may soon degenerate into a mere sorcerer viewed with slight respect. Having the power to consult the oracles of the gods, they gain or lose their reputation according to the success of their prophecies, and, therefore, with much worldly wisdom take every possible precaution and wait as long as possible that they may be correct. They give their advice upon the mysterious appearance of common objects, such

as a flight of birds in some particular direction, the quantity or shape of the earth adhering to a fern root ; and in order to intensify the effect of their prophecy they fall into trances, at the same time terrifying the bystanders with unearthly words and chants.

One special instrument of cunning they use with great success, the power of imitating voices ; they are accomplished ventriloquists, and bewitch their votaries with these arts. In almost every case the lizard is the embodiment of evil and suffering ; if the evil eye is cast upon a man he grows dejected, and is told that a baleful spirit in the form of a lizard is slowly killing him. The method of consulting an oracle is as follows :—A spot of ground is selected sheltered from the wind and the fern ; weeds and other vegetation are cleared therefrom for the space of about six feet. If the question to be decided is the issue of a war, the wizard takes a number of sticks of equal size, and while the air is perfectly calm he makes these stand on end in two rows to represent the respective armies ; then he names them.

“ This is the N'gai-te-waki, that the N'ga-ti-rahairi ; this is the Uri-Rapana, and this the Nga-te-tau-tahi.” He retires to a distance and watches the effect of the rising wind ; those which fall back are defeated, if sideways only partially destroyed, if forward theirs is the victory. It will be readily seen, however, that this arrangement lends itself to all sorts of trickery, and the manipulator generally manages to give an oracle favourable to the tribe asking his advice. The sticks are in every case carried with the tribe to battle, and conceived to be a sacred pledge of victory.

Such are some of the dark and heathenish practices of the Maoris in their unenlightened state. Happily for New Zealand :

“The old order changeth, giving  
place unto the new.”

And the superstitions of the natives are becoming more and more a miserable memory. But in those early days of missionary effort the prince of darkness strove, in many cases not unsuccessfully, with the growing light of the Gospel for the souls of men. An illustration of this is given by the Rev. William Yate, a missionary of great intelligence and devotion, in his journal, and this most interesting account will fitly close this present chapter.

“Paru, a chief of much influence and authority amongst the tribe N’gai-te-waki, was a man of a bold and daring spirit, savage in his disposition, and reckless of the consequences of any of his actions, either to himself or others. He always had the appearance of a man verging on consumption ; and his tendency to this disorder was much increased by his having been exposed to severe cold and wet, in a predatory excursion to the southward. The excursion, in which Paru formed one of the party, was undertaken in the winter, some of those engaged in it were drowned, others were starved to death by cold and hunger ; and the greater portion who lived to return home had laid the foundation of diseases which rendered their future days miserable, or brought them to an untimely grave. The young man of whom I am now speaking began visibly to decline in the spring of the year 1829 ; and a very short time proved that his disease was too deeply fixed to be eradicated. He could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to take medicines ; never, indeed, except at the earnest persuasion of one of the missionaries. He placed his whole confidence for his recovery in the superstitious rites of the priests, whose tapus and other observances and requirements,

in the end, greatly hastened his death. He had heard many times of the truths of our holy religion; and had been entreated again and again, while in comparative health, to lay hold of the hope of everlasting life set before him in the Gospel, but he rejected every overture of mercy. I visited him several times during his illness, and took with me many little comforts which he had no opportunity of procuring. I always found him stretched on a bed of fern, under a miserable shed that could not screen him from the scorching rays of the midday sun; nor from the cold, raw air of midnight; nor yet from wind and rain. Here he lay, the picture of despair, an old, tapued woman at his side, wiping, with a roll of flax, the sweat that streamed down his fleshless, tattooed face; and a whole host of friends, at a little distance, talking loudly, and with seeming gladness, at the prospect of the removal of him who lay before them. Their conversation was of the most unfeeling character; such as, where he should be buried, how many muskets or blankets should be buried with him: how they would act at the final removal of his bones; and the probable size of the coffins he would require at his first burial, and after his exhumation. On my visit to him, the day of his death, I found the usual noisy company, and the above were the common topics of conversation in which these 'miserable comforters' engaged. I spoke to them of the cruelty of such conduct, but they laughed at the idea. I then turned to the forlorn patient, and found him struggling hard for breath, whilst the sweat of death was upon him. He retained the full use of his senses to the last; but this was to him, emphatically, the valley of the shadow of death. I spoke to him of a Saviour, able and willing to save him even then, if he would only

call upon Him for salvation, but he grew angry ; the expression of his countenance was changed, and he told me, that ‘from his birth he had lived a native man, and a native man he would die.’ He became more calm when I asked him where he expected his spirit would go after death ; and, whether he thought he should be happy or miserable in the world which is to come. The doctrine of a future existence is one in which all the New Zealanders most firmly believe, but their ideas respecting it are most absurd. The answer which I received from Paru to this important question was rather a lengthy one, they were the last words he ever spoke—the last earthly sounds he ever uttered, except the long, deep, hollow groan of death. ‘I shall go to hell,’ said he, with terrible emphasis ; ‘I shall go to hell. Wiro is there, and I shall be his companion for ever. I have not killed men enough to have my eyes made stars, as Hongi’s are. I am not an old man, but a youth, I shall go to hell : where else—where else—where else should I go?’ He sank down exhausted, and seemed to slumber for a short time ; so I left him, and before I had ridden half-a-mile from the place where he was lying, a long fire of musketry announced his departure to that place where his state is for ever fixed. Thus died Paru, a chief of great name and importance with the N’gai-te-waki. I dare not pronounce what his state now is ; man is not the judge. He has passed the tribunal of the Judge of quick and dead, who must needs do right, and will render to every man according to his deeds. This only, as far as it appeared to us, we know, that poor Paru, to the very last, turned his back upon the only way of salvation.”



## CHAPTER VII.

### SOME OF THE SHEAVES.

“ How happy the man whose heart is set free,  
The people that can be joyful in Thee ;  
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face,  
And still they are talking of Jesus’ grace.”

**A**FTER the death of Marsden, the responsibility of continuing missions in New Zealand fell into the hands of those who had been his faithful comrades during his later years. He had laid the foundation, and it was now for them to complete the glorious structure of Christianity among the Maoris. One of the most distinguished of his coadjutors was the Rev. Henry Williams, who seems to have caught his spirit in dealing with the natives, and shared more perhaps than any other man the confidence they reposed in Marsden. This was strikingly shown in his acts as mediator between the tribes who were at war from time to time.

Many incidents are preserved showing his good work in this capacity. They display the heroisms of the man as well as his consistent enforcement of the

principles of the Prince of Peace. On one occasion he went to visit a powerful chief, named Te Koikoi, and was previously warned not to mention hell as a place of punishment for the wicked, as the old warrior would immediately take offence. Waiving such weak considerations, the missionary at once conversed with the chief on the subject, and told him how God was angry with the wicked every day, and had said that they, and all the nations that forget Him, would be turned into hell. But he did not seem offended, and listened while Mr. Williams urged him to flee from the wrath to come, and accept the offer of mercy, Christ. Some time afterwards, however, he appeared before the mission station in a great rage, with an army of warriors, demanding satisfaction for having been told that he would go to fire and brimstone. Mischief would have followed had it not been for the coolness of the missionary, who reasoned with him, and refused point blank to give anything as a reparation. After turning away in a great rage, like another Naaman, the old chief reappeared, followed by all his people, not armed, however, this time, but carrying a peaceful offering of food and fruits, which were afterwards distributed amongst the people.

On another occasion a battle was imminent—the immediate cause being that a chief had been shot at, and a proof of the influence of Williams is seen in that some of the chiefs interested in the struggle came to him and asked for his intervention. They began their negotiations on the Saturday, and hearing from the missionaries that Sunday was a sacred day, they voluntarily agreed to abstain from all hostilities on the morrow, and actually sat down together to hear Williams preach to them of the love of Christ. Then on the day following Williams walked with the

chief, Tohitapu, carrying a white flag to the enemy's quarters, and after the long palaver customary with the Maoris, the armies were disbanded and peace proclaimed. Afterwards one of the old chiefs came to the mission station and declared that he must either kill some one or hang himself. Holding up his hatchet, he cried :—

“Sixteen persons by this have been sent to the shades below, and unless I can kill and eat some one now, I shall have no rest.”

Mr. Williams laid his hand gently on him and rebuked him for such a desire, which reproof the old man duly appreciated, for he changed his mind suddenly, and, flinging away the hatchet, said, “I will use it no more.”

Amid many discouragements it was very helpful to the missionaries to notice the faithful lives of their converts, and how peacefully they passed away. One of their native girls, named Peti, had been taken into the mission house as a servant, and soon became wise unto salvation. After her baptism she was taken ill with consumption, and, while lying very weak, her constant care was the salvation of her two friends who watched her bed. “O Tuarri, Tuarri!” she would cry, “it will not be long before I leave you, and why do you not believe? Do you think that God will not listen to your prayers? Yes, He will listen to all who pray to Him from their hearts. He is not like the Maoris, He does not bear malice towards unbelievers. His love is great, it is not like the love of the world which soon dies away, but it lasts for ever.” Then again, a few days afterwards, she appealed to her other friend: “Rama, you say you believe, but your works do not correspond with your profession. Do pray often and earnestly that

God may preserve you when you are tempted. Mind, you cannot deceive God. No, He can see everything, and knows everything."

Her dying was full of triumph. Speaking of her sufferings she said, "My pain is great, but it is nothing to what my Saviour suffered. I feel happy. I am not afraid. Christ is waiting at the end of the road. I want to go." The missionary's daughter stooped down and kissed her, "Farewell Peti, you are now going to Jesus," she said. Her whispered reply was "Yes, I am happy, I am happy," and passed away.

Mr. Davis, one of the missionaries, one day after preaching, noticed an old man lying on the verandah of a house on his mattress evidently very ill. When he drew near and spoke to him, he made no sign, his eyes were fixed and glazed, and in a few minutes he would be dead. Presently his power of speech returned, and looking intently at the missionary, he said, "My mind is fixed on Christ as my Saviour."

"How long have you been seeking Christ?" asked the missionary.

"From the first," said he. "Christ is in my heart and my soul is joyful." As his strength began to finally give out his last words were, "I have no fear, Christ is with me."

In the year 1835 a mission station was established at Mata Mata, under the care of the Rev. A. N. Brown, who soon found that difficulties would arise with the chief Paharakeke, who had engaged to build the premises. He began to extort money and to hinder the work by keeping the natives away. It was only by the intervention of the old friendly chief Ngakuku that matters were arranged, and instead of the usual rubbing of mutual noses, the missionary and Pahara-

keke shook hands English fashion. But the constant conflicts between the local tribes was a standing menace to their success. Mr. Chapman, another missionary, had started work at Rotorua, and some progress had been made in influencing the natives by the Gospel. Suddenly an act of treachery on the part of the people near his mission spread the sky with clouds of alarm and danger. The cause Mr. Chapman relates in a letter :—

“ We were just beginning to feel some little ease from the burdens which for four months had pressed heavily upon us, when on Christmas morning of 1835, just as I was preparing to assemble the natives for service, intelligence was brought me that a chief named Huka had that morning murdered, in a most barbarous manner, Hunga, a near relative of Waharoa, and that the body had been taken to Huka’s Pah, on the other side of the lake, to be eaten. I immediately had the boat launched, and, favoured with a fair wind, landed in little more than an hour. The natives received me in sullen silence, no doubt guessing my errand. They made no answer to my inquiries, and Huka himself, I found, was then at the great Pah, having gone there as I afterwards learnt, to hang up the poor man’s heart in a sacred place, in order to avert any danger from himself. I called upon them to give up to me the body of the murdered man ; upon which a young man rose, and said that they had not the body, but that it had been quartered, and sent away in different directions ; that they had the head, which they were willing to give me, but were afraid of Huka’s anger. I told them that I would take the responsibility upon myself. He then walked a short distance, and with the utmost unconcern brought me the head, wrapped up in a bloody mat. Placing it in

the boat, I brought it away, and on the following morning delivered it to some of the poor man's relations."

When the news came to Mata Mata, Waharoa, the warlike chief, determined upon speedy revenge. By an



A NATIVE SERVICE.

unlikely artifice he deceived the Rotorua people, and suddenly pounced upon the place where lived the murderer of his tribeman, and while the people were sleeping he entered the Pah and put sixty-five to

instant death. The awful slaughter fever was now possessing the warriors, and in the presence of the missionaries they practised their inhuman atrocities, and even threatened the white men with death if they continued to rebuke their cruelties. At Mata Mata there was a terror of reprisals, and the work was paralysed. The lads and girls of the schools were placed with the women in the safe hiding of the Pah, and the approach of the enemy was hourly expected. The defenders were associated with the Mission, and when a few days later the Rotorua braves rushed upon the place and destroyed the men, taking the women and children as slaves, the work was practically at an end. The old chief Waharoa was roused with a thirst for retribution, and seizing his opportunity attacked the Rotorua warriors, some of whom retreated to the mission premises. In the battle which followed the doors and windows of the house were broken in and everything pillaged and destroyed. It was then seen by the missionaries that no mission property in that neighbourhood could be treated as secure. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Knight, who were temporarily in charge at Mata Mata, hastened to reach the safe borders of Puriri. When, however, they reached a place on the way some villagers called upon them to return, as they said several people, dressed in English clothing, were approaching. Presently these appeared dressed in white shirts which they had stolen, and their leader solemnly conducting them with his head enveloped in an old black silk bonnet, part of Mrs. Chapman's wardrobe, and a piece of cotton print, tied round his sable neck. In the midst of much distress and trouble this man's appearance could not fail to amuse the missionaries. They proved to be friendly natives

who had received some of the property stolen from the mission premises.

The Christian chief, Ngakuku, while acting as guide to an Englishman and his family and his party of twenty-one natives, passed through a terrible ordeal, and the spirit in which he bore his trouble shows how the power of Divine grace can control a man who in times past has been savage and relentless. One night they were surprised by a Rotorua party, who had mistaken them for Waharoa's soldiers. With the stealthy, swift action of Maori warfare, they rushed upon them in the darkness; every one fled to the wood, and Ngakuku, snatching up his boy in his arms, begged his little girl, Tarore, to follow.

This poor child, however, was dazed with sleep, and did not do so, and at daybreak he sought for her in vain. Some of the hostile natives came telling him she was well, and endeavouring to ensnare him by that strategy; but, as night came on, he stole down to the deserted hut, and found her dead. Carrying the body to the missionaries, he broke out into lamentations and tears.

"The only reason why my heart is sad," he cried, "is that I do not know whether my child has gone to heaven or to the Reiuigi. She has heard the Gospel with her ears, and read it to Mrs. Brown, but I do not know whether she has received it into her heart."

When at the little chapel evening prayers were said, the broken-hearted man spoke a few words on "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions;" and the sweet promises of comfort seemed to fall like refreshing rain on the parched spirit of the speaker. The next day the child received Christian burial, and a large concourse of

natives stood round the grave. After the missionary had spoken, the father came forward, and, amid impressive silence, said :—

“There lies my child ; she has been murdered as a payment for your bad conduct. But do not you rise up to obtain satisfaction for her. God will do that. Let this be the conclusion of the war with Rotorua. Let peace be now made. My heart is not sad for my daughter, but for you. You wished for teachers to come to you ; they came, and now you are driving them away. You are weeping for my daughter, but I am weeping for you, for myself, for all of us. Perhaps this murder is a sign of God’s anger towards us for our sins. Turn to Him, believe, or you will all perish.”

It is a singular circumstance, that years afterwards, Uita, the man who led the attack during which the child was killed, embraced Christianity, and before his confession and baptism in the native church, would first find out Ngakuku and receive his forgiveness.

This beautiful girl, who sealed the faith with her blood, died like a real martyr. She clasped her Maori Gospel of St. Luke to her breast, and her murderers, tearing from it some leaves of the sacred Book, used them as cartridges when they shot her down. One of these torn leaves was picked up by a poor slave boy, who carried it away, and, having been taught in the mission school to read, set to work among the very tribe which had committed the crime to spread the Gospel. Through his instrumentality a mission was established, at the personal request of the son of one of the chiefs, and, in 1839, its missionary, speaking of this poor boy’s devoted service, said :—

“He has laboured with astonishing zeal and per-

severance. He has taught many to read, and has instructed numbers, as far as he is able, in the truths of the Gospel, so that many tribes, from some distance round, call themselves believers, keep the Lord's Day, assemble for worship, and use the Litany of the Church of England. The schools also are numerous. I felt that one boy, Makahau, had set an example which might arouse the missionaries to every exertion, and act as a powerful appeal to the friends of the Society at home."

After this, who shall despise the day of small things? Surely in that supreme hour, when the hearts of all will be revealed, and the stewardship of all be weighed and judged, this simple Maori youth will receive the commendation of the Lord he so faithfully served: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

For some years this tribal war continued, and in 1839 the mission party, who had been compelled to leave the district, commenced the work again on the island of Mokoia in the middle of Rotorua Lake, where they were safe from the contending forces. Persecution had knitted the Christians together in love, and the missionaries were gratified to notice how the leaven of the Gospel was working in the hearts of the young men.

The old chief, Waharoa, had come to the end of his days of battle, and complained bitterly that his sons, instead of following his warlike example, chose rather the Christian method of reconciliation with their enemies. He died without any signs of conversion, and his favourite son, Tarapipipi, was received into Christian fellowship, and was baptised under the name of Wireum Tainhana.

Although popular with the tribe, and accepted unanimously as the bravest of the brave, his followers tried by every means to shake his Christian principles, especially as regards war. Soon afterwards he had an opportunity of testifying before his people. A hostile army appeared on his borders, and a council of war was held, at which the new chief was urged to show his valour and carry on the military fame of his father, the warlike Waharoa. It was a critical moment, and there were many inducements to move his mind in the direction of their wishes; but Tainhana Tarapipi rose in the midst of them with his New Testament in his hand, and with courage and frankness in his demeanour, witnessed a good confession, rebuking his headstrong warriors and pointing out that not by arms but acts of righteousness could Christians achieve their victories.

His appeal was successful, the attack of the enemy was averted by friendly consultations, and Tainhana lived to be a wise and godly governor of his people.

From this time there was a marked improvement in the work, and the tide of spiritual prosperity had set in. The missionaries were gladdened by the desire of the natives to know the truth, and the New Testament having been translated into Maori, they were able to bid them read for themselves what God had to say to them.

But while persecution from the New Zealanders had ceased, opposition came from quite another quarter. Some Romish priests, under various disguises, had found their way into the island, and by liberal presents of blankets and other articles, were gaining the confidence of the natives. A Romish bishop made his appearance, and the Protestant workers, who had borne the heat and burden of the

pioneer work, now foresaw serious troubles ahead. The natives soon began to confront the new teachers with the Bible, and they in turn denounced the missionaries as unauthorised and without the truth. Nothing could be more lamentable than that there in New Zealand, just emerging from its darkness of superstition and sin, the old struggle with the shadow of Rome had to be renewed in the face of the people. The missionaries found themselves compelled to withstand the arguments brought against their teaching by the priests. One of the latter drew upon the ground a diagram of the Roman Empire, and tried to explain that Peter and Paul went to Rome, and that there and there only the true Church sprang. Then the Rev. William Williams pointed out in reply that the Scriptures were our guide, and when the priest spoke of councils, the puzzled natives could not understand.

But they held their Bibles in their hands, and the priest had been compelled to admit that that was the Word of God, but that the Protestants had stolen it from them. Mr. Williams showed that it was like a stream making its way to the sea; the priest's copy of the Bible was but a supply in his vessel, but the Protestants have fetched theirs from the stream itself. Suiting his action to the argument, Mr. Williams seized an empty calabash and filled it at the rushing rivulet close by, and returning, asked the natives, "Is this stealing?"

They saw the point at once, and the priest, discomfited, retired, leaving many of his adherents to accept the truth as preached by the Protestant missionaries.

The Christian natives themselves were not slow to dispute with these teachers of a strange religion. Mr.

Williams, in his interesting book, "Christianity among the New Zealanders," gives a striking instance, which is worth quoting here :—

"At the time when Bishop Pompallier was at Tauranga, in the year 1840, Matin, a Christian native, who was afterwards appointed a teacher, had a controversy with one of the priests, which is thus related :—The priest said, 'There is one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' 'That is true,' replied Matin. The priest then, holding his crucifix in his hand, remarked, 'We do not worship this, but it is to make us remember Christ.' 'That,' replied Matin, 'is what you say ; but what says the Book ? "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." Your image is the work of man, and to make an image like that is breaking God's commandment.' Matin then read Revelations xiv. 9, 10, 11, and asked the priest the meaning of the passage. The priest replied that he did not know enough of the native language to understand him, and was walking away. 'Stop,' said Matin ; 'you sought this conversation with me, and if you cannot understand what I say, your disciple, Haki Tara, can. I will tell him what these verses mean, and he can explain it to you. 'Haki,' continued Matin, 'this receiving the mark of the beast means, among other things, carrying those medals of the Virgin in your ears, and those crosses round your necks ; and now, Haki, tell me what this expression means, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."' 'I do not know,' replied Haki. 'Then,' said Matin, 'I will tell you. That man,' pointing to the priest, 'is the leader of the blind, and those who listen to his preaching, and receive his doctrines, and bow down to his images, are blind also ; and the ditch means hell, into which

both parties, unless they repent, will at last fall.' The priest would not remain any longer, but turned angrily away, probably more firmly convinced than ever that the Church of Rome is right in withholding from the common people that Word which God designed as a lamp to lead them into all truth."

On another occasion, a Christian native at Rotorua, who had encountered the Romish bishop at Auckland, said that the bishop justified their making carved images from the example of the carved cherubim and seraphim. The plain, common-sense, scriptural reply of the native to the bishop was striking:—"God," he said, "commanded the cherubim and seraphim to be made; God *forbids* you to make carved images. God *spoke* from the cherubim and seraphim; did He ever speak from your images?"

The remarkable change which had come over the natives at this time was apparent elsewhere. More certain perhaps than the statement that so many thousands had been baptised was the indisputable evidence that they were living new lives, because in Christ Jesus they had become new creatures.

The old savage element had passed, and to these people, who had come out of such darkness, it was evident that the light of Life had come.

Dr. Sinclair, who had been travelling in New Zealand for scientific purposes, in a letter on his return to Glasgow, thus gives his impartial testimony upon the point:—

"By means of the well-directed labours of the missionaries, the natives have become exemplary Christians, and show an intellectual capacity which strikes with surprise everyone who goes among them. I might mention many circumstances to prove how sincere they are, and how well they seem to be

instructed in religion ; but I will state only one, which made a deep impression upon me at the time. While staying for a few days in the hut of an Englishman, at a part of the coast very little frequented, where about thirty natives live, I heard, morning after morning, about daybreak, when, as Captain Cook beautifully observes, the warbling of the small birds in New Zealand appears like the tinkling of little bells, the sound of a person striking an iron bolt. On inquiry, I found this to be the call to morning prayer, and that on a small spot of ground, cleared for the purpose, all the little village assembled beneath the canopy of heaven, to offer up, in unaffected piety, their grateful thanks and prayers to their Great Creator. Their avidity to learn reading and writing, and to possess books, as well as to engage in discussion on religious and other subjects, is very remarkable. From what I have seen of those still unconverted, the state of the whole people, before the arrival of the missionaries, must have been more degraded and abject than that of any other nation I have ever seen, whether on the coasts of Africa, or the north-west coast of America, the Sandwich Islands, or any other country which I have visited. I have observed myself, as well as heard it remarked by others, the great contrast between the modesty and good sense shown in the conversation of those who have been converted, and the ribaldry and indecency of those who still remain in darkness. Frequently have I heard a Christian native, when asked to buy or sell on the Sunday, or break any other commandment, make the decided answer, 'No, me missionar ;' and that in circumstances when the temptation was great, and the means of keeping the transaction secret not difficult."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### SELWYN, THE FIRST BISHOP.

“Everywhere the gate of beauty  
Fresh across the pathway swings,  
As we follow truth and duty  
All along new glory flings.”

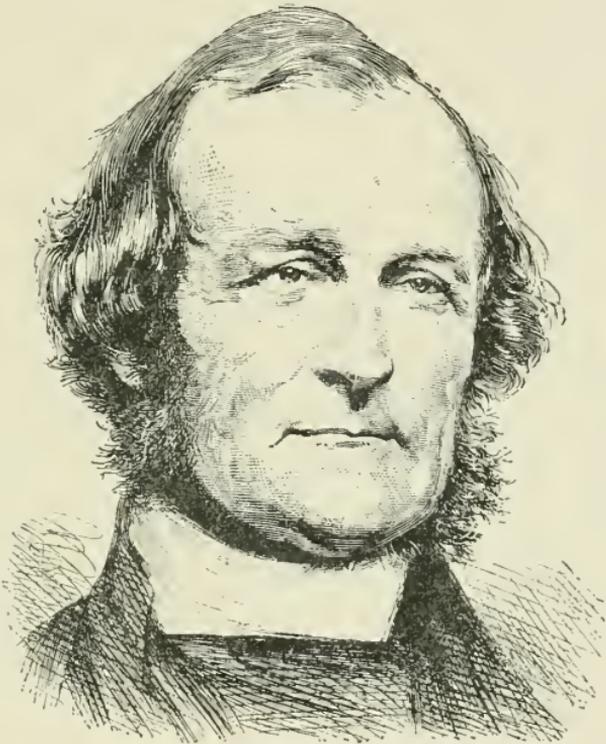
THE political history of New Zealand from the years 1830 to 1840 is full of interest, and if the subject lay within the sphere of the present work a chapter or more might be devoted thereto. Marsden had always at heart the social welfare of the natives, and his grand idea was that of a Maori king who should wisely govern his people in the fear of God. This dream, however, was dissipated by the disastrous conflicts which raged among the Maoris themselves, and their instability of character; a nation of many masters, it was disunited and incapable of self-control. Added to this, the influence of Europeans upon the people was the reverse of satisfactory. They were setting the tribes against each other, and fomenting a spirit of revenge and cruelty which sadly injured the work of the missions. It was

clear that a strong hand outside must take the government of the country, and bring order out of this confusion and bloodshed. The farce of recognising the Maoris as an independent nation, and paying honours to a flag under which their independence was to be proclaimed, was speedily ended. The British resident, Mr. Busby, in 1835 did indeed gather together a number of the principal chiefs, and arranged that they should constitute an annual congress to rule the "United Tribes of New Zealand," and petition the king of England to be their patron and protector.

The whole affair soon became unmanageable, and some action became necessary on the part of the British Government. This was rendered more urgent in consequence of the formation of the New Zealand Company, a speculative trading concern for buying land from the natives at merely nominal sums, and selling it again to settlers. To give an idea of their plan of doing business it may be mentioned that upwards of a million acres were purchased for less than fifty pounds, and that being not paid in English gold but old muskets, barrels of gunpowder and shot, and amongst other items "seventy-two hoes and a gross of Jews' harps."

A Frenchman, Baron de Thierry, had in 1822 bought forty thousand acres of land for ten axes, and under the Company the natives were being plundered wholesale. Although the plan was promoted by men of principle at home, it proved a stone of stumbling, and led to oppression and injustice in dealing with the ignorant Maoris. This state of things did not, however, very much move the energies of the English Government, but a stimulus from quite another quarter soon led to the formal annexation of the country to English rule.

Louis Philippe was occupying the throne of France, and he secretly sought some opportunity of gaining an outlying country like New Zealand, as his country had lost her colonial provinces in the late war. A ship was prepared with sealed orders to take the country in the name of France, when the English



BISHOP SELWYN.

Government, hearing of the expedition, sent Captain Hobson in 1839 to ask the allegiance of the chiefs to the British flag, and in 1842 the islands were formally annexed to the English crown.

The Romish teachers bitterly resented this arrangement, and did their best to stir up the natives against it. Years of struggle followed, and thrice the British

flag was cut down, the hostility of the chiefs being consummated in the terrible war about which something must be said further on.

On Christmas Day 1842 the good ship *Tomatin* sailed from Plymouth, her destination being New Zealand; on her deck, waving farewells to his many friends, stood George Augustus Selwyn, a clergyman of good promise and piety, who had been ordained to the first bishopric of that country. In every respect he was a remarkable man. While at Cambridge he had shown gifts of a distinguished order, and those marks of strong personality which pointed to a leadership of men at no distant day. He was full of apostolic zeal. From the very beginning his eyes had looked across the sea to the needs of the heathen, and when it was known that he had been appointed to the new bishopric, everybody agreed that of all men in the Church he was the best for the post. Had he chosen to remain at home, a prospect of speedy preferment was no doubt before him, but his heart was set after service for God in that far-off land, about which so much had already been told in the missionary record of the past twenty years.

The post was one requiring tact and firmness; the old difficulties which had distressed the work of Marsden were coming up in various shapes, and with the unsettled condition of New Zealand, the political question was so inextricably mixed up with the religious, that the man chosen to take the reins of government in spiritual things would need special qualifications and great grace. Selwyn possessed in addition a fortune in the advantage of a fine and well-trained physique, and in the University boat had shown that he could endure hardness, and as an

athlete hold his own. All this stood him in good stead during the hardships which he was to undergo in his new sphere.

In the ship in which Selwyn sailed, a young New Zealander formed one of the party, and it is characteristic of the Bishop that during the voyage he so mastered the language of the Maori that he could freely catechise the young native in his own tongue, so that when he landed he was able, on his first visit to his diocese, to preach to the people. In addition to this, he studied the art of navigation under the captain, to fit him for managing his own ship when cruising among the islands.

After making some necessary arrangements as regards the work, he began his missionary tours by walking for five months through his new diocese, fording rivers, sleeping in the woods, and returning so ragged and with his feet bound up with native flax, that he entered Waimaté, his new quarters, by a quiet path unrecognised. "As for the people," he wrote, "I love them from my heart, and my desire to serve them grows day by day."

His next journey was in the little mission vessel, *The Flying Fish*, and he was present at the outbreak of war hostilities between the natives and English at Kororareka, where the chief, Keke, had cut down the English flagstaff. After a hot fight with the natives, the small force of soldiers had to take refuge in the ship. Afterwards, the Bishop and Mr. Williams went ashore, and found the natives busy plundering the place, but they passed unharmed amongst them. After burying the dead and rescuing, as far as possible, the papers and valuables of the English settlers they crossed to the mission station, Paihia, where, after a service, they started out on horseback

to Waimaté. Looking behind them they saw the sky lurid with the burning of Kororareka, and it was difficult to foresee how much further this bloodshed and ruin would extend. But the shouts of welcome which greeted the Bishop's return to his station cheered his heart. These Christian natives gathered together and assured him that they would defend the Mission to the very last. He felt that they were all in the hands of God, and especially was delighted to see the native children who were in their care. They would be safe in the Good Shepherd's hands. "No sooner was it heard," he writes, "that I was in the house than a stream of little children flowed down from the bedrooms in the upper storey, their black eyes and white teeth sparkling in the candlelight, as they crowded about me with smiling faces to shake me by the hand. As some of the Christian natives remarked, 'Though the heavens were black around us there was the bright spot of blue sky which gave hopes that the storm would soon pass away.'"

For a time he stayed at home busily at work in perfecting his college and schools, and transplanting the whole establishment to a more convenient site within five miles of Auckland, and erecting a fresh hospital for the sick. An unlooked-for trial awaited them, however, for an epidemic broke out among the natives, and a sick woman being inadvertently admitted within their walls, the whole college was speedily attacked with the sickness, and his own children were laid low. Weary nights and days of watchful anxiety followed, but God was very merciful to His faithful servant, and the sufferers survived.

In every part of the work the Bishop was ready to help and advise. Often when coming home, weary with his journeys, he would immediately plunge into

the audit of his college accounts or the regulation of its domestic economy. Nothing seemed to escape his notice, and his great aim was to infuse in the Christian natives the idea that, however menial their work, it was worth doing, as under the great Taskmaster's eye. His college servants, the butcher, cook, etc., all left him to take more lucrative positions in the colony, and he conceived the idea of supplementing them altogether by Maori youths. One who knew him speaks of this as follows:—

“I well remember listening to a talk of his to a student one morning on the consequences of unfaithfulness in the discharge of his duties as house-steward. How it seemed probably a small thing to him to intrust some Maori boy with the key to give out flour or rice, and yet a little waste each day might in a few months amount to a sum of money which would have enabled the Bishop to bring some native child to be taught and trained.

“Perhaps the young man at the time only received the talk as a ‘lecture,’ but judging by his faithfulness in an office of trust in after years, the seed bore fruit. The Bishop was delighted to get hold of a little book of directions, printed by Colonel Gold, of the 65th Regiment, for the use of his men. After an appeal to the elder men, the drummer boys were exhorted to step smartly forward for the honour of the 65th. With one of his happy, playful turns, he used to call this book the Golden Rules.

“How his eyes used to kindle, and his whole face light up with a smile as he read this, for this was the spirit he desired to infuse into all his workers. And they did respond in a way; but most of them were young and inexperienced, and the college system was little understood, even by older men, whose sons were

reaping the benefit of the Bishop's self-denying exertions in the cause of education. The notion of English and natives working side by side on equal terms, and with common privileges, was unpopular, and so was the industrial system, though it alone enabled the youths of both races to get a sound education."

His cruise in the *Undine* to the islands of Melanesia and Polynesia, which were then in his diocese, had filled him with love for the dark-skinned and equally dark-minded natives for whose sake Bishop Patteson afterwards gave his life. The youths from these islands gathered with his Maori scholars, and nothing delighted Selwyn's heart more than to receive these waifs of the ocean into the shelter and safety of his roof. Each Sunday the little wooden chapel he had built used to be crowded with his flock, and it was his custom to read the service half in Maori and half in English, and in the afternoon to take the Scripture classes. He had a lively and personal way of dealing with his lads.

"What sort of men were the sons of Eli?" was the question put to a boy, who hung his head in silence, for he was the unrighteous son of a godly parent.

Some of these boys had become acquainted with English words on board ship, as was evidenced one day when the Bishop was pointing out the importance of not lying or deceiving others.

"Does God love boys who do something, and say they have not done it?" he asked of one of the boys.

"No ; *gammon* no good," was the reply.

Selwyn had an apt way of conveying his meaning by signs when words failed. One day a chief inquired if he might be baptised. "Do you wish to be one of us?" asked the Bishop. The man nodded his head.

Then Selwyn held up two fingers, and bent down one, which the chief clearly understood: it was to show that he had two wives, and must put down one.

“I have never seen the Bishop’s mode of dealing with the Melanesians in their own islands, but I fancy the way he wins their hearts at first is by his innate humour, combined with thorough fearlessness, and, above all, of course, a constraining love of souls, for whom Christ died. They seem to know instinctively, like dogs and children, that he loves them, and means their good. At one savage place he was eyed suspiciously at first, but he brought forward one of his own little boys he was bringing back to one of the islands, and, pointing to the lantern-jaws of a little native of the island, and then pulling out the fat cheeks of his own little son, he made them understand that he would do the same for any of their children, if they would let him take them. When they saw him poking his fingers into the hollows of one’s cheeks, and pulling out the fat of the other, they danced and shouted with joy at the fun, and would have let him carry off dozens.”

The 22nd of May, 1853, the Bishop always spoke of as “a day to be much remembered with thankfulness.” He then ordained one of his native young Maoris, Rota Waitoa, to the office of deacon. This young man had been one of his companions in his missionary journeys, and was the most promising of his converts. This incident was all the more cheering to Selwyn, as he had recently found his work hindered and much discouraged by the insincerity and dishonourable conduct of two of his people at the college. The subsequent history of Rota fully vindicated the Bishop’s confidence, and for twelve years he proved a faithful helper in the work, and then died in the faith.

The Bishop had now spent ten laborious and happy years in New Zealand, and he decided to return for a short space of time to England, in order to still further plead for the work in which he was engaged. He found his countrymen just in the excitement of the Crimean war, and seeing the enthusiasm for service which prevailed in the ranks of the army, he implored the members of his Church to send out with equal zeal soldiers of the Cross to preach to the Maoris and Melanesians.

“There is no comfort,” said he, “in the thought of the heathen world but in the hope of the restoration to the Church of the spirit of obedience. What comfort, I would ask, would there have been to any one who had a son or brother in New Zealand in the time of the war if he had been told that it had been left to the free choice of every British soldier and sailor whether he would go out to his rescue? And in what one respect, I would ask, are the men of our army and navy more bound to foreign service than the soldiers of the Cross?”

Doubtless his stirring words were not without result, as he went preaching a spiritual crusade through the Churches; but one notable effect was that Patteson offered himself for the work; and said, in strong faith and zeal: “Here am I, send me.” The history of that noble consecration is already in the records of honourable service for the King, and the two names of Selwyn and Patteson are equally illustrious in the bead-roll of missionary worthies.\*

It is not to be wondered at that Selwyn attracted men of such a stamp to his Mission, for he held up before them the true idea of service—that of regard-

\* “Bishop Patteson, the Martyr of Melanesia.” By Jesse Page. Published by S. W. Partridge & Co., 8 & 9 Paternoster Row.

lessness of self, and absolute loyalty to the Cross. To those who sought preferment or soft and comfortable seats in the Church of God he gave no sign of welcome, for he could not only enforce a spirit of self-sacrifice by words, but, unashamed, point to his own example in this respect. His recommendation of an increase of bishops, whose income should not exceed £500 a-year, was an invitation to share the simple life and fare of his own episcopate.

People who visited Auckland sometimes asked to see the Bishop's palace, and when they were pointed to a dingy house of eight rooms, crammed with native men, women, and children, they felt constrained to admit that such surroundings were in their simplicity truly apostolic. The whole gross income of his bishopric did not exceed £1200 per annum, £500 of which sum he reserved for himself, returning the remainder to the common fund. When he was informed that on the establishment of local government in New Zealand his stipend had been omitted from the estimates at home, and had not been provided for by the Colonial Budget, he was not by any means distressed. "I have no objection," he said "to occupying a see without an income, if called upon to do so; for," he added, "twelve years' residence in New Zealand has made me acquainted with the best places for finding fern-roots and the haunts of birds and fishes." Resolute and undismayed he faced his path of duty, uttering these noble words: "I wish to state, most clearly and distinctly, and in all seriousness, that it is my intention to go back to my diocese, and to dig or beg if need be for my maintenance, for I am ashamed of neither."



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PEACEMAKER.

“Jesus, Thy wandering sheep behold ;  
See, Lord, with tenderest pity see  
The sheep that cannot find the fold,  
Till sought and gathered in by Thee.”

LIKE his brave predecessor, Marsden, the Bishop suffered much misrepresentation and misconception for his championship of the natives. This contumely was shared with others, notably Henry Williams, who had, as already has been shown, won the confidence of the Maoris and made them in his person respect the English people. But both he and the Bishop shared the usual fate of those who venture upon Christian mediation between contending parties. The great point of justice which these two brave Christian men insisted upon, was the right of these Maoris to their ancestral lands, and the injustice of the Company professing to sell to settlers what they themselves had no title to possess. So strongly did he feel on this point, that he was constrained to draw up a statement in the form of a pastoral letter

to his people at New Plymouth, vindicating the position he had taken. He referred to the odious charges made against himself—even that of complicity with a murderer—and affirmed that, in spite of all, he would continue to support what he believed to be a policy of righteousness in dealing with these natives.

“I hold it,” said he, “to be an act unworthy of Englishmen to avail ourselves of any native custom, either of conquest or of slavery, to disenfranchise any class of native proprietors; especially when experience has proved that when no party questions are raised, the native title cannot be extinguished, and all classes of claimants satisfied for a few halfpence per acre.”

The question of the acquisition of their land had become a burning one in the minds of the Maoris, and they began to cherish a deep sense of distrust towards the European colonists. For years, such considerations of the right of territory had been a source of trouble between themselves, and blood had flowed freely in the tribal wars in defence or aggression of what they felt were their rightful boundaries. The case of Taranaki, to which the Bishop referred in his charge above quoted, had aroused the feeling of the natives to a high pitch. The difficulty had arisen because no one appeared to have a valid title to the land. When one chief, Teira, offered to sell a piece of property suitable for a harbour at the mouth of the Waitara River, another, Wiremu Kingi, interfered and claimed it as his own, and when, to end the dispute, the governor took possession of it, having paid the purchase money, the native women rushed forwards and pulled up the stones and boundary marks as fast as they were affixed.

Then came the inevitable soldiers, and when the question arose before the New Zealand Assembly,

Bishop Selwyn took the part of the Maori King Wiremu, and protested.

As frequently happens in such cases, the irritation was intensified by the discovery that a Maori had been found dead in the woods, and the white men were suspected of treachery. Soon after, tidings reached the Bishop that an army of four hundred natives were on their way to the English settlement to have their revenge. He at once mounted his horse and rode hard towards the threatened village, warned the colonists at sunrise of their danger, and then left his horse and waded through a mud swamp up to his knees to meet the enemy. As soon as he was in their midst, and after much talk over the matter, he got them to put away their muskets and join him in a service of prayer to God. He found out the brother of the dead Maori in full fighting style with his gun ready for vengeance, but a few words soon cooled the hot spirit of the man.

It is very important to record how much in these perilous times the white people owed to the intervention of the Bishop. After his death, many testimonies were given of his brave protection, and one which appeared in an Auckland newspaper from the pen of an old settler, sets forth the following interesting particulars:—

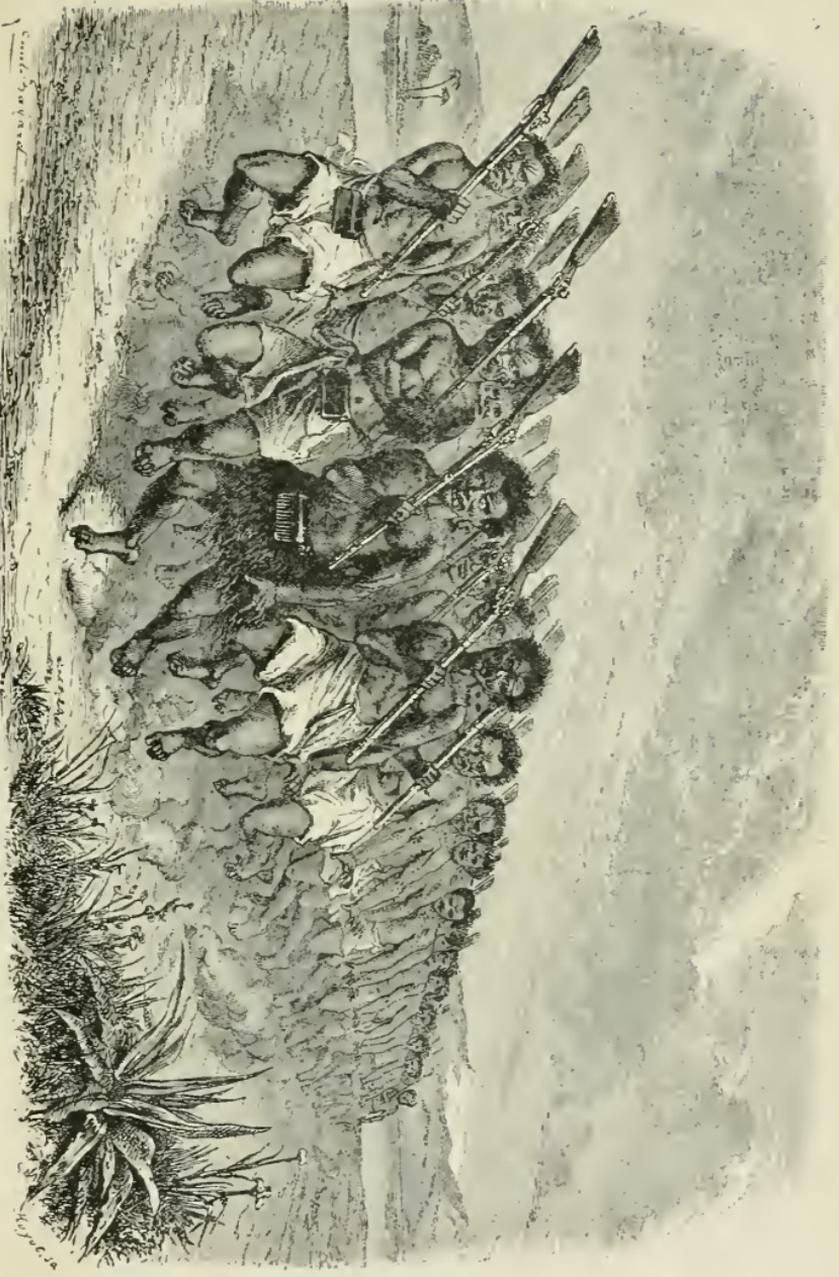
“No isolated household requiring a warning of the near approach and evil intentions of the stealthy foe, but the Bishop was the first to sound the tocsin, and personally assist the family to a secure place of refuge. Sure I am, that the first European settlers of Manku, humanly speaking, owed their lives to Bishop Selwyn’s untiring watchfulness and forethought. Well I remember the early spring of 1860, upon the occasion of a native being killed in the

bush, when our lives were considered in such jeopardy that the governor ordered a vessel to be sent to the Manku river to rescue us from imminent peril. His Excellency's message for us to go on board reached us during breakfast one morning, and was quickly followed by the stealthy step of a friendly Maori, who came to urge us to go away at once, as they had planned to kill us that night. We quickly turned the calves to the cows, opened the doors of the pig-styes, but silver was as dross to dear life, and we left the spoons on the breakfast table, and hastened to the refuge so kindly sent for our relief. On the *Raven* in the Manku Creek were collected the whole of the white population—amounting to some sixty souls—and there we spent two days awaiting orders from headquarters, when Mr. Purchas came to inform us that the Bishop and Mr. Maunsell had gone and met Wiremu Kingi (William King) and the war-party at Tuakau, and influenced them to abandon their hostile intentions towards us, and return to Waikato; consequently we might disembark and safely return to our homes. You may be sure we speedily took advantage of this joyful intelligence, and I happened to be the first to reach Upper Manku. The desolation those two days of abrupt absence had caused beggars description. Calves bleating for food, cows standing by their unknown progeny nearly bursting with milk, pigs rooting up carrots, turnips, onions, strawberry beds, etc. But all this was as nothing when I descried a well-known figure descending a hill near, and approaching the house. I ran to the gate, which I had scarcely reached when I saw the Bishop, who had dismounted from his horse, and was taking from the saddle a small haversack. I accosted him: 'My lord, I suppose you know we

have all just left the vessel and returned to our homes. *Have we done right?*' He replied 'Yes, I know all about it. Will you let me leave my horse here until to-morrow, as I am going to Purapura?' I said, 'Certainly; but you cannot proceed to-night; it is eight or nine miles, an obscure bush track, and now past 4 o'clock. Come in, take some refreshment, and go in the morning.' His reply was, 'No, thank you, I have bread in my kit, and must push on at once, but shall probably be back early in the morning.' And return he did at 6 A.M., drenched to the skin, having had to ford a creek. He took my hand, and said in his own kind and musical voice, 'I know you will forgive my not answering your question yesterday, but now I will make a clean breast and tell you all. You know Mr. Maunsell and I intercepted the Maoris at Tuakau, and after we had arranged with William King for their return, we found a party of the most reckless of them had, while we were talking, taken a canoe and started off, intent on mischief. So I volunteered to go to Purapura and get the chiefs there to prevent a war-party passing over their land, without which permission they could not proceed to Manku. This the chiefs William Wesley and Adam Clarke have promised to do, but I will remain here until all danger from these wild spirits has passed.' And so he did, guarding us with jealous care, never seeming to sleep soundly, for upon any unusual noise in the night he was up and out in a moment."

But his championship of the Maori cost him dearly, and, incredible as it may seem, this brave good man was hooted and insulted by the colonists when he next went to Taranaki. His one crime was that of taking up the cause of the natives in the lamentable

NATIVE WAR DANCE.





war which was beginning, and yet in his efforts to promote reconciliation and peace, he was frank and faithful in his dealings with English and Maori alike. An instance of his tact must be related here. One of the chiefs had remonstrated with the governor upon his refusal to let the natives have guns and powder. "My custom," said the chief, "with regards to my enemy is, if he have not a weapon, I give him one, that we may fight on equal terms. Now, O Governor, are you not ashamed of my defenceless hands?" Soon afterwards the Bishop went away into the bush and heard of the murder of a white boy by some Maoris. One night the Bishop was sitting with a number of natives round a fire, as was his custom, and they were entertaining him with wild stories of weird appearances and superstitious scenes. "Now," said the Bishop, "shall I tell you a ghost story?" They were delighted, and sat in a ring listening with intense attention.

"There was once a man who dreamed a dream that he was sitting with a large party round a fire, when out of the fire there rose up a figure of a man, who said, 'O Governor, if I had an enemy and he had no weapon I would give him one before we fought. O Governor, were you not ashamed of my defenceless hands?' and he stretched them out." The people all applauded the sentiment which was so just and true; but the dream went further. "After a time there arose up another figure out of the fire, and looked on them: it was a white face, very pale, and blood was streaming down it: the figure was dressed like an English boy, and held a bullock whip. Slowly he too stretched out his arm, and said to the Maoris, 'Were you not ashamed of my defenceless hands?'"

The point of the story could not fail to be appreciated, and the Bishop's words were carried far and wide among the tribes. In all this work of mediation he certainly had to "rough it." One night, through the churlishness of an unfriendly chief, he had to lodge in a pigstye, which undistinguished shelter he made a little cleaner and more comfortable with his own hands; laying down some ferns as a couch, and sleeping soundly with what may justly be called strange bedfellows for a Bishop.

The patriotic party among the Maoris, led by their king-maker, Wiremu Tamahana, was gaining ground; and right into the midst of the assemblies the Bishop came, appealing to them to be friends, calling himself a half-caste, half-Maori, half-English, and entreating them to submit to law and moderation. Stretching forth his hands to the thousands about him, and speaking eloquently and earnestly in their own wonderful language, he concluded his address with the words, "O, all ye tribes of New Zealand sitting in council here, I beseech you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we all believe, I hope, to agree to the proposal by which we shall all live in peace and happiness."

In spite of his exertions, however, war speedily broke out, and as he could no longer act as mediator between the combatants, he joined the English troops as chaplain, to attend to the sick and give Christian burial to the dead. "If there must be war," said he, "our great effort ought to be at least to debrutalise it."

He never spared himself, and his conduct during these conflicts was most heroic. On one occasion an officer, looking through the telescope, saw the figure of a lonely man by the side of a stream trying

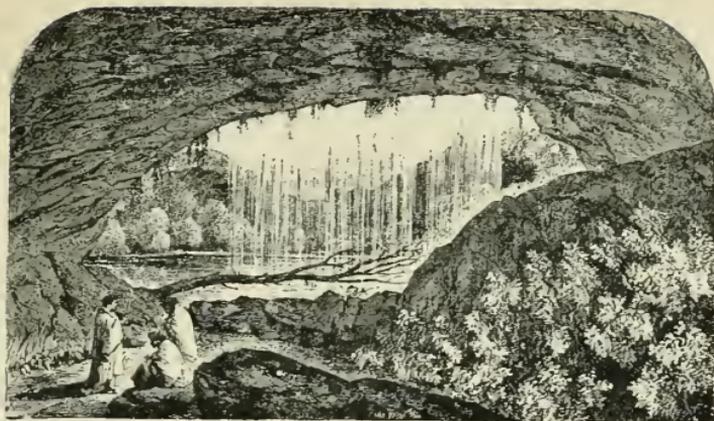
its depths with a stick. Presently he took off his clothes and swam across with them above his head, and afterwards gaining the opposite shore, he resumed his journey. This was the Bishop on his way to counsel certain catechists who needed his encouragement and help. In the fights he was moving to and fro as with a charmed life, carrying the wounded under the hottest fire, and speaking cheery and comforting words, in the Maori tongue, to the helpless men stretched everywhere upon the ground. His association with the troops, however, was largely misunderstood by the natives, and they were disappointed and alarmed to think that their Bishop, in whom they had such confidence, had apparently taken sides against them.

After one of the battles which occurred in the summer of 1863, when he had been carrying a wounded Maori soldier into camp, he had to get two Englishmen to help him, and for a short time walked himself behind carrying the soldier's gun. This was not fully noticed by the distant natives; all they saw was the Bishop carrying arms, and, as a consequence, it became a belief throughout the country that he was a fighting enemy against them like the other white men. It took two years to get rid of the baseless suspicion; and then the wounded Maori who had been succoured came to the front, and, in a large native meeting, told his story, and how the Bishop happened to be carrying his gun.

After the war the Bishop was awarded a medal for brave service, and many who had watched with admiration his brave and Christian conduct, gave him a sum of money wherewith to put stained windows in his little chapel. The design for one

of these was, at his suggestion, commemorative of an act of heroism on the part of a native chief. This chief's name was Henare Taratoa, and he was one of the Bishop's young men at the native college. He was a man of ability and force of character, and when the war broke out he went to his countrymen to fight with them in what he felt to be a patriotic struggle. At the battle of Gate Pah, where the English troops suffered some considerable loss, he was in charge of the Maoris, and laid down his life with great bravery at the close when the English charged the natives. Upon the body of the prostrate Maori was found the "Orders for the Day," and they began with a prayer to God in Maori, and then the words of Romans xii. verse 20, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." How faithfully these Christian principles had been carried out was seen by an incident which transpired at the beginning of the battle. Some English officers and soldiers were wounded and left in the Pah, and one of these was carefully tended by Henare Taratoa all through the night. In his last hours the dying man besought this good Samaritan to get him a drink of water, but no supply could be obtained except at a distance of three miles, and that immediately within the English lines. Trusting in God and fearing no evil, this noble chief made his way down to the pool and, almost under the eyes of the sentries, filled his calabash with water, and brought it back to moisten the lips of his enemy.

This story may well illustrate the way in which the leaven of Christ's spirit and example is seen in the conduct of a man only recently saved from the darkness of heathenism.



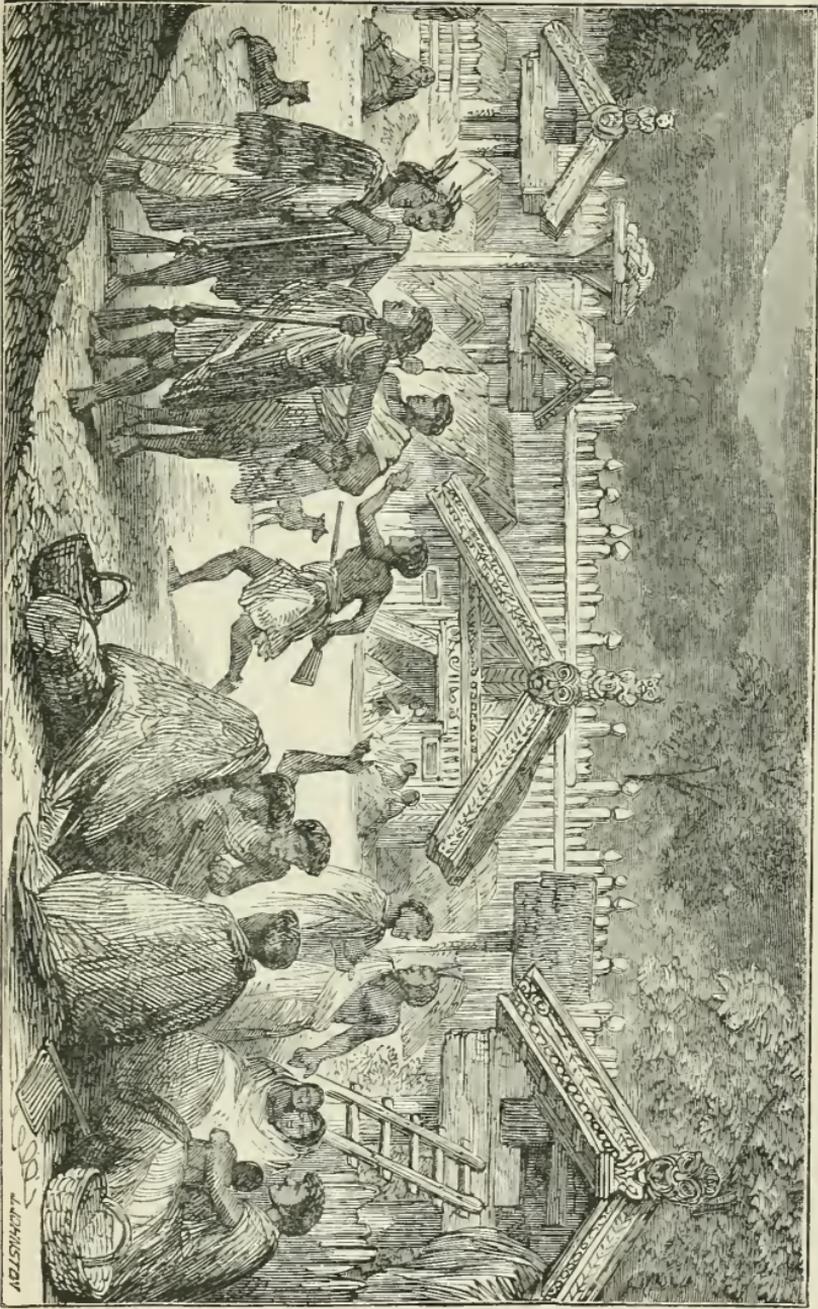
## CHAPTER X.

### THE HAU-HAU APOSTASY.

“ Though in affliction’s furnace tried,  
Unhurt, on snares and death I’ll tread ;  
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,  
Pour all its flames upon my head,  
Like Moses’ bush, I’ll mount the higher,  
And flourish, unconsumed in fire.”

THE terrible war, which had already been so disastrous to the work of the mission stations, and brought back the old spirit of revenge and blood-thirstiness to the Maoris, found a new development which was destined to be one of the most remarkable instances of superstition in the record of mission labour. As in the Soudan the Madhi led his fanatical Arabs against the English army, so in New Zealand, at this time, arose a man of like character, who proclaimed throughout the country a relentless war against the English and their religion. He was a Taranaki chief, named Horopapera Te Ua, and as he had already attracted the attention of his tribe by his insane conduct, he was bound by chain

and padlock as a dangerous lunatic, but like one possessed he broke his bands, and no man could control him. This dangerous man appeared just as the native mind was at high tension with the excitement of the war, and proclaimed himself a prophet sent from heaven. He attributed his escape from his fetters to the direct interposition of the angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary, and said that these celestial visitants had declared to him great victories over the foreigners if they could utter a bark like a dog, "Hau-Hau," and follow the directions of the new prophet. The new creed which he proclaimed was not unlike Mohammedanism, and was termed "Pai Marire," which meant "Bide your time" or, as it has been otherwise translated, "The all-holy." It renounced the Christian religion root and branch, but took up with ready loyalty the Old Testament in its literal teaching as its guide. Upon this was engrafted the strongest mixture of fanatical rites and incantations, all the old superstitions of the Maoris having apparently risen again in the new religion. The people were taught that the natives of New Zealand had been exalted to take the place of the ancient Jewish people, and that it was the duty of the Maoris to show great respect for the Jews wherever they met with them. Thus it happened, that during the terrible onslaught which these fanatics made upon the Christians, in no case was any injury done to the Hebrew race. Old Testament names were freely distributed amongst the Maoris, the English Christians were supposed to represent Pharaoh, the oppressor of Egypt, and the prophet called himself the Moses who would soon thrust the enemy into the deeps of the sea. The worst passions of the people were resorted to, and the practices of the new superstition were revolting. It



IN A FORTIFIED PAH.



is not surprising that under such circumstances the natives relapsed into barbarism, and their cannibal practices, which Christianity had to a large extent exterminated, once more appeared with dreadful frequency.

The king movement which had so possessed the mind of the people soon became a thing of the past, and the patriotic party seeing how widely the fanatical fervour was spreading were only too glad to take advantage of it, and adopt its force as their own. Unchecked, the wave of superstition swept on; mission stations, once the home of peaceful teaching and resounding with praise to God, were destroyed ruthlessly, and the converts scattered. In some cases the Christian natives armed themselves and fought for their lives, one of them, at Wanganui, succeeding in defeating a company of Hau-Hau fanatics. The pahs were now the scene of warlike activity, natives running hither and thither with their guns, or sitting with their chiefs in earnest conclave, preparing for some fresh and concerted onslaught upon their foes.

A missionary, Mr. Booth, who had come in spite of warnings into the midst of the fanatics, was ill-used, and would have met with instant death had it not been for the intervention of a friendly chief, who had in past times received some kindness from him, and now returned it by arranging the safe escape of the missionary and his family. At a place called Ranana a message was sent into the town stating that the Hau-Haus would shortly be there to sweep the English into the sea, and while they were meditating upon the best way of defending the place, the wild horde of half-mad warriors came on. The loyal natives assembled to give battle at an island called Montua, and under a brave chief, Hemi Nape, they were able

to beat back their assailants. Soon, however, he fell in the struggle, and his followers for a moment lost heart, which gave the enemy the advantage, and they were driven from the island into the river. Another rally was made, and this time Haimona Hiroti, who had assumed the leadership, overcame the Hau-Haus, killed their leader, Mateme, and pursued his flying forces for some distance. This was the most wholesale check the movement had yet received, and saved the colony of Wanganui from destruction. When the brave Christian natives came into the town with the good news of their victory, they were gratefully welcomed, and the British flag was hoisted half-mast high as a mark of respect for those of their number who had fallen in the fray.

One brave missionary, however, was destined to seal the faith with his blood. This was the Rev. Carl Völkner, a devout and consecrated man, who had been ordained and appointed to the work by Bishop Selwyn. The story of his death has been so admirably told in the "Conquests of the Cross" that it shall be quoted here.

"He was stationed at Opotiki, in Bay of Plenty, on the breaking out of the war, and being persuaded to fly had removed his wife to Auckland; but his heart was with his flock, and he spent most of his time with them, nursing several cases of virulent fever when the sufferers' own relatives had abandoned them, and thus incurring a double danger to his own life. In the close, stifling atmosphere of his hospital hut he laid down his life for the spiritual good of the sick, just as he was imperilling it in visiting Opotiki at all. He was accompanied on one of his approaches in a coasting schooner by a brother missionary, when large numbers of natives were seen lining the river banks

as they sailed up unapprehensive of danger, and on casting anchor they were warned to escape, as the Maoris had vowed to kill them. Two days before a rebel chief had been there recruiting for his army by preaching the new fanatical faith; the Hau-Hau standard had been reared near the church, with the device of a letter of the Hebrew alphabet emblazoned upon it; the missionaries had been spoken of bitterly, and the fanatics in their mad joy had promised themselves to cut off Mr. Völkner's head and send it as a trophy to Zerubbabel, the great prophet of the new



REV. CARL VÖLKNER.

faith. A Maori ex-policeman greatly excited the people by an address and exhibition of a soldier's head, which was said to speak at sunset. He denounced Christianity, and spoke with asperity of the missionaries as having robbed them of their lands by a system of lying.

“On the Sunday, a dance round the worship post was kept up, and a gibberish was muttered, said to be the speech of the Hau-Hau god. Mr. Völkner's house was entered, and his goods spoiled, while the

people were in a delirium of excitement, and the impostor swept clean the fruits of many years of missionary toil, in his visit of a few days. Bibles and prayer-books were torn up, and the Christian catechist, left in charge, was the first to adhere to the new doctrine of devils. The missionaries were warned too late; natives crowded the beach, as they landed, in a whirl of savage joy, and women danced with hideous gestures. The crew of the schooner, together with the missionaries, were imprisoned in a *whare* with a guard of twenty armed men over them, although two Jews were set at liberty, and were reassured by the Hau-Haus that, being of the same religion, they had nothing to fear.

“Mr. Völkner prepared to meet his fate with Christian fortitude. ‘We must put our trust in God,’ he said, in the great extremity. In the morning he was summoned to a meeting. On his way he was informed that he was about to die, and without a murmur he went to his fate, only asking permission to kneel down and pray. They stripped him and bandaged his eyes, and hoisted him up to a high branch of a tall willow tree, by a block and tackle brought from the schooner for the purpose; while he warned his murderers of the great crime they were committing, he expressed his own forgiveness, shook hands frankly with them, then bravely and calmly resigned himself into their hands. Noble, simple, guileless, and inoffensive, this true servant of the Lord died with the Lord’s prayer on his lips: ‘Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ The savages were surprised to see tears in his eyes. For an hour and a half his body was left dangling in mid-air, amidst the derisive shouts of the fanatics, and life was not extinct when it was carried into the church. The other prisoners were set

at liberty, with the exception of Mr. Grace, the missionary. The great Hau-Hau chief returned the next day, and summoned all Europeans to meet him in the church. He censured his followers for their deed, and agreed to release Mr. Grace, on condition that a brother rebel chief, taken captive by the English, should be restored. The remains of Mr. Völkner's body were decently interred."

Bishop Selwyn was deeply moved and grieved by this disastrous turn which events had assumed, and when he heard of the murder of Völkner, he hastened in a ship to Bay of Plenty, the scene of the deed. For a long time he could get no tidings of Mr. Grace, the other missionary whose life had been spared. At last he sent a Jew on shore to make enquiries, and after a time of terrible anxiety, for the Maoris were galloping on horseback along the shore to prevent the escape of Mr. Grace, this missionary leapt into the boat and was soon out of harm's way. The Bishop received him on board the ship with gratitude, and hastened to send tidings of his safety to Mrs. Grace by a letter to Mrs. Selwyn.

But in a few months this strange movement began to burn itself out. Its rise may be attributed to several causes, Bishop Selwyn himself believing that the land question was at the bottom of it, and that the Hau-Hau superstition, with its awful persecution, was "simply an expression of a loss of faith in everything English, clergy and all alike." When the war and the Hau-Hau movement had come to a close, he gave it as his opinion that, as a nation, we had made the fatal mistake in New Zealand of seeking first "the other things" instead of "the one thing needful." We had our chance with this people and missed it. "It is not many years since the Queen's name was honoured

throughout New Zealand; and no more acceptable hope could be held out to the Maoris than that the two races might grow up to be one people, with one faith and under one sovereign. All this time they sold their land faster than we could pay for it, from  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 10d. per acre, wishing nothing more than to have houses built, grounds laid out, and Englishmen settled amongst them. 'O Earth, Earth, Earth!' such has been our cry. The Queen, law, religion have been thrust aside in the one thought of the acquisition of land."

Other conditions, however, may have contributed to this unparalleled and swift apostacy. The spiritual work may have been more superficial than was suspected, and natives had presented themselves wholesale for baptism in whose hearts no definite work of grace had possibly been accomplished. In any case it was over-ruled for good, and when again the missionaries entered afresh upon this sphere of labour they felt that the spiritual change to be insisted upon in their teaching must be nothing short of the radical one of conversion, and that the work of winning the Maori race to Christ must involve a real consecration of character and much earnest prayer. What results have since accrued by this fresh work of evangelising in New Zealand, the closing chapter will show.

The remainder of the career of Bishop Selwyn may be summed up in a few words. In 1867 he visited England once more and placed before the attention of his countrymen the claims of his diocese across the seas. While thus engaged, the see of Lichfield became vacant by the death of Bishop Lonsdale, and the Earl of Derby in a courteous letter asked Selwyn to accept the vacant see. The offer was at once refused, for his heart was with his New Zealanders,

but great pressure was brought to bear upon him, and at the wish of the Queen he gave his consent and became Bishop of Lichfield. With characteristic zeal he set to work in his new sphere in the Potteries, and every one felt that the appointment was a popular and suitable one. The decision had, however, cost him much; his twenty-seven years of association with New Zealand had made him feel the keenest sense of loss at the thought of not returning to her shores. But he found that there were heathen at home and a work in those Staffordshire towns which would call forth all his missionary energies. The public appreciation of his new position was well expressed in a poem which appeared in *Punch* at the time, three verses of which shall be quoted here:—

“Long, long, the warm Maori hearts that so loved him  
 May watch and may wait for his coming again,  
 He has sowed the good seed there, his Master has moved  
 him

To his work among savages this side the main.  
 In ‘the Black Country,’ darker than ever New Zealand,  
 ’Mid worse ill than heathenism’s worst can combine,  
 He must strive with the savages reared in our free land,  
 To toil, drink, and die, round the forge and the mine.

“Say, if We’nsbury roughs, Tipton cads, Bilston bullies,  
 Waikato can match, Taranaki excel?  
 Find in New Zealand’s clearings, or wild ferny gullies,  
 Tales those Dudley pit-heaps and nail-works could tell.  
 A labour more brutal, a leisure more bestial,  
 Minds raised by less knowledge of God or of man,  
 More in manners that’s savage and less that’s celestial,  
 Can New Zealand show than the Black Country can?

“A fair field, my Lord Bishop—fair field and no favour—  
 For your battle with savagery, suff’ring, and sin.  
 To Mammon, their God, see where rises the saviour  
 Of the holocausts offered his blessing to win.

Your well-practised courage, your hold o'er the brethren,  
*From*, not *to*, New Zealand for work ought to roam ;  
 If *it* be dark, what must the Black Country be then,  
 What's the savage o'er sea to the savage at home ?”

He went on a visit to New Zealand the following year, and was welcomed with salutations and with prayers. A Maori clergyman was the spokesman of the native Church, and speaking in his own tongue, thus addressed the Bishop:—“Sire, the Bishop! salutations to you and to mother (Mrs. Selwyn)! We, the people of the places to which you first came, still retain our affection for you both. Our not seeing you occasions us grief, because there will be no seeing you again. We rejoiced at hearing that you were coming to see us ; great was the joy of the heart ; and now, hearing that it cannot be, we are again in grief.

“Sire, great is our affection for you both, who are now being lost among us. But how can it be helped, in consequence of the word of our great one, the Queen ?

“Sire, our thought with regard to you is, that you are like the poor man's lamb, taken away by the rich man. This is our parting wish for you both : Go, Sire, and may God preserve you both ! May He also provide a man to take your place of equal powers with yourself ! Go, Sire, we shall no more see each other in the body, but we shall see one another in our thoughts. However, we are led and protected and sanctified by the same Spirit. Such is the nature of this short life to sunder our bodies ; but, in a little while, when we shall meet in the assembly of the saints, we shall see each other face to face, one fold under one Shepherd. This is our lament for you in few words :—

“Love to our friend, who has disappeared abruptly from the ranks!

Is he a small man that he was so beloved?

He has not his equal among the many.

The food he dispensed is longed for by me.”

On his return to Lichfield he again threw himself into work and continued doing good service for the Master. But his work began to tell upon him, and many noticed that the finely-balanced athletic frame was giving way. His face was flushed after visiting a sick friend, and signs of paralysis became sadly evident. After one of his confirmation services, conducted bravely amid much pain, he said in the vestry: “I believe I have come to the end of my tether”—and it proved a prophecy only too true. Prostrate at last upon the bed, he waited with submission the moment when

“The figure clothed from head to foot

That keeps the keys of all the creeds,”

should enter his chamber. After lying very ill and unconscious for hours, the good Bishop awaked as out of a dream, and smiled to hear those about his bed singing Bonar’s well-known hymn—

“A few more years shall roll.”

Then, with the morning sun streaming in a golden flow through the windows, there came to him the sweet promise of a brighter dawn, and in Maori he whispered to himself—

“It will be light.”

The good Bishop Selwyn, on the 11th April, 1878, reached his everlasting rest.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MAORIS AT HOME.

“Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice,  
The blind his sight receive ;  
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
The heart of stone believe.”

**B**EFORE proceeding further, it will possibly be of interest to glance at the Maoris at home. To look at them, however, not as they now are, a remnant of partly civilised aborigines, but as they were when the missionaries first came to their shores and during their early and eventful years. For evidence upon this point we have only to refer to the interesting journals and records of the time.

It has been generally agreed that the early Maori race was of a Polynesian stock, the mixture of the Malay and Papuan race. Like all savage nations, they carefully treasure the tradition of their past history, and, without written record, keep alive in song and saga the deeds of their ancestors. The Maoris speak of a time when from some distant land they came to the shores of their present country,

the names of the canoes and their commanders are kept, and this tradition is faithfully handed down from father to son.

The infancy of the Maori is so full of trouble and perils that it cannot be said that these people begin life happily. When the child is but a few hours old



MAORI MOTHER AND CHILD.

it is wrapped up in a mat or leaves, and laid upon the ground under the shade of a tree, there to endure no small discomfort until its mother proceeds to flatten its little nose, and make the necessary hole in the ear to carry future ornaments. One can imagine the suffering caused by a rough stick being

forced into this aperture, purposely keeping it unhealed for months, so that it may serve its purpose better later on. The baptism of the child is an important event, and brings the priest upon the scene with his incantations and charms. Mr. Yates, one of the most valued missionaries, who was a frequent witness of the rite, thus describes it :—

“The baptismal ceremony is generally performed as follows ; though, in different tribes, there is a difference in some particulars : When the infant has reached the age of five or eight days, it is carried in the arms of a woman to the side of a stream, and is then by her delivered over to the priest, who has placed a small stick in the ground, previously notched in five places, before which he holds up the infant, in an erect position, for a few minutes. During this period, should anything inconvenient occur, it is considered a bad omen, and that the child will either die before it arrives at man’s estate, or turn out a paltry, worthless coward : if otherwise, it is looked upon as most propitious, and the infant is regarded with much complacency, as being likely to become a brave and warlike man ; the utmost care is then taken of him by his parents, and he is nurtured in all the superstitions and evil practices of his forefathers. The ceremony of holding up before the stick being ended, the child is dipped in the water, or sprinkled, at the option of the person who performs the ceremony ; a name given to it ; and the priest mumbles something over it, which none of the bystanders comprehend. They never tell what they have said ; and the prayer, if such it may be called, is held too sacred to be made known to any but the initiated : it is, however, an address to some unknown spirit, who, they suppose,

holds in his hands the destinies of men and of birds. I have, however, been informed that the general contents of this prayer are, that the child may be so influenced by this spirit, as to become cruel, brave, warlike, troublesome, adulterous, murderous, a liar, a thief, a disobedient person, and, in a word, they may be guilty of every crime. Emblematically of this, small pebbles, about the size of a very large pin's head, are thrust down its throat, to make its heart callous, hard, and incapable of pity. After the prayer has been uttered, and the pebbles swallowed, the child is carried home in the arms of the person by whom he was baptised; and if he has received the name of any great man, he is presented to the friends of that person who are present, to be eaten by them, because the child has assumed a name which ought to be considered sacred, and is thereby deemed guilty of an almost unpardonable offence. As a ransom for the life of the infant, and for the presumption of the priest, large presents of food are made to all strangers. A feast is prepared—the child is restored, with singing, into the arms of its parents—and old and young sit down to enjoy themselves in true New Zealand style.”

The object of all these supernatural attentions, however, frequently dies of pure starvation. If it cannot have the mother's milk there is nothing else provided, as the natives have no notion whatever of artificial food for infant constitutions.

The houses of the natives are wind and water-tight, although built only of bulrushes and carefully lined with plaited leaves of the palm tree. They have small windows, and these, like the doors, are closed by means of a sliding shutter. The woodwork of the posts is curiously carved, sometimes showing con-

siderable skill and grace. No furniture is seen within—a lot of bulrushes thrown on the floor is their sleeping couch; a little carved box is kept ready to receive their ornaments; and in the corner are the few stones which constitute their cooking utensils. In every village is the store, which is always built at the top of the highest trees, made by platforms hung on strong ropes and well shaded from the sun. Here their stock of potatoes or corn is kept well out of the way of damp or rats, and is less likely to be invaded by a thief. It is here also where they store their flax, which, for use and for barter, is the staple commodity of the country. From its thread they weave their nets, their clothes, and twist their ropes, and, until the introduction of European blankets, it occupied the women the greater part of their time working at the native mats, the only tool they used consisting of two small sticks to hold the garment by and to secure the line to which the warp was fastened. It is all knotted, and the process is most tedious, requiring from three to four months' close sitting to complete one of the *kaitakas*—the finest sort of mat which they make. This special native garment was, so we are told, of very silky appearance, great care having been taken in cleaning and bleaching the flax. Speaking of these, Mr. Yates says: "They are sometimes made nine feet by seven or eight, with a deep rich black and white border, fancifully worked. The natives of the south much excel the Bay of Islanders in producing this article. They are seldom worn but by persons of some consideration. The *patai* is a small unornamented garment worn round the waist, and reaching down to the knees: this is generally worn by females. The *koroavai* and *tatata* are two garments nearly alike in texture: they both have a

number of loose strings hanging outside, which gives them a neat and comfortable appearance. The *ngeri* is the garment worn outside in rainy weather, and used also, when the ground is damp, as a mattress, for which it is no bad substitute. This garment is made upon the principle of thatching, and is perfectly impervious to rain, however heavy. A native dressed



A TATTOOED CHIEF.

in this, when he is seated, bears no bad resemblance to a bee-hive, particularly when he perches himself upon a heap of stones, and folds his knees up to his chin. To notice, or even to name, all the varieties of clothing would be tedious and useless ; and as they differ so very little as to be scarcely perceptible, we

will pass them over, only observing that male and female, master and slave, when they can afford it, are dressed much alike."

Perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of the Maoris is their practice of tattooing the face. To their taste this is the perfection of beauty, and certainly the acquirement of these curved lines upon their features is gained by a terrible ordeal. With all their apparent insensibility to suffering, and perfect patience and self-command, it is impossible for the stoutest-hearted of these men to endure more than a little of this tattooing at one time. With their heads between the knees of the operating man, the incisions are made with mallet and chisel as a sculptor would work in his marble, and it is weeks, or even months, before the adornment is complete. In addition to this artificial defacement, the Maori warrior is an adept at making grimaces; and part of their battle tactics is their horrible gesticulations and hideous grimaces.

The war dance of the Maoris once seen will never be forgotten. They work themselves up to a fit of desperation. Dr. Thomson, who for eleven years resided in New Zealand, thus describes it:—

"When a conflict was inevitable the New Zealanders did not flinch from it, although they actually fought under the influence of what is called by Englishmen 'Dutch courage.' This species of bravery was not drawn from imbibing spirits or swallowing or smoking stimulants, but from the excitement of oratory and the war dance. It was quick, fierce, and impetuous, more suitable for attacking than defending posts, and under its impulse campaigns were generally settled by one battle. Influenced by passion more than prudence, they advanced in fits of temporary

madness, and fled if victory was not won before the depression which invariably follows.

“When both armies were alike confident of success, a pitched battle resulted. They approached close to each other, and chiefs and warriors advanced in front of their respective legions and delivered exciting harangues. In the orations, every subject was mentioned capable of goading them to fury; allusions were made to the tribe’s former greatness, the favour of the gods, the bravery of their ancestors, and that the blood of their fathers formerly shed was not yet avenged.

“As the orators proceeded with inflammatory addresses, the war parties threw off their mats, daubed their bodies with red ochre and charcoal, twisted their long head-hair into lumps, adorned it with feathers, and roused their blood to greater fervour by the war dance.

“It is impossible to describe this extraordinary dance. The whole army, after running about twenty yards, arranged itself in lines, five, ten, twenty, or even forty feet deep, and then all squatted down in a sitting posture. Suddenly, at a given signal by the leader, all started to their feet, having weapons in their right hands. With the regularity of a regiment at drill, each man elevated the right leg and right side of the body, then the left leg and left side; and then, like a flash of lightning, jumped two feet from the ground, brandishing and cleaving the air with his weapon, and yelling a loud chorus, which terminated with a long, deep, expressive sigh, and was accompanied with gaping mouths, inflated nostrils, distorted faces, out-hanging tongues, and fixed, starting eyes, in which nothing was seen but the dark pupil surrounded with white. Every muscle quivered. Again and again these movements were enacted, and was

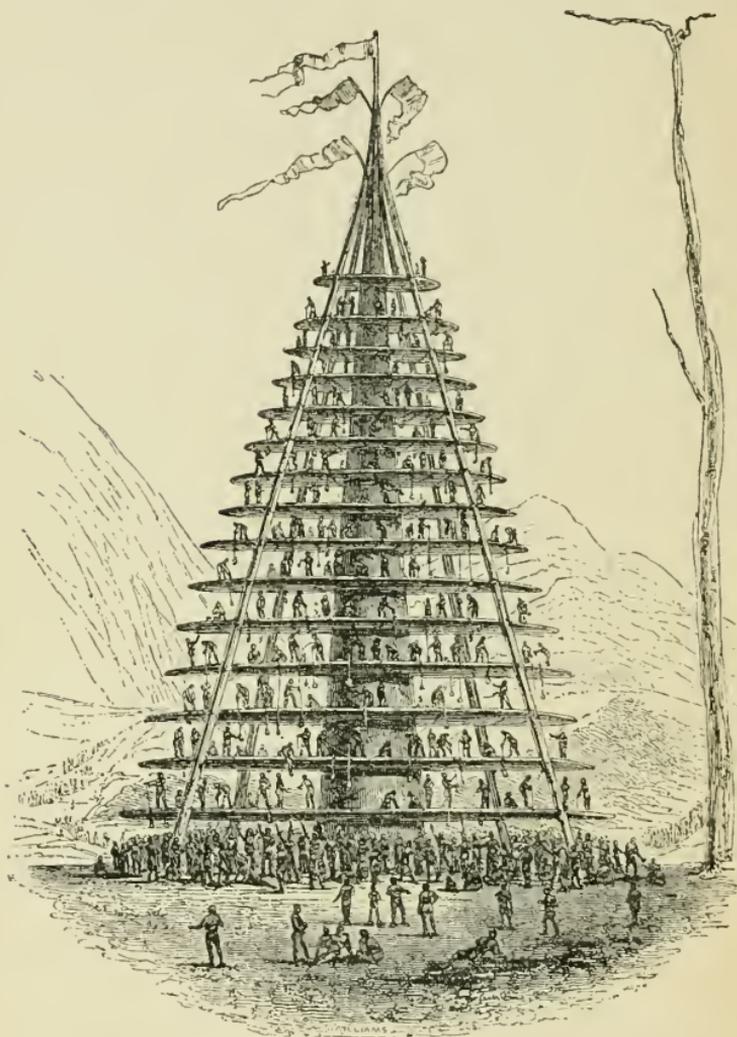
marked by striking their thighs with their open left hands so as to produce one sound, and by old naked women daubed over with red ochre, acting as fuglers in front of the dancers. Songs were likewise chanted to preserve order in the host."

The fortification of a Maori chief is called a pah, and serves for defence in time of war, into which the women and children of the various tribes hide in safety. Fixed generally on the top of a high hill, they are built by driving into the ground a double fence of strong stakes, the inner one twenty or thirty feet in height, tightly knotted and woven together with *torotoro*, a fibrous plant or creeper found in the woods. Every few feet is carved a hideous head, with a hand grasping the *patu* or other weapon and grinning, to strike terror into the approaching foe. This inner fence is pierced with holes for muskets, and the only means of egress is by heavy sliding doors strongly secured with bars and bolts. The outer fence is not so strongly made, and unless an enemy broke it down with hatchets, there is no means of getting in except by holes at the bottom, where a man might squeeze through, but he would of course be immediately dispatched by the besieged. Our soldiers found much difficulty with these pahas in the war against the aborigines in New Zealand. Apart from the introduction of firearms, the native weapons were the spear for distant attack, and the club and *meri* for close quarters. This latter is like a butcher's cleaver, in the shape of a beaver's tail and made of green talc. Such weapons were passed from father to son as family heirlooms, and in later years when the natives had given up their heathen dresses and customs, some still persisted in carrying the *meri* slung as an ancestral ornament to their girdle.

The Maoris, if not distinguished in the chase, are mighty eaters. Like all savage men, when suffering from hunger, they will devour their food ravenously. At their meals each man has a flax basket containing his food, which he sits to eat, using the fingers of his right hand, like the Hindoos, to convey the same to his mouth. The women sit apart from the men, also the slaves, and after a huge meal, devoured with rapidity in perfect silence, calabashes of water are brought in, of which they drink copiously. Their horrible practice of cannibalism, for which the Maoris have earned such a detestable reputation, is confined entirely to the men; the women never touch human flesh, and the warriors only resort to this dreadful act of inhumanity from motives of revenge, and to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies.

What the breadfruit tree is in Africa, the edible fern, *Pteris esculenta*, is in the land of the Maoris. This plant grows ten feet high, and its roots are dug up in November, cut in pieces nine inches long, and kept stewed for a year before eaten. As there are no wild animals in the country, a delicacy which they greatly enjoy are rats and native dogs; the latter is relished as the special dish at banquets and on festive occasions. No European dog is, however, eaten. In the first decade of the present century New Zealand was overrun by rats, but some settler introduced a Norway rat, which not being accepted as an article of food itself preyed upon the native rodents, and finally extirpated them. The Maoris are fond of caterpillars; they swallow several sorts of insects in a living condition, and eat a jelly made of moss and seaweed with their sweet potato, which is previously steeped in the sea and dried in the sun. One of the principal feasts among the Maoris is

called the Rakari, when huge wooden scaffolds in pyramidal form are erected and piled with sweet potatoes, maize, fern-roots, fish, etc. In some cases



THE RAKARI, OR STAGE FEAST.

as many as six thousand people have joined in the feast, and after they have eaten to repletion the guests carry away whatever they can.

The musical instruments of the Maoris consist only of the flute and the trumpet, and with these they accompany their love songs and martial chants. Their singing is musical, but none of their songs are rhymed or have any dramatic character. They are very fond of proverbs, some of which are worth quoting.

“We can search every corner of a house, but the corner of the heart we cannot.”

“Passing clouds can be seen, but passing thoughts cannot.”

That no man is a prophet in his own country is equivalent to their proverb, “A mussel at home, a parrot abroad.”

Their games are nearly all sedentary, like those of the Hindoos. One is “*poi*,” played with bright balls and string; another, *mani*, is precisely like the cat’s-cradle of our own childhood. They have also a game known as “*Ti*,” which is similar to our children’s game of “buzz” or “Simon says, Thumbs up.” They are immensely fond of riddles, and while floating along the rivers in their canoes, during the evening, they will amuse each other with an unlimited supply of these, which do not seem to have very much point.

The funeral rites of the Maoris are very dramatic. They place the dead in a sitting posture, the brow is garlanded with flowers, and the whole body is enveloped in a mat of fine texture. The dead man’s relatives and friends, gathered from a far distance, seat themselves on the ground, and after sacrificing certain birds to the gods, spend days in lamentations and war songs descriptive of the prowess of the deceased.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE WORK IN RECENT TIMES.

“ Their daily delight shall be in Thy name ;  
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim ;  
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.”

**B**EFORE proceeding to take a glance at the New Zealand of to-day, it is only right that a special tribute be made to the memory of that great native leader of the Maoris, Tamihana Wiremu Tarapipi Te Waharoa. No man held such a distinguished position as he during the terrible war which practically decided the fate of the Maori nation, and gave to the British Government one of the finest and most successful of its colonies.

While on his deathbed, the old king, Potatau, sent a message to Sir William Martin asking as a friendly and last request that “he should be kind to the niggers,” meaning by that to enlist the sympathies of at least one Englishman in the native cause. To his own people, waiting for his final words of advice and consolation, he gave the message of heart and dignity, “Hold fast to love, to law, and to the faith.”

After his death, the question of succession provoked hostile parties among his subjects. Some were in favour of having a queen, and his sister, Paea Potatau seems to have possessed many natural qualifications for the post. A few proposed his son, Matutaera Potatau, but undoubtedly the chosen of the people would have been Tamihana, as the most enlightened and honourable of their chiefs. He had not feared to oppose them in many warlike proposals, for he was a man of peace, and while an ideal patriot, saw the futility of pursuing a war indefinitely against the British arms. But he had no ambition for kingship, and ended the dispute about succession by supporting the claims of the dead king's son, a weak-minded man. Henceforth the nominal sovereign sank into insignificance, and Tamihana, better known by his baptismal name of George Thompson, became the mediator between the contending armies, and was a most conspicuous figure in New Zealand politics. He was a Christian man, and the official documents which he addressed to the governor and others are certainly in spirit and principle a model of Christian statesmanship. For instance, in speaking to the tribes upon a message which had been received from His Excellency the Governor, he addressed them thus:—

“I say, O my friends, that the things of God are for us all. God did not make night and day for you only. No, summer and winter are for all; the rain and wind, food and life, are for us all. Were those things indeed made for you only? I had supposed that they were for all—if some were dogs and others were men, it would be right to be angry with the dogs and wrong to be so with the men. My friends, do you grudge us a king, as if it were a name greater

than that of God. If it were that God did not permit it, then it would be right (to object); and it would be given up: but it is not He who forbids, and while it is only our fellow-men who are angry it will not be relinquished. If the anger is lest the laws should be different, it is well; let me be judged by the Great Judge, that is, my God—by Him in whom all the works that we are employed in have their origin. And now, O friends, leave this king to stand upon his own place, and let it rest with our Maker as to whether he shall stand or fall. This is sufficient of this portion of my words, and although they may be wrong, yet they are openly declared.”

Upon this man rested the responsibility of the final submission of the Maoris, for when he heard of the murder of the missionary Völkner he determined to have nothing to do with such atrocities and tendered his sword to General Carey. After visiting Auckland, Wellington, and other places, he returned to his own place and people, and died in the midst of many friends. “What shall I do,” whispered one of the chiefs, “and the Maoris, your children, when you are dead?” The old man, clear-headed and faithful, replied: “You must stand by the government and the law, and if there be any evil in the land, the law will make it right.” He clung to his Bible to the last; the incantations of the Hau-Hau fanatics he would not tolerate, and he taught his friends to utter this prayer constantly, when in his weakness he had to be carried from place to place:—

“Almighty God, we beseech Thee give strength to Wiremu Tamihana whilst we remove him from this place. If it please Thee, restore him again to perfect strength; if that is not Thy will, take him, we beseech Thee, to heaven.”

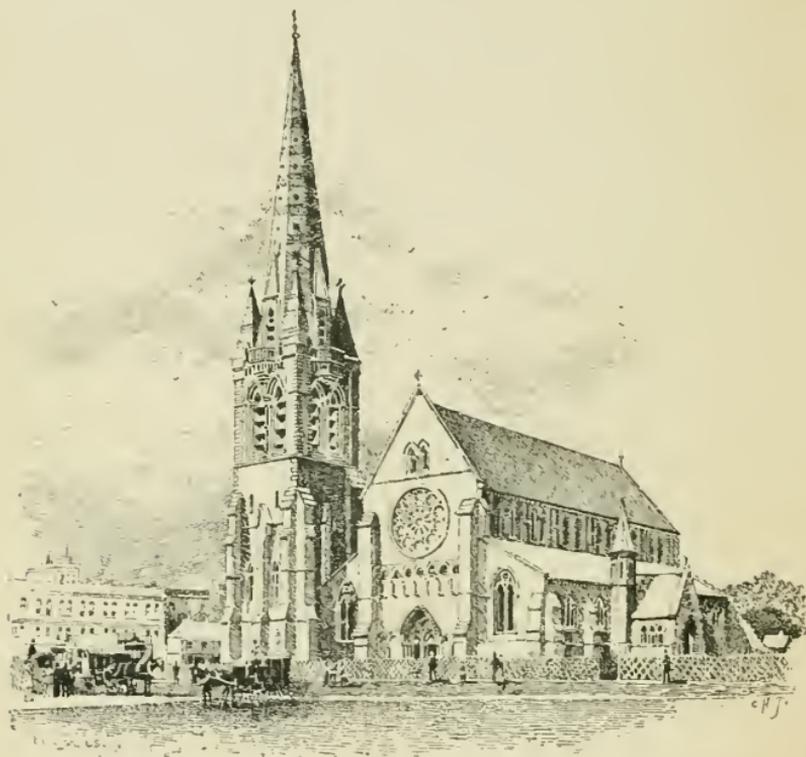
His last words were :—"Te Whakapono, Te Aroha, Te Ture"—Christianity, Love, Law. When he had passed away the Maori chiefs, with their natural imagination, said: "We are like the morning mist, which for a while hovers over the earth, and when the sun arises disappears." So keenly did they feel his loss.

It remains now only to briefly speak of New Zealand as it is in our own times. The old names are retained, but a great change has come over the face of the country, for few colonies have had such a rapid and permanent career of progress. With its magnificent climate, not unlike our own at its best and without the same changes to which our seasons subject us, New Zealand has become a fine field for the emigrant to enter and develop. Roads, railways, towns, and telegraphs everywhere speak of civilisation and a go-ahead and prosperous people. Where once the Maori warrior tramped his way through deep, ferny solitudes, the busy hum of commerce is heard, and many an old battlefield is now waving with golden corn, the site of peaceful homesteads.

A monument of Christian progress, and the wonderful advance of civilisation, is the beautiful Christchurch Cathedral with its graceful spire, which tells of victories won for the Cross.

But the Maoris are rapidly dying out. Slowly but surely the onward step of civilisation edges them off the pathway, and without any deliberate attempt to extinguish a brave, and in many respects a noble, race, the natives are being supplanted by the English everywhere. Still, in many positions, degraded as they may be in others by the touch of European customs and sins, in many ways they are honourably surviving. One is in their native clergy, a distinctive

feature of a Church which has now passed from the missionary into the colonial sphere of action. The work of native clergy was the grand idea of Bishop Selwyn. He believed that vast good might be accomplished by such agency, and two of such ministers were sent by him to their tribes, but a foe in ambush shot them both, and they died comforting



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL, NEW ZEALAND.

themselves with the word of God in their martyrdom. It is worthy of note that during the devastating spread of the Hau-Hau fanaticism, the ordained native ministers in every case stood firm, and showed, as in the history of Madagascar and nearly all the mission-fields, that the heroes of the Cross are found

in the natives themselves. Several of the deceased native clergy are mentioned with great respect by the Bishop of Auckland in the account of the last year of his colonial bishopric.

He speaks of the Rev. Revata Winemu Tangata as having been admitted to orders by Bishop Selwyn in 1867, and in his subsequent work as held in high esteem. "He was a humble-minded man, one of nature's gentlemen, refined by genuine Christianity, an earnest preacher, and a self-denying servant of the Master."

Another, the Rev. Rupene Paerata was "as courageous in the denunciation of evil as his warrior father in contending with his enemies. He was highly respected and much beloved by the congregation to which he ministered, and the remembrance of his Christian life will continue to influence them for good."

The Rev. Hare Peka Te Tana "was well known to the settlers of the Bay of Islands, and was held in great esteem by them as well as by his own people, with whom his influence was deservedly great." Not only amongst the clergy, but also the Maori laity have conspicuous instances of worthiness been found. The Bishop, who commends the clergymen above mentioned, also speaks highly of a chief Thaka Te Tai Haknere. "He was a member of the House of Representatives of the colony, and by his simplicity of character, his honesty, his independence and sound good sense had won the respect of his fellow legislators. He was for many years an efficient lay reader among his own people, and was one of the most useful lay representatives of the native Church Boards of which he was a member." The work of the Church has been wonderfully successful, the see

of New Zealand, which Bishop Selwyn took in 1841, has since developed into seven bishoprics, and Christchurch Cathedral is only one of the fine ecclesiastical edifices which adorn the towns. Happily the spirit of fraternity, as is usual in our colonies, is more marked than in the homeland. There is no question of establishment to divide the status of the ministers, clergymen are found officiating in the nonconformist pulpits, and, although there are of course some few exceptions, it may be said with much truth in the streets of New Zealand cities, and churches, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." There is a sturdiness about the Christianity of these Christian preachers; they have still to rough it, and those who think that a minister's life in New Zealand is one of ease and luxury are soon undeceived. Of course, there, as here in England, we find as we carry the Gospel, commerce follows with the spirit keg, and with the message of peace comes too often the old enemies of the Cross at home.

But the outlook is bright, and the work goes on. When Bishop Stuart of Waipu was in London a few years ago, he gave his impressions of New Zealand, which very accurately depict the state of the colony and the work in these more recent years:—

"In New Zealand, when once Christianity took root, it spread rapidly. It was almost like a bush fire. Our settlers go there and cut down the trees and wait for the dry season, and then try to have a good 'burn'; but a great deal depends upon circumstances whether they have it or not, and if the wind does not blow strong enough, or if rain should set in, the labour of months is lost for a time. In New Zealand there was that period of preparatory labour;

there was a cutting-down of the jungle, and then God sent fire from heaven and there was a conflagration, and it spread rapidly, so that, when the illustrious Bishop Selwyn arrived (sent out as he was, partly at the charge of the Church Missionary Society, to be the first Bishop of New Zealand), he found—what? He traversed a country which a few years before had been the home of the most barbarous and savage race known; he traversed it throughout its length and breadth, and he wrote home:—‘Everywhere I see the people eager for instruction, meeting for daily prayers, keeping the Sabbath, learning to read the portions of God’s Word translated into their language—in short,’ he said, ‘I seem to see a nation born in a day.’ That was the testimony of Bishop Selwyn, who, after other men had laboured, came to enter into their labours; that was his generous and honourable testimony in the work he found had been done. The nominal profession of Christianity was universal throughout the island at that time. Then came a change.

“When I first visited New Zealand it was simply a case of holding on to a desperate cause; but now what have I to tell? A wonderful transformation has taken place in the period I have mentioned. I have seen it take place under my own eyes. The number of native clergy at present labouring in New Zealand is quite three times what it was when I first visited the country.”

The problem as to the expediency of ordaining natives to the office and work of the ministry has at anyrate been solved in New Zealand, and, as we have seen from the testimony of their Bishop, these coloured clergy live well and work well.

Fifty years after Marsden’s death on the 12th of

May, 1888, there was a remarkable gathering of these, when forty-seven Maori ministers solemnly consecrated themselves afresh in memory of the Maori's friend, and, as "baptised for the dead," pledged themselves to carry forward his great work.

The whole of the Bible and prayer-book is now widely circulated in the Maori language; newspapers are published in the vernacular; and the familiar hymns of our English churches and chapels are being sung in their own euphonious tongue.

While there is, of course, much to lament over, there being a "submerged tenth" of even this decayed and fast diminishing race, over whom shadows have been flung from the civilisation over the sea; still there is ground for gratitude to God. When we think of the New Zealand of the past, a desert of darkness, cruelty, and sin, the promise has surely in her borders been fulfilled:

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off."

THE END.





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Page, Jesse

Among the Maoris

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