



MAORI CHIEF, PATARANGUKAL.

The  
Conversion of the Maoris

BY THE  
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IN LOVING MEMORY  
OF  
**My Beloved Wife,**  
MY FELLOW-TRAVELER THROUGH ALL THE  
SCENES DEPICTED HERE,  
**This Book is Dedicated**  
THOUGH NOW, ALAS, SO LATE.

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## PREFACE.

Profoundly convinced, by what I have seen and learned while in New Zealand of the triumph of the gospel of Christ, in the conversion of the Maoris from cannibalism to Christianity, that it is a stronger and more cogent argument for the power of the gospel than any statement I have ever read in apologetic books; and also quickened by the hope that this brief story of the wonderful conversion of these cannibals may convince others of the living power of modern missions, and hasten the coming of our Lord, I now offer this book to all who long for the conversion of the world.

DONALD MACDOUGALL.

# The Conversion of the Maoris.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE MAORIS.

THE origin of the Maoris, or first settlers in New Zealand, is lost in a cloud of obscurity. There is, however, a legend which states that in the year 1400 such bitter quarrels arose among the inhabitants of Hawaiki, an island in the South Pacific Ocean, that a chief Te Kupe (or Ngahue) sailed away from it in his canoe to Astearoa—long day, which he called the North island of New Zealand. He was so charmed with it that he went back to Hawaiki, and induced some of the settlers there to return with him to this new-found land. They fitted up a fleet of canoes named Aotea, Arana, Taiuni, Mata, Atua, Tabitunui, Takamaru, Kurahaupo, each manned by a separate chief, and started for New Zealand. These canoes, taking as part of their cargo the kumara (sweet potato), tora (bread fruit), hue (gourd), dogs, pahiko and parrots, landed at the North island, and scattered a

tribal race of Maoris, each with its separate chief, over the land. The names of these chiefs are carefully preserved. The proverb, "The seed of our coming is from Hawaiki the seed of man," now common among the Maoris, originated from this emigration from the "land left behind." Each tribe had its own legendary tradition, transmitted from father to son, by the sacred tohungas,—the wise men of strong memory, who could trace their genealogy from generation to generation. And though for centuries separated from each other by feuds and wars, yet their traditions are trustworthy. They all agree that their ancestors came from some island in the Pacific. So strong was their conviction of the existence of Hawaiki that some fifty years ago a large double canoe was fitted up by an exploring party who went in search of it, but they never returned. Their traditions, legends and language, undoubtedly designate that they are a branch of the Polynesian family.

"I arrive where an unknown earth is under my feet,  
I arrive where a new sky is above me,  
I arrive at this land, a resting place for me,  
O spirit of the earth!  
The stranger offers his heart as food for thee."

Recent researches point to India, to the plains and foothills of the Himalayas—stretching to the

Persian Gulf—as being the early home of the Polynesians of which race the Maoris form an important factor. It is supposed, that they were gradually forced to leave India, by the Aryans—a more numerous and powerful force. The Polynesians being great navigators, extended their voyages to the Pacific and the North; about the second century they came in contact with the Malay race—which obliged them to proceed further to the Hitiinga or rising sun, until they reached the Fiji Islands, inhabited by the Melanesian and Papuan, and finally reached Samoa or Hawaiki. Combinations of tribes took place between the Fiji-Polynesians; and their warriors and sailors spread far and wide over the Pacific, conquering and occupying other islands, until at last they turned their faces southwestward and arrived in a fleet of canoes in New Zealand in 1350.

“These are the people who are generally termed Maoris, and who on their arrival and after settling down in the land, by their masterful ways, greater intelligence, force of character and superior physique, eventually became the conquerors of the people belonging to the prior migration into the Pacific, whom they found in occupation of these islands.” (New Zealand Official Year Book, 1898, p. 160.)

These early Maoris had brown faces, broad

noses, large dark eyes, regular white teeth, and black, wavy hair. The head was large and well developed. The men were broad and solidly built, of medium height. Some of them were as tall as six feet, and six feet and a half. The chiefs were proud and dignified in their deportment, and quick in their movements. Maoris had large, long bodies and short legs, the face calm and composed, free of any excitement; they lived to old age.

The young girls were good-looking; they matured early and became prematurely old, and after being tattooed they lost their beauty. The painful process of tattooing was undergone at the age of puberty. The men's faces, hips and thighs were tattooed in blue spurts, rings and curves. The designs of the chiefs were very elaborate. The tattoo or the moko, forms a part of their dress and mark of rank. The women were tattooed on their lips, chins, and the upper part of their faces. They had little crosses on their hands, arms and breasts. The patient was laid on his back, and a pattern was sketched with charcoal. Then while he was held, the lines were marked by a sharp instrument of bone, or chisel. The blood which came from the cuts was wiped off, and a pigment was rubbed in. Sometimes it took two years to complete the design, during which time the patient suffered intensely from

the pain and inflammation. He was also not permitted to handle any food or live in a dwelling house. Later on, when some of the chiefs signed the title deeds of estates which the missionaries had bought from them they drew little pictures of their moko on their faces, saying, "That is me and no one else." Tattooing, since their conversion to Christianity, has become extinct.

Clad in a breechcloth only, these savage Maoris made their huts out of the material which grew on the island. They were about four feet high and built of tall poles with broad grass leaves woven between them. The roofs were thatched, and the doorways not more than three feet high. The mothers had to stoop so much, going through these entrances, that the spines of their little children, who were strapped upon their backs, were often hunched. The earthen floors of these homes were hollowed out in the center so that a person could stand upright in them. Mats were spread upon them, and on these the whole family slept at night with their heads to the walls, and their feet to the center, and the fire in a corner burning all night. They had wide piazzas round their houses which formed nice dining rooms for their family circles. A cluster of these dwellings on a hill, with ditches between them, and surrounded by high fences,

formed a Maori pa. In battle days, the Maoris used to fight in these ditches with their javelins and slings.

In the Museum at Wellington is a famous Maori house; which was built at Turanga in 1842, by a Maori tribe who were noted throughout New Zealand for their excellent carving. It was designed by a native, and eighteen different natives were employed in carving the figures. In 1866 it was bought by the government and brought to Wellington. The outside is covered with wood and iron, but the interior is about as it was when built. The house is forty-three feet long, and eighteen feet wide. The roof is twelve feet from the floor, and the walls are seven and fourteen feet high. There are thirty-two figures carved in totara wood on the sides of the house. These represent the ancestors of the tribe. The ridge pole is of heavy wood. The house is a very imposing edifice.

So in the long ago, before a white man's canoe grated on the sands of New Zealand, the wild Maori roamed at large, savage, untaught, unchristianized. The men fished in the sea and lakes and caught eels, seals and sharks. The flesh of the last they dried in the sun. They hunted and ate the wild birds. The soil was dry and sandy, and they put fine gravel from the river beds on it. They carried this in close



MAORI CARVED FIGURE, PUKAKI.



woven baskets on their backs. After the gardens were ready, they planted the sweet potato, lily roots, and the gourd from which they had made their dishes; they then screened them in from the pigs. When Captain Cook landed in New Zealand, he saw two hundred acres under crop. One of the principal foods of the Maoris was little cakes made of flour from dried fern roots. Human flesh was a great delicacy. The way they cooked an eel was quite appetizing. It was wound round a stick, and then covered with fragrant leaves fastened to the stick so no air could get in. The stick was placed on the ground before a blazing fire, and turned about until the eel was ready to be eaten.

Besides their house carpentering and farming, the Maoris made their canoes, paddles, fish-hooks, combs, flutes, spears, etc. They also did fine carving. The women cooked, wove baskets, caught and cleaned shellfish, gathered wood, prepared flax, and made drinks of the shrubs and berries which grew on the island.

Among the Maori relics found in the Auckland Museum, is a war canoe, eighty feet long, accommodating one hundred rowers. It was black and red and the carving on it was skillfully done. There are many spears and weapons of war of various kinds. There is a carved building for storing corn and potatoes and erected on high

posts to show how the Maoris used to build so as to prevent rats getting in and eating the corn. Among other things there are preserved heads of Maoris, hardened in some preparation, which with their grinding teeth, are hideous to look at. Some of the carved combs, knives and forks are really beautiful.

When at work they were happy, stimulating each other with songs and by sallies of wit. They cut down large trees for building houses and making canoes and other things. Their canoes were of all sizes. The war canoe would carry many warriors. They cooked their food with good taste and cleanliness. They were expert weavers. The Museums of New Zealand have large collections of articles made by the Maoris. Some of them are very fine and show great ingenuity and fine perception of the harmony of color. White predominates, as it was their favorite color.

There was one occupant of New Zealand which was very much disturbed by the arrival of the Maoris. This was a big, wingless bird called the Moa. Nothing remains of it but its skeleton and eggs which can be seen in Christ Church Museum. It was of a brown color, and as an old Maori expressed it, "as high as one man standing on the shoulders of another man." The average height of the largest was about thirteen feet. Its neck

was like that of a horse. Its head was small with one bright red patch on each side. It had long, strong legs, and its feet were black and shiny. It ate the tall tender shoots of the cabbage trees, and laid eggs twelve inches long. It was very fat and lazy, but could fight desperately with its feet. The Maoris used to drive the bird from one group of natives to another, until it was tired out. They then killed and ate it.

## CHAPTER II.

### DISCOVERY AND CANNIBALISM.

FOR nearly two hundred and fifty years this native race lived alone in this sequestered spot, working, eating, fighting among themselves, and often feasting on the dead bodies of their slain.

One December day, in the summer of 1642, there was a great excitement on the South island, for the faint speck in the horizon, which the natives had been watching for some time, grew larger and larger until it assumed the proportions of a boat full of sailors, with a white man at its bow. Before it reached the shore, four canoes filled with Maoris paddled out to see it. They screamed at the passengers, and blew on an instrument like a trumpet. Then they went back to their huts to plan how they could drive away these intruders. The next day they surrounded the anchored boat, and fought with the Dutchman's crew (Tasman, the discoverer), until they killed and wounded several. While they were dragging away the corpses to be eaten, the terrified remnant in the "Heemskisk" weighed anchor and sailed away

as fast as they could from this bloody Murderer's Bay. The savages went back to their inhuman feast, and the retreating boat became once more an indistinct dot in the distant sky.

The years rolled on, a century and a quarter went by, and a new population, tainted with the barbarous instinct of the former, now inhabited New Zealand. Captain Cook, who made five visits to New Zealand, was greeted by the natives with a threat to slaughter him if he landed. Heroic in nature, he fought, he lost, he gave presents of pigs, potatoes and garden seeds, and as the consummation of his bravery erected a flagstaff, on the top of which he hoisted the Union Jack, and took possession of the country in the name of George III. After this time white faces became a more frequent sight, but every navigator who touched at the shores of this new country met with the same cannibal reception. Not only had the Dutch and English their horrifying stories recorded of "Murderer's Bay" and "Poverty Bay," and of the savagery and cannibalism of the natives of the newly-discovered country, but the French and Americans also had their sad experiences registered of "Doubtless Bay," "Bay of Treachery" and "Bay of Islands." "They treated us," said a French officer in command of a vessel at the Bay of Treachery, "with every show of friendship for

thirty-three days, with the intention of eating us on the thirty-fourth."

But the version of the *tohungas* (wise men) relates a different story of the shocking conduct of the early discoverers toward the New Zealanders, in killing and shooting them like wild beasts for any trifling offense. One of Captain Cook's officers shot a man because he cheated him out of a piece of calico. A chief was enticed on board a French vessel and put in irons and carried away from his family and tribe. The poor man died of a broken heart within a week. When the discoverer, Marion du Fresne, reached the Bay of Islands there sprang up a strong friendship between him and the natives, but before the French departed they treated the Maoris shamefully. They violated the sacred places, cooked food with tabued (sacred) wood, and put the chiefs in prison. In revenge, the New Zealanders killed Marion and sixteen of his men, and in the same spirit the French burned villages and shot hundreds of the defenseless natives. But still the boats came, and among them a number of whaling vessels, whose sailors settled on the island, married the Maori women and introduced a population of half-caste children. There was a chief called *Te Paki*, who had a daughter that married a sailor named George Bruce. He settled in the tribe, was tattooed and became the

first of the Pakeka Maoris, or white men who lived in Maori style.

When the people of New South Wales, in Australia, discovered that first-class timber could be found in New Zealand and carried to India and the Cape of Good Hope, their cargo boats came, and a few respectable white men began to settle in the country. This led several chiefs to visit England and Australia to learn more about the white man and his country. Although the Maoris were pleased to have the Europeans come to their island home, and exchange their clothes, seeds, potatoes, iron tools, domestic utensils, pigs, corn, poultry, guns and powder, for flax, whale oil, seal skins, kauri gum and land, they still cherished their old appetite for human flesh and blood.

The Boyd massacre in 1809 is noted in history as one of the bloodiest occurrences of this revolting practice among these savage cannibals. A ship named "Boyd," with seventy persons on board, started out from Sydney, and on its way to England stopped at New Zealand to get some kauri spars. There were five Maoris aboard of her working their passage to New Zealand. One of them, Tarra, (or George) a son of a Wangaroa chief, refusing to do what the captain ordered, was whipped. When the ship anchored off New Zealand this man went ashore and showed to

his tribe the marks on his back. They enticed the captain and some of the men ashore, killed them, went back to the boat and slaughtered all on board except a boy and a little girl. An old chief captured the girl. When she was found with him years afterwards she had on an old linen garment and her hair was ornamented with feathers. When questioned about her mother, who was slain on the "Boyd," she would draw her hand across her throat and say the Maoris cut her up and ate her like victuals.

After an interval of seven years occurred the Poverty Bay massacre—beginning of peaceable trading between Europeans and Maoris, a frightful native war dance, a murder of eight ship passengers, a capturing of the remainder, and a horrible cannibal feast, which the prisoners were compelled to witness. Eight large, round holes, one foot deep, were dug in the ground. Dry wood was placed in these, and stones laid on top. The wood was set on fire and allowed to burn until the stones became thoroughly heated. After the clothing had been taken from the dead bodies, they were cut up, washed, the pieces laid on the hot stones, and covered over with green leaves. This oven of human remains was then surrounded by green boughs cut from the trees and dipped in water. When the bodies were roasted, these disgusting cannibals sat round in

groups and laughed and talked while they ate with potatoes the meat which was served in baskets of green flax which the women had made. The bones were given to the little children, who tore the flesh from them like greedy animals. The first white man seen by the natives of Wanganui was killed and roasted as a new kind of animal.

These terrible deeds of wicked cannibalism awakened a feeling of revenge and horror in the civilized world. A fleet of five whaling ships landed a troop of armed men in the Bay of Islands and burned a town to the ground and killed the inhabitants. In return whenever a sailor or whaler was found alone, he was seized by the natives, killed, his eyes plucked out and swallowed. This horrible, sickening custom became extinct in 1840, in the death of a young chief who confessed his crime, was tried in court, adjusted himself the rope on his neck and was hung.

There are still some old Maoris, who were once cannibals, living in New Zealand. One of them told a friend of mine in Christ Church, not long ago, that he had eaten "long pigs," alias white men, and he hoped to do so again.

The beauty and possibilities of New Zealand having now become better known, the emigration to it of other nationalities became greater. As the natives came in contact more with those

new arrivals they began to improve in their dress, their homes and their ways of living. They clothed their partially-nude bodies with flax-lined dogskin garments, and white dress mats covered with black hanging strings and tassels. They decorated their heads with white heron and albatross feathers, and each wore a shark's tooth tied with black shoe ribbon around his neck.

After the discovery of green stone, they made ornaments of it which they wore. They began to build houses of wood, which they carved with hideous figures, stained red, and inlaid with pearl shells. The inside walls were of yellow reeds with a plinth of the dark stems of fern tree to keep out the rain. The roofs were tied with strong ropes made from the stems of ferns. The barns were very much like the houses; but better built. They were raised on poles to keep the rats from getting in and eating the potatoes and grain inside.

## CHAPTER III.

### LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE word Maori refers to whatever is native or indigenous. When we speak of the Maoris, we mean the aborigines, or natives of New Zealand. They had no written language. The nearest approach to it was that of a knotted cane, a sort of a genealogical record by which the tohunga transmitted the names of successive chiefs. Their language was a pure dialect of the Polynesian, which is common in all the Eastern Pacific islands. The early missionaries and Maori linguists did an invaluable work in collecting their songs, legends, proverbs, traditions and mythology, and in committing their language to writing. Their alphabet was first composed of fourteen letters, but subsequently it was increased. The missionaries compiled a dictionary of six thousand words, which also has been enlarged. Their language was very expressive; it abounded in poetry and figures. The Maori language to-day is greatly mixed with English. Nag prefixed, signifies son and corresponds with "Mac" in Scotch and "O" in Irish.

The Maoris were born orators. Their speeches appear to have been well prepared. Every word, sentence and figure was skillfully chosen from their copious language for effect upon the hearers. In the summer of 1897, I attended their land-court meetings at Wanganui. About four hundred Maoris were present. They met in the open air, under a large tree behind the court-house; and there, from morning to evening, for three weeks, speaker after speaker rose and spoke on the land question, each one wielding great influence with his speech upon the assembly. Their meetings were conducted in a very orderly manner. There were about ten chiefs present, one of them presiding at each meeting, surrounded by three or four scribes. The orator moved backward and forward with a stately and firm step, which quickened into a run when excited. The speakers were mostly old men and women. They manifested a greater display of oratory and gestures than the younger generation. Among them was Major Kemp, a man of great repute among his race, and known also throughout New Zealand for his bravery in the colonial war. He died in April, 1898, at Wanganui. One thousand Maoris were at his funeral. A beautiful life picture of him is on exhibition in the Museum. Another famous chief, Major Roysala Waharsah, died in July, 1898, at the age of ninety. He ren-

dered gallant services on behalf of the Europeans in the early days of the colony. In return he had the New Zealand cross conferred upon him, and received a handsome sword from the queen, a liberal pension, and a seat in the legislative council.

Their legends are very strange and amusing, especially those that tell how the heavens and the earth, moon, stars and sun, came into existence.

Their tradition of the burning mountains is interesting. "Sometime after their ancestors came from the North Pacific, a chief called Ngatoroirauge, wanted to find out what the snow was—his feet were benumbed; whereupon his sisters, Haungarod and Tanugarod, lighted some brimstone they had with them. They warmed their brother's feet, and went away; but the brimstone has been burning to this day." Hills and mountains in the Maoris' mind represent their ancient heroes and demigods.

The Maoris were musical, and very fond of playing cat's cradle, whipping tops, flying kites, running, leaping, wrestling, dancing, swimming, and paddling in their canoes on the waters of these charming islands. They had over a thousand poetical pieces, and a separate tune for each one. At night they sat round their open fires, and, while the men gave legendary recitals and

sang their songs, the women crooned their babies to sleep with musical ditties—

“ My little neck satchel of sweet-scented moss,  
 My little neck satchel of fragrant fern,  
 My little neck satchel of odoriferous gum,  
 My sweet-smelling neck locket of sharp-pointed Tara mea.”

It was customary for a whole family to join in the singing of that touching nursery song.

The following is a Maori poem written by Teu Kau, brother of Te Heuheu, who lost his life with sixty followers by a landslide, May, 1846, at Te Papa an old pa near Takanu. For poetic diction and pathos, it has no equal in the Maori language.

“ See o'er the heights of dark Tauhara's mount,  
 The infant morning wakes. Perhaps my friend  
 Returns to me, clothed in that lightsome cloud!  
 Alas! I toil alone in this lone world.  
 Yes, thou art gone!

“ Go thou mighty! go, thou dignified!  
 Go, thou who wert a spreading tree to shade  
 Thy people when evil hovered round!  
 And what strange God has caused so dread a death  
 To thee and thy companions?

“ Sleep on, O Sire, in that dark damp abode!  
 And hold within thy grasp that weapon rare,  
 Bequeathed to thee by thy renowned ancestor,  
 Ngahaia, when he left the world.  
 Turn yet this once thy bold, athletic frame!

And let me see thy skin carved over with lines  
Of blue; and let me see thy face so  
Beautifully chisel'd into varied forms;—  
Ah! the people now are comfortless and sad!

“The stars are faintly shining in the heavens!  
For ‘Atutahe’ and ‘Rehua Kae-Taugata’  
Have disappeared, and that fair star that shone  
Beside the milky way, emblems these  
Of thee, O friend beloved.

“The Mount of Tangarico rises lonely  
In the South; while the rich feathers that  
Adorned the great Canoe ‘Ararra,’  
Float upon the wave, and women from the  
West look on and weep! Treasures  
Why hast thou left behind the valued  
Of thy famed ancestor Rongomaihina,  
And wrapped thyself in right?”

“Cease thy slumbers, O thou son of Rangi!  
Wake up, and take thy battle-ax, and tell  
Thy people of the coming signs; and what  
Will now befall them, how the foe, tumultuous  
As the waves, will rush with spear uplifted;  
And how thy people avenge their wrongs,  
Nor shrink at danger. But let the warriors  
Breathe a while, nor madly covet death!

“Lo, thou art fallen, and the earth receives  
Thee as its prey! But thy wondrous fame  
Shall soar on high, resounding o'er the heavens!”

The Maori proverbs are amusing, for instance:  
“Sir, bale the water out of your mouth,” (A re-  
buke to a wordy antagonist.) “Here are the  
baskets of uncooked food, a man has hands,”

(Don't wait for me to cook your food, but help yourself.) "When the seine is worn out with age the new net encircles the fish," (When a man grows old his son takes his place.) "A deep throat, but shallow sinews," (A word to a warrior—but lazy fellow.)

The Maoris were famous athletes and rowers. They paddled their canoes with their faces toward the bow. When they first saw a European boat coming to them they thought the men had eyes behind their heads, because they rowed with their backs in the direction of their course.

The Maoris believed in the presence of the unseen and supernatural, and that an immortal shadow, called Atua (their native god) inflicted punishment upon his victims. If a young man cut his hair, he would not eat bread until night, for fear that Atua would kill him. Atua, in the shape of a lizard, preyed upon a sick person's internal organs. Atua tied up the fishing nets and Atua tipped over the canoes. They believed that the spirit left the body the third day after death, and stayed round the corpse, listening to what was said about it. In heaven, war was the chief employment. The tohunga was a complex character of priest, prophet, seer, judge, medical man, executioner and adviser. He told tales over and over, and young men learned them.

Tapu made a thing sacred, and no one could

touch it for fear of death. A death in the house made it sacred. Old people were often left outside the house to die and the tapu was so strong that the relatives were afraid. This tapu was a great trial to the missionaries. Te Heuheu, the great Taupo chief not long before he was swallowed up by the landslip, said to a missionary: "Think not that I am but a man—that my origin is of the earth. I come from the heavens; my ancestors are all there; they are gods and I shall return to them." Kings were divine during lifetime, gods after death. Religion taking hold on living chiefs and their tapu (sacredness), they had the power to make everything sacred, which no one could use under pain of death. If such people were not killed by men, they were by the tapu. This power was invested in the chiefs, who could not be gods, but live in the ruins of chiefs' houses as spirits.

The priest had power to chase away tapu. He would go under an elaborate ceremony to accomplish his object, and, when he had put it away, he would say 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!" The priest was generally the chief. The Maori believed that the Atua, or departed spirit of a chief, cared

most for the living members of his own family. The families of the chiefs were therefore more tapued than others. It was the tapu that made the distinction between the chiefs and others. The chief knew well the advantage arising from tapu.

“Tapu,” said the Rev. Henry Williams, “is the secret of power and strength of the despotic rule. It affects both great and small. Here it is seen tending a brood of chickens, and there it directs the energy of the kingdom. Its influence is variously diffused. Coasts, islands, rivers and seas, animals, fruit, fish and vegetables, houses, beds, cups, pots and dishes, canoes with all that belongs to them, with their management, dress and ornaments and arms, things to eat and things to drink; the members of the body; the manners and customs, language, names, temper and even the gods, all come under the influence of tapu. It is put into operation by religious, political or selfish motives, and idleness for months lounges beneath its sanction. Many are thus forbidden to raise their hands or extend their arms in any useful employment for a long time.” Such was the awful power of superstition which Christianity had to displace from the mind.

“Muru” (robbery), inflicted punishments for faults or accidents. Those who performed the

Muru visited the afflicted one, ate up all his provisions and took away all his movables. The expedition that executes this work was called "taua." If a man's wife ran away a taua of his own friends visited him as a mark of condolence, and other of his wife's friends visited him to punish him for not taking better care of her.

The offenses for which people were plundered were sometimes of a nature that would seem curious. A man's child fell into the fire and was nearly burned to death. The father was immediately plundered to an extent that almost left him destitute. His canoe upset and he and all his friends were nearly drowned. He was robbed and punished with a club. If he were clearing away fern and burning it, and fire got into a burial ground, he was robbed.

Mr. S. Percy Smith, F. R. G. S., in the *Polynesian Journal*, Wellington, says: "The supernatural, as you call it, satanic influence, saturated the Maori mythology and history; there are hundreds of instances of it. I have often thought that the old Polynesian priests were possessed of some knowledge of powers over nature which we have not got hold of, at any rate they had power of making their hearers believe so. They are very perplexing and as yet not understood. We can hardly describe what some of the Maoris, tohungas, or priests were able to do, and yet cannot

explain them. The following is an incident told by the Maoris, but I never heard that Bishop Selwyn said anything about it. On a visit of the bishop to Rotorua, he was very anxious to convert an old tohunga, who held out, and influenced others against Christianity. In the interview the old man said to the bishop, 'If you can do what I can I will follow you.' He then picked up a dead dry brown leaf of the tiplant; he twisted it in the air, the same time repeating some words (an incantation); lo, the leaf was green and alive! This is the Maori account of it by eyewitnesses, who fully believed what they saw. Of course there may be natural explanation of this, but we do not know it. This shows the powerful beliefs of the Maoris in the supernatural power of these tohungas, who were extremely tapu, and were much feared. I know of several instances of their supposed supernatural power, and I have found that all Europeans who have had much to do with the race, and are in their confidence, have some undefined feeling that the tohungas possessed powers of which we know nothing. Even after making all allowances for the ignorant credulity of the people, there is still a certain residue of unexplained mystery which we cannot at present get over."

The Maoris were superstitious. If they once got an idea of dying, they could not get it out of

their minds. One day a Maori went to a missionary, telling him that he was going to die, and asked him to help him. He did so, giving him a mustard poultice, and saying, 'If it burns you, you will get well, but if not, you will die.' He got well. They imagined the presence of the unseen, and supernatural. If they were to allow a fire to be lighted under a shed, where there were provisions, their god would kill them. A band of early missionaries who settled at Bay of Islands, one day rowed down a tapu river to get some food. The natives seized the boat, tied up the missionaries, with the view of killing and eating them. In the boat was some medicine which they ate, but soon they were so sick, that they were willing to release the missionaries and let them have their own way. These Maoris became Christians a few years afterwards. The Marois had no temple, and no special priestly robe. They appeared to have no conception of a Supreme Being. The souls of the departed were not worshiped. Sometimes sacrifices were offered, but not to God, only to pacify death, and in honor of the chief. When a baby was eight days old, it was carried to a stream, and water was sprinkled over it by a priest with a branch of a tree, and it was named.

They had the consciousness of right and wrong, and often expressed regret at wrong acts. They

had good understanding and comprehension. They were quick to learn, being possessed with strong memory, and ingenious to follow pattern. They also excelled in order and regularity. They were temperate in their habits, but not very cleanly. Two most admirable traits in the Maoris were a strong family affection and a sincere hospitality. The latter is a decided feature in the Maori home to-day, not only among their own nation but to strangers. Their imagination was very strong, and it has been said that they could weep or even die, at will. In their eyes a man was virtuous when he was courageous and could control his temper. Being proud, revengeful, and full of physical courage, they could face an enemy and fight to the last; but let darkness overtake them, or a little harmless lizard crawl out from a bush at their feet, and they became trembling cowards.

The Maoris' moral side was a dark picture. They had no word in their language to express gratitude. Suicide and infanticide were very common. They would kill, roast and eat little children without a feeling of remorse. Children were disobedient to parents. The sick and dying were neglected, and left in some secluded place to die. A missionary said, "A full description of their everyday life would shock the moral sensibilities of English readers." The apostle

Paul in Romans i. 28-32 has drawn a picture of the Maoris' depravity and pollution. They were savages of a most cruel and ferocious type. Cannibalism, and feasting on the dead bodies of the slain were frequent. It is not known when the horrid custom began. It was probably a war practice. It was not owing to their liking for human flesh, or the scarcity of food, but out of revenge. The utmost degradation to which they would reduce their foes was to eat them. If the enemy was too strong to kill him during lifetime the Maori could satisfy his revenge by digging him up and eating him after his funeral. When they ate people, they believed that the courage of their victims passed into the victor. To sever the jugular vein and drink the blood until the victim died was a common practice.

So they lived on and worked on, a barbarous, superstitious, native race, preparing the soil in their summer and winter, planting, waiting, and gathering the harvest; telling the years by the moons, and the days and months by the rising and setting of certain stars, the flowering of certain trees, the mating of the birds and the humming of insects. They guided their canoes by the sun, and by the ebbing and flowing of the tide; and when the sound of the cuckoo was heard in the land they laid their nets and baited their fishhooks.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GOVERNMENT AND WAR CUSTOMS.

THE Maoris constituted three communities,—nations, tribes, and families, each independent of the other. There were eighteen nations, and many tribes within the nation. No tribe exceeded five thousand persons, and every tribe was subject to its respective chief and all the chiefs yielded to the rule of the chief of their nation. In every tribe there were three grades, the chieftain, the commoner and the slave. The spiritual and the temporal authority were united in the eldest son by inheritance. He was both chief and priest. In lack of male issue the chieftainship passed unto the eldest daughter. The chief claimed inspiration. No land could be bought or sold without the consent of the chief. In this he had both civil and spiritual jurisdiction. But the question of war or peace was decided by a council. “An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,” was the principle by which they ruled their decision. Tribal rights to territories were traced to “conquest,” transfer and descent. The Maoris have been always devoted to their

ancestral land, and tribal custom. Marriage was purely a civil act among the Maoris. A slight squeeze of the hand, revealed a token of regard. Men were considered to have divorced their wives when they turned them out of doors, after which it was lawful for others to marry them. Polygamy was common. Widows were not permitted to marry until their dead husbands' bones were taken to their final resting place. Women often committed suicide on the death of their husbands. Chiefs and free men were permitted to have several wives. The mother of the first-born child was the head wife, and the others were little better than slaves. When the husband embraced Christianity he put away all his wives except one,—and with her he lived happily. The bodies of dead chiefs sat in state for a year, before being removed to their final resting place. Domestic affection was not strong either on the part of husband or wife, or parents and children, and still tribes were very clannish. A wrong done to an individual was resented, as though inflicted on the whole tribe. Stealing, plundering and destruction of property were considered as proper punishment for offense.

The Maoris were not in their element except when at war with each other. The slightest offense caused war. It burst out any moment, even among the tribes that were at peace with

one another. The training of a young man was not complete until he had killed his man in battle. The young men before going to war had to be brought down to the brink of a river, by a priest, and sprinkled with water, and commended to Tu the god of war. Before engaging in battle they generally worked themselves into a frenzy by the war dance.

Each warrior wore a cloth about his loins, and carried a short spear carved at the top to represent a grotesque human head, from the mouth of which the tongue protruded about three inches in the form of a spear, while just below the head was a long tuft of white dog's hair bound with flax, stained a light red. The shaft of the instrument made of totara wood, and lightly polished, was rounded at the top part, but worked out in an oval form with sharp, bevelled edges toward the bottom end. Flourishing this weapon in the wildest manner, jumping into the air and making the most hideous grimaces, thrusting out his tongue, and turning up his eyes till nothing but the whites were visible, the old warrior yelled and danced about like a madman, throwing up his huata and catching it again, sweeping it in a fearful way, making frantic cuts at heads, but arresting it when within an inch of the skull.

A war dance is graphically described by one who had witnessed several of them, as follows:

“All in a state of nudity, the face and body blackened with charcoal, the whole army running some distance, arranged itself in lines. At a given signal, they suddenly sprang to their feet, holding the weapon in the right hand; with a simultaneous movement, each leg was alternately elevated, and then, with a spring they jumped into the air, and made the ground shake as they came down again. All the while they uttered a savage yell, ending with a long, deep sigh. Their mouths gaping, their tongues protruding, their eyes goggling, and all the muscles of their bodies quivering. They slapped their naked thighs with the palms of their left hands, with a defiant sound. This would be repeated again and again. Old women disfigured with red ocher acted as buglemen in front of them, and all kept time with the chorus of the war song. Maddened with rage, the combatants hurled their spears, and with fierce screams rushed on to mortal conflicts.”

Every cruelty was inflicted on the vanquished. Their blood was quaffed while warm; their heads preserved, their bodies cooked. When the victorious army returned with the trophies of conquest, they were greeted by the women with hideous noises, grimaces, and contortions. Those of them who had lost husbands, or brothers or sons, would wreak their vengeance on the wretched

captives. The dance and the tapu were renewed, and the wailing for the dead began. After food had been eaten, the best orator recited the achievements they had wrought. Such was the barbarous condition of the Maoris before their conversion to Christianity.

## A MAORI CHIEF.

“Of form, almost gigantic he—  
 Bull-necked, square-jawed, firm-lipped, bold-eyed, broad-browed,  
 His looks proclaimed his character aloud!  
 When he stood forth in full height and pride,  
 In flowing vest of silky flax, undyed,  
 But crimson-spotted, with round knots of wool,  
 Black points of cord, alternate, hanging free;  
 And o'er it down to the brown ankles bare,  
 A mantle of white wild-dog fur well dressed,  
 Its skirt's broad rim tan-hued; his snowy hair  
 Crowned with a jet black arching crest,  
 Of hoopoe feathers stuck upright.

“Their tips a crest of pure white;  
 And in his hand, to order with or smite,  
 The green stone baton broad of war or rule,  
 Grim mouth, and oval as a cactus leaf,  
 Did not each glance and gesture stamp him then,  
 Self-heralded, a god-made King of men?”

—*Donnett.*

## CHAPTER V.

### THE APOSTLE OF THE MAORIS.

WHEN Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, was found by our Lord, and converted and prepared for his life-work in the school of Christ, he became the twelfth apostle; so before me, has stood for months one chosen and trained to be the thirteenth apostle, "The Apostle of the Maoris."

Samuel Marsden was a plain unassuming man,—he made no claim to scholarship, brilliancy, wealth or high rank; but a sanctified ambition moved him throughout. His life is a powerful inspiration. Who should wonder at this, since he was completely under our Lord's command? Not only a loyal soldier of the British crown, but a good soldier of the Messiah's crown, moreover, a useful vessel, clean, and emptied of self and filled with the Spirit; therefore, his evangelization of Australasia was more than imagination could anticipate. He was truly the peer of his generation. At the Antipodes, he stood firmly for forty-four years, a burning and shining light. He was born on July 24, 1764, at Horsforth, England. When a lad, he attended the Meth-

odist church with his Christian parents, and was taught in the village school of his native town and the grammar school at Hull. His desires to become a preacher and his gifts for the office were recognized by the Elland Society, under whose auspices he was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, to study for the ministry. Before he graduated, he received an appointment from the government as second chaplain for the colony of New South Wales. After his ordination and marriage, he and his pious wife sailed on September 30, 1793, in a convict transport for Sydney, and landed there on March 10, 1794.

On his voyage he encountered much hardship, being surrounded by a godless company, consisting of thieves, adulterers, and blasphemers. He wrote in his diary, "May God keep me from evil that I may not be tainted by the evil practices of those among whom I live." Having read the life of David Brainerd, his soul was fired with missionary zeal. He prayed that God might make him a blessing to the penal settlement and to the islands of the sea. Arriving at Sydney he promptly began work. Upon reaching the colony, the senior chaplain gave up his work and returned to England. This increased Marsden's responsibility, being the only clergyman in New South Wales. He held the office of a magistrate which brought him often into opposition with un-

scrupulous men, from whom he suffered persecution. Added to his official burdens were severe afflictions. His boy, two years old, accidentally fell from the arms of his mother while driving over a rough road and was killed. Subsequently, he and his wife left another child in care of their domestic, through whose carelessness he was scalded to death. These severe trials, he calmly and patiently bore as coming from a loving heavenly Father. The London Missionary Society added to his work by appointing him their colonial agent for Polynesia. This led him to establish a mission at Tahiti. The summer of 1805, he and Te Paki, the first Maori chief of his acquaintance, met face to face. The chief's fame had already traveled from the Bay of Islands to Australia. Whalers spoke of his excellent qualities. When in Sydney, Governor King entertained him, and gave him presents, and finally sent him home in his majesty's colonial vessel, as a mark of his esteem.

Impressed by his interviews with Te Paki, Mr. Marsden went to England, in 1807, to plead the cause of the Maoris before the Church Missionary Society; as a result, the Maori Mission was organized. Before this he labored assiduously for fourteen years in New South Wales, and as a consequence he acquired a general reputation for his wisdom and fidelity in the cause he had so ear-

nestly embraced. Zeal for New Zealand led him to test civilization, previous to Christianization, only to find as other missionaries since his day, that conversion to God precedes every social effort, both for savage and heathen alike.

Successful in his enterprise, he returned to Sydney, in 1809, accompanied only by two Christian mechanics,—Messrs. Hall and King, a carpenter and a shoemaker, although he had made an urgent appeal to his countrymen for volunteers to carry out his project. In the fore-castle of the ship in which he was returning, Mr. Marsden noticed a man, whose brown skin and forlorn condition awakened his desire to help him. Sick and weak, and, racked with a violent cough, the poor man, wrapped in a ragged old coat, seemed to have but a few days to live. He proved to be young Ruatara, a relative of Te Phai and nephew of the famous Hongi, himself a chief—the very man who was to share with our apostle in planting Christianity in New Zealand. He was returning after a five years' cruise at sea, having been wickedly treated by whalers and shipmasters, who detained him on board the ship "Ann" in which Rev. Mr. Marsden and his party were taking their passage. Recovering from his sickness, he stayed in Mr. Marsden's home, in Sydney, for six months, acquiring a knowledge of agriculture, and was sent back to New Zealand,

as a forerunner of the missionaries. There he related what he had seen and heard. But the wheat seed, which was given to the chiefs, and sown by Ruatara, and converted into bread, and eaten throughout New Zealand before the chaplain put his foot on the soil, was a mighty factor in preparing the savage mind to listen to the words of life from the lips of our apostle.

A few months before the return of Ruatara to his native land, news had reached Sydney of the destruction of the ship "Boyd," and all passengers except two. Feeling was high against the Maori cannibals. It was unsafe for a New Zealander to walk the streets of Sydney.

The mission had to be suspended for five years. In 1813 it came again to the front. A missionary meeting was held; resolutions were presented and accepted; the ship "Active" was bought as a pioneer missionary ship; and Messrs. Hall and Rendall were sent to New Zealand to find out the lay of the land and to bring Ruatara and some friendly chiefs back with them, so that the chaplain might obtain an influence over the ferocious natives and avail himself of their good offices when he arrived in their country.

They returned in August and reported favorably. Ruatara, Hongi and Korokoro, and other chiefs, were introduced to the governor. A vacation of four months was granted to the chap-

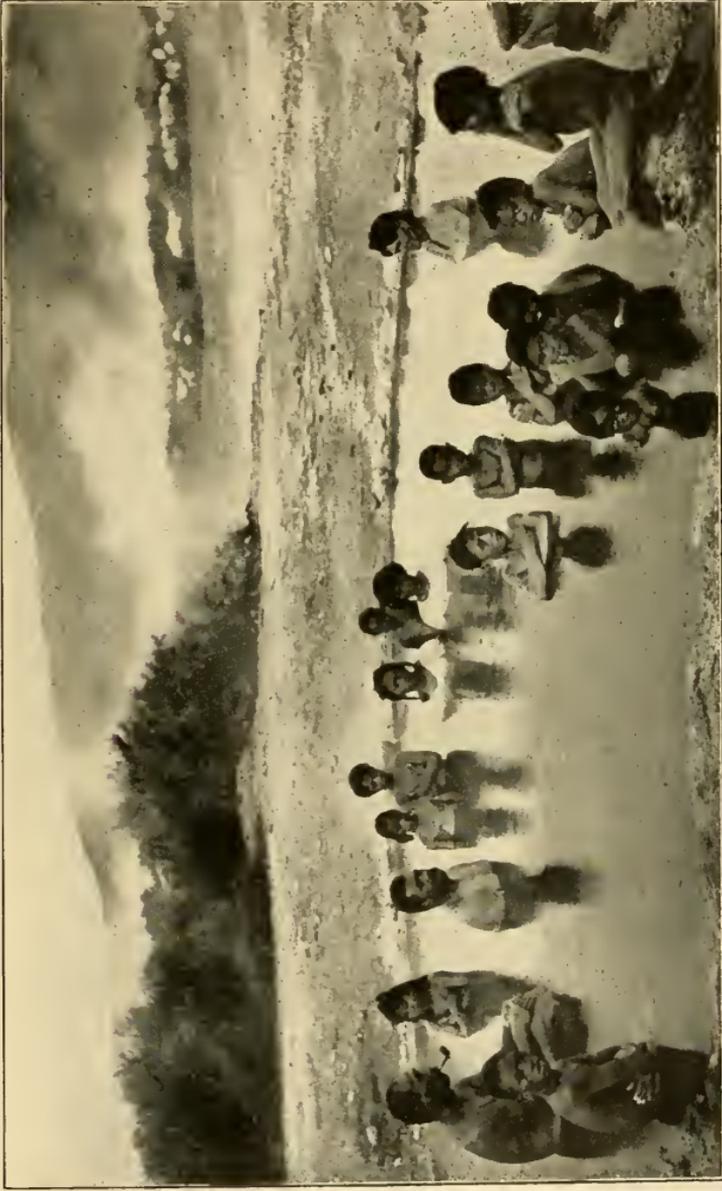
lain. On November 19, 1814, he sailed in the "Active" with his party, including Maori chiefs and convicts. When they landed, they found that the tribes of Wangaroa and the Bay of Islands were at war with each other.

He took immediate steps to make peace between the rival chiefs. A meeting of the warriors was called, and before it was over the rival foes were reconciled, and peace was secured.

After the meeting, as the evening advanced, the people began to retire to rest in different groups.

We give here Mr. Marsden's own description of the scene :

"About eleven o'clock, Mr. Nicholas and I wrapped ourselves in our great coats, 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 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



POOL OF BATHERS, WHAKAREWAREWA.



these things could be. Never did I behold the blessed advantage of civilization 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 o'clock in the morning I rose and walked about the camp, surveying the different natives. When the morning light returned, we beheld men, women, and children asleep in all directions, like the beasts of the field."

Early on Thursday, December 22, the "Active" entered the Bay of Islands. Her motley crew of savages, convicts, Christian teachers, enterprising mechanics with their wives and children, in all thirty-three persons, besides a horse, sheep, cattle, goats, pigs and other live stock were all safely landed at their destination. The firing of a gun as a token of respect to Ruatara awoke the inhabitants of the town, and hastened some two hundred warriors to the beach. Mr. Marsden, escorted by Ruatara and the other chiefs, met them, and for his sake whose fame had preceded him they were all kindly received. The natives were greatly amazed at the horse and cows, and particularly upon seeing one of the missionaries riding the horse, which they called a big dog.

A reception was given to Mr. Marsden in the

nature of a war dance and sham fight, which, indeed, was far more repulsive to the Europeans than attractive. The contest was between Ruatara on one side, with two hundred warriors, and Korokoro, with as many, on the other side. It was a most hideous performance.

After this strange welcome was over, Mr. Marsden gathered them round him and talked to them about the object of the missionary colony and the necessity of having land upon which to erect a mission house. They all concurred in whatsoever he suggested or asked. Rangihō was pointed out as a suitable place for the mission station. Two hundred acres were bought for twelve axes. Two parchment deeds had been previously drawn up in proper form on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, which only required to be signed by the owners of the soil. The ingenious mind of Hongi furnished a contrivance of attestation. He drew upon the deeds a complete representation of the tattooing of the countenance of Kuna, to which the latter set his mark. It served as the ratifying symbol of the agreement. Mr. Kendall and Mr. Nicholas signed on the part of the settlers, and a native drew the moko on one of his cheeks as corresponding testimony for the mark of the New Zealanders. The ground then was declared tapu (sacred) to all but the mission colony, and henceforth the natives were not al-

lowed to enter it without the consent of the missionaries.

Saturday was a busy day with Ruatara preparing a place for public worship. Half an acre was fenced in, a pulpit was made out of an old canoe, and seats were put round it for the white people, and mats thrown on the ground for the natives. On a high hill near this novel meeting house was a flagstaff, from the top of which the English flag fluttered, bearing the emblems of the cross and dove, and the words, "Good Tidings." Let Mr. Marsden himself tell how he preached his first sermon in New Zealand.

"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 dawn of civilization, liberty and religion in that dark and benighted land. I never viewed the British colors with more gratification, and flattered myself they would never be removed till the natives 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 aboard to go ashore to attend divine service, except the master and one man. When we landed we found Korokoro, Ruatara and Hongi, dressed in regimentals which

Governor Macquire had given them, with their men drawn up ready to be marched into the inclosure to attend divine service. They had their swords by their sides and switches in their hands. We entered the inclosure 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 Ruatara 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 and began the service with singing the Old Hundredth psalm, and my very soul melted 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 Ruatara 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 so far as he could. When I had finished preaching,

he informed them what I had been talking about. Ruatara was very much pleased that he had been able to make all the necessary preparations for divine worship in so short a time, and we felt much obliged to him for his attention."

The purpose of the mission had now been presented, the gospel preached, land had been bought, houses had been built and missionaries settled, and friendly alliance had been made with hostile tribes. The apostle must return to Sydney. A large number of people assembled to bid him farewell. Chiefs pledged themselves to stand by the missionaries. On February 22, the "Active" sailed on her return journey. Several young chiefs accompanied Mr. Marsden. On his arrival at Sydney he built a seminary for the Maoris at Parramatta, where sometimes as many as thirty of them received instruction. But after a few years' experience the climate proved to be uncongenial to the New Zealanders, and the school had to be given up.

On the arrival of the Rev. Samuel Marsden at Sydney from the Bay of Islands, he reported to the governor of New South Wales that he had established a most promising Christian mission in New Zealand, under the auspices of the Church of England Missionary Society; "the set time to favor Zion had come, yea, the set time." He could trace the leading of Providence in every

step taken during that period to carry out his design. The answer to his prayer, the kindness of the savages, their pledge to support the missionaries and defend them from other hostile tribes, made it clear to him that God was in the planting of this vine. He gave thanks and took courage.

The opposing forces against the mission were gigantic. Superstition, tapu and utu, savage disposition, tribal wars, Maori wars, fickleness of character, sensual feasting, domestic habits, polygamy and ignorance, and a host of other vices had to be faced and overcome before the soil was prepared for the truth.

The mission seemed to assure success at the beginning. The news of the work done by the missionaries in teaching the natives how to cultivate the soil, sow and plant, and to speak English, went like lightning throughout the land. Many chiefs visited the mission station, and invited the missionaries to come and do similar work among their tribes. The mission was supplemented with more laborers from time to time, and new enterprises were started. The home Church was much interested in the work, and supported it liberally. The "Active" was now continuously engaged as a missionary vessel between Sydney and New Zealand. Mr. Marsden was kept well informed of the progress of the

work. The growth of civilization was, indeed, most cheering. Better houses had been built. The land was producing rich harvests in wheat. Mr. Kendall had as many as seventy-five scholars in his school, but there was no conversion to Christianity.

Ruatara died and his wife committed suicide through grief. Chiefs had quarrels with each other. There was a general uprising in the district. Ex-convicts, who had formed the bulk of the crews of vessels, and had settled at the Bay of Islands, caused endless trouble to the Maoris. They were bad characters. The Maoris showed revenge by killing and stealing. Discontentment prevailed. The missionaries felt unsafe to continue the work. But visits from Mr. Marsden from time to time cheered and encouraged them to abide in the field. His influence over the ferocious savages was phenomenal. He would walk alone unarmed into the midst of these uncivilized people, and preach the gospel to them. He made many long journeys by land on foot among some of the wildest tribes. On one occasion, after walking for several days in the bush, he said: "When I lay down upon the ground after a weary day's journey, wrapped up in my great coat, surrounded by cannibals, I often thought how many thousands there are in civil life languishing upon beds of down, and saying,

‘Would God it were morning,’ while I could sleep free from fear or pain, under the guardian care of Him who keepeth Israel.” The Maoris almost worshiped him. Wherever he went he was cordially received. When he would sit in the open air and rest after a hard day’s work, it was not an uncommon thing to see hundreds of Maoris clustering round him. Some of them would look for hours into his face.

“My father,” wrote his daughter, “had sometimes as many as thirty Maoris 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 preparation to sacrifice a slave to attend his spirit into the other world. Mr. Marsden was from home, and his family were only able to preserve the life of the young New Zealander by hiding him in one of the rooms. Marsden on his return, spoke to the chief, and reasoned with him, which resulted in sparing the life of the slave. No further attempt was made upon the slave, though the uncle frequently deplored that his nephew had no attendant to the next world; and he seemed to be afraid to return to New Zealand, lest the father of the young man would reproach him for having given up the important custom. Concerning a visit with her father to New Zealand, Miss Marsden says:

“We anchored at the Wesleyan Mission at Hokiangu, where we were kindly received by the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Turner. The natives were coming to attend service. 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.’ I took leave of Mrs. Turner, and mounted in a chair on the shoulders of two New Zealanders, headed the procession. My father, Mr. Wilkinson, and the two children were carried in ‘kaw-shores’ or native biers, on which they carried their sick. We entered a forest of five miles, then stopped to dine. The natives soon cooked the potatoes, corn, etc., in an oven which they scooped in the sand. After heating a number of stones, the potatoes were 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 Auckland I left my chair, mounted on horseback and reached the town 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 all the 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.” Whenever Mr. Marsden entered a village the natives would come forth to meet him with firing of muskets and dances of exultation.

Mr. Marsden’s mission in New Zealand abounded in reconciliations between hostile tribes. At one time Hongi had as many as a thousand warriors marshaled on a war expedition. The veteran missionary, unarmed, met him, and through his magnetic power prevailed upon the chief to give up his hostility. He afterwards bought from him a large lot of land, consisting of thirteen thousand acres, for forty-eight axes, for a mission station at a place called Kerikeri.

The missionaries encountered great danger and privation from the haughty and savage natives

during the horrors of their tribal wars. On one occasion a chief of the Wahoroa tribe refused to pay any attention to them. He told them that, on his return from war with Ratorua, they would see his garden palings adorned with a row of human heads. "The kumara and the flesh," he muttered; "how sweetly they will go down together!" On his return, the posts of his fence were garnished with the heads of his enemies.

Hostility, pillage and cannibal feasts made the country wretched. Work was suspended, life was at a great discount, the outlook was dark. The missionaries, though alive to the peril of their situation, would neither leave nor give up their work. They stood firm for God and humanity as living witnesses against paganism and bloodshed, though at the same time they reported that it was unbearable to continue any longer the mission, as the natives were as insensible to the need of redemption as brutes, and that they were only casting the seed on a rock. The Wesleyans, also thought of giving up and leaving for the want of success. But not long after there was a great change for the better—a great ingathering of souls. When Christianity took root it grew quickly. In 1830 the scattered seed began to sprout. Churches were filled with attentive listeners. The Sabbath was observed as a day of rest. Many were baptized. Some sat at the

Lord's Supper. The Bible was revered, taught and read. And still up to 1838 two-thirds of the Maoris had not seen a missionary, although they had heard about them. The early converts manifested great zeal in going everywhere with the news and preaching the gospel, though too often at the sacrifice of their life by hostile tribes.

Mr. Marsden gives a graphic picture of the effective power of the mission. After visiting a battle ground to arbitrate between two hostile chiefs, he said: "The contrast between the state of the east and west sides 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 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 greater 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 could read and write."

Rangi, a chief of some weight in his tribe, was the first Maori who confessed Christianity. He was baptized on September 14, 1825, just ten years after the mission had been founded. Some months before his conversion, he was found regularly at the meeting house, and was observed to be very careful on the Sabbath. "My thoughts," he said, "are continually in heaven, in the morning, at midday and at night. My belief is in the great God and in Jesus Christ. I have prayed to God and to Jesus Christ, and my heart feels full of light." He died in the faith—the first-fruits of a great harvest.

Already the gospel was manifesting its effective power. The seed of the Kingdom was springing up in hearts. Many of the natives had improved in their way of living. A chief came from Cook Strait to ask Mr. Marsden if he would send a missionary to his tribe. The whole of the North island appeared to be ready for the gospel. The thought, "What must I do to be saved?" was secretly agitating the minds of many. A young chief named Wariki wrote to a missionary his religious thoughts, which sound like the confession of St. Augustine. He said: "How is it that I am so deaf to what you say? If I had listened to your various callings, I should have

done many 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 sometimes ridicules me for saying I wish to believe right and to do right. How is it? Sometimes I say aye, 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 aye or no is to be the greatest, or which is to be overturned. The more I turn my eyes within and continue looking, the more I wonder, and I think perhaps I have never prayed, perhaps I have. I have, this day and many days; and my mouth has whispered and said loud prayers; but I wish to know, and I 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 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 toward God? O! I wish I was not all lips and mouth, in my prayers to God. I am thinking that I may be likened to a stagnant water, that is not good, that nobody drinks, and that does not run down in brooks, upon the banks of which kumara 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."

A young Maori who was living with Mr. King, the missionary, wrote on the back of a book: "O Jesus, we cannot perfectly believe in thee, we are bound by the evil spirit, and he will not let our hearts go free, lest we should believe in thee and be saved. O Jesus, Son of God. O Jesus, how great is thy love to us. Thou didst descend from heaven, when thou didst understand the anger of thy Father to all mankind. They were going to the place of punishment. They were not seeking after God. Thou didst say to thy Father, 'Let thine anger to mankind cease. I am their substitute. I go to the world to be slain as a satisfaction for their sins. I will purchase them with my blood.'"

A chief one day came to Mr. Davis, accompanied by two young men, and said: "I come to know what I must do with the rubbish that is about my place in my house," (meaning his heart). The missionary replied, "I have told you that you must pray for strength from on high to enable you to clear it away." "Yes," he said, "I wish to clear out my house in order that the Holy Spirit may come in and dwell in it."

The translation of the Scriptures into the

Maori language in 1835 was the pivot which turned the hearts of the savage to embrace Christianity. The young and old diligently read the Bible. The chief of sixty would sit beside the child of six, spelling out the lesson in the class, and desiring the sincere milk of the word. The introduction of a printing press into the mission colony was also an invaluable help. A young Maori, who had been trained in a printing office at Sydney, was employed at the printing office, printing hymns in the native language, which the people committed to memory and sang with great animation. The missionaries thought of abandoning the station at Rangihona, with a view of strengthening the others. The chiefs were opposed. They told Mr. Marsden: "When you are gone, no one shall touch your houses, but they shall stand empty until they rot and fall down; and when any Europeans come on shore and inquire whose houses they are, we shall tell them they belong to the missionaries, who left us without any cause, and they now stand as a monument of disgrace."

When the apostle made his seventh and last visit to New Zealand, in the year 1837, he found the old system of heathenism on the wane, the spell of the tapu broken, the chiefs no longer sacred, and the power of the priesthood overthrown. The priests would say to the mission-

aries: "You tell us that your God created man, but your Bible does not say how he did it. Where did he begin—at the head or at the foot? And your Bible says that he created the heavens before the earth; then, he began at the top first, and this contradicts all our experience. We see the trees grow upward; and we see men, when they build a house, begin at the foundation; nobody begins at the roof and builds downward."

In the year 1840, the Church Missionary Society had twelve stations, two hundred and thirty-three communicants, eight thousand seven hundred and sixty attendants at public worship, seventy-two schools, with one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six scholars; and the Wesleyan Mission, in 1838, had sixteen preaching stations in the Hokiangu district. The Maori Mission was now acknowledged by all Christians to be one of the most successful missionary enterprises in history.

Mr. Marsden, the founder of this glorious work, died in his own home, in Sydney, after a short illness, on May 12, 1838. His last words were a prayer for the Maoris.

So departed the man of God, at the age of seventy-two; and his forty-four years' service in Australia, have left a monument behind him more lasting than brass and higher than the pyramids. The names of Cook, the discoverer, and Marsden,

the apostle and friend of the Maoris, shall never be forgotten in the annals of New Zealand.

Three years after, Bishop Selwyn upon his arrival in the colony found a nation of pagans converted to the faith. "God had given a new heart and a new spirit to thousands after thousands of our fellow-creatures in that distant quarter of the earth. Young men and maidens, old men and children, all with one heart and with one voice praising God—all offering up daily their morning and evening prayers. All searching the Scriptures to find the way of eternal life. All valuing the word of God above all other gifts. All in greater or less degree visibly displaying in their outward lives some fruit of the spirit. Where will you find throughout the world more signal manifestations of the power of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the kingdom of it?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### TRIBAL WAR.

CHIEF HONGI was kind to the missionaries but his heart was still unchanged. He was a born leader, and a man of war from his youth. In 1820, he went to England to procure arms to avenge an insult. When in London he gained much attention. King George and his subjects honored him with marked kindness. Presents were given to him in abundance until he was rich. Thousands came to see the cannibal. He stayed at Cambridge for some time assisting Professor Lee in getting up a dictionary of the Maori language. His ambition was greatly intensified. "There is but one king in England," he said, "and there shall only be one king in New Zealand." Returning to New Zealand by the way of Sydney, there he exchanged some of his presents for more muskets and powder. There he met Hinaki, with whom he had an old feud, and requested him to go home and fortify his pa and prepare for war. When he returned to New Zealand he called a conference of his tribe, and told them of what he had seen in England, and that he wanted to conquer the island and be a king

like King George. Warriors gathered round him. A fearful battle took place between him and Hinaki. Hongi shot the latter, and scooped out the eye of the dying chief, swallowed it and drank the warm blood as it oozed from his wounds. A thousand soldiers were killed, and three hundred of them were roasted and eaten on the battlefield. Hongi's name now became a terror throughout the land. He carried on war systematically on one tribe after the other, until practically he became the recognized leader in the North island—the Napoleon of New Zealand.

In 1827 he visited the Wangaroa tribe, where he was shot through the lungs, and six months after he died as he had lived. His warriors destroyed the Methodist Mission, and burned it to the ground. The missionaries at Wangaroa fled to the Church Mission at Kerikeri, having lost all their property, and, to all appearances, the fruit of four years' hard work.

Pomare, another chief of his tribe, succeeded Hongi, and committed awful atrocities on neighboring tribes. These were days of bloodshed. It is estimated that in these tribal wars from 1820 to 1839 no less than twenty thousand Maoris were killed. Fire arms were bought from European traders at high prices. Te Whoro Whoro, a chief of the Waikato tribe, conquered

and killed Pomare with five hundred of his men. Te Whoro Whoro held the leadership for a time, until the famous Ruaparaha, a most determined and skillful Maori leader, attacked Te Whoro Whoro, and after several dreadful battles, when many were killed on both sides, Ruaparaha was obliged to retreat with his tribes, men, women, and children, and set out on a pilgrimage to Cook Strait, now known as the District of Wellington. He fought his way through hostile tribes until he subdued them all, and established himself and his tribes at Kapiti, (an island now reserved by the government for native birds). He crossed over to Nelson and waged war with tribes there, and became the recognized leader of that province. Captain Wakefield, of the New Zealand Land Company, claimed the beautiful valley of the Wairau for the New Zealand Company by purchase, but the natives denied having sold him the land. Ruaparaha claimed it by conquest. Men were sent from Wellington to survey the land for the company. Ruaparaha and his son-in-law, Rangihaeata, regarded that as taking possession. They objected, and burned the huts. A warrant for their arrest was issued. Mr. Thompson, Captain Wakefield and eight other gentlemen and forty armed men volunteered to execute it. They met the chief and his son-in-law in a valley, surrounded with one hundred men

waiting for an attack. After some warm words, the Wakefield party attempted to arrest Ruaparaha; in the struggle a shot killed his daughter. This aroused the warriors and a bloody battle began. Thirteen white men were killed and nine massacred, and five natives. Ruaparaha and his company returned home to the North island. There he waged war at the Hutt and Wellington. Then he crossed again to Nelson, and hired a ship to carry him and his party to Akaroa, where he massacred the people of that village and carried the chief, with his wife and daughter, back to Nelson. From there he went to some parts of the Middle island as far as Kaiapoi, and there set fire to the pa and burned the inhabitants. He returned to his stronghold at Cook Strait, and settled down again. The governor, being suspicious of his plots, seized him at night when asleep, and carried him as a prisoner to Auckland. After being kept there for some time in custody, he was released, and returned to his tribes. On his arrival, he found that they had embraced Christianity, and his son was preaching to the tribes he had conquered and looked upon as enemies. Ruaparaha became interested in religion; he assisted in building a church, and died a believer in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. To-day are seen at Otake two monuments, the one a strange Maori obelisk, and the other a marble

bust of the great warrior. In the valley of Wairau, near Blenheim, is also seen a beautiful monument at Massacre Hill, which marks the place where he and his party had massacred Captain Wakefield and his friends.

The Maoris were now getting tired of war, and gradually it became less frequent. The custom of feasting on the dead bodies of their slain nearly ceased. The missionaries had acquired a good knowledge of their language; they could speak and preach to them intelligently; their habits and manner of living appealed to the natives' rude and savage state. The natives who attended school and church were improving the opportunity and making rapid progress in civilization.

It is the opinion of a most interesting writer on "Nation Making," that the two great barriers to the early Christian progress of the Maoris were the non-acquirement of our language and the inability to overcome their barbarous habits and superstitions which had been handed down to them from their ancestors. Instead of teaching the Maoris English, the missionaries tried to make their primitive language suit the new condition of things; so a mixed language arose, which was neither one thing nor the other. Many of the difficulties which the early missionaries encountered, arose from their lack of knowledge of the

Maori language and customs. When the missionaries began to understand the native language, they found the Maoris kind and responsive. We cannot but admire the faithful missionaries nevertheless, in their hard struggle in acquiring knowledge of the Maori tongue without any aid except what they could gather from them in their ordinary conversation, and in their persistent efforts of ten years' toil without any convert, until the Lord opened the heart of Rangi to believe.

Bishop William Williams of Waiapu, wrote: "During the first year of the establishment of the government, the spirit of inquiry after Christianity was greatly on the increase. In many it proceeded from a clear conviction of the evil of their former system, and of the blessings which Christianity afforded to them. . . . The people now flocked in large numbers to attend the classes of candidates for baptism. This was particularly the case in the old stations on the Bay of Islands, and also at the Waikato and the Thames, and in almost every part of the country the profession of Christianity became so general that the total number of attendants at public worship was estimated at not less than thirty thousand besides those in connection with the Wesleyan Mission. . . . When the liberal grant of ten thousand Testaments from the Bible Society reached New Zealand, they were quickly

put in circulation and another supply was written for, the larger number of them being at once paid for at the full price. The first case which reached Tauranga, four hundred and ninety copies, was disposed of in eight days. It follows, therefore, that there were many who were able to read, or if they could not read, there was an inducement for them to learn as soon as they possessed the book."

A Maori could not have a Bible unless he first read a verse out of it. There was one old woman who gave up coloring her face with red paint and oil, so that she might have a Bible. Then she gave up her pipe for a prayer book and sat in a prominent seat in the church so that people might see how good she was. She observed the Sabbath very strictly, said grace before meals and had morning prayers.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MISSIONARY LEADERS.

AFTER the death of the Rev. Mr. Marsden, in 1838, the responsibility of carrying on the Maori Church Mission rested on his trustworthy friend and coworker, the Rev. Henry Williams, a man of most excellent traits of character. His varied gifts of tact, firmness, gentleness and courage, which had been so often called in use in his dealings with the Maoris, had been a wonder to many. The natives had unbounded confidence in him as a friend and peacemaker. His life among them is full of the most thrilling instances of bravery and courage. At one time two powerful tribes were at war with each other. Mr. Williams fearlessly entered the battlefield as a peacemaker between the warriors. He arrived there, unarmed, on Saturday, and persuaded them to abstain from hostilities on Sunday. They sat down to hear him preach to them a sermon on the love of Christ. On the following Monday, Mr. Williams walked with the chief, Tabitapu, carrying a flag of truce to the enemy's camp, and, after the usual

palaver, the armies were disbanded, and peace was proclaimed. Shortly after, one of the old chiefs came to see him, holding up in his hand a war weapon, and cried, "Sixteen persons by this time have been sent to hell; and unless I can kill and eat someone now, I shall have no rest." Mr. Williams approached him and laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and calmly reproved him for his conduct. The old man changed his mind and threw away the hatchet, saying, "I will use it no more." The natives loved Mr. Williams dearly. After his death, they erected a memorial at Pailua for him, costing one thousand dollars. The memory of the just is blessed.

"Christianity among the New Zealanders," by Bishop Williams of Waiapu, is a book of most thrilling stories of the power of the gospel among the Maoris, as well as of many cases of hardship, danger and daring adventures which the missionaries constantly experienced. "There is something grand and wonderful in the change which is wrought by the gospel—that those who are by nature the children of wrath should become the children of God; and this transition becomes more striking in the case of heathens—savage heathens who are in the very lowest grade of human beings." "In seasons of native baptism," said Mr. Chapman, "the tide of ages, dark ages, bloody ages, ages of murder and

treachery, cruelty and hatred, rolls as it were before me; and yet, here stand the children of murderers accepting offered mercy and desiring to wash all their guilty stains away. Thoughts, such as these, force themselves upon me, and I must weep."

The three mighty men connected with the Maori Church Mission were Samuel Marsden, the founder; Henry Williams, the peacemaker; and George Augustus Selwyn, the father of the Church of England in Maori-land. Though other missionaries were remarkable men, yet none of them attained to the strength of the first three.

- Bishop G. A. Selwyn was a scholar, a distinguished student, and a clergyman of great promise long before he was ordained to the bishopric of New Zealand. He arrived at the Bay of Islands at the age of thirty-three, in the year 1842—at a time when his zeal and personality were greatly needed in both the Church and State. He had with him several students and clergymen. They took up their quarters at Auckland. Bishop Selwyn was blessed with a strong frame, cultured mind and apostolic zeal. Few could equal him as a pedestrian. He would walk through the thickest bush, scale the steepest mountain and swim the widest river, and, afterwards, sleep all night in the open air. For months he could live on Maori food. He wrote

in his journal, after returning from a circuit of six months' visitation in the interior: "My last pair of thick shoes were worn out, and my feet much blistered with walking on the stumps, which I was obliged to tie to my insteps with pieces of native flax. I landed at Onehunga (seven miles from Auckland) with my faithful Maori, Rota, who had steadily accompanied me from Kapiti, carrying my bag, of gown and cassock, the only remaining articles in my possession of the least value. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight; and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukau to Auckland. At two P. M. I reached the judge's house, by a path, avoiding the town, and passing over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral, a spot which I hope may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops better shod and far less ragged than myself."

In his first charge to his clergy in 1847, is embodied his own example. He said: "You have heard already the definition of the venerable Bede, that the episcopate is a title, not of honor, but of work; and in that spirit I trust to be enabled to exercise my office." And again: "I pray, in the name of the crucified Master, that we may never

here discuss the question, 'Which shall be the greatest?' It is hoped that the title of a dignity of the Church will never be heard in New Zealand. If I designed the office of archdeacon to be a mere peacock's feather to distinguish one clergyman above his brethren, I would not offer it to the acceptance of any one who had borne his Master's cross, in retirement and self-denial, in the mission field. No earthly dignity either in Church or State, can equal the moral grandeur of the leather girdle and the raiment of camel's hair, or the going forth without purse or scrip, and yet lacking nothing."

The Rev. James Buller, an eminent minister of the Methodist Church, who had been intimately acquainted with the bishop during the twenty-five years he labored in New Zealand, said: "He neglected no part of his wide diocese. Both races were the object of his care. By a judicious foresight, he secured, by gift or purchase, convenient sites and valuable endowments all over the land before they had acquired a high market price. By dint of great labor, involving more than one voyage to England, he framed and set in motion a constitution for his Church in New Zealand, by which his own power was reduced to a fraction. Moreover, there was hardly a settlement, however remote, a Maori village, however small, or a mission station, however dis-

tant, that he did not personally visit. He spared not himself."

After his return to England in 1867, to take charge of the See of Lichfield, he wrote: "I never felt the blessing of the Lord's day as a day of rest more than in New Zealand, where, after encamping late on Saturday night with a weary party, you will find them early on the Sunday morning seated quietly round their fires with the New Testament in their hands—old tattooed warriors side by side with young men and boys, submitting to lose their place for every mistake with the most perfect good humor."

On Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1853, he ordained Rota to the office of a deacon in St. Paul's church, Auckland; a day which he always spoke of as to be much remembered with thankfulness. Rota was a young Maori, and one of the bishop's trusty companions in his missionary journeys. Rota imitated his Master in his labor of love for his race. He died in the faith after twelve years of faithful work. The following two verses were a part of a poem read at his ordination:

"O! kneeling at a Christian shrine,  
Within thine own unconquered land,  
May God, the Pakeha's God and thine,  
Admit thee with his grace divine,  
And touch thee with his wounded side!

“My soul is bow'd in speechless prayer,  
For thee, thou dark brow'd man;  
God lead thee by the rivers fair,  
And should thy spirit faint with care,  
Refresh thee, for alone he can.”

Bishop Selwyn was a high churchman. For twenty years the Episcopalian and Wesleyan missionaries in New Zealand had used the same form of divine worship, preaching the same doctrines and exercising the same system of moral discipline. Ministers of both churches, as well as members, lived in peace and harmony and the Lord blessed their efforts. The headquarters of the Church Missionaries were the Bay of Islands, and those of the Wesleyans at Hokianga, with only a narrow strip of land between them, the one stretching as far as the Thames and Poverty Bay, and the other along the western coast, to Cook Strait. Such were the general arrangements agreed upon by the two societies, both at home and in New Zealand. Bishop Selwyn, on his arrival in New Zealand, drew a line of distinction. The Wesleyan missionaries were considered to be unsound in doctrine, and not of divine authority. The rite of baptism, administered by them, must be repeated by the bishop and his clergy, in order to be effectual. This resulted in differences of opinion, among clergy and converts. Some years afterwards he saw the

evil of sectarianism, and, with sorrow, deplored the trouble it made in the mission field.

In 1847, addressing his clergy, he said: "The divisions of Christian men are a hindrance to the faith at all times. When I asked a New Zealand chief why he refused to become a Christian, he stretched out three fingers, and replied, 'I have come to the crossroad, and I see three ways—the English, the Wesleyan, and the Roman. Each teacher says his own way is the best. I am sitting down, and doubting which guide I shall follow.'"

The bishop and his clergy did a grand work in New Zealand, the fruits of which are evident today, to those who have entered into their labors. The bishop returned to England in 1867 and became Bishop of Lichfield, where he showed the same enthusiasm in his work as in New Zealand. He died in April, 1878.

In 1838, the Roman Catholic Bishop Pompailer, with two priests, began work in the town of Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands, and after the destruction of the town by Hone Heke's warriors, they returned to Auckland. He was supplied with funds by the Propaganda Fidei, and soon the staff was increased to twenty priests, besides many laymen. They were all Frenchmen. They followed in the footsteps of the Protestant missionaries. They labored hard to

draw the natives, who had professed Christianity, to their religion. Profitless disputes prevailed between them and the Protestant missionaries, which raised suspicion and doubt in the minds of many of the native Christians. A Maori once said: "You missionaries are teaching us to look up to heaven, but your own eyes are all the time directed on earth;" again: "There are a great many religions believing in Jesus Christ—the Church of England, the Roman Catholic and the Methodist. It is not necessary that we should trouble ourselves to find out which is best. Their words are many, but their faith is one. All that is needed for us to do is believe that Jesus Christ, the son of God, became man, that he gave himself a living man for living men as utu (ransom) for us who have all sinned, that he was ready to make payments for all who desire it, and will live their lives rightly. Jesus said, 'All ye that thirst, come and drink of the water of life.' When I am thirsty, if the water is pure, I don't refuse to drink, whether the water comes to me in a shell, a calabash or pannikin (tin pot). I am thirsty and I drink."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE METHODIST MISSION.

THE mission of the Methodist Church was founded in New Zealand in 1822, by the Rev. Samuel Leigh, just nine years after the Church Mission had been established by the Rev. Samuel Marsden. Indeed, both pioneers had a striking resemblance in history and character. They were staunch friends, each rejoicing in the prosperity of the other. Mr. Leigh was sent out to Australia in 1815, as the first Methodist minister to labor among the colonists of New South Wales. His ministry there was greatly blessed. But in 1819 his health failed, and, at the request of Mr. Marsden, he took a trip in the "Active" to visit the Church Mission in New Zealand. During his stay of nine months with the missionaries, he was introduced to scenes of cannibalism, degradation, and the most appalling barbarism. On the second Sunday he went to a neighboring village, and was shocked on being offered twelve human heads with the expectation that he would buy them. On another day, he saw a boy's head washed and cut up and laid on a fire to roast.

The lad was killed for stealing kumaras from a chief's garden. Mr. Leigh interfered by giving an ax for the boy's remains, which he brought to the mission station and buried with ceremony in the presence of many spectators. "His spirit was stirred in him." What could he do to elevate the Maori savage? was the thought that absorbed his mind. In 1820, he returned to England. On his arrival in London, he laid before the Wesleyan Society the need of New Zealand and its claim on the Church. He offered his services to start a Maori mission in that dark land. He received no encouragement from them, as the society was \$50,000 in debt. But Mr. Leigh was determined. He proposed a project to start the mission—by soliciting goods such as could be given, in exchange for land, to the Maoris. He was very successful in obtaining a large quantity of goods of various kinds from merchants throughout England for his mission in New Zealand. It is said that donations were so generous as to have supported the mission for five years free of cost.

On February 22, 1822, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh arrived in New Zealand to begin mission work among the Maoris. The Church missionaries received them gladly, and did their best to promote their interest. After prayer, thought, and consultation with the brethren of the Church Society,

Wangaroa was chosen as the mission station. Land was bought and a few rough houses were built.

On their first Sunday, a war canoe landed at the village, laden with slaves, one of whom was killed, roasted and eaten. In this beautiful historic village Mr. and Mrs. Leigh faithfully and earnestly labored for the welfare of the Maoris until ill health compelled them to return to Sydney. The mission staff had been increased, valuable property had been secured, and several scholars in the school had made progress in reading and writing. Rev. Nathaniel Turner succeeded Mr. Leigh as superintendent of the mission. He was assisted by his wife, and Messrs. White, Hobbs, Stalk, and Wade. Mr. Stalk alone of the staff could speak the Maori language.

George (a chief), the man who had planned the destruction of the "Boyd," was causing much trouble. When angry, he would threaten them with murder. After his rage was over, placing his hand to his heart, he would say: "When my heart is quiet, then I love the missionary very much; but when my heart rises to my throat, I would kill the missionary." But it rose to his throat very often. The lives of the missionaries were in "jeopardy every hour." They had witnessed several fightings, plunderings and feastings on human bodies. But during the third

year things seemed to improve; the station was quiet, and the missionaries had learned the language and made many friends. But suddenly their tabernacle was destroyed, and "all their cords were broken." Hongi and his warriors landed, in their canoes, to punish the Wangaroa tribe for their raid on the Europeans. The natives shut themselves up in their pa. The missionaries were deserted. A band of soldiers entered the station to rob, burn and kill; just as the missionaries with their families had made their escape, taking nothing with them except the clothes they had on, and a few pieces in their hands. They had to run in haste and travel twenty miles through a bush to the nearest Church Mission station. The fear of being chased filled them with dismay. They were exhausted when Bishop Williams and others, who had heard of their fate, met them six miles from Kerikeri, but the natives of that place would not allow them to remain, in fear that Kerikeri would be the next place to fall. No place was safe for them. The Church missionaries also, felt that they were all exposed to a similar disaster. They were, therefore, sent to Sydney by the ship "Sister" on January 31, 1827. Thus temporarily ended the first Wesleyan mission in New Zealand.

Before the end of the year, however, the Revs. Hobbs and Stalk, returned to New Zealand, with

the view of reëstablishing the mission. Through the invitation of Chief Patuone, Maungungu was selected as a suitable field. Land was bought and a school started, mostly made up of some of their former scholars who had fled for refuge from Wangaroa to friends at Maungungu.

The mission church was a plain but substantial wooden oblong building, built by the natives under the supervision of the missionaries. It would hold five hundred men, seated on the floor, after their fashion. The only seats provided were a few near the desk, for the mission families. On a high pole in front of the building, hung the bell which summoned the dusky natives to the house of prayer. Behind the church were some small rooms for storage; next to the church was the schoolhouse. Three or four other houses further down, were the residences of the preachers. It was a lonely little village, but there God manifested his power in converting hundreds to Christianity. These lonely missionaries, forgotten and unknown to the world, there in far away New Zealand, sowed the seed of the kingdom of God, with nothing to cheer them but the thought of being coworkers with the great Foreign Missionary, their Lord and Master.

The missionaries labored hard for several years, surrounded by much danger, before they

saw any result of their faithfulness. But the year 1834 showed signs of fruitfulness. Many were converted. One day fourteen couples were married and eighty-one persons were baptized to Christianity. It was a time of great awakening. The work of grace was manifested. The Spirit was convicting of sin, righteousness and judgment.

It was not an uncommon thing to see on the beach before public worship sixty or seventy canoes loaded with thousands of people, who had come twenty-five or thirty miles to hear the Word of Life. They would come on Saturday, so as not to break the Sabbath. Early on Sabbath morning they would find their way to the meetinghouse. The whole aspect of the station brought to mind the words of David, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad." These were days of blessing. Hundreds confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus as a personal Saviour. One day one hundred and thirty-eight adults were baptized, and forty-six children. In 1840, the Wesleyans had one thousand three hundred communicants and several thousand attendants at divine worship; and in January, 1855, they reported sixteen mission stations, twenty English ministers, two hundred and thirty-four native teachers, and three thousand and seventy Maori members, with seven thousand



WAIKITE GEYSER, WAIKAREWAREWA.



five hundred and ninety regular hearers, seventy-four church buildings, one hundred and twenty-one preaching places and four thousand four hundred and eighteen Maoris attending Sunday-schools.

The Rev. James Buller wrote: "I arrived at my own station late on Saturday evening, and was thankful that all was well. I had been nearly three months away, climbing mountains, descending precipices, wading rivers, penetrating forests, sometimes drenched with rain, then boiling in the sun, and at night sleeping on the ground. My traveling companions told thrilling tales of blood and battle—what hecatombs of human bodies had been cooked and eaten in days gone by. But with all, the journey had its bright side. I found in most places a people prepared for the Lord and the fields white unto the harvest."

"There were some happy deaths among the converts," again wrote Mr. Buller. "The first who was buried in our new cemetery was Ihapera, the wife of T. W. Nene. Some of her last words were these: 'Jesus is my keeper. He keeps me by night and by day. In him I trust and rejoice.'" Six months afterwards her daughter followed the mother to the better country. She was a most devoted Christian woman. The fragrance of her consistent life was diffused over her happy death. Her memory was embalmed in

the affection of all who knew her. These are a few instances out of many to prove that the gospel was the power of God unto salvation.

On a Sunday, in 1837, four converted young chiefs, in their zeal for the Lord, went to preach to a desperate gang of natives, headed by a chief called Kaitoke, and as they began to preach and to tell them of the love of Jesus, they were urged to stop, but the young men persisted, saying that the Saviour had commanded his gospel to be preached to all men. The natives threatened to kill them if they would say more, but they continued until they shot them, and killed them. News of this tragedy spread; the whole community was in commotion. Heathen friends of the martyrs wanted to avenge their death. Missionaries and Christian chiefs used their efforts for peace. Hundreds of armed natives were ready to attack the foe, when some young men stole away and fired several shots, others followed and a battle took place which lasted for two hours. Several of the enemy and Christian natives fell. Kaitoke was wounded and taken prisoner, after which his band lay down their arms and went to their homes. Haimond Pita, an old warrior, who once was the terror of his enemies, but had become a Christian, was one of the leading men in the fray. He died two years after, a devoted Christian. Before his death he

said to one of the missionaries who was visiting him: "Don't ask the Lord to keep me here any longer. I have taken leave of my people and children. My heart is in heaven, and I long to depart." Kaitoke himself became a Christian the first time he attended church. Wiremu Patone prayed that God would give the murderer a new heart. Others also who were associated with him, received Christian baptism.

A noted chief who had lost his wife, a model Christian woman, was much affected by her death. Not many weeks after, at a meeting, he asked to speak to the newly baptized converts, and during his talk the whole congregation was weeping. His exhortation to the converts was mostly drawn from his own life and experience in which he showed the vanity of this world and the riches of the religion of Christ, and the happiness of those who live in communion with the Saviour, in contrast to sin and the world.

On one occasion a number of chiefs were present at a baptism held at Auckland, who paid much attention during the whole service. At the conclusion, one remarked, "Let us listen to the missionaries." "Yes," said a chief, "here am I who have never spared your pigs or your potatoes. I have great regard for my relatives, who have been selected from among us this day. Let us all attend to the instructions which they have

listened to. Our fathers did not listen to such things, because there were none to teach them; but when foreigners came out and brought guns and axes, they were glad to obtain them; and if they had been told of Jesus Christ, they would have also received him, as our friends have to-day."

A converted chief, named Ngakuku, whose little daughter was killed by a war party of Retorua, said to his tribes: "There lies my daughter, she has been murdered as a payment of 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 Retorua. Let peace be made now. My heart is not sad for Tarore, but for you. You wished for missionaries to come to you to teach 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 toward us for our sins. Turn to him, believe, or you will all perish."

A most remarkable proof of the power of the gospel was given in the conversion of two rival chiefs, Tamati W. Puna, and Panapa. When the former was admitted to the Lord's Supper, he happened to kneel next to Panapa, who had some years previously killed and eaten his father.

This was the first time they had since met. For a moment the old spirit of revenge seized Tamati; he rose and walked out. There he heard a voice—he told the missionary—saying to him, “Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.” “I thought,” he said, “I saw a cross and a man nailed to it, and I heard him say, ‘Father, forgive them.’ Then I returned and felt ashamed, and came back to the altar.” His emotions after the service were extraordinary. He said it was the power of the gospel of Christ that could make him eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup with the murderer of his father.

In June, 1851, “Lalcomene,” a French vessel, was wrecked not far from where the Boyd massacre took place in 1809, when seventy persons were eaten up by the natives, and the vessel plundered and destroyed. But now (1851), the gospel has had its effect in transforming the cannibals to Christianity. The wrecked French ship’s crew received every possible kindness. They were taken to the Maoris’ home pa, fed, and provided with blankets, and helped in every kind and liberal manner.

In 1859, thirty-five thousand out of the fifty-six thousand Maoris in New Zealand had professed Christianity. Two thousand of these were half caste. It was a wonderful work of grace.

The influence of the missionaries was powerfully felt throughout the land. The first governor of New Zealand, in his address to the Legislative Council in 1841, said that a British colony could not have been established at any time in New Zealand if it had not been for the work of the missionaries. In 1860, J. B. Fenton, chief judge of the Land Court, said: "The time will come when these missionaries—the only efficient State police now existing in the country—will be taken away by death, or rendered unable, by advanced years and much labor, to render that assistance to the government which has often and again been its reliance in the time of trouble; and we quietly await that time, without any effort to supply the vacancy. When we see the great things these men have achieved, and the influence they have gained, without gifts of money to covetousness, or offerings of power to ambition, we must admit that some secret existed in their system which would be a valuable knowledge for the government when they are no more." That secret was the mystery of godliness, and the judge was right. In the words of Dr. Thompson: "The civilizing influences and blessings which Christianity has conferred on New Zealand cannot be weighed on the scales of the market. Like musk in a room, it has communicated a portion of its fragrance to everything in the country."

The Maoris, after their conversion, were very religious; morning and evening devotion were no more daily omitted than breakfast or supper. No more quarrels or ill treatment of each other were heard. The Sabbath was respected. In almost every village was a meetinghouse. Earnest chiefs carried the gospel to their old enemies. Peace and blessing ruled the home. In 1843 a prayer meeting was held in a cave in Retorua, where chiefs used to lie in wait for travelers whom they killed and afterwards ate.

The governor of the colony, Sir G. Grey, writing officially to the Secretary of State in 1851, said: "The Maoris are fond of agriculture, take great pleasure in cattle and horses, they like the sea, and form good sailors; have now many coasting vessels of their own, manned by Maori crews; are attached to Europeans, and admire their customs and manners; are extremely ambitious of rising in civilization, and of becoming skilled in European arts; they are apt at learning, in many respects extremely conscientious and observant of their word, and ambitious of honor." They built modern houses like the Europeans. They raised cattle, bought plows and raised wheat. Tea and sugar were added to their larder. They exchanged their dogskin garments for European clothes, but still used their blankets. The Europeans traveled unarmed

through the colony, and the natives showed them great hospitality. Knowing their fondness for blankets, the missionaries used to give them some. One day an old man, who had several given to him, came again. The missionary told him he had no more for him. Then he said, "All right, no more blankets, no more hallelujahs."

When the ship Delaware was wrecked upon a rock near Nelson, the chief's daughter and her brave husband, upon seeing the fate of the crew of the unfortunate vessel, instantly stripped off their clothes, and swam at the risk of their lives to a rock near to the wrecked ship, carrying a couple of ropes in their teeth. One of them they made fast from the shore to the rock, and the other they threw on board the vessel to which it was secured. The crew were enabled thus to reach the shore. All of them were saved, except the mate, who was ill in bed and unable to walk. This chivalrous act of the kind-hearted couple, produced a great impression in Nelson. For their gallant work in saving the perishing sailors, they were presented with a suitable address and two gold watches, by the townsmen. This rescue took place not far from where Tasman's sailors were killed and eaten in 1642.

The missionaries taught the Maoris to keep the Sabbath holy, and to do no work thereon. They followed their instruction even to the letter. In

the war of 1863 between the colony and the Maoris, they would not fight on Sunday, and were more than surprised to find that the English fought them on Sunday as well as on week days. On the dead body of a Maori general in battle was found the order of the day. It began with a prayer, and ended with the text: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." When the Waikato tribe heard that the army of General Cameron was scarce of food and in a starving condition, they got several canoes together and loaded them with potatoes, goats, and milk, and sent them up the river to feed their enemies.

During the war there was no desire on the part of the Maoris for the flesh of the slain. Young Maori soldiers spoke with loathing shame of having been forced when little children, to swallow some of the cooked flesh of their father's enemies.

One day some sailors from a trading vessel went ashore and found themselves presented with food prepared by some Maori women. The men who had been working in the field came home. There was loud talking, and as the sailors could not understand them, they thought they had just decided to kill and eat them, but shortly one after the other of the Maoris went aside and opened his bag, and took out a book, and gave

out a hymn and all of them sang together, and then prayed. The sailors knew that their lives were preserved.

The Maoris were fond of feasting. In April, 1844, a great feast was given to the Waikato tribe at Reumera, in the neighborhood of Auckland. There were about four thousand guests present. The provision prepared and exhibited consisted of eleven thousand baskets of potatoes, one hundred large pigs, nine thousand sharks, a large quantity of flour, rice, sugar, and tobacco, and over a thousand blankets were given away as gifts. Speeches were made until late every evening during the festival which lasted a week. The Europeans in Auckland felt very timid, but there was no reason for fear, for the natives were peaceful and dispersed quietly and went to their homes. The same missionary tells of another feast at which he was present in 1859 in the valley of the Hutt, eight miles from Wellington. That feast was given by Wi Tako. It cost £500. There were about five hundred guests present, including Europeans and natives. The natives were neatly dressed. Tables with white cloths were arranged. There were knives and forks, waiters dressed in white aprons, and everything was done in English style thus marking a wonderful progress in civilization, which was exceedingly encouraging.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A BIT OF HISTORY.

AT the same time that the missionaries were working in New Zealand, there was an effort being made to colonize it. As early as 1825 a company was formed in London, and sailed to New Zealand under the management of Captain Herd, with this object in view; but after seeing a native war dance at Hokianga, they were so frightened that only four of the sixty emigrants stayed. The attempt cost the company £20,000.

But the "lawless and disobedient" found a refuge in the land. As many as two thousand sailors, whalers, runaway convicts from New South Wales, and others "of the Ishmaelite character," were living on the shores of the Bay of Islands including a settlement of five hundred at Kororareka, and that within a few years after the founding of the mission. About two hundred of them found their way into the interior, among the natives and lived but little higher in civilization than the natives. Their conduct was reproachable. James Busby was appointed magistrate by the crown at the Bay of Islands to keep

order, but his influence failed to check the stream of vice.

In 1833 a scheme was proposed to establish an independent native government, and the names of thirty-five chiefs were affixed to the charter. The king of England was asked to become their protector. The British Government saw the necessity of forming a colony in New Zealand, but nothing was done until the New Zealand Land Company sent out Colonel Wakefield.

With a few exceptions all the land in New Zealand belonged to the Maoris. When they took possession of it, they killed and ate up the former native owners. The land therefore, by all its ties of association belonged to them by right and conquest. Every tribe had a legal claim on its own lot. No one could legally or morally sell any plot of it to foreigners without the consent of his tribe. Even when driven away from it by a hostile tribe it did not take away the legal right, nor until the whole tribe had renounced all intentions to return to the home of its ancestors, was the title invalid. As Canaan belonged to the Jews by conquest and inheritance, so New Zealand belonged to the Maoris. The failure to apprehend this was the cause of much bloodshed and war. When a European bought land of a Maori, the deed specified the sale of the soil only; everything on it,

such as trees, waters, flowers, birds and fishes were claimed by the natives.

In 1837, a second company was founded in England, with a capital of £400,000, in four thousand shares of £100 each, and a deposit of £10 per share. It was proposed to send out to New Zealand, a colony of cultured men and women representing every trade and profession. A bill was presented in Parliament for a charter, but owing to the opposition of the missionaries and others it failed to pass. Colonel W. Wakefield was sent out to New Zealand privately to carry out the project of the company. He sailed from England in May, 1839, in the ship "Troy" with thirty-five passengers, and arrived in New Zealand in September. The "Troy" fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and hoisted the New Zealand flag on an immense flagstaff at Port Nicholson. Afterwards there was a Maori dance. Colonel W. Wakefield bought, shortly after his arrival, a quantity of land of the Maoris, and paid them £900 in goods. The land was soon sold in England for £100,000, which was offered on the English market for a pound an acre.

A few months later, four vessels containing some twelve hundred people sailed from England and landed on the shores of Port Nicholson. Scotch emigrants from the Clyde, had also arrived. Colonel W. Wakefield had fancied that he

had purchased from chiefs twenty million acres. He was therefore, parceling out land to the newcomers at Port Nicholson, Hutt, Nelson, Taranaki and Wanganui without having a title to an acre of it. The Maoris denied that they had sold the land. The colonial office took the matter up, ignored the Wakefield purchase beyond one hundred thousand acres. In 1840, Captain Hobson took the North island in the name of Queen Victoria, hauled down the New Zealand flag which had in 1839 been hoisted at Petone, and hoisted the Union Jack at Thorndon in June. Thus Wellington, named after the famous duke, was settled in 1840. Before the end of the year there were fifteen hundred Europeans and four hundred Maoris living harmoniously at Wellington. The former were chiefly agricultural laborers, and their first object was to provide homes for themselves and families. The Maoris were kind and helpful, and interested in the new ways and new things of the settlers, so that in a few months there were two hundred houses, one thousand head of cattle, and goods worth £80,000, in the new town.

Thus from a few lonely tents and Maori huts, Wellington, the metropolis of New Zealand, has grown to be the great business center of the empire. The city proper has an area of forty-five hundred acres, and forty thousand inhabitants. It is

located on a fine harbor of nineteen thousand acres, inclosed by high, irregularly shaped hills and protected by a heavy battery of guns. The harbor is six miles long by six miles broad. In the center of this harbor lies Soames Island, with its lighthouse and quarantine station. Near the center of the city are large wharves extending along the waters edge. Of these the queen's wharf accommodates the largest boats, while the railway wharf is of more recent construction. At all hours of the day and into the night the wharves are the scene of great activity. Not only do ships sailing to and fro from the different ports in New Zealand, touch at Wellington, if it be in their course, but those from foreign countries constantly arrive here. So there are ships going and ships coming, ships being loaded and discharged, porters, cabmen and passengers, as well as vans full of goods. Everything is here which betokens the usual activity in connection with a busy ocean port.

Captain Hobson, of the Royal Navy, was sent out from England as a British agent with power to act for the crown. After he had been there a year New Zealand gave up her independence, and by the famous treaty of Waitangi, ceded to the queen of England all rights and powers of sovereignty. The meeting was held on the banks of the beautiful Waitangi river on

February 6, 1840. Governor Hobson sat in a chair of state, on a platform surrounded by the officers of the ship in uniform, and a guard of marines and sailors, the leading men of the place were there, and over five hundred Maoris and fifty chiefs. After the meeting was opened, Rev. Henry Williams (missionary) explained to the natives in their own tongue the terms of the treaty, and Waka Nene, a chief of great eloquence and power, spoke and gained the votes of the other chiefs. Te Heuheu, of Lake Taupo, opposed; he scoffed at the missionaries and defied the governor.

The terms of the Treaty were:

1. The acknowledgment of the queen of England as their sovereign.
2. The queen's acknowledgment of the private possession of the lands of New Zealand by the tribes.
3. Her protection of Maori rights and privileges as British subjects.

Twenty-six chiefs favored the acceptance of the treaty, others opposed; twenty-four hours were given to them to think the matter over. Next day, forty-six of the fifty signed the treaty. The document was taken round by the missionaries and a few officers from tribe to tribe, and before six months, five hundred and twelve chiefs had signed the treaty. On May 12, 1840, Hobson

proclaimed that the islands of New Zealand were duly added to the British empire, and that he would assume the rule of the new colony as governor. A memorial has been erected on the spot where the treaty was signed. This treaty of 1840 is the basis on which Great Britain founds her claim to the possession of New Zealand. But this fair land, so long in the hands of a savage race, was not so easily acquired by the white man. It had to pass through a series of bloody contests before the British flag could wave undisturbed over its disputed area.

The New Zealand Land Company was a speculative concern to make money. Wherever it assumed to sell land to settlers it caused trouble, not only with the natives but with the governors. Two years after the peaceful treaty of Waitangi, a frightful massacre broke out at Wairau in the province of Nelson, which was followed two years later by the first Maori war which began in the valley of the Hutt river, and was kept up for several years in the North island. The Maoris wanted to sell land for money and goods, but the buyers were prohibited from transacting any business in land, and the government was not in a position to buy the land from the natives. It was rumored that the government took this position in order to assume full power over the country and reduce the Maoris

to the condition of serfs. The British flagstaff was pointed to as a symbol of English supremacy and native subjection.

Hone Heke, a distinguished chief and son-in-law of the famous Hongi, was aroused. He had been attending the mission school, professed Christianity, and often on receiving the Sacrament had been so affected as to weep. He had acquired a fair knowledge of the Bible, but he hated the English and compared them to the Egyptians and the natives to the Jews. He now gathered round him a host of warriors, and went to the English flagstaff and cut it down, on Monday, July 8, 1844. The government put it up. Heke cut it down the second time. The government again put it up. Hone Heke cut it down the third time. The government became alarmed and sent to Sydney for soldiers. There were not more than ninety soldiers in New Zealand, and Heke threatened to plunder and burn with his men every town and hamlet in the north. Some friendly chiefs kept Heke in check. In March, 1845, he attacked the town of Kororareka and destroyed £50,000 worth of property and killed several white men. His fame spread. Auckland was in danger, but after two years of plunder and destruction, Heke surrendered to Governor Grey.

The Waikato tribe, (the most powerful tribe of

the Maoris) realizing the power of the white men, decided to sell no more land, for they said the money paid for it was gone, but the land stayed with the white man forever. They called a meeting on the banks of Lake Taupo, to discuss the question. A large number of chiefs were present. They agreed to form a Land League to sell no more land to the whites. They sent the following letter all over New Zealand :

“Listen, all men! The house of New Zealand is one. The rafters on one side, are the Pakehas, those on the other are the Maoris; the ridgepole on which both rest is God. Let, therefore, the house be one.”

Afterwards, they held their council and passed round a tomahawk as a pledge to kill whoever sold any land to a foreigner. They made the sacred mountain Tongariro the center of this monopolized land district. They felt their weakness when divided into tribes. They resolved to have a leader. Chief Pototun was formally chosen and made king in the presence of two thousand people. On that occasion Chief Taneihanu said to the assembly :

“Listen to our words! As the south, east and west winds are too weak to carry out the law of God and man amongst us; as evil is still existing among us; as God says, ‘Come ye that are

heavy laden and I will lighten your burden'; we have united this day to give power into the hands of one man, so as to give force to the laws of God and man among us. The birds of heaven are uniting and wasting their thoughts. The fishes of the sea are doing the like, the rivers and rivulets are running into one body, and so we are uniting to give hands and feet to this one man that he might assist the oppressed, and wrench the sword out of the hands of those that are in darkness."

The object of the king was not disloyalty to the queen, but religion. They were dissatisfied with the greedy way in which the white men were appropriating their land for mere nothing. They felt, that, though they were subjects of the queen, they were ignored. Their motto was, "Religion, Love, and Law." There were some tribes who were determined to drive the English out of New Zealand. They bought muskets and powder and prepared for war on the whites.

It is computed that there were not more than a few thousand Maoris that were actually engaged in war against the British. Several thousands sided with the government, and rendered invaluable service, while several other tribes remained neutral and moved into the interior.

It is related that Te Heuheu, the chief of Taupo, was entertained in Auckland in the year

1857. A candle was placed upon the table, when the following dialogue took place :

“What is the use of this candle?”

“To give light.”

“What is it which causes the light?”

“It is the fat.”

“Will the fat give light by itself?”

“No, it requires a wick in the middle of it.”

“Yes, this shows you what you require. If you gather together round a king, you will become a great people, and your light will extend far and wide.” This suggestion was at once acted upon. “Let us have a king, to be at the head of our Ranauga, and let his authority be established through the country.” This it is said, was the origin of the king movement. Soon the watchword of the party was, “Stop the effusion of blood and keep possession of the land.”

The Maori king and his cabinet shut up the country, formed an army, allowed no roads to be made, and defied the British law. Not an acre of land round New Plymouth could be bought. When Governor Brown attempted to survey some land he had bought from a Maori at Taranaki, it aroused the Taranaki Maoris to arms, and they drove the English soldiers down to the coast, after which they plundered the town and killed many white people. War broke out which lasted two years. A couple of years after, William Thomp-

son, the great king-maker, stepped on the stage of action, and transformed a cannibal settlement of warriors into the peaceful Maori village of Perea with its houses, churches, schoolhouses, fertile plantations and mills. His object was to combine the Maoris so that battles between tribes would be stopped, the progress of the white man obstructed, and any further sale or lease of lands to the government or white settlers forbidden.

The Maoris fought bravely in battle. During the Waikato war, General Scott sent a message to the Maori warriors, saying, "Your case is hopeless; surrender and your lives will be spared." Back came the answer from the pa, "This is the word of the Maoris, We will fight forever, forever, forever." Then came the second message, "But send your women away." "The women will fight too," was the reply.

So the war went on, and all the time the date was fixed when the Maoris must return to the conditions of the treaty. Finally in 1861, Sir George Grey, the missionaries, Bishop Selwyn, and the soldiers, did all they could to induce the Maoris to give up their lands. But all magnanimity, all persuasion, all preaching were of no avail; but when the glittering of muskets of twenty thousand men headed by General Cameron marched through the Waikato valley, there was not a single dusky face to be seen. Their

land was confiscated and their houses, where they had lived and worked and loved, were taken from them, and made into a military settlement.

For ten years they isolated themselves from the Europeans. War died out, and there was peace once more in the land. In 1878, Sir George Grey offered to give back some of the stolen land, but the old wound was not healed, and the Maori refused. A second offer was made but politely declined.

Then the government stepped in and offered to place the land under a Board which would take care of the property for the owners, and passed a law by which the natives, who had committed crime and taken refuge among the Kingites, could be pardoned. King Tawhiao was stubborn. He was willing to take back the land, but he would not take a salary from the government, nor be made justice of the peace ; so nothing was accomplished, and he continued to wave his scepter over one of the finest land districts of New Zealand, which lies between Taurango and Wanganui. His speech at the gathering of the tribes in 1883, was very touching. He arose, and resuming his original position in the midst of the assembly, arranged his blanket in toga fashion across his breast, and raising his bare right arm, began his speech in slow but well delivered tones, and spoke straight from his lungs :

“My word is, do not speak at all; only listen. The best way of speaking is to listen. If this European (the native minister) rises, the best thing to do is to listen. This is my word, hearken you. I approve of your administrating affairs on that side, the European side. But my word is, I will jump on that side and stand, and hear, that I may know. I will remain in the position of my ancestors and my parents in this island of New Zealand. Say what you have to say. That is my thought, that I will remain here in the place where my ancestors and fathers trod.” His whole idea was his deep love for old associations and his determination to live always where his ancestors and parents had lived in this land of “bright sunlight.”

Hanging over New Zealand to-day is this law: “That the Maoris and Pakehas shall be as one people; obey the laws of the queen and respect them everywhere as loyal subjects, and that every native acting contrary to the queen’s laws shall undergo the same punishment as the Pakeha; that all natives avoid intoxication and other abuses; that no objection be offered to the native land court, selling or otherwise so long as it is done legally.”

In 1864, the Hau-Hau Apostasy arose which was a great impediment to the spread of the gospel. It began in Taranaki. A Maori fanatic believed

that he had a revelation from the angel Gabriel, and that all the white men were to be driven out of New Zealand at the end of the year, but that the Maoris would be protected by the omnipresence of the Virgin Mary. All good people who shouted "Hau-Hau" in battle would be victorious, and angels would protect their lives. A spirit of infatuation laid hold of tribes that were hostile to the government. They began to rob, burn and kill, and became a terror to settlers and peaceful natives. Christian Maoris and Europeans armed themselves against them, and fought for their lives. In the second Maori war seventy of the apostates were killed, which checked the movement. But the influence of this strange belief led them to hang the Rev. Valkner, an old Lutheran missionary, who had formed the church mission, and also to shoot another worthy friend, of the Methodist faith, the Rev. J. Whitly. They hated the missionaries. Many bloody battles took place between the advocates of this strange new religion and the colonial army before they surrendered.

During the war, many of them were taken prisoners, some of them fled and obtained arms and food, and resumed the strife. About two hundred of the most ferocious kind were banished to Catham Islands. Among them was a most desperate character named Te Kooti, who

claimed to be inspired. He was the Rob Roy of the gang. He planned to escape from the island, and succeeded. He somehow enticed a captain of a ship at anchor in the harbor to come ashore, and kept him there, while he and his party got possession of the ship, compelled the mate and crew to sail the ship to New Zealand and land them at Poverty Bay. When they arrived there, they attacked the Europeans and loyal natives, killed some sixty of them, and destroyed their property. The whole district was alarmed. Te Kooti's success brought many other wild and unruly characters to his standard. He planted a pa at Ngatapa, on the top of a mountain two hundred feet high, which was supposed to be the strongest pa in New Zealand. He had four hundred followers. The colonial army chased them from place to place, until at last, Te Kooti's party broke up and left him, and he sought protection of the Maori king, under which he lived until he died, two years ago, (1896), at Rotorua, an old man.

A missionary of forty years' standing in New Zealand, gave as the causes of the Maori war: incompetency on the part of the crown officials; the Land League, which arose from jealousy respecting territory; and kingism, which arose from lack of ability upon the part of the British to govern; all culminating in Hau-Hauism. Here

another evidence is added of the demoralizing effect of war upon the people; even the missionaries suffered morally and spiritually. Flourishing mission stations and promising schools were abandoned, and the love of many grew cold. Husbands and wives bade a hasty adieu. Parents deserted their children. Lovers and betrothed were rudely sundered. The home and the fire-side appeared as if draped in deepest mourning; a sense of loneliness, painful to spectators, crowned the vision. A Maori chief, who had been a leader in hostilities, upon being converted, establishes our convictions. When called on to lead his tribe in battle against the British he said: "I have lost the power of my right arm. I am for peace, they are for war."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MAORI OF TO-DAY.

IN 1892, Tawhiao, the so-called native king, renounced his native sovereignty to the colonial government, and became an humble subject with a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds annually. This event has brought the Europeans and the Maoris into closer relation under one sovereign and one common law and aim. The Maoris own about ten million acres of land, which are preserved for them by a general, regular law court. Some tribes in the North island are averse to such red-tape constitution, and want the management of their land affairs in their own hands, independently of the government. But the genial and large-hearted native minister, the Hon. R. J. Sedden, the Premier of New Zealand, has a wonderful influence over these discontented tribes. An expedition by him through their country, and a speech or two, and some hand-shaking, act like oil on the troubled sea.

Three years ago, two surveyors were sent by the government to the country of the Unwera to



MAORI GIRLS.



make some survey. The Maoris did not like it; they thought that the government was about to divide up their land and give it away; so they stopped the surveyors, and some of the women took from them their instruments. The government was notified, and a band of forty soldiers and policemen was sent to the scene to adjust matters. But Hone Heke, the member of Parliament for their district, wired to his people to return to the surveyors their instruments, and not to obstruct them. On the arrival of the soldiers, they found everything quiet. The natives offered them fruit, and also offered to assist the surveyors at a reasonable price. A few words from their chief calmed them down to peace and order.

The Maoris are law-abiding citizens. There was far less crime committed by the Maoris last year in proportion to their number than by the Europeans. The total number of Maoris convicted for crimes in 1896 was three hundred and thirty-two. There are not many of them found living in towns or cities, nor are many of them found living even in villages together as they used to do before they embraced Christianity. They are scattered here and there in groups of few houses in the interior of the country. Some of them have fine houses and farms.

Parahaka is perhaps the largest Maori village

in the North island. It is the seat of the prophet Ti White, a man about seventy years of age. He has a most wonderful influence upon many of the benighted natives of the interior. He has acquired a knowledge of the Bible and by his strong memory can recite many passages and turn them to suit his own views. He conducts a public meeting once a month in his native village; many come to it from far and near. They give him money and he in turn entertains them by making a public feast. He lives in an old dilapidated house. Though he built a new one some years ago, he does not always occupy it. There are about a dozen strong, able men with him, as a bodyguard, who do nothing but live on the charity of others. They need the gospel in that part of Maori land as much as in the Fiji islands. How is it that the present generation of Maoris, living in the remote parts of the North island, are still clinging to their heathenish customs, and appear to be retrograding both in civilization and belief in Christianity from the promising days of the early missionaries? Is the Church, or the State, responsible for this, or both? The State advertises thousands and millions of acres of Maori land for sale, and offers every inducement to settlers, and the Church, the Christian Church, boasts of her foreign mission conversions, and enterprises in

India, China and the South Sea Islands, while the Maoris, at her door, are in pagan darkness, and dying without the bread of life!

According to the census of 1896 the native race was found to consist of thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-four persons, (twenty-one thousand six hundred and seventy-three males and eighteen thousand one hundred and eighty-one females) including three thousand five hundred and three half-castes, living as Maoris, and two hundred and twenty-nine Maori women returned as married to European husbands. The Maori population fell from forty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-three in 1891 to thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-four in 1896, a decrease in five years of two thousand one hundred and thirty-nine. Thirty-seven thousand one hundred and two of them are living in the North island as it is warmer than the South. Only two thousand two hundred and seven are living in the Middle (or South) island, and one hundred and seventeen in Stewart Island, and about twenty in the Catham Islands. It is reported that in the country over which the Maori king Mahutu, has influence, sub-enumerators experienced great difficulties, being told that the king had already taken a census, and no other was needed. The Maoris seemed to connect the census with taxation, and opposed it on that ground, so that the

returns from the king country are doubtful. The native population in the Middle island are reported to be in satisfactory health and prosperous condition, and those living in the northern counties of the North island, were reported also to be in fairly good health, but that a habit of camping in low swampy places during the gum-digging season was injurious. "Digging for kauri gum is their principal occupation throughout the country north of Auckland."

The Hon. W. P. Reeves, in his recent book "New Zealand," (on page twenty-seven) in explaining the reason why the Maoris were dying out, says: "The Maoris might be healthy men and women if they would accept the teaching of sanitary science as sincerely as they took in the religious teaching of the early missionaries. If they could be made to realize that foul air, insufficient dress, putrid food, alternations of feast and famine, and long bouts of sedulous idleness are destroying them as a people and need not do so, then their decay might be arrested and the fair hopes of the missionary pioneers yet be justified. So long as they soak maize in the streams until it is rotten and eat it together with dry shark food, the merest whiff of which will make a white man sick; so long as they will wear a suit of clothes one day and a tattered blanket the next, and sit smoking crowded in

huts, the scent of which strikes you like a blow in the face ; so long as they will cluster round dead bodies during their tango or wakes ; so long as they will ignore drainage—just so long will they remain a blighted and dwindling race : and yet observers without eyes will talk as though there were something fateful and mysterious in their decline.”

The Maoris who live nearer the towns and cities are as a rule temperate in their habits. They are much opposed to intoxicating drink, though some, like the whites, drink to excess.

Sometime ago, a Maori member of Parliament rose to oppose a motion for hours of adjournment of business, saying, “Honorable members get drunk, then return to wrangle or go to sleep. Conclude business, then drink afterwards.” His remarks shamed the house.

The Maoris are very fond of horses and dogs. A Maori will not travel half a mile if he can help it without riding his horse. It is not an uncommon thing in the North island, to see half a dozen Maori riders galloping at full speed into town from the country two or three times a day, and always followed by as many dogs.

They own over three hundred thousand sheep and thirty thousand cattle and many horses. Here, on the banks of the Wanganui river, particularly, they congregate in their pas, where they

live, undisturbed, among their sheep, cattle, etc. The men and women sit and smoke their pipes, while the children play about the doors of their painted wooden houses. When they go out on the streets, the mothers carry their babies strapped to their backs with shawls, the ends of which are crossed in front and tied behind. Only the baby's little head peeps out.

The Maoris still hold their councils, at which both men and women speak and indulge occasionally in the old savage war dance. Tourists traveling in New Zealand generally include in their programme a visit to the Wanganui and a paddle down the beautiful river in a Maori canoe. These canoes are from eighteen to twenty inches in breadth and from fifteen to thirty feet long. Each one is made out of the solid trunk of a totara tree. The paddle is about four and a half feet long and has a single blade.

The Maoris respect the Europeans. An old Maori said of birds: "Ah, they are little spirits. They come to see what men are doing in the bush by day, and go back to tell God at night. To-night, they will say, 'We saw the Maori and the Pakeha (white man) together in the forest. They ate of the same and drank of the same, and slept together in one blanket, and were brothers,' and God will say it is good."

The Maoris have keen love of justice. Once a



A GROUP OF MAORIS.



Maori stole a bag of sugar from a store, and received a month's imprisonment for his crime. A chief made him pay the value of the sugar to the storekeeper, pay utu to some person, and pay utu to the chiefs of respective tribes to compensate them for loss of credit the community had sustained through his offense.

Although one meets here and there with the grotesquely-carved Noah's Ark Maori church while traveling over the islands, the majority of the natives attend the various denominational churches—the Church of England, Methodist Church, and the Roman Catholic. They are good listeners. They sing lustily and join in responses fervidly, laugh and weep vociferously. They grind their teeth, stamp their feet, wave their arms and rage when the treachery of Judas is related. They look upon money collection in church as important, but they do not give more than a penny. The warden has to make change while passing the plate. If one has no penny he makes believe to put in something with a horrible grimace at the collector.

The following is a specimen of a sermon by Hone Heke a native preacher: "A Pharisee is like a bag tied half way down. The bag is open at the top, but anything put into it won't reach the bottom. So it is with the Pharisee. When he prays, he opens wide his mouth, but keeps his

heart close shut. He asks with his lips for things which his heart cares not for. Besides, he always talks for effect, for even if God were to grant him the things he asked for, it would be only a waste of good gifts, for they could never get to the bottom; his pride, like the string that is tied round the bag, preventing them. They would therefore do him no good, as they would reach no farther than his throat." The Maoris have their own church Boards and native pastors. The larger portion of them attend the Church of England. The Presbyterian Church does but very little mission work among them. Mormon missionaries are also found among them sowing their heathenish seed of polygamy. They do much evil. But all the Mormons of New Zealand including Maoris and whites in 1896, numbered two hundred and eighty-nine, a gain of but eighty-three persons since 1891. The government provides the Maoris with excellent schools. There are no less than eighty-three schools found among the natives, and four thousand children attend them.

The Maori is as much a citizen of New Zealand as the European. His children sometimes attend the same schools, and his sons and his daughters often marry Europeans. There are many well-educated, accomplished and successful Maoris now living in comfortable houses, who are pos-

sessors of wealth and influence. We heard of one native wife of a white man who enjoyed nothing better than once in a while sitting down on her drawing-room floor and having a good smoke with her pipe.

The Maori population is represented every year in Parliament by four members. One of them now is a grandson of the famous cannibal chief, Hone Heke. He is a very intelligent, fine-looking man, conservative in politics, and bitterly opposed to the present land system.

In the summer of 1897 a number of Maoris went with the New Zealand contingent of soldiers to London to attend the Queen's Jubilee. Tai te Tan, of Masterton, had the honor of giving the Prince of Wales a beautiful Maori-carved walking stick, and to the Duke of York a greenstone war club and a handsome rug.

Notwithstanding all the Christian and civilizing influence which has been brought to bear upon the Maoris, many of them still cling to their old beliefs and customs. They will not steal on Sunday, go pig hunting, or land a boat. They will never swear in a boat, for fear of accident; and if the wind dies out when they are on the water, they will try to bring it back by chants. They are afraid of ghosts and tapu.

When a chief's daughter marries, the Maoris go to the wedding in wagons or on horseback

with provisions for a feast of several days. After marriage, if the husband allows anything to happen to his wife, all her relatives come and take everything from him. I once attended a Maori wedding, and was hospitably entertained with the guests at a sumptuous table. No intoxicating liquor was seen, except a bottle of wine which was placed on the table, after the marriage ceremony was performed, and each one was expected to help himself, without any urging. I was conducting special gospel meetings in the neighborhood, during the week, and on Sunday I was pleased to notice some of the Maoris, present at the wedding, in the congregation. At funerals they also carry food, and sticks of wood with slits cut in them in which bank notes are put. This money is divided among the mourners and spent afterwards. They salute each other by rubbing noses, but never by kissing. At one time, a Maori had his arm injured. A surgeon amputated it. A short time after all the relatives came, and asked him to pay them for cutting it off. With this singular idea other young men came and wanted theirs cut off.

Taken as a race, the Maoris are very good people to deal with if treated in the right way. There is a great difference between the polite, better bred and the inferior class. One of the former would feel hurt if you offered to reward him for

his hospitality. In conversation he is very polite, never interrupting nor contradicting his company. Sometimes the English which the uneducated use is very laughable. One day a Maori was milking a cow, and a stranger, passing by, on seeing the empty bucket, remarked that she did not have much milk. The native said: "O, he's got plenty milk inside, but she wont let them down."

On a certain day of the year, large numbers of Maoris may be seen fishing off the North Cape for whapuka, a fish which weighs fifty pounds. They will not allow a white man to go with them, for fear he will fry the fish and no more can be caught. They think the fish likes to be baked in Maori style. On another day they go shark fishing, when they catch and dry thousands of them. When the godwit season begins, they go out with their guns, and lying low on the mud banks where these birds collect, kill many of them. They make a very appetizing dish when they are properly cooked.

Christianity has elevated and enlightened the Maoris. There is no more striking illustration of the gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth than the conversion of the Maoris—a whole nation of cannibals in a quarter of a century made nominally Christians through the preaching of the gospel.

Let us place side by side the naked, savage, Maori cannibal with his massive club, and the fine-looking old native chief of to-day, in his new suit of clothes and his blanket in toga fashion. Then let us compare the horrible threat to kill screamed out in frantic yells, with the well worded English speech delivered in soft, modulated tones, and we shall see what Christianity has done for the natives of New Zealand.

## CHAPTER XI.

### RELIGION IN NEW ZEALAND.

It was my privilege during our travels in the colony to preach in the cities of Auckland, Wellington, Christ Church and Dunedin, and also to conduct special evangelistic meetings in many of the larger and smaller towns of both the North and South islands; and I was always very favorably impressed with the hopeful and encouraging state of religion in New Zealand. Pastors of various creeds appear to be earnest and devout men. Meetings were well attended. I remember conducting special meetings in a small town in Otago, forty miles in the interior, and on several nights during the week, there were present men and women who had come on horseback, eight, ten and twelve miles, which was an evidence of deep interest in spiritual things. I found the attendance at public worship in Otago to be larger than in any other part of the colony. The bracing climate and the natural characteristics of the people had doubtless much to do with this. Earnest Christian workers deplored the methods used in raising money for church

purposes—by raffles and lotteries, as a great hindrance to the spiritual growth of the Church. The Church in New Zealand has to contend with evils that are common in all lands, but particularly with worldliness, gambling, social impurity and intemperance. It is a question whether the Church is holding its own against these assailing forces. The liquor question and the introduction of the Bible into the public schools have been agitating the mind of both the Church and State for sometime. The consumption of strong drink is said to be falling off since the war began against it. The Lord's Day is fairly observed as a day of rest, though greatly desecrated by pleasure seekers. The government in stopping the running of trains, and closing public works on Sunday, honors the Fourth Commandment. Denominational differences are strongly marked throughout the colony, but especially by the Church of England. The Episcopal minister still believes in the apostolical succession; but he is not a ritualist.

There are some thirty religious denominations represented in New Zealand, all, of course, independent of the State for support, as the government gives no financial aid to any form of religion. But the Church of England and the Presbyterian Church of Otago, are both richly endowed with lands given to them as grants in

the early days of the colony; still, the other churches seem to thrive as well, and give liberal support to their various ministers. The Church of England has the largest number of adherents in the colony. According to the census of 1896, they numbered two hundred and eighty-two thousand eight hundred and nine, being forty per cent. of the population; but the vast majority of them though claiming adherence, do not attend divine public worship with that body. Only forty-eight thousand one hundred and seventeen are reported to attend services; whereas the Presbyterians, who come next in number, representing only one hundred and fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-two persons, or about twenty-three per cent., have forty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-one reported attending public worship, and their church accommodations are nearly as large as that of the Church of England, whose seating capacity including all meetinghouses is only seventy-six thousand eight hundred and eleven. This shows that the census is a very defective standard. The Church of England has extended its stakes for mission purposes, by having divided the colony into six dioceses, viz: Auckland, Waiapu and Wellington in the North island, and Nelson, Christ Church and Dunedin in the South island; each of these fields has an efficient staff of earnest workers.

This Church leads in missionary work among the Maoris; probably more natives claim to be connected with the Church of England than with all the other Protestant churches put together.

The Presbyterian Church both north and south is a tower of strength, and a great light in the South Sea Islands. It has able and earnest preachers of the gospel. The Synod of Otago has six presbyteries, seventy-eight congregations and churches, and the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand has eight presbyteries and one hundred and four congregations and churches. Both Churches are expected to unite before another year is over under the name of "The Presbyterian Church of New Zealand." While both branches of this Church have manifested zeal and wisdom in evangelistic work throughout the colony and lively interest in missionary enterprise in the New Hebrides and Tauna, yet, it is to be regretted that they have practically neglected their duty to the Maoris. The following report of the convener of the Maori Mission to the General Assembly explains the fact.

#### MAORI MISSION REPORT.

Your committee have to report that no change has taken place in the mission staff during the year. Mr. Fletcher has been restored to health, and has labored diligently during the year. He

is still at the north of Lake Taupo, and conducts service in six or seven pas; some of which he reaches by boat. For some weeks they had severe earthquakes, and some of the natives left the district, but our missionary and his young wife remained at their post. He is virtually the only missionary in that district. A Maori curate of the Church of England comes occasionally and conducts a service. Except that, Mr. Fletcher is the only missionary there. He conducts a service for Europeans in the schoolhouse on Sabbath evenings as opportunity offers, as there is no minister of any denomination in that district. He has been asked by some followers of Te Kooti, who are generally very exclusive, to open a school for their children, and the committee have authorized him to do so, when the conditions are complied with, hoping that in that way he may reach the parents.

Mr. Milson still labors most faithfully in Parawanui, but on account of failing strength, proposes soon to retire from the work.

We have not been able yet to secure the services of a medical missionary.

The Church has not supported this mission as it should. It has fallen into debt, and with such a small staff of workers this should not be. Other churches are doing very much more for the natives than we are doing. Surely our people will not neglect the heathen round our own doors. It is our duty to give them the Word of Life. We have a great responsibility in this matter. Would that our people realized and felt it.

I have tried during the year to collect some statistics of the natives in the different places, but find it difficult on account of their unsettled habits.

It is also difficult to find what districts are supplied by other churches, as some churches state that they supply certain places, which sometimes means the visit of a curate or missionary once a month or once a quarter. We again appeal to the brethren to give this mission a more liberal support.

D. GORDON, Convener.

The Roman Catholics claim ninety-eight thousand eight hundred and four members, or about fourteen out of every one hundred of population. Of the larger Protestant denominations the Wesleyan Methodist increased since 1891, from fifty-six thousand and thirty-five to sixty-three thousand three hundred and seventy-three persons, being at the rate of 13.10 per cent. Presbyterians from one hundred and forty-one thousand four hundred and seventy-seven to one hundred and fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-two or 13.06 per cent. The Salvation Army gained one thousand one hundred and forty-nine persons between 1891 and 1896. The numbers of the Brethren show 42.35 per cent. and Seventh Day Adventists 86.99 per cent. increase. But the Congregationalists only 1.38 per cent. and Lutherans decrease seventy-eight adherents. The Unitarians increased from three hundred and

eight to three hundred and seventy-five, and the Society of Friends from three hundred and fifteen to three hundred and twenty-one. Hebrews increased eighty-six. Spiritualists increased from three hundred and thirty-nine to three hundred and seventy-six. Free Thinkers decreased from four thousand four hundred and seventy-five to three thousand nine hundred and eighty-three. Agnostics numbered in 1891, three hundred and twenty-two, increased in the five years two hundred and forty making five hundred and sixty-two in 1896. The Mormons reported in 1896, two hundred and eighty-nine, a gain of eighty-three persons in five years, mostly among the Maoris.

The total number of buildings returned as used for divine public worship in 1896 for the whole colony was one thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven, of which one thousand four hundred and thirty-one were churches and three hundred and sixty-six schoolhouses, and one hundred and ninety dwelling houses, seating accommodations for three hundred and thirty-four thousand five hundred and nine, and the numbers attending services two hundred and nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-one. The number of male members is found to be greater than that of females in the Church of England and Presbyterian Church.

The total number of scholars at the Sunday-schools in 1896 was one hundred and four thousand nine hundred and thirty-four, of whom fifty thousand and ninety-six were boys and fifty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight girls. The teachers numbered eleven thousand one hundred and eleven of both sexes, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven being males and seven thousand one hundred and forty-four females. We met many teachers in Sabbath-schools in the colony who appear to be faithful and devoted Christians. The system of teaching the children is hardly up to date. Scarcely an adult scholar is found in any of the Sunday-schools, in New Zealand. Christian women lack enthusiasm in missions.

We addressed several meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society, and the same devotion and earnestness known among young Christian workers in all lands are not lacking with the Christian Endeavor Society of New Zealand. We were present at a grand rally at Christ Church in connection with the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which was addressed by the old veteran missionary, Rev. John Paton, of the New Hebrides. He spoke with all the fire of his ardent soul, which certainly inspired and kindled the missionary spirit in the breast of many youths.

At the close of the meeting it was voted to secure a missionary to labor among some three thousand Chinese on the west coast of the Middle island, and also to support two or three missionaries in the New Hebrides.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

The system of education in New Zealand is controlled by the government, and conducted to suit the peculiarities of the country and people. It is of a free, compulsory and secular order.

Free, because the State pays for everything connected with the primary schools, except the books used by the scholars. In district high schools and colleges, fees are charged for the teaching of higher branches.

It is compulsory, because the attendance of all children between the ages of seven and thirteen is compulsory, except when special exemptions are granted.

The education is secular, because religion is not a prescribed study. The instruction imparted in all the schools is wholly secular. There is, however, a strong movement now agitating the minds of the Christian people, to have the Bible used in the primary schools as a text-book, and, it is hoped, that their request will be granted at the next general election.

Education in New Zealand is conducted under peculiar difficulties, because of the shape of its

territory. The total length of the islands is twelve hundred miles, while the width varies from five miles to two hundred and seventy-five. It is cut up into three large islands and small adjacent ones, comprising in all an area of one hundred and four thousand four hundred and seventy-one square miles, that is about one-seventh less than Great Britain and Ireland. The South island itself is larger than England and Wales. Settlements are found in almost every important portion of these islands, and many of them are far apart and difficult to reach, and very thinly inhabited. The whole population of New Zealand is less than seven hundred and sixty thousand, scattered throughout the whole country; but wherever there are twenty-five children found near each other, there is a government school erected. So in proportion to its population, there is no country in the world that has more government schools than in New Zealand, nor more money appropriated. There are about two thousand schools of all classes at which children of European and Maori races are being educated, and the cost is borne by the State. Parliament votes annually a fixed sum of money for education. In the year 1897 the appropriation was over two million and a half dollars. Every adult in New Zealand is obliged to contribute to the education fund, according to the system of direct

taxation. The teachers are well paid, the highest salary paid in the primary schools to head teachers being \$2,000, and the lowest \$400 a year.

There are three grades in the government schools, the primary, secondary and university, under the management of Boards and Committees. The Minister of Education has the general supervision over the common schools. There are thirteen school Boards, one over every provincial district of the colony, who devote their whole time to the school work. Each one of these Boards is elected by the local School Committee, and each School Committee, consisting of nine members, is elected by the parents of the children and neighbors. The district Board of Education receives and disburses the money voted by Parliament for instruction in primary schools. The Board, also, after consultation with the local School Committee, appoints the teachers and inspectors.

The subjects of instruction at the primary schools required by the Education Act, are "reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and composition, geography, history, elementary science and drawing, object lessons, vocal music, (and in the case of girls) sewing and needlework, and the principles of domestic economy, and military drill of all boys in these schools."

The secondary schools, which correspond with

our high schools, are under the control of managers, appointed by the Minister of Education and others. The government has nothing to do with them, but to inspect them. They are the smallest and least satisfactory of all the schools in the colony.

There are also special schools for children of the Maoris, under the management of the government and their own local committee. The native children are taught, in addition to the common branches, medical and sanitary science. There are industrial schools for destitute and criminal children, and two schools for the mute and the blind.

The number of children receiving education in New Zealand (in 1897) was one hundred and sixty-two thousand, about twenty per cent. of the population. The primary schools report one hundred and thirty-four thousand, Maori schools four thousand, and secondary schools two thousand six hundred. Children educated in private schools (not supported by the State) number fifteen thousand, of whom ten thousand are Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church is allowed to support its own schools on condition that they are inspected by the government. Only four per cent. of the people of New Zealand, (excluding Chinese) over five years of age, are illiterate.

The educational institutions of Christ Church are of a high order, among which are the Normal School, Canterbury College, Christ's College, Girls' and Boys' High School. The School of Art, and several kindergartens, are said to be the best in New Zealand, and it is claimed that pupils attending these schools can acquire as thorough an education as in England.

In connection with Canterbury College are the Museum, (which is considered the finest in the Southern Hemisphere), and the endowed School of Engineering and Technical Science. The students work for the degree of Bachelor of Science in engineering. The Canterbury Agricultural College has beautiful buildings and an endowment of sixty thousand acres of land. Though Dunedin and Auckland have splendid institutions of learning, yet, they do not have such advantages as Christ Church. The Victoria College was founded by Parliament in December, 1897, at Wellington, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, for the promotion of higher education, and to be in connection with the New Zealand University. The establishment of the Victoria College in the Metropolis of the colony will assure greater facilities for University students.

The University of New Zealand is controlled entirely by the Senate. It does not support of

itself a staff of professors or lecturers. Undergraduates receive instruction in the Universities of Auckland, Otago and Canterbury College, but question papers for candidates for degrees are prepared in London by a Board of Examiners, and are sent out under seal to New Zealand. The answers written there are sent back to England to be examined, and the degree is conferred to merit, and the degrees conferred according to this high standard are recognized by the Universities of Great Britain except one in London.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SAMOA.

Samoa is a group of ten inhabited islands in the Southern Pacific about four hundred miles northeast of the Fiji islands, and in the direct route of the San Francisco and New Zealand Mail Line of steamers. It is four thousand three hundred miles from the Golden Gate and one thousand eight hundred miles from Auckland. It stands between the latitudes of  $13^{\circ} 30'$  and  $14^{\circ} 30'$  south and longitudes of  $169^{\circ} 24'$  and  $172^{\circ} 50'$  west, eight hundred miles south of the equator. The islands are mountainous and of volcanic formation, varying in area from seven to seven hundred square miles, the total being three thousand square miles. The climate is considered to be one of the finest and healthiest in the Southern Pacific. The mean temperature is from  $70^{\circ}$  to  $80^{\circ}$ . Rain falls frequently. Earthquakes and hurricanes are common in February and March.

The late Robert L. Stevenson's graphic description of the hurricane and wrecks of warships

and merchant crafts of March 16, 1889, is exceedingly interesting. "What seemed the very article of war and within the duration of a day the sword arm of each of the two angry Powers was broken—their formidable ships reduced to junks, their disciplined hundreds to a horde of castaways, fed with difficulty, and the fear of whose misconduct marred the ship of their commanders. Both paused aghast. Both had time to recognize that not the whole Samoan archipelago was worth the loss in men and costly ships already supplied. The so-called hurricane of March 16, 1889, made thus a marking epoch in the world's history."

The name Samoa means clan, or family of the Moa. Each group has its own dialect. The names of the islands are Savaii, Apolima, Manono, Upolu, Tutuila, Aunu'u, Nu'utale, Ta'u, Ofu and Olosenga. The three last islands are called Mauu'u, after a noted chief, reducing the number to seven. Three of the group are of considerable size and importance. Savaii, the most western, is the largest, being forty miles long and twenty miles wide, and has a population of twelve thousand. Tutuila is thirty miles long, but narrow and mountainous, and is reckoned to have a population of about three thousand. It comes next in size to Upolu, which is forty miles long and thirteen miles wide, with a population of twenty-

five thousand. It stands in the middle, some fifty miles from Tutuila and fifteen miles from Savaii. It is by far the principal of the entire islands, being the collecting port of all the group, having the residences of the Samoan king and foreign consuls. Each of these islands has been divided into districts, settlements and villages, governed by chiefs, princes and extensive land owners. Jealousy and quarrels between these chiefs and subjects caused frequent wars and much bloodshed. When the Rev. John Williams arrived at Savaii in the missionary ship "Messenger of Peace," August, 1830, his attention was arrested by observing the mountains on the opposite side of the channel in flames, and when he inquired as to the cause of it, he was told that a great battle had been fought that morning, and that the flames which he saw were consuming the houses, plantations and bodies of men, women and children who had fallen into the hands of the conquerors. He wrote: "While we were landing, the messengers of peace, on the one shore, the flames of a devastating war were blazing on the opposite shore, and under these circumstances was the mission commenced." Besides these internal wars between local chiefs, there has been also a rivalry for the crown, particularly between the three families which comprise the aristocracy of Samoa, and too often

forced to war of late years by selfish Europeans. Germany has long cherished a desire to acquire control of Samoa as a colonial possession of the empire, which resulted in attaching the sovereign rights of the monarch to the municipality of Apia. It was this intrigue which incensed the Samoans, and ultimately led to the so-called Berlin Conference in 1889 between Germany, Britain and America. The treaty guaranteed neutrality to the islands, and the right of citizenship to the natives in equal respect to trade, residence and protection. The three Powers have the right to appoint a chief justice to administer law, order and civil suits. Samoa since the Berlin treaty is independent, but subject to joint British, German and American control. It is a violation of this treaty which has caused the present trouble at Apia. When I visited Apia over a year ago, Dr. Raffel, one of the most intelligent gentlemen in Samoa, told me that they were on the eve of war there any day, as two rival kings had been banished to separate islands, and should either of them make his escape, he would instantly pounce upon the Crown king like a tiger. Offended rulers and chiefs are always in danger of attack when the guards are watching and their chiefs are asleep.

The Berlin Treaty says, "In case any question shall hereafter arise in Samoa respecting the

rightful election or appointment of a king or any other chief, claiming authority over the islands, or respecting the validity of the powers which the king or any chief may claim in the existence of his office, such questions shall not lead to war, but shall be presented for decision to the chief justice of Samoa, who shall decide it in writing, conformably to the provision of this act and of the laws and customs of Samoa, not in conflict therewith, and the signatory government will accept and abide by such decision. In case any difference shall arise between either of the powers and Samoa which they fail to adjust by mutual accord, such difference shall not be held cause for war, but shall be referred on the principle of justice and equity to the chief justice of Samoa, who shall make his decision thereon in writing." The treaty also prohibits the importation of arms and ammunition into Samoa, or sale to natives or other Pacific islanders, of arms or intoxicating drinks.

Samoa has been governed by the royal houses of Malietoa and Tubua. In 1881, Malietoa Laupepa, became sole monarch, and King Tamasese vice king. Counter rivalry followed. In 1887, Germany interfered in deposing Malietoa Laupepa, and banishing him to a remote island and proclaiming Tamasese king. Mataafa, a relative of the ex-king, put himself at the head

of the king's party in opposition to Tamasese. The Germans did not like the rival King Mataafa. He was a Roman Catholic, and the cry was raised that he would turn Samoa over to the Jesuits. At the attempt to disarm himself and his soldiers, Mataafa rallied his men and a battle took place. Fifty Germans were killed. It is charged that the natives were supplied with arms and food by American citizens. This caused bitter strife between the Germans and the Americans. Martial law was proclaimed in Apia, by German officials, and an effort was made to enforce it upon Americans. English vessels in the harbor were searched, newspapers were suppressed and villages bombarded. The powers were informed of the revolution. Seven war ships were hurried to the scene (three Germans, three Americans and one British). While Germany and the states were on the brink of war in the bay of Apia, the army of Mataafa was imminent behind the town, and the German quarter was garrisoned with sailors from the squadron, both preparing for an attack. Suddenly, the wind blew, the sea rose, the sky darkened, a terrible storm swept over the town and bay. Every war ship and vessel in the harbor before the storm was over (except the British war ship Calliope, Captain Kane, which successfully steamed out to sea) was either totally destroyed or

wrecked on the shore. During the perilous scene the Samoans exhibited the utmost humanity and heroism in their efforts to save the perishing men. From all the shipping about nine hundred men were saved, but ninety Germans and fifty Americans were lost. Thus providentially, God put an end to the war which was on the eve of being fought between two hostile powers in the bay of Apia. Germany withdrew the proclamation of martial law. The three powers agreed to recognize the deposed king, Malietoa Laupepa, as sovereign of Samoa, and the natives who had elected Mataafa were influenced to surrender to the wish of the powers.

In 1893, when the ex-king, Mataafa, returned from exile, Malietoa Laupepa was friendly to him, and he made overtures to him to act as vice king, which he accepted. The two kings ruled well and peacefully, until German officials interfered. Mataafa was obliged to retire to Malie and was there joined by ardent followers who hailed him as their chief—which threatened a revolution. Mataafa was summoned to Apia, and found guilty of treason and conspiracy, and banished to a remote island.

In August, 1898, King Malietoa Laupepa died, leaving a daughter, a son, and an adopted son, and his brother, high chief Moli, as claimants for the vacant throne.

The banished king Mataafa was permitted to return home; on his arrival at Apia in September, 1898, he was welcomed by the powers and natives. Meanwhile, the officials of the powers held several meetings in regard to the vacant throne. The friends of ex-king Mataafa communicated their intention of electing him as king of Samoa. According to the laws and customs of Samoa, the king is elected by two local representative bodies; the one consisting of four high chiefs, and the other body of eight exalted leaders. A conference was held with the friends of Tanu, the son of the late king Malietoa. They opposed the election of the ex-king. Both Whites and Browns realized the gravity of the situation, and more particularly when the Germans favored the ex-king, whom they formerly wronged. Two ironclads, representing Britain and Germany, anchored in the bay of Apia. The Taiman people carried the vote, and declared Mataafa as king. The Tamasese people filed a protest with the chief justice, on the ground of fraud. Thus, the contest between the two rival factions for the kingship of Samoa began in court, before William L. Chambers, chief justice of Samoa, under the Berlin Treaty.

The decision was delivered in court on December 31. The chief justice reviewed the case in a letter to his brother, Jan. 23, 1899, which

appeared in the New York Herald, and from which the following extracts are made: "After a trial of eleven days of patient investigation, two sessions each day, and a hard study every night of Samoan genealogies, customs, titles and practices, I came to the conclusion, from a legal and conscientious point of view, besides upon the treaty and the laws and customs of Samoa not in conflict therewith, that Tanu, the son of the late king Malietoa, and who, by the gift of the people, had been endowed with the name of Malietoa, was duly elected king. . . . The natives during the delivery of the decision exercised a discretion which was the better part of valor. Things were exceedingly quiet and respectful on the surface, and the crowd dispersed peacefully. The United States consul, Osborne, and the British consul, Maxse, accepted the decision for their respective governments. But the German consul, General Rose, refused to accept the decision for his government. A meeting of the consuls and the captains of the English and German men-of-war was held within an hour. The American and English consuls and Captain Sturdee proposed that the king (in whose favor I had decided) be immediately recognized by the consuls calling upon him and the war ships giving him a royal salute. The German consul and the captain of the German war ships refused to

do so. Within two hours the German consul, for the defeated side, and other German sympathizers were leading the armed troops of the Mataafa faction into the streets of the municipality. The president, a German, threw all his influence on that side, and the Mataafa people, realizing that they had the support of the German consul, of a German man-of-war and of the entire German population, gathered together with amazing quickness thirty-five thousand men. The Malietoa people, when it became known that the Mataafas were going to make war, got together all the men they could in Apia and the surrounding villages, about two thousand. Things became so very exciting that the captain of the British war ship sent a guard of forty-eight men to protect all Britishers and Americans, who had taken refuge with six hundred women and children in the houses of the London Missionary Society inclosure. The guard kept the position with remarkable courage without firing a shot. The battle took place within a few hundred yards of their ground. The Malietoa party lost three hundred men. The chiefs became exhausted, and asked protection of the British war ship. They and the young king were kept at the mission house, and the fighting men, about one thousand two hundred escaped in their boats to the British man-of-war, where ropes were thrown

out to them. The ship was anchored about four hundred yards from the beach, and there she proudly rode the tide surrounded by the native boats of these one thousand two hundred natives, who had sought her shelter and protection. It was a grand sight! For the next three days the Mataafas plundered and burned two hundred houses, destroyed banana and fruit trees. They closed up the supreme court, stationed round it an armed force and published a proclamation, that the court should not be opened except upon their order. President Raffel, a German, was placed at the head of the provisional government. Immediately called upon the consuls of the three governments for protection in reopening the court. The German consul refused. The United States and British consuls laid the matter before the captain of the British ship, who promptly tendered me all the force required. I issued a notice that the court would be opened at twelve o'clock the next day. The British consul gave notice to all American and British subjects to come on board the man-of-war before eleven o'clock, and the captain gave notice to the captain of the German ship, advising German subjects to go to places of safety, as he was determined to open fire at any time after half-past eleven o'clock, if my purpose of reopening the court should be resisted.

“By eleven o'clock the ship was well filled with women and children, only a few men coming on board, be it said to the credit of their courage, for when I landed at twelve o'clock, practically all the Americans and Britishers in Apia were on the spot ready to coöperate with our governments. You would have been delighted with the sight.

“At ten minutes before twelve o'clock two consular boats started, the one in front flying the Stars and Stripes, with Consul General Osborn on board, and the other flying the English Jack, with Consul Maxse at the tiller. A few yards to their rear I embarked in an armed cutter under command of Lieutenant Parker, with twenty-eight blue jackets, each with his Lee-Metford rifle and forty rounds of ammunition. I stood on the poop of the little cutter, and in the bow was a quick-firing machine gun.

“Before landing, we observed that the street sides of the courthouse were surrounded by German officials and subjects. The marines were left on the pier, while the two consuls and myself advanced about a hundred yards to the courthouse, the Britishers and Americans backing us up. We walked straight to the German lines, and pushing the gate aside, I stepped on the veranda, supported by the two consuls and Lieutenant Parker.

“The German officials wished to discuss the situation, but we indignantly refused, and I demanded the keys of the courthouse from President Raffel, denouncing him as a traitor to the treaty and a usurper. He refused to surrender them, and I thereupon called upon the bystanders to assist me in a forcible entry.

“There was a general response, but the man who reached the veranda first was an American carpenter named Willis, and then a British boat builder named Mackie. The clerk of the court Denver, was pummeling away with a small hammer. Willis and Mackie secured a sledge hammer and soon the doors fell in.

“Lusty cheers were given for the chief justice and the supreme court, and the flag was then hoisted by a Britisher, who climbed to the top of the pole. The marines had in the meantime been marched up, and formed in line inside the court inclosure, and as the flag went up they gave it a salute.”

Our commercial relations with Samoa began in 1878, with General Grant's administration, when his attention was called to the necessity of possessing in the South Pacific a coaling station for the United States' cruisers in time of war. Perceiving the desirability of such facilities, the president sent Colonel A. B. Stenberger to Samoa as commissioner, and with power to act. Upon pre-

senting his credentials to the king, he was accepted, and the request of the president granted. It is said that the Samoa flag, consisting of seven stripes, red and white, representing the seven islands, with a white star in blue, emblematic of the island of Upolu as the seat of government, was raised. Foreign officials were notified of the flag and constitution, and a great procession of eight thousand subjects took part in recognition of the event.

In 1890 a portion of the front shore was bought by the United States. The Germans owned in 1894 seventy-five thousand acres, the British thirty-six thousand acres, and the United States twenty-one thousand. The Cleveland government recommended the withdrawal of the United States from Samoa, on the ground that the climate was unhealthy for white people, the commerce worthless, the new government expensive and troublesome, that the undertaking had failed to secure any hopeful result, and that it involved foreign entanglements. The McKinley government is more hopeful. Chief Justice Chambers advocates annexation of the islands by Great Britain. The natives appear to be in favor of such a step. Both British and American residents think that the complete disarming of the whole population is imperative as well as the abolition of the kingship, to prevent disturbance. It is supposed that

rival chiefs would be satisfied if appointed to rule their own districts with small salaries.

Apia, the scene of the insurrection of 1899, is the capital of Upolu. It is a pretty little village, situated at the northeastern part of the bay of Apia. The name Apia is applied to the whole bay. It has a beautiful beach of coralline sand, and immediately back of the town are stately cocoa palms. Two streams of fresh water flow down from the mountains into the bay, dividing it into two parts; between these rivers stands the village of Apia, a straggling line of some seventy to eighty houses of all sorts and sizes, round the edge of the horseshoe bay. There is a beautiful coral reef projecting a long way out into the harbor, with surf dashing on it, which makes it a magnificent sight. The bay on the arrival of steamers, is alive with canoes of various sizes. Near the landing place are two or three hotels, stores, the courthouse and jail. At Point Mulinuu are the residence of the German consul, a few small stores and a shipyard, and further back is an extensive plantation, which gives the place a beautiful appearance. At the other end of the bay are the sandy point of Matautu, a few stores, a native village, the residence of the king of Samoa, the mission house and school of the London Missionary Society. In this school there are five hundred scholars, and one hundred young

men studying for the ministry, who, after a four years' course, are sent forth as missionaries to the various islands of the Pacific. On the hill back of the town there are the French Roman Catholic College and church, with residences of the bishop, priests and nuns, which give a very imposing appearance to the town from aboard ship in the harbor. The town is built on a flat; a portion of it on the left is swampy. Back of the town are beautiful hills gradually rising, until they develop into a mountain of some eight hundred feet. In fact, a range of mountains extends in the center of Upolu from east to west. There is a good road going up from the village into the interior, which passes close to the residence of the late Robert L. Stevenson, later the home of William L. Osborn, a bright young man, who is thoroughly posted about Samoa and in sympathy with the natives. The army of Mataafa in the revolution of 1899 destroyed this beautiful home. The scenery around Apia is most charming. Very few native houses can be seen from the harbor. The houses of the natives are thatched with leaves of sugar cane, and supported by center posts. They have scarcely any furniture. A sleeping apartment consists of a few mats on the dirt floor.

The Samoans are of Polynesian race. They are tall and handsome, and of a light brown

color, truthful, respectful to women and affectionate to children. The natives in the interior, are superior to those living round the bay of Apia. They are fond of pleasure, indolent, careless about work and earning money. Nature bountifully supplies all they need for the sustenance of life. The German planters are obliged to import nearly all their labor from New Hebrides, New Britain and Solomon Islands. They cannot get the Samoans to work on their plantations. But the natives, nevertheless, till their own soil, make mats and fish. Roast pig is a great treat with the Samoans. It is said that fine mats, fine pigs, and fine women are the three things that attract the male Samoan. Males are tattooed from the waist to the knees. Before death the sick are visited to bid them farewell. Mormon missionaries, who have lived in the interior of the islands for some three years, report that the Samoans are exceedingly hospitable. Every village has a guest house for reception, lodgings and entertainment of visitors. Food is provided by the village. No charge is made. The earth yields plenty of food without toil and the climate is so warm that the people need not wear any clothes. They are expert climbers and divers.

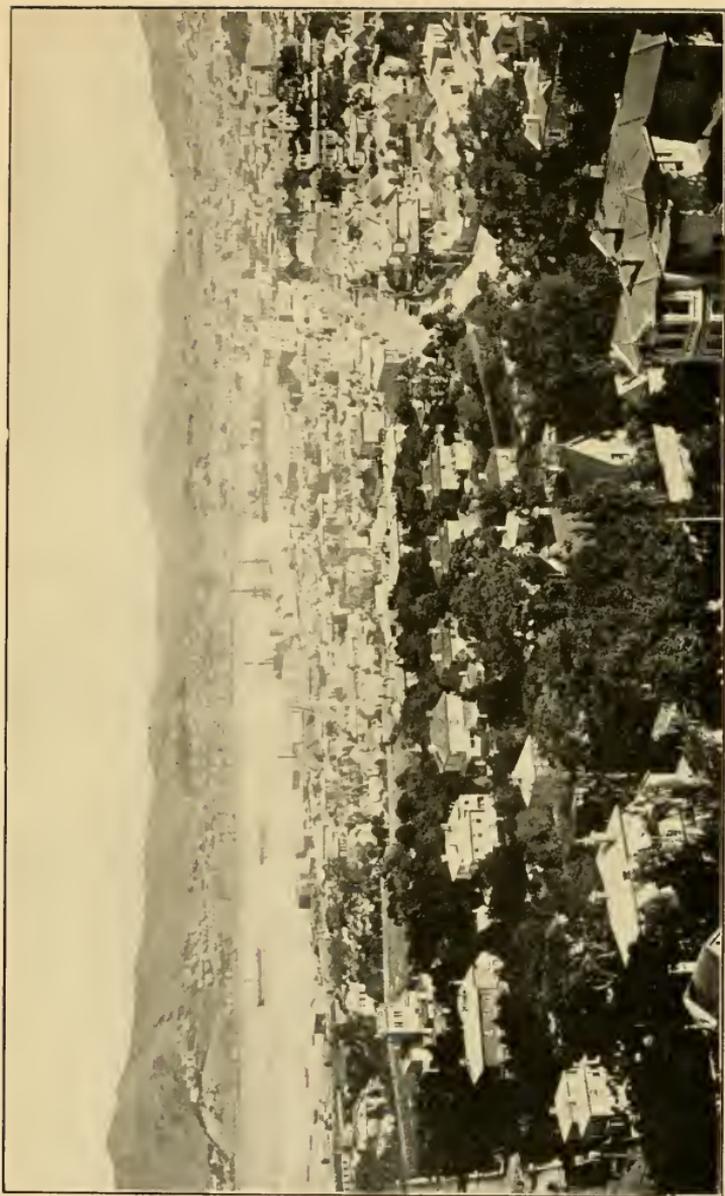
They are religious, they attend church regularly, three or four times on Sunday. They read the Bible and sing in concert. Mission colleges

and schools have been founded in many places on the islands, by the London Missionary Society, Wesleyans, and French Roman Catholics. It is estimated that there are about five thousand natives connected with the Wesleyans, and nearly as many attend the Roman Catholic Church, and the remainder of the whole population nominally belong to the London Missionary Society. The gospel was first introduced into Samoa in 1830 by Revs. John Williams and L. Barff. Seven native teachers from the mission at Raiata were left on the island of Savaii, and when Rev. John Williams visited the islands two years after, many were found trusting in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. He was greatly encouraged. The mission was supplemented. In ten years the Samoans had embraced Christianity, and the good work has been going along there ever since. The present staff of the London Society are seven missionaries, with their wives, and some two hundred native preachers and teachers. Annually the white missionary visits these schools, examines the scholars and offers prizes. Then the annual collection for missions is received. Nearly all the children from seven years up can read and write. The Samoans are great Scripture readers, the Bible being their text-book in school. Many of the natives are fine Christians, while alas, the majority of them are only

nominally Christian and are low in morals. They have great regard for the Lord's Day. No work is done, and no fruit is sold to any vessel in the harbor.

## APPENDIX.





WELLINGTON FROM THORDEN.



## APPENDIX.

### FROM SYDNEY TO WELLINGTON.

ON a bright morning in the month of November, 1896, the writer, his wife, and little girl of five summers, stood on the wharf at Sydney, Australia, ready to go aboard the steamer "Wakatipu" for New Zealand. Lying alongside the wharf, on the other side was the Royal Mail Steamer "Alameda," with the Stars and Stripes flying from her mast. She was getting ready to sail in a few days by Auckland, New Zealand, for San Francisco, United States, our home country.

We had left this dear land in July, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, traveled in Scotland and England and sailed from London by the way of the Suez Canal, and Colombo, to Sydney, and now in a few days we expected to complete our journey.

As we stood and looked at the "Wakatipu," she seemed very small in comparison with the fine and commodious Peninsular and Oriental Steamer "Himalaya," in which we had sailed from London. But we went aboard of her with courage, anticipating that our journey by sea would soon be at an end. It was 1.45 Saturday P. M. when our boat

drew up anchor and sailed away toward the distant islands of New Zealand.

We watched the town of Sydney grow smaller and smaller until we could see it no longer. Then we turned our attention to the scenes about us. Our steamer, we were told, was very old but steady and reliable. She had about forty passengers aboard and when we got out away, two young stowaways were found in the ship. Her cargo of two thousand tons included eleven horses, a collie dog, Jack, and some birds, chiefly Australian parrots. Among the passengers were a Church of England rector and his wife, residents of New Zealand, a rosy cheeked woman from Brisbane, a grey-haired father and his only idolized baby boy, a very red faced, white haired man accompanied by a young man as traveling companion, a consumptive young lady, a Chicago drummer, a mother and her little girl who was badly afflicted with bronchitis, besides several other agreeable persons.

After lunch we seated ourselves on the lower deck, near the stern of the boat, it being too windy to go up on the upper one. This was practically stored with crates of fruit, some for the ship's supply, others for Wellington. The part of the lower deck where we sat was partitioned off from the fore deck by a piece of canvas. This was to prevent the spray from dash-

ing over us. Subsequently this canvas was removed, and we had more space in which to move about. On the other side of the boat was a pile of boards on which the children played, and the older passengers sat occasionally just for a change of position and scene.

For the first four days of our voyage we were out of sight of land. The weather was very fine and the boat was very steady. We found the passengers sociable. The captain near whom we sat at the table was a quiet, unassuming man. He had but recently been promoted from second mate to his present position and this was his second trip. The former captain had been removed some months previous on account of a slight collision of the "Wakatipu" with another boat while leaving port.

Little Phyllis had won his attention by presenting him with a tiny metal bell, which she requested him to carry in his pocket. She would remind him at mealtime of her gift, and he taking it from his pocket would reply, "Yes, I shall keep it to remember you by."

Wednesday morning only a faint outline of land appeared, which gradually assumed proportions until it arose distinctly eight thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the sea level as Mt. Egmont, its head raised in kingly beauty and crowned with a snow-white crown. In front of

us, back of us, and on both sides, one by one, arose bold mountains standing like huge, giant warriors, ready to contest with any foe which might arise. We were told that many years ago Dame Nature, unable to control her pent-up wrath any longer, burst forth in such rage that she threw up these silent spectators of her uncontrollable anger. They became so firmly fixed in their terror, that they remain to-day as objects of great interest to travelers on the sea. By Thursday we reached Cook Strait, which separates the North from the South island, after passing Pencarrow and Palmer Heads, the captain steering very carefully by Barrett Reef, we passed Waddell Point and Ward Island. As we rounded Halswell Point, we sighted Wellington, the capital of the North island. Like a transformation scene on canvas, it grew from an indistinct cluster of buildings in a hollow, to green hills, red houses, yellow houses, stone-colored houses, some on top, some on the sides and more at the foot of the hills, wharves, boats, business blocks, conveyances and people. As soon as our steamer was sighted from land, the news was communicated to the signal station at the Heads. As we rounded the point, the flag signaling our steamer from the south which had been hanging at the right side of the signal staff on one of the high hills in the city, was hoisted on top. In

this way those interested in her arrival had ample time to reach the wharf, and meet their friends.

Our first impression of Wellington as seen from the steamer's deck at a distance, was that of a miniature city of toy houses, grouped together in a hollow, upon which the high hills surrounding it threatened to fall at a moment's notice and bury it out of sight. More fortunate than many strangers who land on these foreign shores, we had relations whom we had come out to see, waiting on the wharf to welcome us. After our trunks had been opened, the contents inspected and no smuggled goods found, we drove up to our relatives' hospitable home, which stands on an eminence overlooking the city and harbor. Here we were to stay a few weeks and then travel about the islands, and in this way become better acquainted with New Zealand, its customs and its people.

We found it advisable to rest for a few days, for the motion of the boat still remained in our heads and we had become so accustomed to it, that we found it difficult to sleep well at night in a motionless bed on a quiet floor. When we attempted to walk we found our legs unsteady and our feet uncertain in their steps, but these feelings passed off in a few days, and we began to feel very much like our former selves and to

take an interest in this empire city of New Zealand, with a population of forty thousand.

Even in this small colony society was divided into two classes. The "select" revelled in balls and rowing matches, while the "popular" engaged in horse-racing. There is a lady living in Wellington who, we are told, has the invitation card to the first ball given in the settlement in 1841. Thus for a year everything was prosperous, until in 1842 a fire broke out, which caused a loss of £16,000 pounds to the first colonists. This seemed to retard the progress of the place, and money became so scarce that in 1844 and 1845 the government issued debentures printed on blue paper as low as five shillings with five per cent. interest. Later on copper coinage was represented by the pennies made out of packing cases, and marked with I., II., III. for shillings. In 1843 there was great rejoicing when the Scotch thistle was introduced into the colony, and planted with great ceremony by the Scots on St. Andrew's Day on Mr. Lyon's farm near Petone. To-day it is one of the greatest pests of New Zealand.

In the year 1896, two thousand one hundred and eighty-four ships came in from foreign ports, and two hundred and twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and sixty three tons of cargo were handled over the wharves, except the Railway

Wharf. In 1895, nearly eighteen thousand tons of produce were shipped from Wellington and sent principally to London. In the list was included frozen and preserved meat, tallow, leather, grain, agricultural produce, butter, cheese, bones, horns, hides, kauri gum, pumice, hops, wool, gold, oils, timber, silver, hemp, flax and skins.

Back of these busy wharves a long street runs, which together with the land farther back of fifty-two acres and a main street, goes by the name of Lambton Quay. Near the wharves it is lined on both sides with bond stores and warehouses. Some of these are very fine buildings, such as E. W. Mills, Sargood, Son and Ewen and the Wellington Woolen Company. A large golden British lion rests serenely on the top of one, and two caryatids pose gracefully over the door of the other. On the other hand are the police station and the supreme court, large stone buildings, the Lone and Mercantile Company's structure and the grain and wool stores.

In one of the old wooden buildings near the wharf is a room fitted up with tables, chairs, papers and a library. This is called the "Sailor's Rest." One day we peeped in and saw several rough-looking seamen sitting at the tables playing games, while others were reading. Near the railroad which runs along the back street of the wharves, are the long railway sheds,

which are used for storing goods. The Harbor Board has two fine stone buildings and in one of them a comfortable waiting room for ladies, who are going by boat. There is a three-story building for storage. The upper floor will hold eighteen thousand bales of wool.

In the neighborhood of the wharves is the post office, a large, square, stone building, with a round cupola and clock and chime of bells; next to it is the handsome red brick building with greystone trimmings, recently erected by the New Zealand Government Insurance Company. The entrance is by two iron gates, and the walls of the vestibule are inlaid with polished reddish tiles. On the right is the office of the Government Insurance Company, and on the left the head offices of the Graymouth and Point Elizabeth Railway, and MacDougall & Company. A fine red brick public library has recently been erected not many streets away. There is a separate reading room for ladies. In the same line is the Union Steamship Company's building and the warehouses of Turnbull & Company. The former company was formed in 1861, and at that time had only two little paddle steamers. Now it has many large and fine boats, running in the colony and also to England, and San Francisco.

In 1848 there were several earthquakes in Wellington, which made cracks in the mud five

feet wide and one hundred yards long, and in 1855 one was accompanied by a tidal wave so that the water came up to a man's knees. These earthquakes necessitated that all buildings constructed should be of wood, as they would expand more easily with the shock. We experienced two slight shocks which began with a rumble and then a shaking of the house and furniture. As these convulsions became less frequent and the people more courageous, brick and stone took the place of wood. But in no building is the use of wood more marked than in the general government building, which is said to be the largest wooden building in the Southern Hemisphere. It covers two acres of land; it is four stories high and has three front entrances. There is a clock over the middle entrance, and guarding it are the lion and the unicorn.

We went into the front vestibule. Hung on the walls are views of New Zealand, and on the floor there stood rows of potted plants. There were long leather-covered seats for visitors. A guard in British uniform was walking up and down the corridors. This immense building contains from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy offices of men in government service. There are several rooms in the rear which are used for lithographic printing.

A short distance from the government building

are the Museum and Church of England cemetery. The Museum is well worth several visits, while to the lovers of seclusion and meditation the cemetery is a beautiful spot. The collection in the Museum is very large. In our visit we took note particularly of those things which we had not seen elsewhere. Among the animals were a preaching and a negro monkey, a leopard with her baby, a leopard seal, a Polish bull and an Australian hedgehog. We never saw such bright plumage as the birds had. The collection included the morepork, swamp hen, pelican, with an immense beak, four little parson birds with white collars, the tailless kiivi, and the kea stripping a dead lamb of the fat near the kidneys, of which it is very fond. These birds are being exterminated in New Zealand, as they are so destructive to the sheep. What a variety of fish the New Zealand waters yield! The blue shark, elephant fish, sole, schnapper, ling, frost, marble, trumpeter, rock-cod, flounder, turbot, haddock and others. The shells, corals and starfish are lovely, and the sponges of the most curious shapes.

On a large platform is a relief map of New Zealand painted in brilliant colors, and curious footprints from Poverty Bay. An immense skeleton of a moa, a curious bird which lived on the island in early days, graces a part of the build-

ing. There are coins, minerals and curios from the Sandwich and Fiji islands, and Japan, and glass cases of bright-winged South African locusts and South American butterflies. There were two other cases. One of them contained two Maori heads and a plaque of a Maori woman, with long, green stone earrings, carrying a baby on her back, carved in kauri gum. In the other were two curious pictures made by placing a mold in the spring at Auvergne, France, when the mineral deposit formed the picture.

Among the Maori relics was a mat that attracted much notice. It was woven of feathers from the New Zealand pigeon, kaka, hina, white heron, kiivi, and had a fringe of dog's hair. There was a war cloak made of the thongs of dogskin; red, black and white flags, riddled with balls, from the Maori wars, and an old drum taken from the battlefield in the Crimean war.

It was a most beautiful day when we strolled up and down the hilly narrow paths of the English cemetery. Here grow in beautiful profusion the native trees and shrubs of the country, and interspersed among the green are the brilliant red of the geranium and the dark purple of the fuchsia. There are no ancient gravestones here, but many odd designs not met with in other

countries. Some of the graves are surrounded by narrow paths, bordered by box hedges. On them are glass cases containing wax wreaths and over the whole is a frame of wire netting. This is carefully padlocked. A fence with a gate on which there is a black and gilt door plate with the family name, incloses the quiet resting place of the dead. The top of another grave is paved with black and white tiles in checker-board design. Near by is a large rock inscribed with the names of a father and daughter. Three long upright stones standing side by side mark the grave of one who belonged to the Order of the Druids. Some of the graves are thickly covered with shells. The largest monument we saw is of marble with stone steps. It is of one of the earliest settlers and representatives to the First Parliament. Another pyramidal grey-stone monument, surmounted by a Greek cross, marks the remains of a captain in the Bengal Cavalry. Close to it is the grave of the first Primitive Methodist minister who crossed the equator. A little way off and rising up above a mass of green ivy, stands a white angel with folded arms and a star of hope on her forehead.

On our return down the path toward home, we stopped for a long time before a granite sarcophagus, on which are carved two small white marble caskets, bearing floral emblems and the

names, "Clara, Ada, nine months. Twins Taken."

But the most touching spot of all is a tiny baby's grave, remote from the others and almost hidden by the tall grass round it. It is surrounded by a box hedge, and two little empty stone jugs stand at its head and foot. While we stood looking at this nameless grave, a little bird on a tree overhead dropped a feather from its tail, which fell down and rested noiselessly upon it. Had the little form beneath been alive, how it would have reached out its baby hands to catch it!

Not very far away is the Botanical Garden of one hundred acres. Hilly paths traverse this wild growth of New Zealand bush. A massive stone circular fort with a tomb-like inclosure for magazines is about completed. From the top of this elevation a very fine view of the city and harbor can be obtained. There are deep ravines in the garden which are full of tree ferns, English pines, tea tree and varieties of other bush. There are seats here and there to rest one's limbs after traveling over the steep hills.

Thorndan is called the aristocratic part of Wellington. Besides the Government House, Parliament Building, and Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Congregational churches, there are very many pretty homes in this locality.

The Government House is an imposing brown wooden building with a square tower. It is surrounded by extensive grounds. The cost was £30,000. The Parliament Building is of light grey wood with red trimmings. The lawns about it are well kept and the gardens are full of beautiful flowers. There is a custodian to show visitors about the building. The front entrance leads into a large lounging hall, hung with pictures and furnished with comfortable leather-seated sofas. It reminded us of the old Parliament House in Edinburgh. The dining room has a bar attached. The sitting room and library open into each other and are furnished with all the comforts of a home drawing-room. The library numbers some thirty-eight thousand volumes. We have spent many happy hours reading in this cozy room. Parliament consists of two houses, the upper and the lower house. The former is hung with green rep curtains, and portraits of the deceased members adorn the walls. The speaker's chair and table are at one end of the room. The representatives' seats with desks are arranged in semicircles facing the speaker. Four galleries, for ladies, the press, strangers, and speakers, extend round the room.

The upper house is a smaller room furnished in grey and gold. The seats and desks are similar to those in the lower house. There is a life-size

portrait of Queen Victoria on the wall, and the door mats are stamped with a crown and H. M.

The governor of the colony is appointed by the queen, with a salary of £5,000 a year, which is paid by the colony. He always opens the upper house.

The Legislative Council consists of forty-four members, two Maoris included, who are appointed for seven years. The House of Representatives consists of seventy-four members and four Maoris, elected for three years by the votes of the people in every electoral district appointed for that purpose. Although the Electoral Act of 1893, extended to women the right to register as electors and to vote at the election for members, they are not qualified to be elected as members of the House.

There are several theaters and halls of the different lodges in the city. Churches are numerous and represent some six denominations. The Jews have their synagogues, and the Salvation Army a new brick citadel. Kent Terrace Presbyterian Church has recently been completed. Saint John's Presbyterian Church is one of the wealthiest and most prosperous churches in the colony. Two relics of the past still remain: a series of steps, called "Plimmer's Steps," which lead up from Lambton Quay to "Noah's Ark," the home of old "Father Wellington." There

has been worked into this house the hulk of a vessel which came to Wellington in the early days.

On the side of a hotel, in Willis Street are a dozen carved wooden heads, which are called the "Old Identities," and represent the pioneer fathers of the city.

At the Tearo end of the city are the Lunatic Asylum, the Hospital which will accommodate one hundred and thirty-two indoor patients and three hundred outdoor patients, Boys' College, Barracks, Basin Reserve and Saint Patrick's College, built in 1884.

The industries of the city are numerous, and include iron and brass foundries, factories, saw mills, soap, candle, glass and match works, boat, rope, twine, sash, door making, meat freezing and preserving works. There are two daily and several weekly papers. The city is supplied with electric lights, which are kept burning from sunset to sunrise. The waterworks were built at a cost of £130,000. One acquainted with the early history of the city will readily see that the names of its places and streets form a key to its colonization and development. The liabilities of the city are now £707,209 and the assets £1,022,151.

It was our pleasure one day to attend the annual bowling tournament. This took place on the bowling green, which is some distance from the business part of the city. The green had the

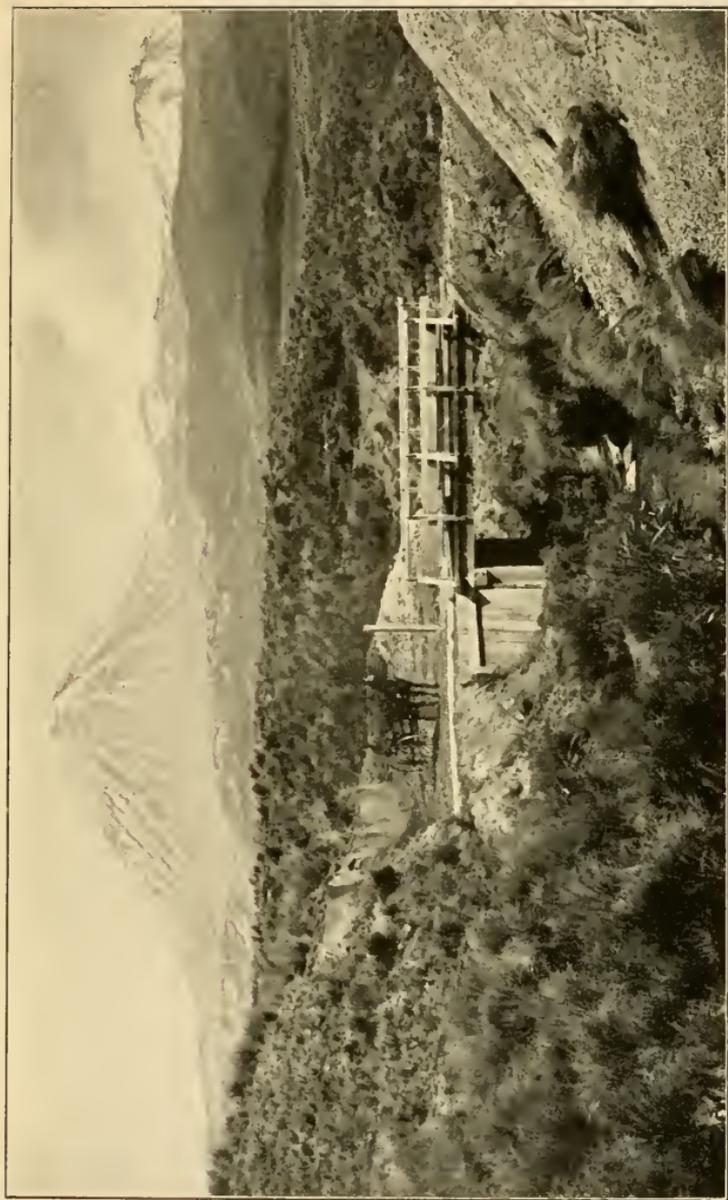
appearance of a shaded tapestry carpet. There was a concrete walk round it and long narrow beds of bright flowers. The sides of the green sloped in terraces, and seats were placed here and there for visitors. There was a pavilion with two verandas where tea, sandwiches and cake were served by a committee of ladies. The bowlers wore different kinds of suits, and different colored bands on their hats. The game of bowls consists in one side rolling the balls as near as possible to the little white ball called the jack, while the object of the opponent is to try to drive the balls away. There was the greatest interest and quietness on the part of the bowlers. It is called "The Old Men's Game," as so many white-haired men indulge in it. For eight months in the year the leading business men in the city are found at the green every afternoon from four to six, and on Saturday from two to six. Although thoroughly engrossed in their business during the regular hours, and accumulating wealth, they turn to this simple game for rest to both mind and body.

The farewell reception given by the citizens of Wellington in the exhibition building to the governor and Lady Glasgow was a great success. We were fortunate in obtaining admission to it. Upon our entrance into the building we saw two long rows of the Permanent Artillery and the

Wellington Guards standing facing each other. At 8:30 in the evening the viceregal party consisting of the governor and the mayoress, Lady Glasgow and the mayor, the governor's three daughters escorted by officers of the squadron, the private secretary and two captains entered the building, and conducted by an old piper in kilts, who played McKiller's "Farewell" passed down between the rows of soldiers into a drawing-room in front of the stage, while a band played the national anthem.

Soon the audience was ready to enjoy the evening. The people were in their best attire, many of them in fine evening dress. The hall was decorated with the flags of the different countries. Over the stage was the Wellington Corporation's coat of arms and "Good-bye. Now fare you well and joy be wi' you."—Burns. The Royal Standard and New Zealand Ensign surmounted with the earl of Glasgow's coat of arms also graced the stage. The programme was long and consisted of songs and farewells from the city, Caledonian Society and the governor. Refreshments were afterwards served.

The next important event was the farewell to the governor and family as they sailed away from New Zealand. Long before the time of the departure of the family, the "Talue," which was to convey them lay at the wharf waiting.



NGARUAHOE AND TONGARIRO MOUNTAINS.



The "Corinna" and "Wahinapua" which were to accompany the "Talue" to Worser Bay were full of passengers, as was also the wharf and every available place near. Ropes were stretched in front of the crowd so as to preserve a way for the governor's party. Two lines of artillerymen, volunteers and sailors were arranged on the wharf for the farewell. The Wellington Rowing Club was also present. At 3:30 the band played, there was a sound of horses' feet, and on came, first, the baggage van, then two carriages containing the family. Lady Glasgow was leaning against a pillow and as we were very near to her, we could see that she was controlling herself admirably. One of the daughters was weeping. It was but a short time before the steamer sailed away and the last thing we saw was the governor and the family on the captain's bridge waving their handkerchiefs, while cannons and rockets were fired and the crowd gave three hearty cheers. Lord and Lady Glasgow had been in New Zealand for five years, and had won the love and appreciation of its people. Upon their return the following message was received from them :

"MELBOURNE, Feb. 17, 1897.

"To the Editor New Zealand Times :

"SIR :—Now that I have sufficient leisure to be able to look back more calmly at our de-

parture from New Zealand, I hope you will allow me, through your columns, to express, however inadequately, on behalf of Lady Glasgow and myself, our deep appreciation of the cordial leave-taking accorded to us on that occasion. The scene which met our eyes when we went on board the 'Talue' was a most impressive one, and we were much moved and touched by the spontaneousness of the gathering, and by the heartiness of the reception we got from the vast crowd which had assembled.

"As long as we live we shall never forget our leaving New Zealand. The many tokens of regard which we received from the people as our vessel left the wharf, were the last but not the least of the many proofs we have received during our stay in the colony, of the kindly feeling entertained toward us by the inhabitants of Wellington, a feeling which we have always thoroughly reciprocated. We shall never forget New Zealand, nor its warm-hearted people, in whose welfare we shall always take the deepest interest.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"GLASGOW."

Two more important events took place here during our stay. The first, the marriage of the premier's daughter, was a pretty affair. The ceremony was performed in St. Paul's church, which was very tastily decorated with flowers. The pillar at the end was festooned with green and the chancel was filled with potted plants. The wedding ceremony was performed under a large

bell made of white flowers and green vines. There was a lover's knot of white satin, with the initials of the bride and groom at the ends on the front of the bell. The bride was dressed in white and the little maids of honor carried crooks. There was an address to the newly-wedded pair after the ceremony. The wedding was public so the church was full. The majority of the people belonged to the working class, and so anxious were they to see the ceremony that they stood on the seats of the pews. There were some babies in the audience. The list of presents filled two or three columns in the daily paper.

We must not forget the Industrial Exhibition which continued for many months in the city, and was attended every day by hundreds of people. How different was the first exhibition in 1841, when two cabbages weighing twenty-one and a half and twelve pounds, potatoes nine inches long, and turnips twenty-one inches in circumference, wheat, and apples grown on English trees formed the principal objects of interest in this exhibition in the early days of the city. A few weeks ago, when we passed down the halls of the large newly built exhibition building, what a variety of objects met our eyes!

The first thing that attracted our notice was a fountain playing upon the green ferns which were planted round its base. Flags hung from

the interior of the building. On our left was an exhibit of coal from the Greymouth Coal Company, and a case of beautiful polished gums. Two tables carved from New Zealand wood were lovely. There was an art gallery of paintings, some of them finely executed, and trout ponds banked with ferns. We were much interested in the work of the little kindergarten children. Specimens of their sewing attracted our notice, such as buttonholes, a little sleeve, dresses and a tiny shirt. There were paper cutting, wickerwork, clay dogs, cats, bead flowers, woolen chickens, and a painted drain pipe covered with paper mats. Then there was the work done by the more advanced scholars. A map of the world by a girl thirteen years old was very fine.

The home industries, such as a framed picture of shells and seaweed from Wellington Bay, and ornaments made of bone, showed ingenuity. There was a little rustic cottage made of moss and sticks with a piece of mirror for a pond, that was really a marvel of skill for a child only thirteen years old. In one corner of the building were samples of paper made by W. H. Parsons of New Zealand. Sixty tons were made in one day, and eighteen great rolls are used in one week for printing the Wellington Evening Post.

There were exhibits of candles, woolen goods, tobacco grown in New Zealand, blankets, ledger

books, wire mattresses, and many, many other things grown or manufactured here. There were jars of pickles, chowchow, ketchup, sauce and many other condiments made from New Zealand produce by a young man twenty years of age. His photograph ornamented one of the jars. We have not space to enumerate the other interesting things we saw. Suffice it to say Wellington has reason to be proud of its Industrial Exhibition of 1896-'97.

Wishing to vary our programme a little and to see something beyond the city, we took a trip by rail to a little village nine miles out called the Flower Hutt. The Hutt river runs through the village, dividing it into the Upper and Lower Hutt. We took the train from the Tearo station and found to our delight that we were riding in a real American car, the first we had seen since leaving home. The ride to the Hutt is particularly pretty, as the railroad curves along the edge of the water nearly all the way. We put our heads out of the windows and saw the small engine away on ahead, and our cars, curving like a serpent, following on behind. We went through three little places with queer Maori names and then came to the Lower Hutt. There was a drag waiting at the station and we got into it, and rode to McNabb Gardens, the principal object of interest at the Hutt. We got out

at an iron gate, through which we went up a long graveled walk, until we came to a large lawn on which there was a fine tennis court. There was a pretty cottage house at one side and wood verandas running round it. Extending back and on the other side were well-kept gardens full of the most beautiful flowers. Back of the house was a cage with several monkeys in it. There was also a well of water in which hung a stone pot containing some pats of butter. We strolled for a while about the gardens, sat on the lawn, watched the monkeys in their queer antics and then went into the cozy drawing-room, where we had cake and glasses of rich creamy milk. The older ones chatted while Phyllis ran outside to see the monkeys again and to run about the grounds. One of the monkeys had been allowed to roam at large a few weeks previous and having gained access to a boarder's room, she had torn up his photographs, broken his mirror, and done so much mischief that she was shut up again in the cage. She had a great fondness for a little puppy that lived on the grounds, and when it was given to her, she took it in her arms and held it as a mother does her baby, while she tried to rock it to sleep.

Our dinner was served in a private room, and we remember particularly the luscious strawberries and thick cream. After dinner we were

strolling about when we saw a carriage load of tennis players coming up the walk for a game on the lawn. We had our afternoon tea and returned home with two beautiful bouquets and pleasant memories of our afternoon's outing at the Hutt.

We had an opportunity one evening of seeing the interior of the Opera House, a plain, square, grey-stone building, and hearing a very good opera by the Choral Society of the city. The chorus consisted of some two hundred and fifty singers and an orchestra in which there were two lady violinists. The alto and soprano singers were dressed in white with wide red and blue ribbons fastened diagonally from shoulder to waist, the colors indicating the respective parts. The bass and tenor singers were seated with the rest of the chorus on the stage back of the orchestra. The conductor, the soloists and the chorus, all did their parts well. The majority of the ladies and gentlemen in the audience were in evening dress. The whole affair was very creditable for Wellington home talent.

Quite the opposite to this entertainment was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the St. John's Presbyterian Church which we attended. Here the chapel was thrown open and for a couple of hours there was a "conversazione" with sandwiches, cakes, tea and coffee for refreshment.

Then the large number were seated, and speeches by different prominent Presbyterian clergymen in the colony, bearing upon the joyful anniversary of the church, were listened to by an appreciative audience. There was a grand piano upon the platform and the programme was varied from time to time by songs and instrumental music by the organist of the church and by members of the choir. As the organist was a very fine pianist and the voices of the singers were well trained, this part of the entertainment was very enjoyable. We remember one young Scotch lady who sang "The Land o' the Leal" most simply, but very touchingly. It was rendered more so by her pretty Scotch accent. But most curious to relate two ladies who were present at the church anniversary found out very much to their surprise that their pockets had been picked, and money taken while they were enjoying the exercises. People engaged in such a profession are not generally found in religious circles.

The 25th of December came and with it the roses and singing of birds. The stores were full of beautiful Christmas goods, and the streets of customers hurrying to and fro, their arms full of bundles. "Father Christmas" appeared in many shops dressed in furs, wig and mask, jingling his bells and greeting the children as they entered. Christmas trees hung with gifts one shilling

apiece were largely patronized by the little customers. Another custom is that of each little one buying a gift for him or herself. But we missed the evergreen wreaths, holly boughs, snowdrifts and the reindeer sleigh. We could not reconcile Christmas with warm winds, thin clothing and hot sunshine, but things are different on the opposite sides of the globe.

On New Year's Day it was warm and bright, and we took what is called the Queen's drive to Island Bay. It was hot in the dusty street, but as we neared the water a fresh breeze sprang up and cooled our heated faces. We reached the hotel and although we were not hungry after our hearty dinner, still we must fall in with the colony's custom and eat our cake and drink our tea, and feeling quite refreshed we drove with the sea on one side and high land on the other. Soon we came to a large opening in the side of the hill. "This is the hermit's cave; would you like to get out?" said our friend. "Yes, we want to see all there is to be seen," replied a voice. So we all got out of the carriage and stepped inside of the cave. It is a strange dwelling place for a human being, dark, damp and dirty. Yet in this secluded abode, its only furniture a hard wooden pallet and a shelf of pamphlets and papers, there has lived for many years a pale, emaciated man, secluding himself from the beautiful world in

which God has placed him, and wasting in this solitary cavern by the sea a life full of grand opportunities for doing good in the world. God have pity on his ignorance!

As we drove round the bend in the road what a contrasting picture met us! We heard merry peals of laughter mingled with the shouts of children. All along the shore were picnic parties, fathers, mothers and children. A camera would have made a number of pretty pictures. One was a horse unhitched and unharnessed, strolling along leisurely, and nibbling the fresh grass by the roadside. The family carriage was empty and resting on the ground; at a little distance was the steaming "billy" or tinpail hung on cross sticks over a blazing fire. A tablecloth was spread on the beach, and it was loaded with tempting food. Round it was seated the family, some eating and some drinking tea, while the little ones had their mugs of milk. A little way on another family had finished their picnic and while the mother was gathering up the dishes and remnants of food, the father and children were wading in the water and throwing in sticks for the pet dog to swim to and bring back in his mouth to the shore. As we passed this last group an older daughter rode up on horseback to drive home with her family. The whole scene was so real, so homelike, so pleasant that we could not

help contrasting it with the one we had left behind us—the lonely hermit in his dreamy solitude, and the happy family enjoying together the fresh air and sunshine of this lovely world.

It was a very cold, windy afternoon when we went down to the opening of the new bath house at the Thorndan end of the city. We could keep our hats on only by holding to them. The bath house is of wood, painted a light cream with round cupolas painted a dark green. Flags were flying from these, the Stars and Stripes among them. The admission to the baths was a six-pence. A long platform runs round the back and two sides of the house, and bath houses open into it. Steps go down to the square inclosure of water at the end. There was a large number of people collected on the platform, while the Mayor's representative—he was himself in court attending a murder case—in a brief speech declared the baths open to the public. Then followed races by swimmers, three men at a time, then a professional swimmer plunged into the water and performed all kinds of antics, swimming with one foot in the air, turning somersaults under water, rolling over and over like a barrel and floating with his eyes shut. Then a number of swimmers had a lively game of football in the water, and the grand finale was a man put into a bag thrown into the water and ap-

pearing above the water out of the bag in a few seconds after he was thrown in. During the performance the band played and tea and cake were served either on the veranda or in the cozy little room for the purpose. There is no doubt that the Thorndan Baths will have a large patronage.

We tried a salt sea bath one day at the Tearo Baths. It consisted principally in clambering down some very slippery rocks, holding onto a rope, and letting the waves slap up against us until we were glad to get our breaths and climb up the steps again into our bath house. Poor little Phyllis was blue and shivering with the cold, while the tears were pouring down her cheeks. After a good rubbing and dressing and running about, we felt much invigorated. We were told that the inclosure of the water was to prevent the sharks, which are frequently found in the water, from attacking the bathers.

To-day we visited the supreme court and witnessed the exciting trial and sentence to death of a man found guilty of murdering an aged couple living at Petone in the city suburbs. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, the judge put on the black cap and condemned the prisoner to death by hanging after being conveyed to the Terrace Jail. The large crowd then moved quietly out, and the court room was soon empty. The procedure of the court, prosecution, defense

and trial were simple and fair, and based upon the law of England.

It was on the first of April that we attended the unveiling of the statue of the late Premier Ballance. Long before one o'clock a crowd of men, women and children and babies began to assemble on the grounds and outside of the Parliament Building to witness the unveiling of the statue erected to the memory of the late Premier Ballance of New Zealand. It was covered with a dark red cloth buttoned at one side and secured by a rope at the bottom. It was surrounded by a circle of volunteers. A man stood at one side with a beautiful wreath. In the upper window of the store opposite was a camera ready and on a roof near by another camera. Two men were holding onto the cloth in front of it, for the wind was blowing furiously. There were speeches, the long one by Premier Sedden, after which the cloth was taken off, revealing a white statue with an old-fashioned collar, marked features and a pile of books on the grey-stone pedestal. Engraved on the base were the words, "He loved the people." The wreath was laid at the foot of the statue, photographs were taken, and the crowd dispersed to the House for the opening of Parliament, which began with the firing of cannon on the lawn-tennis court back of the House. The cannon carriages were drawn up on one side and

the horses were mounted by men in uniform. We had seats on the floor. There were sixteen reporters in the gallery, the others were crowded with men and women. At the appointed hour Chief Justice Prendergast (the governor having finished his term of office and returned to England) drove up the carriage way, accompanied by mounted troopers and an escort of military men, the contingent who went to the Queen's Jubilee. Wellington College Cadets as a guard of honor stood at the door. A voice called out in the house "Mr. Speaker," and in he came and took his seat, a plain-looking man in a dress suit. Then the usher of the black rod in a long black gown announced "His Excellency, the Administrator." Prendergast with a wig and gown, knee breeches, white ruffles, lace collar and black velvet vest then came in and took his seat. Then came in the sergeant at arms with the golden mace, followed by the speaker of the Lower House, the premier, ministers and members. The chief justice then opened Parliament by a short speech which he read. The object of Parliament was to arrange for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee (sixtieth year) in London, June 22, and a discussion on other matters relating to the interests of the colony.

Our next trip was to the two small villages of Carterton and Masterton, which lie seventy-two

miles north of Wellington. We left the city at 3:15 in the afternoon and reached Carterton at seven o'clock in the evening. Our ride by rail through this part of the country gave us a fine opportunity of seeing New Zealand in its native dress and untouched as yet by the hand of man. For a long distance our train passed "bush"—trees, shrubs, bushes, beautiful ferns, some as large as trees, and feather-like toi-toi. This is a grass which grows in clumps of long narrow green leaves and tall stocks, the ends of which are covered with a light yellow plume, which looks very much like the pampas grass that grows in Florida. Every once in a while we would emerge from this forest of growth and stop at a small station to take on or to discharge passengers. Then our train would start on again to be lost in a tunnel. We went through six of these on our way to Carterton, one of them was one-half mile in length. Our railroad ran along the Rimutaka range of mountains and some of the views from this ascending and descending way are the best in the neighborhood of Wellington. As we rode along, on our right the beautiful Wairarapa Lake, twelve miles long by four miles broad, burst upon our view, and the valley eighty miles long by twenty miles wide, lay stretched out in all its agricultural and growing beauty.

Some of the little stations at which we stopped

had English names, such as Silverstream, Cross-creek, Pigeon Bush, Featherstone, Fernside, and Woodside. Many of the others had Maori names, which only a real Maori can pronounce correctly. It was raining hard when we reached Carterton. Soon we got into a large drag which was waiting at the station and drove to hospitable Dr. Y——'s home. We decided to stay over Sunday and preach at Carterton, and then go on to Masterton. The next day after our arrival being Sunday, we all went to church. It was a small wooden building with uncushioned wooden pews and carpetless floor. The congregation numbered about seventy-five. Two young ladies present were in riding habits, as they lived some distance off and came to church on horseback. Three small birds which had flown into the window and taken up their abode in the woodwork in the interior of the church, kept flying about and singing during the whole of the service. As the congregation did not seem to notice them, we concluded that it was a common occurrence. It was in Carterton that we read the first chapters in Ian MacLaren's book, "Days of Auld Lang Syne." It had just arrived in New Zealand. It was made doubly interesting as one of our listeners was an old Scotch lady, who understood perfectly the Scotch language and the customs described in it. After our short

but pleasant visit in Carterton, we decided to drive to Masterton about eight miles away, and spend a week there and then return to Wellington. Our way led through the one long wide street in Carterton, on the sides of which the principal stores and buildings are located. Some of these are only one story high. Soon we were out on a country road and in the little village of Masterton. We remained here about a week, enjoying the quiet and freedom of this country village. There are very pretty walks in Masterton. One along the banks of the river bordered by ferns and grasses to the old mill and its revolving wheel, which throws up the water in white spray. Another down a country road bordered on one side by a beautiful hawthorn hedge. One morning we took a walk through the business street. At the end just before we reached the river, we noticed a little house, one side of which was literally covered with ripe apricots, hanging from a vine that clambered over the entire front of the house. We went down to the bank of the river and found a sandy beach covered with pebbles, and sweet with the scent of mint growing on it. This winding river is a pretty feature of the landscape.

One day we enjoyed a real New Zealand picnic in the bush. Another day a long drive behind two spirited white horses, past large fields of

oats and wheat and extensive runs of sheep and cattle, to a Maori settlement or pa.

The houses were mostly one story wooden houses of the plainest architecture,—but what an advance on the original Maori huts! We saw the old and new civilization keenly marked in two houses which stood side by side, one a little black hovel, empty and deserted, the other a new, painted wooden cottage, with lace curtains at the windows and little dark Maori faces looking out at us. But the thing which interested us most was the Maori church. It was shaped like Noah's Ark. There was a door and window in front. The pillars in front were carved with hideous-looking figures, with pieces of pearl shell for eyes. The building was painted black and red. The walls were made of weeds or rushes laid closely together. As the building was locked, we could get a glimpse of the interior only through the window. The audience room inside was seated with benches; at the rear was a red curtain and behind it a white pulpit shaped like a tombstone. We were told that services were held here every Sunday and well attended by the Maoris in the settlement. Another interesting place to visit in Masterton is the trout-hatching grounds. The curator who has held the position over ten years, is a very kind, obliging man, and is ready to supply visitors

with any information desired. He escorted us about the place, showing us the different kinds of ducks and fowl, and then took us to the ponds, where the large trout are. Wishing to show us the size and cleverness of his fish, he filled a pail full of raw liver and kidneys, and walking along quietly by the edge of the pond, he threw in spoonfuls of this chopped mixture. Hungry and eager to be fed, the fish darted to the surface of the water. With a quick motion of his hand he caught them in a net so that we might see them. They were very timid, but large, beautiful trout. As soon as they were released they darted away as fast as they could swim. The curator said they knew his footstep, and as soon as he appeared on the bank they would follow him for a long distance coming every now and then to the surface to be fed. We went into the hatching house and while there the curator explained to us the process. As soon as the large trout in the pond are "ripe," the spawn is taken from them and from it millions of little fish or "fry" are hatched. These are fed three times a day on meat minced very fine, and passed through a sieve of the finest perforated zinc, the holes being made larger as the fish grow. As soon as the fish are old enough, they are put into the ponds throughout the colony. There will be this year (1898) about one million liberated

throughout North island and the west coast of South island. The number of ova collected last year from different kinds of trout at the ponds and from river fish, was two million, and the number of "eyed ova" sold to other Acclimatization Societies in New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand Government, was four hundred and twenty-two thousand.

Our return to Wellington was by rail, the same way we came, but our train changed its rate of speed, and moved very slowly, as it was up grade all the way. We were thus enabled to get out and gather a large bunch of toi-toi and easily reach our car by walking rapidly after it. It was eight o'clock in the evening and the city was ablaze with lights when we came into the station. It was not long before we were in our comfortable quarters again, and dozing off to sleep with pleasant memories of our northern trip.

Our stay in Wellington at this time was very short, of only a few days' duration, but we availed ourselves one afternoon of the opportunity of going on St. John's Sunday-school picnic to Day's Bay, a very pretty spot not far from the city and a famous resort for picnic parties. As about six hundred children, besides pastor, officers of the church, teachers and parents constituted the party, two boats were chartered for the purpose. These were both comfortably filled

and we set sail. When we got some way out, our captain secured a majority of votes from the passengers to sail near an opposite shore to Day's Bay, so as to see the wreck of a vessel, of which considerable notice had been taken lately in the daily papers. The ship was from London. It was bound for Wellington. It had been out some ninety days, and had almost reached its port, when it ran against some rocks in the night and was almost broken to pieces. Our captain steered the boat near to it, and we saw the huge wreck lying there in the water. The beach was strewn with casks and debris and the crew were camping out along the sands in tents. It was while our steamer lay tossing about in the waves near the wreck, that many of the picnic party, including the little children, were quite seasick. One of the elders of the church, who had not approved of diverting from the object of the sail, ordered the captain to go on and soon we reached the strip of beach where our picnic was to be held. We had a pleasant time conversing with friends, while the children swung, waded, dug in the sand and had a good time generally. There was an abundance of sandwiches, cake, and tea, and plenty of sweet milk for the little ones. The beach was smooth and sandy and covered with very pretty shells. We came home by sunset, singing Sunday-school songs. The sky

was beautiful with red, purple and gold clouds, and as the little children clambered up the wharf, their pockets full of candy from the "lolly" scramble on deck, they were a tired but happy company. To some of them this picnic had been their only holiday from home during the year.

#### AUCKLAND.

Auckland, the "Corinth of the South," was settled a year later than Wellington. The British flag was hoisted there on September 19, 1840, by Captain W. C. Symonds, at the request of Governor Hobson, and was saluted by discharges of guns from ships in the harbor. Auckland then became the seat of government and capital of the colony. The news spread, which caused a great influx of people from Australia and Europe. Prices of land kept step with the growth of the population. The seat of government was moved to Wellington in 1865. Like Wellington, Auckland is built on hills and has one of the finest harbors in New Zealand. The Calliope Dock is the longest in the colony, five hundred and twenty-five feet long, while the Auckland Dock is three hundred and thirteen feet long. The Calliope Dock can accommodate at one time two of the largest vessels of Her Majesty's fleet. It cost £135,000. A most beautiful view can be obtained of the harbor and district within the

radius of twelve to twenty miles of the city from the top of mount Eden, six hundred and fifty feet high. The mountain lies a short distance from the city.

The sky was blue and atmosphere very clear the day we went to mount Eden. It was quite a climb and as the road curved nearly all the way, it was doubly hard. The sun was overhead and hot, but we walked very slowly. When we had reached nearly the top, we stopped to look at the large crater which was full of lava and stones, for mount Eden is really an extinct volcano. The grass on the sides of the mountain was dry from the lack of rain, but we saw some horses feeding on it. At the top of the mountain there is a long wooden seat in the form of a square, and from the many initials and names carved in it, we knew that many an idle hour had been spent here by visitors. We do not think the descriptions we have heard of the view from mount Eden at all exaggerated. It is certainly fine—the harbor with the blue water and boats, and hills all about the little villages scattered here and there, and the city with its buildings and spires and streets, which look like a series of straight lines. We found the view so enchanting and the air so pure and invigorating, we hated to leave it. The descent was not so laborious as the ascent, and we were fortunate upon

reaching the road, to find a bus waiting for us which conveyed us to our boarding place in time for lunch.

Among the fine buildings in Auckland is the Public Free Library, in which the Art Museum is located on the second floor. This library was built with funds left by Mr. Costley, and it cost £22,000. There is a reading room and fourteen thousand volumes in the library. Besides the general library, there is one composed of rare and original documents, donated by Sir Geo. Grey, one of the early governors. We went several times to the art gallery, which has in it many valuable pictures by the citizens, and the McKelvie collection is a little gallery in itself. Several of these pictures remain quite vividly in our mind, while others we do not remember at all. The feeble old rooster and hens, with feathers all drooping, certainly were expressive of "old age," while "The Hermit," with his shaggy hair and muscular frame was very impressive. "The School Mistress' Birthday" represented a group of children trooping up to the school-teacher and handing her various presents. One little girl has a bird in a cage, another an apple and a third with a kitten, with ribbon and bell round its neck.

The most impressive of all the paintings was founded on the poem of Sir Walter Scott on the Laird's Return. It showed Sir Edward

Spence's wife and daughters on the seashore, in different postures, looking off over the water for his return. The coloring, the expression of the faces, the attitudes, the scenery and especially the great English mastiff in the fore-ground are beautifully painted. There is a pathetic charm about the picture which attracts many to it.

Situated next to the Public Library is the Albert Park with its walks, flower gardens, lawns, fine trees and seats for visitors. It includes seven acres of land. It is not only a pleasure resort, but a thoroughfare for all classes of people going to and fro in the city. It is situated on very high land, and from the loftiest portion one has a fine view of the city. The top is surmounted by a flagstaff which is surrounded by antique cannon captured from the Russians during the Crimean war.

We were in Auckland during the great gold-mining boom at Coromandel, and gold shares were the principal topic of conversation among the business men. Often during the day the sidewalks about the brokers' offices were so crowded with men that the police had to make way for the other foot passengers. At a certain hour of the day a man would appear ringing a bell in front of the offices, and then the value of stocks would be announced. Auckland, like the older New Zealand cities, has its banks, insur-

ance companies, warehouses, and industries. It has a population of fifty-two thousand including suburbs. Auckland is not only pretty in itself but in its suburbs also. Remuera is a lovely country spot, and New Market, a contrast in its stores. Both are reached by train or bus. If one walks to Parnell, another suburb, he can have the privilege of going up and down one of the steepest hills in the city. This is concreted and is called "Constitution Hill." After reaching the top, one requires a few minutes to recover breath, while the descent must be guarded as a fall might prove fatal. There is also a pleasant domain of one hundred and eighty acres which leads up to the hospital. This is a large stone building surrounded by extensive grounds and situated on a high hill overlooking the harbor. Among the many friends we made in Auckland was a kind-hearted old Scotch lady, whose husband and two sons had been lost at sea, and another son had been killed and roasted and eaten by the cannibals on the Fiji Islands. We used to visit her often in her pretty little home. Notwithstanding her losses this dear friend always kept a sunny face turned toward the world and tried to lessen the sufferings of others.

#### CHRIST CHURCH.

Christ Church is situated in the northeastern

part of the Province of Canterbury and about eight miles inland from Port Lyttelton. It has a population of seventeen thousand, but with its suburbs it embraces some fifty-one thousand people. It covers a very large area of land. The best view to be obtained of the city is from the balcony of the Cathedral, which is about half-way up the spire. The city proper is bounded by four belts which are one mile and a quarter apart. The north and east belts are marked by a footpath extending down the center of the road and bordered on each side by a wide strip of grass and a row of trees. The young trees are inclosed for protection within four narrow pieces of wood driven into the ground and connected near the top by four short pieces nailed onto them at right angles. The west belt runs in front of the park and the south in front of the railroad station. The streets of the city, except High Street, run north and south, and east and west. They are named after the English bishops. The two squares, Latimer and Cranmer, recall to mind the two heroic martyrs who were burned at the stake.

The dwelling houses in Christ Church are chiefly of wood. Many of them are very pretty, with extensive grounds, beautifully laid out and well kept. Nearly every door yard, no matter of what size, has its garden of beautiful flowers.

The churches are numerous and of various denominations. They include a Jewish Synagogue, a Duetsche Kirche, and the famous Cathedral. A number of the church edifices are of handsome stone and pleasing architecture, and with dark green ivy clinging to them, remind the visitor of some of the churches in England. Although the Wesleyans and Presbyterians are numerous, the English Church claims the largest number of followers. These denominational differences are very strongly marked in the new cemetery, where each church has its own burying section.

The prettiest feature in the landscape of Christ Church is the long, narrow, winding river Avon. The Avon rises some five miles above the city, traces its serpentine course through the city and empties into the Pacific Ocean. Wherever a street crosses the river it is spanned by a bridge of stone and iron. On both sides of the river willow trees wave their long, graceful branches, and white and black swans with white-banded red beaks, float noiselessly over its surface. It is the delight of the little children to feed these creatures which come to the edges of the banks for crumbs. We were told that the river willows originated from the willows in Babylon, on which the poor homesick captive Jews hung their harps, because they could not sing their songs in a strange land.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague carried cuttings from the Babylonish Willows to Pope's garden at Twickenham. Slips were afterwards taken from these willows and planted near Napoleon's grave on the island of Saint Helena. The first French emigrants coming out to New Zealand touched at this island, and brought out in their boat "Compte de Paris" cuttings from these willows. Some of them were planted in Akaroa and some in Christ Church.

There is a good library in the city for the reading portion of the community. A visitor can have access to the reading room and reference library, and by paying half a crown has the privilege of taking out books for three months. There are some excellent paintings of New Zealand scenery exhibited in the art gallery. We noticed particularly a cluster of the beautiful mountain lilies, which are so prized on this island.

The city has a most lovely park and domain. It is laid out in velvety green lawns, broad gravel paths and beds of bright, flowery plants, some of which are rare and very interesting as a botanical study.

Aside from its business revenue, the city depends largely upon its grain and wool supplies. It also exports large quantities of frozen meat, butter, and cheese, to England. We had almost all kinds of weather except extreme winter during

our stay in Christ Church. We remember three days in particular. On the first the thermometer was  $103^{\circ}$  in the shade,  $130^{\circ}$  in the sun. The next day the wind blew a gale and the flying dust resembled the picture of a sandstorm in the Arabian desert, which we had seen so many times in our geographies at home. We went out on the street for a short distance but returned with the springs so twisted in an umbrella we carried, that it took one of the Christ Church's practical umbrella makers to put it to rights again by a new one. The third day everything was calm. The dust lay quietly in the streets. The mercury fell in the thermometer and we put on our winter clothes to keep ourselves warm. The night before Christmas we awoke to hear the singing of Christmas carols near our windows. The voices of the singers were sweet and were accompanied by a little barrel organ. When we went down to the breakfast table in the morning, we found the dining room prettily decorated with long sprays of "matipo"—a shrub whose leaves are small and green, and the white fragrant flowers of the sweet jessamine. "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" in silver letters were mixed in with the green which adorned the walls. At each plate was a green and white cluster of flowers and a pretty Christmas card.

On one day when the roses had reached their

perfection, the finest ones were brought into the city by different cultivators and exhibited in a hall. Prizes were offered for the choicest ones. This annual rose show is beautiful and calls forth the admiration of all who see it. But the greatest event of the year is the Canterbury Agricultural and Pastoral show. This is held in a large park and continues three days. It is during these days that one has the opportunity of seeing the finest sheep, cattle, horses, pigs and fowls raised in Canterbury. Also butter and cheese and other products are on exhibition. Thousands of people from the surrounding country assemble at the show, and the streets have the appearance of a crowded home city. At the show in 1896 £1,000 (\$5,000) were taken at the entrance gate.

The Canterbury colony was founded by an English syndicate, consisting of earls, lords and bishops. It was to be a Church of England settlement. On December 16, 1850, the band of pilgrims from England arrived at Port Lyttelton in four vessels, and before the end of the following year there were two thousand six hundred people landed under the leadership of a Mr. John Robert Godley. Sheep farmers came from Australia, bought land and settled to raise sheep. The little colony was very successful. Within three years after their arrival they exported

£40,000 worth of wool to the mother country. In 1853 the control of the settlement was vested in a superintendent and provincial council, and in 1876 the whole district came directly under the management of New Zealand.

Canterbury has by far the finest grazing and agricultural land in New Zealand. It comprises eight million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and fifty-five acres of land of which one million eight hundred and forty thousand six hundred and eighty-one acres are considered first class, and four million seven hundred and seven thousand one hundred and seventy-three acres ranked as second class, and the remainder as third, and barren land of little value.

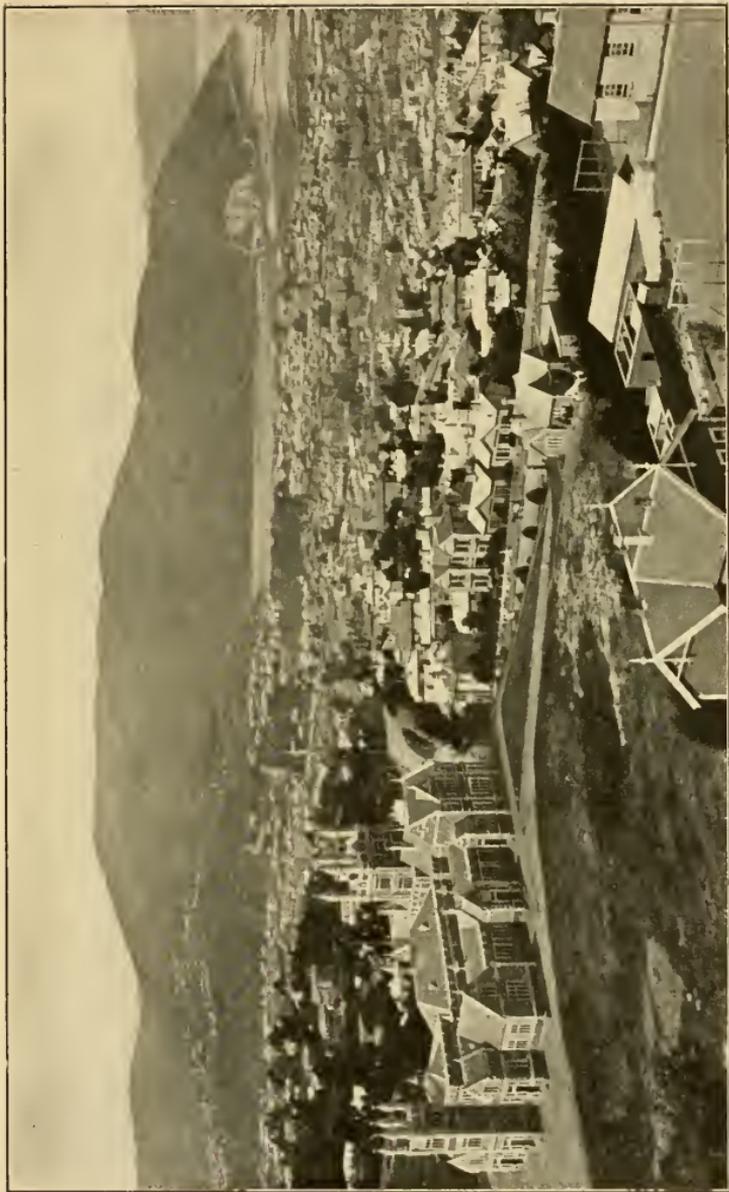
Lyttelton is one of the leading ports in New Zealand. It is called the "Port of the Plains." It is built on hills which slope down to the water's edge. There are two breakwaters which encircle an area of water of one hundred and seven acres. This inclosed water space will accommodate twenty-two ocean ships and steamers, twenty barques and brigs, eight inter-colonial steamers, thirty schooners and smaller crafts. Long wharves on which are built sheds extend into the water. The Gladstone wharf is one thousand three hundred and eighteen feet long. They are lighted by electric lights. Two of the largest sheds hold eleven thousand tons of grain.

Railroad tracks for the convenience of baggage, etc., run from the wharves to the station. There are batteries with electric search-lights in the harbor, and a lighthouse on one of the hills a distance out from the wharves, by which vessels are steered safely into port at night. The ride from Lyttelton is through the longest tunnel in New Zealand two thousand eight hundred and seventy yards. It takes six minutes to pass through it. The idea of tunneling the Port Hills was conceived by Wm. S. Moorhouse in 1861. It cost £50,000. The whole of the imports and exports of Northern Canterbury pass through Lyttelton.

#### OTAGO—DUNEDIN.

The distance from Christ Church to Dunedin, the capital of Otago, is two hundred and thirty-one miles. The journey by train is most tedious. We started from the "City of Plains," at nine o'clock in the morning and traveled all day at a speed of about twenty miles an hour, and we did not get to Dunedin until nine o'clock at night. We stopped at several small towns along the line, and at every station the passengers were cordially received by the inhabitants. It appears to be the custom with these townsmen to turn out on the arrival of the northern train and to cheer vociferously the passengers on both the ar-

rival and departure of a train. We passed some of the most level and finest grazing country we ever saw. From Christ Church to Oamaru, a distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles, is a beautiful country which averages from twenty to forty miles in width, extending from the sea-coast to the foot of the Southern Alps of the west coast, which stretch out from thirty to seventy miles into the interior. The Alpine Mountains, which form the backbone of the South island, are a continuous chain of grand mountains about five hundred miles long, with a succession of magnificent peaks ranging in height from six thousand to ten thousand feet, and attaining their culminating point in mount Cook, twelve thousand three hundred and forty-nine feet above sea level. I concur with the description given by a mountain climber, that these mountains, "present a splendid panorama of ice-cold peaks and snow-fields towering over the forest tops of the lower hills, the heads of the valleys being filled with glaciers, whose terminal faces are glittering masses of almost un-sullied ice. From these glaciers emanate the river system of the district, comprising the Huruni, eighty-five miles in length; Ashburton, sixty-four miles, Rangitata, seventy-four miles, and the Waitake, one hundred and forty miles. These rivers rush down from the mountain gorges,



DUNEDIN FROM ROSLYN HILL.



through the intervening ranges and hills, and traverse the plains to the sea.”

We crossed the Waitake, over a fine iron bridge about a mile long. It forms the boundary line between Canterbury district and the province of Otago.

At a distance, we could see the top of mount Cook, the glory of New Zealand, towering like a giant above the rest, with her white snow caps peering into the horizon. These wonderful scenes, along with many herds of fine cattle and hundreds of thousands of sheep in flocks and pastures, help to break the monotony of the tiresome journey.

When we arrived at Dunedin it was dark and wet. We felt strange in a strange city; however, the streets being well lighted, I managed to walk up a steep hill to Moray Place, where I was hospitably entertained during my stay in the metropolis. On Sunday I preached in the First Presbyterian Church; in the morning it was raining hard. I thought we would not have fifty people in church, but to my surprise when I entered the high pulpit of that grand structure, and looked about, I found a congregation of several hundred people before me. Rain was no hindrance to them, for it rains here one hundred and forty-eight days in the year. I have seldom seen a finer looking class of men and women.

Every face indicated strength of character and robust health. They were good listeners and appreciative worshippers. I felt at home, and enjoyed much their cordial hand-shaking at the close of the services.

Dunedin is a fine commercial city of forty-seven thousand inhabitants, situated at the head of the Otago harbor, about seven miles from Port Chalmers. The harbor is divided into two parts, the lower harbor is six miles long and the upper (from Port Chalmers to Dunedin) is seven miles in length. The two towns are connected by railroad. Port Chalmers is the principal seaport of the province. It has about two thousand people, with some nice residences. The business part of Dunedin is on comparatively level land near the harbor; the residences are built upon the sloping hills which rise on the west side of the town. The city is about two miles and a-half long and one mile wide. Dunedin was the first city in Australasia to use the American cable system, and indeed the citizens must find it very serviceable, running up and down their steep hills, which remind us of San Francisco. Trams run on the level streets from the one end of the town to the other, and also to some of the suburbs and resorts. There are some very fine buildings scattered throughout the city. The University of Otago is a beautiful structure, also the

Roman Catholic Cathedral, and Knox Presbyterian Church. The First Presbyterian Church is a very imposing building on Moray Hill, built of Oamaru White Stone. The Lunatic Asylum, Grand Hotel, City Hall, Burns' Monument and Cargill Fountain are all substantial, and a credit to Dunedin. The dwelling houses are nearly all built of wood, and two stories high. There are some excellent stores found in the business street. Many of the streets are called after the streets of the Scottish capital. It is just fifty years since the first settlers of this province landed at Port Chalmers from the ships "John Wycliff" and "Philip Lang," under the leadership of Captain William Cargill. His son, who is the present mayor of Dunedin, a few months ago presided at the Jubilee Festival of the settlement of the city. The first settlers were sent out from Glasgow under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland in 1848. Four hundred thousand acres of land had been bought from the Maoris for the colony. The first settlers were blue Presbyterians. They loved the Church, and endowed it with valuable land, and the Presbyterian Church of Otago is reaping the benefit of that endowment to-day. The early settlers for many years endured hardship in clearing the bush and preparing the soil and struggling for existence.

But the discovery of gold by Gabriel Reid,

near the town of Lawrence in 1861, boomed up the whole province. Gabriel Reid one day dug with his knife in a few hours £25 worth of gold. He reported his discovery to the superintendent of the province and he received £1,000 bounty.

Hundreds and thousands rushed to the gold fields. At one of the country churches, the whole congregation went to the digging except the pastor and the precentor. It is said of one party, that when crossing a river their dog was swept away by the current to a small island in the middle of the stream. A digger went to rescue the dog, and there, round the rock, he gathered in a short time, gold dust worth £1,000. Gold seekers and adventurers came from Australia and many other places. Prices advanced, towns increased, money was plentiful, and the colony became rich. But when gold was found in Westland in 1865, and in other parts of New Zealand, many left for these places. But gold is still found generally throughout Otago, except in the southern parts of it. It produces about one-third of all the quantity of gold taken out of New Zealand. The amount of gold obtained last year amounted to eighty-seven thousand six hundred and ninety-four ounces, valued at £353,796.

Dunedin is still prosperous, with many factories and stores. Of late years the bulk of the trade of New Zealand seems to be going to Welling-

ton as being more central and easier of access for deep ocean steamers. Dunedin has excellent schools. The Otago University ranks high. The Boys' and Girls' High School has a good reputation, as well as the Normal School for training teachers. The Scotch characteristics are very marked. The inhabitants bear the Scotch stamp of intelligence and shrewdness in their deportment, though the majority of them never saw old Edinburgh. My visit in Dunedin was only for a few days, as I had to return north to keep an engagement which resulted in my staying some four months in Otago, and during that time I visited various towns and places of interest throughout the province, preaching nearly every evening, except Saturday, which was my day of traveling and rest. The first two months were spent at Oamaru, supplying the pulpit of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, one of the most important charges in the province. Oamaru is the third town in size to Dunedin. It has six thousand inhabitants, it is about seventy-five miles north of Dunedin. It is built of white stone, which is found in the neighborhood, and the town goes by the name of the "White City." The buildings are large, but many of them are unoccupied. This fine town flourished during the gold boom, and many large hotels, halls, banks, and stores were built which are now empty. A

breakwater of one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet long, with an inclosure of sixty acres, was also erected for the reception of ocean-going ships which has unfortunately bankrupted the town.

The St. Paul's and St. Columba Presbyterian churches are an ornament to the town. Oamaru has several large flour mills, a freezing establishment, capable of freezing eight hundred sheep a day, and a storage room for twenty thousand carcasses. A very long and wide street passes through the center of the town with some excellent stores.

The country for many miles round it, is rich and beautiful. It produces the best wheat, oats and potatoes in New Zealand. The average yield of wheat in 1898 was thirty-two bushels per acre, of oats thirty-seven, barley thirty-three, and rye twenty-seven. This is the highest in the colony. The root crops were also very heavy. From twenty to fifty miles back into the mountains is a great grazing country, well adapted for sheep and cattle. Some of the runs in the hill country are capable of carrying twenty thousand sheep. In fact Otago is a great sheep-raising country. The total number of sheep in the province, including Southland, in 1898, was four million three hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and sixty-one, and the value of wool



MILFORD SOUND, LOOKING OUT.

clipped in the district in the year 1897 was £750-000. There were fifty-two thousand seven hundred and ninety-five horses, seventy-two mules and asses; one hundred and sixty-nine thousand five hundred and ninety cattle, and thirty-seven thousand six hundred and forty-six pigs. Rabbits are a severe tax on the stock growers, according to the official handbook, the number of skins exported last year for the whole of New Zealand being fifteen million two hundred and twenty-nine thousand three hundred and fourteen, of which number Otago contributed one-third.

The district of Otago measures one hundred and sixty miles from Milford Sound on the west coast, to Waikonaite Bay on the east coast, and the same distance from the south. Its area is nine million four thousand and eight hundred acres. The climate varies; in the interior it is dry, but near the coast, wet and cold in the winter. Snow is seen always on the mountains. The highest land is to the northwest. Mount Aspiring is about ten thousand feet high. The west coast mountains are rugged and majestic. There are said to be fifteen sounds that adorn the coast, three of them are within the boundary of Otago. Milford Sound, eight miles long, has some of the finest scenery. Fourteen miles inland from its head is the great Sutherland Water-

fall, one thousand nine hundred and four feet high, the highest waterfall known. Bligh Sound, and George Sound are also sights of beauty and glory.

In the North island are the Thermal Springs, and the wonderful geysers. The geyser at Ora-keikorako, which broke out in 1893, is reported by those who have seen it to be "the most wonderful and astounding phenomenon in New Zealand, and for power and grandeur as a geyser, second to none in the world." There also are the Volcanic Cones, the White Terraces, the giant tree, kauri gum, coal and gold in abundance; and in the South island, are the great mountains, the glaciers, the sounds and lakes and mountain torrents, gold and coal, the pastoral and extensive agricultural plains.