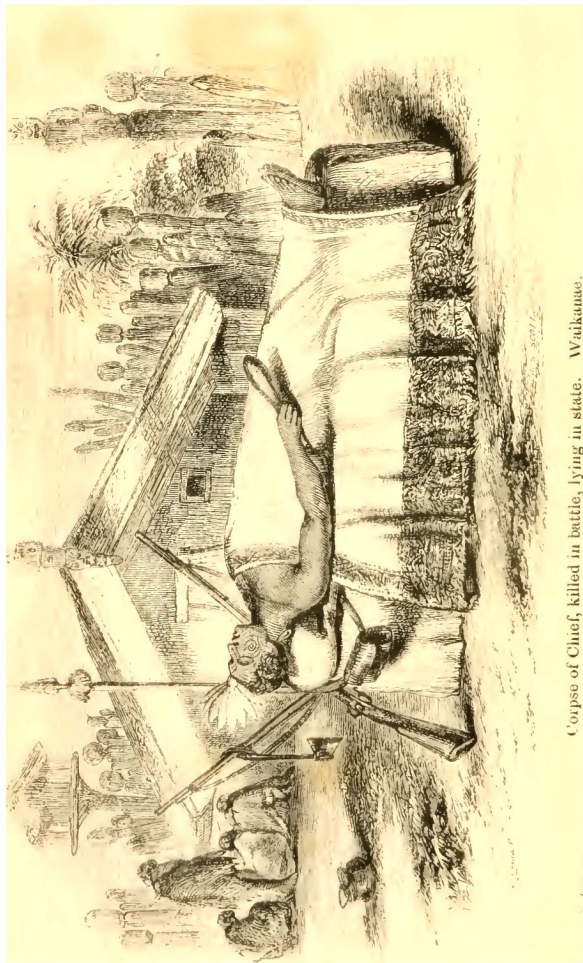


THE
SOUTHERN CROSS
AND
SOUTHERN CROWN.



Corpse of Chief, killed in battle, lying in state. Waikanae.

THE
SOUTHERN CROSS
AND
SOUTHERN CROWN;

OR,
The Gospel in New Zealand.

BY MISS ^{F.}TUCKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE RAINBOW IN THE NORTH," "ADEOKUTA,"
ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

THE History of the New Zealand Mission is so full of matter of the deepest interest, that the writer of this volume feels more strongly even than in former instances, how imperfect is the view conveyed by the present sketch.

Again too, she has to regret, as in the case of "Abbeokuta," the necessity she has been under of recording details of so revolting a character, though she has touched upon them as lightly and as briefly as she could. They serve however to set forth in the strongest light what the natural heart is capable of when free from even the indirect restraint of Christianity, and thus the more to magnify the power and grace of God.

Through the kindness of the authorities of the British Museum, she has been permitted to make use of some sketches from the pencil of Sir George Grey ; for which she would take this opportunity of offering her sincere thanks.

West Hendred, April, 1855

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THE SOUTHERN CROSS
AND THEOLOGIC
SEMINARY
THE SOUTHERN CROWN

CHAPTER I.

NEW ZEALAND—SCENERY—FORESTS—VOLCANOES—TE RAPA.

“How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?”
ROM. X. 14.

WHAT a wonderful page in the history of modern times is the record of New Zealand! What a blessed exception to the general course of territorial acquisition! A conquest without war;* a fierce and powerful people subdued, not by physical force, but by moral suasion; a nation of cannibals transformed into an active, industrious, and peaceful population; and the original natives, instead of gradually receding from and melting away before the white men, continuing still in possession of land and property, and becoming amalgamated with them.

To the traveller who now for the first time visits the island, and approaches one of the English settlements on its shores, the records of its former history must

* We do not consider this assertion affected by the disturbances in 1844 and 1845, as these were only partial, and arose from the bad faith of some of the Europeans, and other accidental circumstances.

seem like fables of the olden time. He sees the lines of English houses, the shops filled with European merchandise, the public offices, the harbour thronged with shipping, the town filled with a busy population; he finds gardens rich with the fruits and flowers of central and southern Europe; and the fields beyond are abounding in grain. Can he readily believe that, long within the memory of man, that beach was a scene of frightful desolation, unvisited save by the fierce war canoes of some invading chief; or by some solitary whaler, bringing misery and destruction to the land? Can he picture to himself those plains now waving with a golden harvest, or covered with grazing cattle, as being then fruitful only in deeds of horror, as the scenes of bloodshed and cannibalism, of which the bare recital makes the blood run cold? And those noble-looking men of a darker hue, now freely mingling with the Europeans, and busied with the arts of peace, can they in their earlier days have partaken of their fathers' horrid banquets, and feasted on the flesh of their slaughtered enemies?

Yet so it is; and if our traveller should, unhappily, himself be ignorant of the transforming power of the gospel, he will be at a loss to account for the change; and will find it difficult to believe that the foundation of all he sees was laid by a few devoted servants of Christ, who, moved by love to Him, and to the souls of their fellow-men, risked their lives among this then savage people; and that had not the gospel prepared the way, no colonist would have ventured to settle in New Zealand, nor could any merchant vessel have safely visited its shores.*

* "I have seen in the outskirts of this empire, in the most bar-

The unfolding of this history is the object of the present volume, but our *connected* account of the work of God there will not extend beyond the period when the island became an English colony; for our object here, as elsewhere, is to bring before our readers the first establishment and early trials of a Mission, rather than its subsequent progress, which may be better gathered from other sources.

Before, however, we enter upon our principal subject, we shall give some short account of the country and its inhabitants.

There is much in New Zealand to awaken special interest in an English mind. Its sea-girt isles, situated at the remotest part of the earth's circumference,* inhabited by a people bold and brave, intelligent and enterprising, seem naturally fitted to be the Britain of the Southern hemisphere, and have already drawn to themselves the attention of all classes of our countrymen.

New Zealand properly consists of three islands, but

barous countries, pious men who have passed long lives in endeavouring to reclaim and civilize the nations among whom they have resided. I have seen them regarded by those races as friends, and benefactors * * * I have found where countries were, in the first instance, occupied by men of that class, that comparatively few difficulties take place when intercourse resulted between our merchants and the races who inhabit countries where Missionaries are known * * * I feel confident that, regarded as a mere money investment, the very best investment this country can make, is to send out in advance, and far in advance, of either colonists or merchants, Missionaries, who may prepare the way for those who are to follow them."—From a speech of Sir George Grey, late Governor of New Zealand, at a Meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, at the Mansion House, July 19th, 1854.

* New Zealand is strictly our Antipodes in longitude only, as the three islands lie between 34° 22' and 47° 25' of south latitude, and between 166° and 180° east longitude.

at the time of which we shall have to speak, Ahina-maui, or the Northern Island, was the only one that could be said to be inhabited, and our narrative will therefore refer to that alone.

It is, as every reader knows, very irregularly shaped ; its greatest length is about 436 miles, and its breadth at the widest part about 180. Travellers speak in the most glowing terms of the beauty of its scenery : its shores are deeply indented, and the white cliffs of part of its western coast, or the high dark rocks on its eastern side, furnish scenes that are dwelt upon with admiring delight. Here a long, bold promontory stretches far into the sea, its summit crowned with wood, or with the fortified intrenchments of some war-like chief, and its face whitened with the dashing spray of the dark blue waves that foam around its base. There the shore recedes, and forms a deep and quiet bay, studded with rocky islands covered with verdure, and enlivened by numbers of cormorants, or sea gulls, or the snow-white frigate bird, and probably by the fishing canoes of the neighbouring tribe. Beautiful flowers grow down to the water's edge, the graceful cianthus, the myrtle, and fuchsias of various new and unknown kinds ; while the Pohutakawa with its huge limbs, like a gnarled English oak, but splendid with rich tufts of scarlet flowers, seems to delight in bathing its boughs and blossoms in the salt waves of a creek or bay.

As you advance inland the more open grounds are covered with species of viola, primula, ranunculus, and myosotis, all differing from our own ;* but the English

* It is a remarkable fact, that though *some* of the New Zealand

eye is perhaps most attracted by the *Microcalis Australis*, the southern daisy, bearing, as it does, a close resemblance to the northern favourite of our childhood.

Some portions of the country are rather dreary; they somewhat resemble the Scottish moorlands, only that the dark fern and flax take the place of the blooming heather, and the outline of the hills is less broken and picturesque. But in general the scenery is rich and romantic, and often varied by high mountains clothed almost to their summit with magnificent forests of trees unknown in any other portion of the globe. There is a solemn grandeur in these primæval forests, with their strange* and luxuriant vegetation. Most of the trees are of the pine tribe, and grow to an enormous height. The *Kauri* in particular (*Dammera Australis*) is the glory of the New Zealand Sylva; it is the largest and most majestic of all the family of pines, often growing with a straight unbranched stem to the height of a hundred feet, and then throwing out a large clustering

trees and plants are *allied* to the Australian, American, and even European families, the *greatest number of species and even of genera are peculiar to the country*. Not less than sixty new species of timber trees have been sent to England, all more or less valuable. See Dr. Dieffenbach's New Zealand.

* Colonel Mundy, in "Our Antipodes," thus speaks of the effect produced by this on his own mind. "Every man who has travelled at all has travelled through tracts of mountain forest, and has felt his soul awed, and elevated, by the romantic and sequestered grandeur of these portions of the universe, which seem too solemn, and too sublime, for the permanent abode of busy man. The effect produced is still deeper, the wilderness seems wilder still, when every tree and shrub, and flower and weed, and every specimen of animated nature, is utterly strange and unknown to the traveller, when every object is an object of mysterious wonder. Such was my position in traversing this forest pass. The blue vault above, and the earth's crust on which I trod, appeared to be my only old acquaintances."

head of branches that towers high above the surrounding trees. Beneath and among these and the other lords of the forest, are seen the less aspiring plants; the beautiful *tree fern*, reaching sometimes to the height of thirty feet; the elegant *areca sapida*, with its delicate foliage; and the venerable *ratu* tree, often forty feet in circumference, and splendid with its dazzling scarlet blossoms; while graceful creepers, with their various coloured flowers,* spread from tree to tree, and form an almost impenetrable barrier.

In the lower regions of the hills these forests are enlivened by the notes of birds of the most cheerful song†—the parrot; the wood-pigeon, of rainbow hue; the tui, warbling like our thrush; and the *mako-mako*, compared to our English nightingale, save that its song is heard only in the day. But there are no other living sights or sounds: not an insect wings its way across your path; no squirrel leaps from bough to bough, nor does a solitary hedgehog disturb the fallen leaves with its gentle tread; not even a fearful mouse puts out its little head to listen to the foot-fall of the passer-by.‡

* “There were convolvuli, and clematis, and passifloræ, festooning the branches with their light garlands, and enormous brambles, covered with little wild roses, clambering up to the summits of some tall tree, and toppling down again in a cascade of bloom.” See “Our Antipodes.”

† These birds, and flowers, serve the New Zealander for an almanack. The flowering of the white clematis in October warns him that it is time to prepare for planting; and the note of the *koc-koea*, or New Zealand cuckoo, tells him that his early potatoes are ready to be harvested.

‡ Strange to say, no quadruped belongs to New Zealand; the dogs found there by Captain Cook seem evidently to have been brought from some other land.

Higher up the mountains, though the trees long remain, and festoons of clematis and other flowers adorn their branches, yet even the birds are gone, and the silence is unbroken.

All the foliage is of a rich dark hue, contrasting strongly with the bright glaucous green of a New Holland landscape,* but emblematic, as it were, of the natural character of the people. This abundant vegetation is nourished by innumerable rivulets, that, springing from the sides of hills, gradually unite into large rivers, and form a network of larger and smaller streams over the whole land, affording easy access from one part of it to another.

But the most remarkable portion of New Zealand scenery is a line of country stretching from Cape Egmont, on the western coast, to White Island, on the east; the result of some of those tremendous convulsions of the earth's surface produced by volcanic agency.—The whole breadth of the island is traversed by a succession of extinct volcanoes, all high and rugged, and some of them reaching the region of perpetual snow. In the centre of the island a magnificent group of these lofty peaks surrounds a volcano still in action, *Tongariro*, of which many a legendary tale is told. Towards the east, a remarkable chain of lakes stretches to the coast, and travellers seem never weary of expatiating on the grandeur, and beauty, and wonders of this portion of the country.† They have given us the most animated descriptions of mountains, rocks,

* Travellers speak very strongly of the contrast, in almost every particular, between the scenery of the two countries.

† Particularly Dr. Dieffenbach and Rev. R. Taylor, in *C. M. Intelligencer* for April, 1850.

and forests, of gushing streams, of basaltic columns 60 feet in height, standing like the ruins of an ancient temple, and all the strange results of subterranean fire. The lakes are beautiful; some tranquil and pure, reposing in the bosom of wooded hills, and enlivened by some native village built for safety on a projecting promontory. Others, disturbed by volcanic phenomena, are desolate and deserted: Rotu-kara* is one of this latter kind, and is so strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid that its waters cannot be drank; another, Rotu-mahana,† is agitated with boiling springs, continually throwing high into the air jets of water or of steam. These restless springs pierce the numerous islands on the lake, and many of these present a curious spectacle as the boiling fountains play among the trees and shrubs with which they are adorned. Suddenly the astonished traveller comes in sight of a bold flight of apparently marble ‡ steps ascending from the very margin of the lake. They are fifty in number, each step is from one to three feet in height, and from one to two in breadth. They are all of the purest white, except that here and there a roscate tinge has crept along the veins; and rising, as they do, in the midst of innumerable fountains similar to those on the islands, and surrounded with a mass of dark green fern, they seem like the creation of fairy land.—But we must not linger among these inviting scenes, we shall only recommend our readers to read the full account of them in the C. M. Intelligencer for April, 1850.§

* Bitter lake.

† Warm lake.

‡ They are really formed from the deposit of the warm water, even now constantly flowing down them.

§ See also the Bishop of New Zealand's Journal, in *Annals of Colonial Church*, p. 87.

Nor must we enter into the details of Roto-rua and other insecure villages built on a crust of earth over depths of boiling mud—intersected by crevices sending forth a constant heated vapour, by hot springs and miniature mud volcanoes, where the very ground on which you tread is liable at any moment to give way, and plunge your foot into the heated mass below. We shall only ask our readers to accompany us to Lake Taupo, almost an inland sea, 36 miles in length. It is in the centre of the island, about 12 miles from the base of Tongariro.

There is one spot on the south-western shore of this lake at which we desire to pause. At the extremity of a range of black basaltic rocks there lies a belt of flat alluvial land, stretching inland from the lake till it reaches a ridge of low, but abrupt hills, also of volcanic origin. Nothing but moss and lichens will grow upon the heated surface of these hills: hot springs and crevices that emit the boiling vapour abound upon their sides; the boiling mud beneath is in many places only covered, as at Rotu-rua, with a thin crust of earth; and subterranean noises like the working of a steam engine are continually heard. Yet on the alluvial land close to this treacherous ground the natives had built a village of considerable size, called Te Rapa. There was much to tempt them to settle there; the land was fertile, the steaming crevices, so near them, served to cook their food,* and they used the tepid springs as baths.

* A layer of fern is first laid over the crevice, the pork and potatoes are placed upon it, all is covered close with more fern, and before long the food is, we are told, as thoroughly dressed as in an English oven.

The Rev. R. Taylor, the Missionary at Wanganui, had occasion, as we shall hereafter relate, to visit this spot in 1845, and was struck with the beauty and grandeur of the whole scene. The village itself was extremely picturesque, with its strong palisades, its carved posts, and native dwellings. Through it ran a bright mountain stream, that had forced its way through the ridge of hills behind it; and in front lay the broad expanse of Taupo, with its islands, woods, and mountains, its black basaltic rocks and bold promontories, on which stood more than one fortified village. The noble figure of the chief, Te Heu Heu, was in harmony with the scene. He was advanced in years, his hair was silvery white, so white that his people could compare it only to the snowy head of the sacred Tongariro, but his form was still erect. He was nearly seven feet in height, and, clothed in his handsome native mat, seemed a perfect model of a New Zealand chief; while the natural dignity of his appearance and manner, and the openness and courtesy of his bearing, were the admiration of our Missionary. He talked long and earnestly with him. Te Heu Heu had been a violent opponent of Christianity, and had lately led an expedition against some distant Christian villages, in the hope of extirpating the new and hated religion. But now he was softened, he confessed himself disarmed by what he heard, he promised to give up fighting, and was very earnest in his entreaties that a Missionary might come and live among his people. He even led Mr. Taylor to the most beautiful spot in the neighbourhood, engaging to make it over to him for a Missionary settlement.

Alas! no Missionary could then be placed there,

and in a few months Te Heu Heu was beyond the reach of that instruction that might have saved his soul.

The hills behind the village were, as we have said, of volcanic origin; they were composed of a kind of argillaceous clay and carbonate of magnesia; the pent-up gas beneath them, that could not find its way to the crevices in their sides, gradually loosened the soil, and, in the spring of 1846, large masses of it fell into the gorge of the mountain torrent that flowed through the village, and stopped its course. The stream, thus checked, swelled into a lake behind the ridge, till from its accumulated weight the hill-side gave way, and a tremendous avalanche of mud and stones overwhelmed Te Rapa and most of its inhabitants.

The noble chief might have escaped, but he scorned to leave his people exposed to danger; he stood before his dwelling, his silvery hair floating on the wind, calling on Taniwa, a monster of the deep, to stay the coming danger, and perished in the act of supplication to his imagined deity!

Should the question be asked, "Why was there no Missionary to proceed to Te Rapa?" we can only answer it by another, "Why is not more earnest prayer poured forth to the Lord of the harvest, that He will send more labourers into His harvest?"

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

"But none saith, Where is God my maker, * * * who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?"—JOB xxxv. 10, 11.

BEAUTIFUL indeed in all its natural scenery was and is the island of Ahina-Maui; but how different was its moral aspect, and how had fallen man marred the beauty of God's work! The present chapter will afford some proof of this, as we intend to devote it to the probable origin and natural character of the people before we relate the discovery of the land of their abode.

The vegetable productions of New Zealand do not differ more from those of the neighbouring islands, than does the *Maori* race from that of the Austral Negro, by which New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, New Guinea, and the Fiji Archipelago have been peopled. The origin of the New Zealanders is confidently said to be *Malay*, like that of the Polynesians and Sandwich Islanders; and indeed it appears likely that their ancestors came direct from some of these islands, for not only do their traditions assert that the first inhabitants came from the *East* in large canoes,—but the languages are so similar that a native of Tahiti can with very little difficulty hold converse with a New Zealander.*

* There is one peculiarity in all these Oceanic languages which we cannot pass over, viz. the use of *two duals* and *two plurals* in

There are few subjects more interesting than the origin of races; and none perhaps more perplexing than the vast difference that exists between the various nations of the earth, as regards their social and mental conditions.

Those who have most deeply studied the whole subject, and most carefully compared the affinities of language, and the almost identity of ancient monuments,* in countries widely separated from each other, tell us, and it would seem they tell us truly, that the cradle of mankind after the deluge lay in the high table land of western Central Asia. They tell us it was from hence that, either by God's command, as in the days of Peleg,† or by His judgments, as at Babel's tower, or by His subsequent more usual providential leadings, the whole earth was gradually overspread.

the first persons of personal and possessive pronouns. The *first dual* is used thus, "we, taua, are going;" i. e. *you and I*, when no other person is present. The *second dual*, maua, when *you and I* out of several others is meant. In the same way the *first plural*, "We, tatou, are going," is used when *all* the party present are included; the *second plural*, matou, when speaking of only a few out of those present. The same words with the prefix of *To* or *Ta*—are used for possessive pronouns, viz. *To taua*, your own and mine; *To maua*, your own and mine, out of others; *To tatou*, our, belonging to all; *To matou*, our, belonging to a few of or out of many. These languages are said to be evidently sister dialects to the Malay, and some others in the Philippine Islands, and in Java. There are only fourteen letters in the New Zealand alphabet, C, F, G, J, L, S, and several others, are wanting. See Dr. Dieffenbach.

* A remarkable instance of this occurs in the Cromlechs that have lately been discovered on the western slopes of the Ghauts, in Southern India, which are so similar to those of our own land, (Kitt's Coty House, &c.,) as to leave little or no doubt of their having been erected by contemporaneous and allied races, and for a similar purpose, whether for worship or for sepulture.

† See Dr. Candleish on Gen. x.

It was not however by means of one continuous stream that this was effected, but as civilization progressed, and the land from time to time became too strait for its increasing population, successive torrents poured down, at probably long intervals, from their central home, and deluging the surrounding countries, drove the earlier occupiers farther and farther on, till they found refuge in the fastnesses of mountain ranges, or in the distant coasts and isles of the sea.

But adopting this theory as more than probable, the problem still remains unsolved; and we still ask, "What should have hindered the earlier emigrants from making progress in civilization, proportioned in some degree to those portions of our own race that remained nearer to their ancient home?" How is it that among the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, and among the Persians, Chinese, and Hindoos, literature and the mechanical arts should have attained so high a point, while the natives of North and South America,* of Africa, of all the islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, have never even invented an alphabet for themselves, nor discovered the art of manufacturing a wheel?

Surely the only solution of this problem is, that as it is "the Most High who divided to the nations their inheritance,"† so with regard to even the simplest arts of life, "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,"‡ and giveth or withholdeth according to the good pleasure of His will.

* Central America seems at one time to have belonged to the civilized portion of mankind.

† Deut. xxxii. 8.

‡ Isa. xxviii. 29.

This question is the more strongly forced upon us in the case of New Zealand, as the physical and mental constitution of the Maori race seem peculiarly fitted for progress in every art of civilized life. In person they are tall and well-proportioned, strongly built, and capable of enduring great fatigue and hardship; while their clear brown complexion, their regular and often handsome features, and their fine dark eyes, were, even in their savage state, often lighted up with an intelligence and feeling that indicated a susceptibility to the best impressions. Their understandings, uncultivated as they were, were quick and penetrating, their conversation was lively and animated, and their love of humour irrepressible. Their moral character was full of contradictions; at one time selfish, proud, and treacherous, they seemed intent only on the aggrandizement of themselves or their tribe, or the gratification of their own wild wills, rejoicing in the misery and destruction of all beside. At another, the friendliness, hospitality, generosity, and even heroism of their conduct, won the admiration and affection of their European friends. They treated their friends and elders with the greatest respect and veneration; and their wives occupied a higher position than is usual in uncivilized nations, being often consulted in private, and sometimes even admitted to the public councils of the tribe. The affection of the fathers for their children was intense, and their grief at losing them proportionably deep. The love of the mother appears to have been less strong, and instances of infanticide not unfrequently occurred; though we believe these were perpetrated generally in revenge for some neglect of

the husband, or perhaps to escape the trouble of rearing the child.

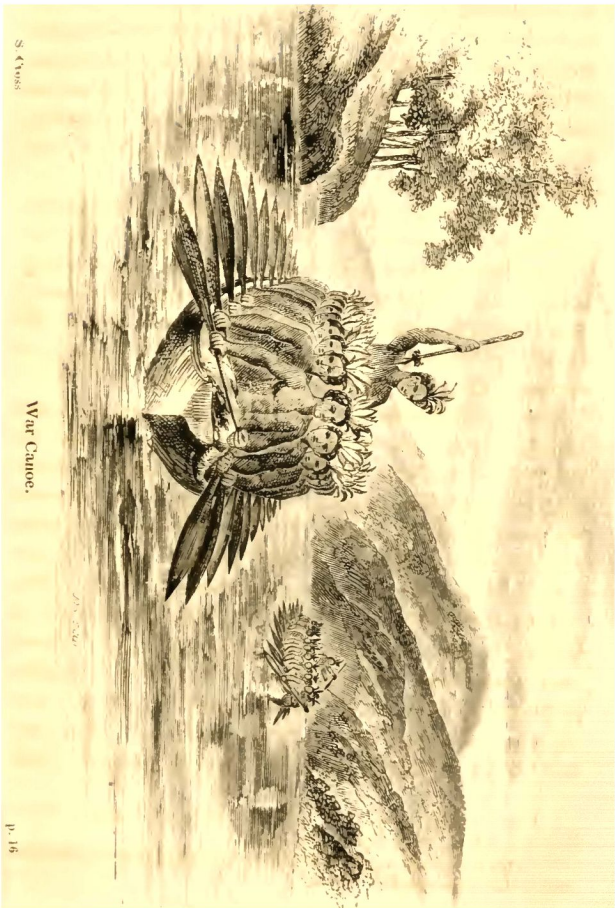
Impetuous and daring, the New Zealander courted rather than shrunk from danger ; and the spirit of enterprise led many of the young chiefs to venture as common sailors on board the whalers that frequented their coasts, in the hope of visiting other lands, and becoming acquainted with other nations.*

Their favourite pursuit was war, nothing else seemed worthy of their energies ; and the custom of "*utu*," or demanding a payment in human life, for any insult or injury, real or supposed, of however remote a date,† was always at hand to supply them with a pretext for attacking a weaker tribe, and indulging the spirit of revenge that lay deep within their breasts.

Feeling themselves lords of the ocean, their great delight was in their war-canoes ; and they lavished all their skill and taste in making and adorning them. These formidable vessels were simple in their construction, and, when practicable, made from the hollowed stem of a single tree. They were often seventy or eighty feet in length, and would contain two hundred men. The sail was triangular, something like the lateen sails of the Mediterranean, and woven of flax or rushes. There were sometimes fifty paddles on each side, a paddle also served them as a rudder, and their speed was about seven knots an hour. The head and stern rose high above the hull, and, as well as the margin of the

* They too often paid dearly for this love of enterprise, in the brutal treatment they received on board.

† There were instances in which forty years had elapsed since the offence was committed.



S. K. VOSS

War Canoe.

boat itself, were elaborately carved, in some places inlaid with a pearly shell, and ornamented with feathers.

The Maoris' hatred of their enemies equalled their attachment to their friends, and a New Zealand battlefield presented a more than usually frightful scene. The preparatory war-dance was accompanied with tremendous yells and shoutings; the impetuous stamping of the feet made the very ground to tremble; and every face and limb was distorted till they scarcely seemed to be human beings*—all their mats were laid aside, their naked bodies were smeared with red and yellow ochre, and the parrots' feathers in their hair were supposed to add to the fierceness of their appearance. The older women of the tribe, daubed also with ochre, often accompanied the men to the field, dancing and yelling, and instigating to deeds of daring and cruelty. The younger women and the slaves remained a little way behind; to them were committed the prisoners and the slain; the bodies of the latter they were to prepare for the feast, and their heads were to be embalmed as trophies.

Destruction and devastation followed every battle; the victorious party laid waste the country, burnt the villages, destroyed the plantations, and dragged away the women and children into perpetual bondage. The native Maori weapons were a "pattoo," or long spear, tipped with a sharp stone, and a "mery," or flat club, made of the green jade of the southern island; and these had proved sufficiently destructive in the hands

* "What nearer approach to demons," said Captain Fitzroy, on witnessing one of these dances, "could be made by human beings, than is made by New Zealanders when maddening themselves for battle, by this dance of death?"

of so savage a people. The introduction of the musket by the whalers that frequented the Bay of Islands increased the destruction and the misery; and the beautiful Ahina-maui seemed destined to become depopulated.

The treatment of the prisoners and the captives was most barbarous; they were the absolute property of their master, to be dealt with exactly as he pleased; and dreadful tales are told of the use too often made of this power. Hard work, hunger, and contempt were the every-day portions of these unhappy slaves; the slightest offence was punished with stripes; and their sufferings whether of body or of mind were the subjects of derision and merriment. The by-standers often would amuse themselves by mimicking the groan of pain and the writhe of agony of the sick or dying slave; and not unfrequently the passing Missionary has been the only being to take to the poor sufferer a little water to cool his burning lips, or to assist him to move his aching limbs.

The life of a slave was held more cheap than that of a very dog; and a fit of passion* or some sudden impulse was often sufficient to lift the hatchet of a chief against the man who had perhaps long and faithfully served him, but who was now doomed not only to death, but to satisfy the unnatural appetite of his master.

* Men of the same tribe rarely quarrelled, and never struck each other. Should any dispute occur, and one of the disputants feel his anger rising above control, instead of venting it on his opponent, he would rush away and destroy the first article of his *own* property he met with. Sometimes a canoe was cut to pieces, but the hatchet more frequently descended on one of his *own* slaves, who was afterwards eaten. Instances have occurred in which a friendly chief has been the victim. See Chapter XV.

Death must always be an unwelcome visitor to those who know not the God of their salvation; and to the New Zealanders, with their strong affections, it was almost intolerable anguish to be separated from those they loved. Their own death they contemplated with alarm and dismay, and lavished every token of sorrow and respect upon the remains of any deceased member of their family. The body was laid out upon a bier; the nearest relatives assembled round it with green boughs wreathed about their heads; the men sat on the ground in mournful silence, while the deep, loud wailings of the women, and the blood flowing from the gashes they had made in their faces, arms, and necks, testified their grief for the departed. In the case of an "*ariki*," or chief, the head was sometimes embalmed and preserved to be wept over by surviving friends; the bones were for some time preserved in a kind of chest made of carved wood, and placed in some chosen spot near the dwelling, whence, at the end of a few months, they were removed with great ceremony to some sepulchral cave.

One or more slaves, according to the rank and age of the departed, were always killed and eaten, that he might not lack attendants in another world; and though there was no law for the self-immolation of the widow, yet where the attachment had been very strong, as often was the case, the head wife generally hung herself, and was held in honour for so doing.

With regard to the *religion* of the New Zealanders; all the accounts we have seen have been so vague, that we are inclined to believe they had themselves no very distinct ideas on the subject. They had an undefined and confused notion of some supernatural power they

called "*Atua*," but this term was likewise often applied to anything incomprehensible to them, even to inanimate objects, such as a watch, a barometer, or a compass.

There were many inferior deities * whom they held in reverence, and to whom they offered prayers and incantations; but their religion, like that of all heathen nations, was one of fear, and their supplications were for the most part addressed to some evil principle, to deprecate expected calamities.

The souls of their departed chiefs were considered as a kind of inferior *Atuas*, capable of doing either good or harm to those on earth. When the spirit of an *ariki* left the body, it ascended, they thought, to the skies, and there leaving its left eye to become a star, descended again to earth, and travelled down a rocky cliff near the North Cape to "*Reinga*," the place of the departed, where they follow the same pursuits as while on earth. Occasionally these spirits re-visit their former abodes, but they are never seen; and their voices are only heard by some of their fellow *arikis*, or by the *tohungas* or priests.

These *tohungas*, as may be supposed, exercised great influence over the people. The *kumera* † field must not be touched, nor the potatoes dug up, till the *tohunga* had performed his incantations; nor was the horrible banquet of victory partaken of till he had blessed it by

* For instance, Maui who fished up the island from the bottom of the sea; hence its name, *Ahina-Maui*, the child of Maui. Sir George Grey's late work, "*Polynesian Mythology*," contains some very curious stories of the exploits of this demi-god, such as his catching the Sun in a noose to hinder its speed, that the days might be longer!

† Sweet potato.

taking a piece of the flesh, eating part of it himself, and hanging the rest on a tree as an offering to the Atua. But there were no definite acts of public worship among this people; no processions, no religious festivals, either stated or occasional; and the only office of the tohunga that could be considered as a regular religious ceremony, was a sort of baptism undergone by every child when a few months old. On these occasions, the priest took a green bough, dipped it in water, and sprinkled the child with it, all the time muttering incantations, devoting it to some evil spirit, probably the god of war, and praying for its bravery and success.*

It is confidently asserted on the authority of the people themselves, that whatever worship they paid to their Atuas was *direct*, and without intervening symbols, that the distorted figures cut in jade and worn round the neck, or carved in wood on their utensils, were not idols, but merely memorials of some ancestor or departed hero; and the contempt with which they at first treated the Popish images and crucifixes, seems to confirm this. And yet it is difficult to understand how persons, who in other cases could so skilfully imitate the human face and features,† could make such hideous figures as representations of their ancestors.

* We have not met with any account of the origin of this rite.

† While Hongi was at Parramatta, in 1814, for a few weeks, Mr. Marsden laughingly told him he should cut off his head and send it to England, to show his friends the tattooing with which it was ornamented, unless he could carve one like his own. Upon which the chief, without any hesitation, took the top of a wooden post, made a graving tool for himself from a piece of iron hoop, and cut out a very good likeness of himself, marking the pattern of the tattooing most correctly. This head was sent home, and we believe is still in the Church Missionary House. There is an engraving of it in the Quarterly Paper for Michaelmas, 1816.

The most remarkable of the religious observances of New Zealand was the "*tapu*" or "taboo," which, however injurious and absurd in some of its requirements, tended in other points to prevent the wanton destruction of life and property. For instance, a field planted with kumeras was "*tapu*;" so was a house left for a time unoccupied; so also a canoe left on the beach, a storehouse of food, a tree fit for a canoe, &c. None of these must be touched, save by the owner; or "*Atua*" would be offended, and punish the transgressor. A canoe in which any one had been drowned was "*tapu*," and must be broken up; the chief cone of the volcano of Tongariro was "*tapu*," and must not be approached; nor must the hair of another person's head be touched. If the blood of a chief had been spilt, the instrument, however innocent, was "*tapu*," and became the property of the injured person. We read of a meeting among the natives that was to be held on the shores of the Taupo Lake. The presence of Te Heu Heu was desired, and a new and highly ornamented canoe was sent to fetch him. As he stepped into it, a splinter pricked his foot; the wound was very trifling, but a few drops of blood flowed; immediately every one quitted the vessel, another was sent for, and the offending canoe was hauled up on the beach, and became the property of the wounded chief.

In many points, however, the "*tapu*" was attended with inconvenience and suffering, particularly when it was applied to persons instead of things only. Women were *tapu* while engaged in cultivating the land, men and women while attending the sick or engaged in the long-continued funeral ceremonies, &c., &c.; and while under it, must not touch a stranger, nor take food with

their own hands; but must be fed by others.* Any departure from the strict laws of tapu was punished with death. But the most painful part of the system was the necessity it laid upon all sick persons to be immediately removed from their own house, and placed under an open shed, or sometimes only under a fence, till they should recover or die, and where of course their sufferings were aggravated by exposure to the weather. We meet with many instances of this, and will briefly mention one that is related by Mr. Clarke, who writing in May, 1824, the beginning of their winter, says, "I went with Mr. Kemp and Mr. Puckey to see a sick chief named Whyduah; we found him lying under a rush fence, intended to shelter him from the wind. The priest was lying by his side, and the ground all round was "tapu," except a narrow path by which the slaves, of whom there were many in attendance, brought the food. We reasoned with him on the risk of lying thus exposed to the sun by day, and to the cold by night; but the chief paid no attention, he was entirely under the influence of the priest, and dared not do the smallest thing without his leave. We proposed to feel his pulse—but were referred to the priest, who gave a reluctant permission. The poor man had a cold, and a little cough, but no bad symptoms; and if properly treated would probably have been well again in a very few days. We offered him some of our food, but he must eat nothing cooked over our fires, nor must he move from the present spot till he was better; of which under his present treatment

* The New Zealanders, even when not under tapu, never allowed their lips to touch the calabash from which they drank, but poured the water from it into their mouths, like the Hindoos.

there could be no hope. The poor man attributed his present illness to disobedience to the priest, who a day or two before had forbidden him to eat anything on a long journey he had to perform. As he was returning, feeling very faint and tired, he ventured to take a little food, and was immediately afterwards seized with so much pain in his limbs that he could scarcely get home, which he said was sent him by the Atua as a punishment for disobeying the priest, nor would he listen to any arguments as to its being the effect of cold and fatigue. A few days later we visited him again, he was on the same spot, and his disease had gained ground, but though pleased to see us, he would not shake hands with us, as he said the Atua had punished him for letting us feel his pulse by depriving him of the use of that arm!" In what worse than iron bondage does the god of this world hold his captives!

We will now turn to the time when these islands became first known to European navigators.

CHAPTER III.

DISCOVERY OF NEW ZEALAND—CAPTAIN COOK—FOOD AND CLOTHING OF THE NATIVES.

“Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, * * * for this thing the Lord shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.”—DEUT. xv. 8, 10.

SIXTEEN centuries had passed away since the Sun of righteousness had risen on the earth, and still His beams were hidden from these Southern Islands; and Ahina-maui still lay in darkness and in misery, its very existence unknown to the Christian nations of the earth.

At length, in the year 1642, the enterprising Tasman, who had been sent by the Dutch governor of Java in search of the supposed Australian continent, after discovering Van Diemen's Land, and bestowing on it the name of his master, turned his course towards the east, and in a few days came in sight of other unknown shores.*

He found it however impossible to land; the fearless natives, unawed by the appearance of his ships, so different from any they could have seen before, made an unprovoked attack upon his boats; and Tasman, seeing from the number of the canoes that began to approach him, and the determined gestures of the people, that the ships themselves would be in jeopardy,

* Some geographers suppose that this was the country described by Juan Fernandez as being visited by him in 1576; and if so it is probable that he introduced the dogs found there by Captain Cook.

prudently gave up the attempt, and steered away from the inhospitable coast.

New Zealand, for so Tasman called the country in memory of his native land, was soon forgotten; and more than another century elapsed before it was again heard of.

Our noble-spirited countryman, Captain Cook, re-discovered it in 1769, in the course of his first voyage round the world; and though on his first approach to the island his ignorance of the character and customs of the people led unintentionally to the loss of four New Zealand lives, yet such was the steady gentle discipline he maintained among his crew, and such was the influence his firm, yet friendly conduct gained over the natives, that not one other drop of either English or Maori blood was shed during the five visits he paid the island between October, 1769, and February, 1777.*

Captain Cook was much interested in the people; their manly bearing and their bold demeanour attracted his admiration, but he lamented their ignorance and wretchedness, and with the enlightened philanthropy that characterized him, he spared no pains to improve their condition.

Science owes much to the discoveries and accurate observations of this distinguished navigator; the charts he laid down of the coasts have been adopted as the groundwork of all succeeding ones; but the grateful recollection of him that has been cherished by the natives themselves, is a far more fragrant wreath upon his tomb, than any that science can have woven for it.

* Would that this could be said in other instances, but even the consort ship of Captain Cook lost some of her men, and some of the Maoris were also killed.

Captain Cook was particularly struck with the want of proper food among these islanders. We have before spoken of the rich abundance of noble trees and lovely flowers with which the land abounded ; but notwithstanding the fertile soil and almost unrivalled climate* of New Zealand, there is perhaps no country in the world, except the Arctic regions, that is in itself so destitute of sustenance for man. Neither grain nor wholesome fruit is indigenous there, nor any edible root except that of a species of fern.† This was roasted and beaten into a sort of cake, and with the addition, at some seasons of the year, of fish, formed originally the only food of the inhabitants. In later times, according to traditionary lore, the kumera,‡ or sweet potato, was introduced by a woman named E Pani, who with her husband once visited these shores from some distant island called Tawai, and pitying the condition of the people, heroically returned again alone in the canoe to her native place, and brought back some kumeras for cultivation. The plant rapidly increased ; and E Pani was rewarded for her courage and benevolence by being made an inferior deity, and placed by the side of Maui.

The compassion of our countryman was not less strongly excited than that of E Pani had been, and at every visit he paid the island he endeavoured to add something to the comforts of the people, never failing

* On the eastern coast the thermometer seldom falls below 40° or rises above 66°; on the western the range is somewhat wider, but even in the interior a thin crust of ice on standing water is seldom seen on the lower grounds. The air is singularly clear and transparent, and notwithstanding the frequent rains, is the theme of every traveller's praise.

† *Pteris esculenta*.

‡ *Convolvulus Batata*.

to bring European seeds and roots for cultivation. But with the pride and incredulity of ignorant minds, they could not be prevailed on to cultivate any that did not bear some resemblance to those they had already seen. The common potato threw out its tubers like the kumera; the turnip,* too, bore a not dissimilar appearance, and these were therefore gladly welcomed. The cabbage* was not unlike the upper shoot of the *Areca Sapida*, and this was also admitted into their horticulture; † but peas, and beans, and carrots, and wheat, were unlike anything they had seen before; and as therefore they could not be fitting food for man, they were discarded.

Captain Cook was more successful in his attempt to introduce the pig; though how, with all their prejudices, they could ever have admitted pork into their bills of fare we are at a loss to divine. Yet so it was, and the rearing of pigs and cultivation of the potato soon spread throughout the island, till by degrees the New Zealanders had not only enough for their own

* Neither the turnip nor the cabbage, however, seem to have made their way beyond Cook's Straits, the chief resort of Captain Cook, but there they grew luxuriantly. The cabbage has now become wild along the Straits, and we are told that in spring the northern shore for some space inland is resplendent with its yellow blossoms, still recording, as it were, in letters of gold, the benevolence that introduced so valuable an acquisition.

† Colonel Mundy, writing in 1847, speaks of a very aged chief named Taniwha, who remembered Captain Cook, and who in describing him, "mimics," says Col. Mundy, "a way he had of waving his right hand to and fro wherever he walked. The veteran, then a child of seven or eight years old, has no conception of the meaning of this strange gesture. It remains," continues Col. Mundy, "for us to guess. Our great navigator was sowing the seeds of Europe in the wilds of Ahina-maui, plucking them from his pockets, and casting them on promising soil."

consumption, but were able to supply the trading vessels that soon after began to frequent their shores.

Water was the New Zealanders' only beverage, and so averse were they to any intoxicating liquors, that it was many years before they yielded to the persuasions of unprincipled Europeans to taste a second time of "liquid fire."

Their general habits remained unchanged from the time of Captain Cook's visits till they were brought under the modifying influence of Christianity and civilization. Their dwellings were constructed of a framework of wood interwoven with reeds and rushes (called raupo). This interweaving was often painted in patterns of black and red, and the upright posts and the ridge pole of the roof were frequently elaborately carved, especially in the southern part of the island, where the carvings were intended to represent the ancestors of the family; and as at the death of each successive occupier of the house, his figure was added to the group, the dwelling became a sort of genealogical tree.

The end of the roof usually projected some space beyond the walls, and, supported by carved pillars, formed a portico, in which the family took their meals; for the interior apartment was tapued from any other purpose than sitting or sleeping in, or the weaving of the mats. There was no aperture but one low door, and though the raupo walls admitted no inconsiderable amount of air, yet the dirty habits of the inmates, added to the smoke from the fire in the centre of the hut, rendered the atmosphere at times intolerable to an European.

Their food was cooked by slaves in a separate hut,

and when the time of meals arrived, let the weather be what it might, the family assembled out of doors, in front of their dwelling. The slaves having divided the food into equal portions, and placed each portion in a separate little basket made of flax, brought it round and duly distributed it. When all had finished, a slave again came round with a calabash of water, and poured some into the mouth of each one present.

One of the most singular customs of the Maoris was that of *tattooing*, invented, we should suppose, not only to make the men look more terrible in battle, but also to test their power of endurance. The operation was exquisitely painful—the person to be tattooed was laid on his back; a pattern more or less intricate, according to his rank and pretensions, was first traced on his face, arms, and breast, with a charred stick; incisions were then made, according to this pattern, by a sharp kind of chisel, made of bone, driven in by a mallet till the blood flowed freely; and the chisel-like instrument having been previously dipped in some dark pigment, the lines remained indelibly fixed. It was but seldom that the whole could be done at one time, the suffering was too great to bear; * and it often required weeks and even months to complete the tattoo-

* Rutherford, a sailor, who was taken prisoner by the natives in 1816, and who, after all the rest of the crew of his ship had been murdered and eaten before his eyes, was made a chief, and consequently had to submit to this initiation, had the fortitude to undergo the whole at once, but did not recover the effects of it for six weeks. After a forced residence there of ten years, he made his escape, and on his return to England published a full and authentic account of his own extraordinary adventures, and of the manners and customs of the natives. He must have been residing somewhere in the south-eastern part of the island. We believe he afterwards took up his residence in one of the Polynesian Islands.

ing of a man of superior rank or courage—pre-eminence in these qualities requiring pre-eminence in self-torture. There seems to have been no particular age at which this painful honour was conferred. Sometimes boys of eight or ten were tattooed; sometimes it was deferred till grown up; and a very few instances are mentioned in which it was not submitted to at all.* The barbarous custom extended also to the women; some aspiring ladies were tattooed like the men, only in simpler patterns, but all had their lips perforated upon; the redness of lip, so prized in civilized countries, was there held in disrepute.

The dress both of men and women consisted of, so-called, mats, i. e. large squares of woven flax. One of these was fastened round the waist and fell just below the knees; the other thrown over the shoulders nearly covered the upper part of the body. These mats were manufactured exclusively by the women; they prepared the flax, twisted it into a sort of twine, and then, after winding this thread backwards and forwards over pegs fastened into the ground and thus forming a warp, began the tedious process of weaving with the hand. It was no wonder that with such inadequate implements the work was slow, that a common mat required six months to finish it, and that one of a superior kind could rarely be completed in less than two or three years.—And whatever we may think of this people's deficiency in mechanical invention, we cannot withhold from their women the meed of praise for industry and patience. The women in the neighbourhood of the river Thames were renowned for their skill and

* One of these was Rustara, of whom we shall hereafter speak.

taste in this manufacture, and some of the borders of their mats, woven in elaborate patterns of black, red, and blue, are very handsome even in European estimation.

Both men and women frequently wore grotesque figures of jade round their necks, but their favourite ornament was feathers, and Mr. Marsden relates an amusing incident that occurred during his first visit to the island, that shows the love of dress is not confined to the polished nations of the earth.

In an exploring expedition he made along the coast towards the south, he was accompanied by several chiefs of the Bay of Islands, some of whom thought it a good opportunity for trade, and provided themselves with nails, fishing-hooks, &c., and one of the party took also with him a supply of choice feathers prepared in a manner peculiar to the northern part of the island.— In the course of barter the chief observed a very handsome mat worn by the wife of one of the Thames chiefs; and determined, if possible, to procure it for his own wife, but found the owner unwilling to part with it, and not to be moved by any of the ordinary articles of traffic. He then thought of trying his feathers, and taking out a few of the least valuable, placed them in the hair of some of the other women present, where, as they gracefully fluttered in the breeze, they soon attracted the attention of the lady of the mat, who became impatient to possess herself of so becoming an ornament. The chief in vain offered to give her some in exchange for the mat, but she still refused, till taking some of the choicest feathers from his box and displaying them before her to the greatest advantage, he adroitly laid them at her feet. The



temptation was irresistible, she threw off the mat and seized the feathers ; nor could any young lady of fashion in London or Paris have been more delighted with a diamond aigrette, than was this Maori matron with her plume from the snowy albatross.*

* It is however a remarkable characteristic of this people that, though very fond of their own native ornaments, in their subsequent dealings with Europeans no articles ever attracted their notice unless they were useful. Beads and gew-gaws they utterly despised ; while a nail, a fish-hook, or even a piece of iron hoop, would purchase a good supply of food, and a hatchet was irresistible.

CHAPTER IV.

REV. S. MARSDEN.—TIPPAHEE.

“How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?”

ROM. X. 14.

FOR a few moments we suspend our narrative, to pay our tribute to the memory of Captain Cook. The benevolent exertions of this good and great man in behalf of the barbarous nations he fell in with, sprung from Christian principle. Love to God and man was the ruling motive of his life; and while benefiting distant lands, he spared no pains to promote the comfort and to maintain the morality, as well as discipline, of his own crew.

Had his example been followed by succeeding voyagers, or even had the New Zealanders been treated with only common humanity and uprightness, how much guilt would have been avoided, how much human life would have been spared, and what cause would the natives have had to rejoice in this opening communication with England and her dependencies! But it was far otherwise; and the intercourse that in consequence of our great navigator's discoveries commenced, towards the end of the last century, between the people of New Zealand and other countries, was far from being calculated to improve the moral condition of the Maori race, or to give them any favourable impressions of Christianity. The trade with New South Wales con-

sisted in the exchange of cargoes of the fine timber, with which the Island abounded, for some of the commonest articles of English hardware ; and when, a few years later, the South Sea whalers from England resorted to New Zealand for provisions, they also found that the most acceptable payment was in nails and fish-hooks.

Too soon however in both these cases the traffic degenerated into a system of fraud and violence, where the treachery, cruelty, and bad faith of the Europeans roused the indignation of the savage to acts of the fiercest revenge, often, alas! followed by retaliation on the part of the first aggressors. The few scattered notices we have of Maori history during all this period are little else than tales of massacre and bloodshed ; or at best of New Zealanders torn from their families and their homes, and, when no longer wanted on board the vessel, left to perish in some distant island.* And yet so carefully did the original authors of these calamities keep out of sight their own guilt in the transactions, that, both in England and in New South Wales, the ferocity of the Maoris was supposed to be unprovoked ; the very name of New Zealand was held in abhorrence ; and its people were considered as untameable savages fitted only for destruction.

But there was one eye in New South Wales that saw things in a truer light, one heart that yearned over the wretchedness of his fellow-men, that knew the provocations that were given them, and felt that the greater

* There were however a few honourable exceptions to this statement : among others, Captain King, Governor of Norfolk Island, and afterwards of Port Jackson, made several attempts to benefit the New Zealanders, but unhappily without success.

their depravity, the more determined should be the efforts of Christians to reclaim them.

The Rev. Samuel Marsden,*—a name ever to be had in honour by all who love God and man, and without whom the beautiful Polynesian Islands would not have known the blessings brought to them by the London Missionary Society,—had been in 1792 appointed Chaplain at Port Jackson; and carrying out with him a strong and sound faith, a firm unyielding principle, and a glowing zeal and love that longed for the salvation of all mankind, his long chaplaincy became the greatest blessing the Southern Hemisphere has ever known. To him was given the rare privilege of benefiting, not individuals merely, but whole races of his fellow-beings.

We wish we knew more precisely how and when this good man became interested in the Maori race; † but all we have been able to ascertain is, that in the year 1806, an influential chief, named Tippahce, and

* We do not know the place of Mr. Marsden's birth, but he was originally brought up as a blacksmith. He was led to CHRIST while young, and while giving his own heart to his Saviour felt so ardent a desire to be the instrument of leading others to know Him also, that in 1786, when about twenty-two years of age, he applied to the Elland Society to receive him. They did so, educated him, sent him to College, and prepared him for the ministry; and among the many devoted and excellent ministers whom the Church owes to that Society, for none may she feel more grateful than for Samuel Marsden.

† Since writing the above we find that on Mr. Marsden's last visit to New Zealand, in 1837, he mentioned to Mr. Matthews that the first New Zealanders he had seen were two chiefs, Toki and Huru, whom Captain King had taken to Norfolk Island, and subsequently to Port Jackson, in the hope of their giving useful information on the culture of flax. Captain King failed in his project, but he had the privilege of conferring on the Maoris the inestimable benefit of bringing their race under the notice of Mr. Marsden.

his four sons, urged by a spirit of inquiry as to other lands, worked their way to Port Jackson in one of the trading vessels. It would be very interesting to trace out his first adventures there, his meeting with Mr. Marsden, &c., but we can only give a few unconnected details of the history.

Mr. Marsden soon got into friendly intercourse with the chief, and found that this tattooed savage was endowed with a mind superior to any thing he could have anticipated. He found him intelligent and eager for knowledge, and most anxious for the welfare and improvement of his people; while his natural tact and courtesy of manner made him no unfitting guest at the table of the governor.* The arts of life he saw at Port Jackson rendered him the more alive to the ignorance and degraded state of his countrymen; and so painfully did he feel this, that upon being one day taken to a common rope-walk to see the process of spinning twine

* A little incident that occurred one day when dining with a large party at Government House showed Tipphahee's shrewdness of observation, and courage in expressing his opinion. A discussion arose as to our penal code; he could not reconcile our punishment of theft with his own sense of justice, maintaining that stealing food when perhaps the thief was hungry ought not to be so severely punished. He was told, in reply, that according to English law every man who took the property of another was liable to be put to death. "Then," exclaimed he with animation, addressing the governor, "why do you not hang Captain ——," pointing to a gentleman then at table; "Captain ——, he come to New Zealand, he come ashore, and tiki (stole) my potatoes; you hang Captain ——." The Captain was covered with confusion, for the charge was true; like most of the commanders of vessels, he had, when off the coast, and in want of potatoes, sent a boat's crew on shore, dug up Tipphahee's plantation, and carried off the produce without offering him the slightest remuneration.

and fishing-lines, and of manufacturing rope, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "New Zealand no good."

Mr. Marsden had much conversation with him on the possibility of forming an European settlement in the Island similar to that in Tahiti, which was now beginning to rejoice the hearts of the devoted and self-forgetting men who had planned and executed it; and found the chief willing to assist in any undertaking that promised such advantages to his native land. Tip-pahee returned home laden with presents from the governor, of the most useful kind—agricultural tools, seed wheat, a few head of cattle, &c., &c.; while Mr. Marsden's mind became more and more intent upon the introduction of the Gospel and of civilization into New Zealand.

Not long after this, Mr. Marsden had occasion to visit England, and took the opportunity of bringing the subject before the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. We can well imagine with what ardour and energy he pleaded the cause of the Maoris; and with what success, we shall see in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY—RUATARA—PLANS FOR A SETTLEMENT.

“How shall they hear without a preacher?”—ROM. x. 14.

It is very profitable, as well as very interesting, to look back to the early proceedings of the Church Missionary Society; to see the hallowed names of Scott, and Simeon, of Cecil, and Venn, and Buchanan, and Pratt, and Bickersteth, and their fellow-workers of a former generation, and to read of how they thought and felt and acted; how—few in number but strong in faith—they laid the foundation, broad and deep, of that structure which God has so blessed and honoured. It brings a kind of sacred stillness to the mind thus to commune, as it were, with holy men now at rest in the presence of that Saviour whom they so loved and served on earth; and the bright calm light with which their memories are encircled, serves to guide and cheer those who have taken up the same labours from which “they have ceased.”

Thoughts and feelings such as these have often visited our minds while tracing out the commencement of the New Zealand Mission; and we can only hope and pray and believe that the same Holy Spirit that has guided from the beginning the efforts of the Society, will ever continue to rest upon it,—“the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord.”

Mr Marsden's earnest appeal to the Society met with an equally earnest attention and interest; and after much and prayerful deliberation a plan was adopted, which would, it was hoped, lead to the evangelization of the island.

It was determined that the Mission should be commenced by sending out a few artisans, men of piety and industry, as settlers, to teach the natives some of the simpler arts of life, and while thus winning their confidence and their affection, to take every opportunity of scattering the seeds of Divine Truth, and thus to prepare the way for Missionary work of a more exclusive character

And here we must observe that Missionary Societies had not then had the experience we now possess; and had not yet so fully learnt, that however valuable civilization is as a handmaid to evangelization, it is in itself but of little value, as a forerunner, and that the simple preaching of "Christ Jesus and Him crucified" is "the power of God unto salvation," to the barbarous Scythian as to the polished Greek.

We do not however mean that the settlers were instructed to confine themselves to the mere secular improvement of the New Zealanders: on the contrary, as soon as they could master the language, they were expected to devote as much time as they could spare, to the religious instruction of any natives to whom they could gain access.

It was not long before the Society met with two persons who seemed exactly suited to their purpose. Mr. William Hall, recommended by the late Mr. Fawcett of Carlisle, was a carpenter, who had also learnt something of navigation and ship-building; and Mr.

John King, well known to the present Bishop of Calcutta, was a shoemaker, acquainted also with flax-dressing and rope-making, and knowing something of agriculture.

Such were the two men who laid the foundation of the great work now accomplished. Knowing nothing of New Zealand but its misery and its wickedness, its massacres and its cannibalism; they left their native land and all the blessings of civilization, to dwell among a nation of untried savages, well aware that their own lives and those of their families would be in constant jeopardy. Love to God and to the souls of men could alone have moved them to this heroic self-devotion; and the prayers and hopes, not unmixed with anxious fears, of many Christian hearts accompanied them, when, in company with Mr. Marsden, they embarked on board the "Ann," on August 25, 1809.

It was a happy omen, and proved eventually a most important advantage, that a day or two after they had joined the ship, Mr. Marsden observed a poor emaciated man, evidently very ill, sitting on the fore-castle; and, upon going up to him, recognised him as a New Zealand chief whom he had some time before seen at Port Jackson. Poor *Ruatara** had suffered much from English sailors, and there seemed very little hope of his living to reach his own land again; but the kindness of Mr. Marsden, and the captain and officers of the ship, the medical attendance of the doctor, and the careful nursing of Mr. King, soon in great degree restored his health, and swept away from his remembrance the many injuries he had received. *Ruatara* was nephew to *Tippahee*, and a chief of considerable importance in

* Formerly written, "Duaterra."

the northern part of the Island ; in person he was tall and well made ; his dark eye was full of animation, and his bearing noble and dignified. His manner, like that of his uncle, was mild, engaging, and courteous ; and his mind acute, intelligent, and generous. He was now about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age ; and it appeared that some four years before, his love of enterprise had led him to engage himself as a common sailor in one of the whalers that touched at the Bay of Islands for provisions. After serving in her for a twelvemonth, he was, contrary to agreement, put ashore at Port Jackson, without either money or friends ; and must have starved, had not a Captain Richardson engaged him on another whaling expedition, and at the end of six months landed him on his own shore, well paid in European articles.

These events had not subdued the spirit of inquiry in the young chief's mind ; and at the end of a few months he again trusted himself to the master of another whaler, who promised, when he had completed his cargo, to take him to England and show him King George, which at this time seemed to be the summit of his ambition. The ship first visited Bounty Island, where Ruatara and a few other men were sent on shore to collect seal skins, while the "Santa Anna" went to Norfolk Island to procure provisions and water. A very small stock of food and a very scanty supply of water was given them, but the master promised to return in a few days. Ten long months however passed away before the ship again appeared : three of the men had perished from want, and the remainder must have shared their fate, had not another vessel happened to touch at the Island, whose master humanely spared

them a small supply. During the ten months, they had collected 8000 seal skins, and when all were again on board, the "Santa Anna" set sail for England, and Ruatara looked forward to the accomplishment of his long-cherished desire. On the voyage he was treated most cruelly; he was frequently beaten very severely, and the illness of which we have spoken was the effect of some of the heavy blows he then received. But he bore all, for he hoped soon to see King George; and we can imagine something of his disappointment and mortification, when, on arriving in London, the master only ridiculed him for his credulity, and dismissed him without any remuneration for his services. Ah! had Ruatara's intense desire been directed to another object, had it been "the King of Glory" whom he so ardently longed to see, he would not have thus been disappointed. Ill and destitute as the poor chief was, there seemed nothing before him but death in a strange land; and it is one of those many proofs we have of an overruling Providence in all the affairs of life, that he should have been, without any human contrivance, brought into the very ship in which Mr. Marsden and his companions were to sail. During the voyage Mr. Marsden had much conversation with him, and found him as anxious as Tippahee had been for the improvement of his countrymen. He was delighted to find that Mr. Hall and Mr. King were intending to settle in New Zealand, and promised them protection and every assistance in his power, if only they would establish themselves on his property in the Bay of Islands. As Tippahee's district was in the same neighbourhood, Mr. Marsden had no hesitation in deciding according to

his wishes; and promised to begin the settlement as soon as possible.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that thrown as Ruatara had almost exclusively been among lawless and ungodly men, the idea of a Christian Sabbath had taken a firm hold of his mind; he spoke of it repeatedly, and implied that his people even now desired something of the kind, but that they had not hitherto known "*how to make a Sunday.*" Now, he said, he should be able to teach them; and, in order to do this, he employed his mind in inventing Maori names for the different days of the week.

Full of hope and anticipations, the party landed at Port Jackson, in February, 1810; but a sad disappointment awaited them. News had lately arrived that a trading vessel, named the Boyd, had been attacked by the natives in Whangaroa Bay, on the north-east coast, that the crew had been murdered and eaten, and the ship burnt. Tippahee too was dead; some whalers, hearing of the loss of the Boyd, determined to avenge it; and, confounding the innocent with the guilty,* came down upon Tippahee in his island home in the Bay of Islands, burnt his village, destroyed his crops, and put him and his people to the sword.

Ruatara was exceedingly distressed at the loss of his uncle, and at the delay in the projected plans; for the whole of that part of the Island was in such a state of excitement and disturbance, that he could no longer

* Tippahee, it afterwards appeared, happened to be in Whangaroa Bay at the time of the massacre; but, so far from joining in it, had done all in his power, though unsuccessfully, to rescue some of the crew.

guarantee the safety of an European. The chief himself however determined to return and ascertain the real state of affairs, promising to come back as soon as possible. It was several months before an opportunity offered for his sailing: the intermediate time was passed in acquiring knowledge of various kinds; and when at last he left Port Jackson he was supplied by Mr. Marsden with whatever was likely to be useful to him.

But months passed on, and nothing was heard of Ruatara, till Mr. Marsden grew uneasy, and feared that some accident had befallen his young friend. More than a twelvemonth had elapsed, and Mr. Marsden's anxieties still increased, when, to his great joy, Ruatara again made his appearance, but looking worn and haggard, and with a sorrowful tale to tell, not of the barbarities of his countrymen, but again of the bad faith and cruelty of Englishmen. He related his adventures with great feeling, told Mr. Marsden of the joy with which, after six months of whale fishing, he found himself in sight of his own land; how the ship anchored in the Bay opposite his own village; of the delight with which he recognized each familiar object far and near; of his collecting his little property on deck; his impatience to see the boat lowered that was to take him on shore to be again united to his wife and children. And then he spoke of the dismay with which he found the anchor heaved, and the vessel standing out again to sea, and of the unfeeling captain's disregard of his tears and remonstrances. He spoke too of the anguish with which he again saw the beloved coast receding from his view, and of his despair of ever again beholding it. After much ill usage the captain

left him on Norfolk Island, where, friendless and destitute, and without resource, he was found by another vessel, whose master kindly supplied him with food and clothing, and brought him once more to Port Jackson. Again under the friendly roof of his constant friend,* he soon recovered health and spirits, embarked once more for his native land, and at length reached it in safety about the beginning of 1813.

His long absence, extending, with one short interval, over a period of seven years, had not been altogether lost to him; it had partly loosened the hold that his early superstitions and native customs held upon his mind, and prepared him the more readily to avail himself of opportunities of improvement. On both occasions, during the months spent under Mr. Marsden's roof, that servant of God carefully instructed him in the leading truths of our most holy faith; but his progress was very slow, and his ideas remained sadly confused. The observance of the Sabbath was the only point on which he seemed clear; and we find that after his return to New Zealand, he continued to "make a Sunday" himself for the first "five moons," after which he probably lost his reckoning of the days.† He

* It was not only Tippahce and Ruatara that experienced the hospitality and kindness of Mr. Marsden. He built a hut near his own house at Paramatta, in which any New Zealanders were welcome to take up their abode, and where they received every kindness. Some of them remained there for days, and even weeks; and in this way Mr. Marsden became acquainted with several of the chiefs, through whom his name became known and loved by many who had never seen his face. Probably these chiefs lived at some distance from Ruatara's district; or it would be difficult to account for the incredulity with which, as we shall presently see, his statements were received.

† Ruatara tried to persuade some of the other chiefs to do the

made far greater progress in agriculture than in religious knowledge; Mr. Marsden wisely accustomed him to manual labour; he engaged in it with ardour, and by the time he left Paramatta, he was well acquainted with the culture of wheat, and all common vegetables.

We can fancy him returning to his own land early in 1813, rejoicing in his newly-acquired knowledge; supplied by Mr. Marsden with everything required to make it available—tools and seeds and plants; filled with the most sanguine hopes of raising his beloved country from her present degradation; and never doubting but that his brother chiefs would thankfully avail themselves of what it had cost him so much pains to learn. Already, as his ardent mind stretched onward, the whole scene was changed; he saw the arts of peace substituted for devastating wars, and, as he would often say, wheat would be everywhere cultivated, and New Zealand would be a great nation.

Poor Ruatara had yet to learn that ignorance is the parent of incredulity, and he soon found that the prejudices and habits of his countrymen were too deeply seated to be so easily eradicated. When he told them of his adventures, and of all he had seen and heard at Port Jackson, they listened at first with the greatest

same, but without success; they answered him that they knew Englishmen had no Sabbath, for of all the many vessels that had been to New Zealand only *two* had made any difference in the day! Those however who had been to Port Jackson could not have said this; for there the Sabbath was at this time strictly observed; no packets were allowed to go in or out of the harbour, the prisoners as well as the soldiers were regularly mustered and taken to church, and quiet and order prevailed all around.

interest; but soon his tales surpassed their powers of belief. Nothing would persuade them that the bread and biscuit they had occasionally procured from the ships, could be made from the wheat he showed them; and when, in attempting to describe the horses, he spoke of them as "corraddees,"* large enough to carry a man, they could listen no longer, but stopping their ears reproached him with supposing they were so foolish as to believe his traveller's tales. A few, more liberal than the rest, proceeded to test the truth of his assertions by attempting to ride their *pigs*; but the result only served to convince them the more fully of Ruatara's want of truthfulness, and all he said was received with ridicule and contempt.

Had Tippahee been alive he would have confirmed Ruatara's statements, and gone hand in hand with him in all his plans; but he was gone, and Ruatara was left alone in his noble endeavours.

Disconcerted, but not daunted, he with some difficulty prevailed on six of the chiefs to accept some of the seed which he had brought with him, and to sow it according to his instructions and example. It came up well, grew luxuriantly, and Ruatara was eagerly looking forward to the removal of at least one of their prejudices, when, just as it was coming into ear, he had the mortification to find it was all destroyed! Not supposing there could be any mode of increase different from that of their *kumera*, they had examined the *roots*, and not finding

* Corraddee is the native name for dog, and as they had never seen any quadruped except dogs and pigs, (see page 6,) Ruatara knew not in what other way to give them an idea of either horses or cows.

any grains of wheat growing there, had pulled up all the plants and burnt them! Only one among them, *Hongi*,* the uncle of our chief, had had the forbearance to wait to see what the plants would really come to, and he and his nephew were rewarded by a plentiful crop.

But notwithstanding the incredulity and ridicule with which the chiefs had heard Ruatara's histories, they received him with warmth and kindness, and were so pleased with the prospect of friendly Europeans coming to settle among them, that he took the first opportunity of sending an urgent request to Mr. Marsden to commence a settlement without delay. This message, welcome as it was to Mr. Marsden, found him in considerable difficulty. From the time that he had first mentioned his project he had had much to endure, and much to contend against. We have already† spoken of the strong feeling entertained throughout the colony against these barbarians, whose extermination seemed far more desirable than their conversion; and there were, besides, parties whose personal interest it was to prevent, if possible, the proposed settlement, lest the system of fraud and cruelty they had so long pursued, should be brought to light. These people attempted to misrepresent the motives, and even to blacken the character of God's own servant; and though they could not succeed in fixing any stigma upon him, yet they so far gained their point, that not even one of the more respectable portion of society

* Formerly written Shunghee, or E, Ongi; he was chief of the Ngapuis, a fierce tribe occupying a large tract of country inland, stretching from near the western shore of the Bay of Islands to the other side of the Island.

† Page 35.

would join him, and he was left to pursue his glorious work alone. Nothing however could turn him from his purpose; through evil report, as afterwards through good report, he stood firm as a rock, strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

But before the final step was taken, Mr. Marsden thought it prudent to send Mr. Hall and Mr. Kendall (an additional settler just arrived from England) to ascertain for themselves the temper of the people, and the practicability of establishing themselves among them.

They reached the Island in the middle of the year 1814, to the great delight of Ruatara. He showed them the potatoes, carrots, onions, &c. &c., growing in profusion from the seed he had brought from Port Jackson. He had, too, a large number of pigs, and his whole farm was in a most flourishing condition. To the chief's great joy, they had brought a steel mill with them; and he immediately set about grinding some of his wheat, to the no small surprise of his incredulous neighbours, who could scarcely believe their own eyes when they saw the flour; and when Ruatara proceeded to make some cakes and bake them in a frying-pan, and then gave each of them a piece to taste, they danced and shouted with the most extravagant joy. They even began to think it *possible* that his other tales might be true, even that of the large corraddees.*

Mr. Kendall and Mr. Hall were, on their part, not a little startled and discouraged at first, at the wild and savage appearance and manner of the people; but the kind reception they met with from all the chiefs soon dispelled any personal fear; and after spending six

* Page 48.

weeks among them, during which time they received the most urgent entreaties to return soon and settle there, they felt no hesitation as to their future course. Ruatara, Hongi, and Koro-koro, (another chief of the Bay of Islands,) accompanied them back to Port Jackson, where their report filled Mr. Marsden's anxious, waiting heart with joy and gratitude.

Mr. Marsden had not hesitated to fix on the Bay of Islands for the site of the new settlement, as being the only spot on which he could hope for protection for the settlers. Besides the friendship of Ruatara, which he knew he could depend upon, he was slightly acquainted with some of the other chiefs in the northern part of the Island, who had been at Port Jackson, and to whom he had had opportunities of showing kindness; and he hoped this would be remembered by them. But there were disadvantages attending this locality — it was almost the only resort of the trading vessels; and these had not only increased the demoralization of the natives, but had formed a kind of small port on the southern shore of the Bay (Kororarika), which was often the haunt of deserters and run-away convicts from New Holland and Van Diemen's Land, who were in some respects as much to be feared as the New Zealanders themselves.

Another cause of anxiety was a deadly feud which had, he found, sprung up, since the affair of the Boyd, and the consequent murder of Tippahee, between the chiefs of the Bay of Islands and those of Whangaroa, which would expose the settlers to great danger should actual hostilities again arise between them. But as he intended to accompany the expedition himself, he trusted to be able to mediate between the hostile tribes, or

at all events to prevail on those of Whangaroa to refrain from injuring the Europeans. He hoped also in some way or other to overcome the other difficulty, and lost no time in making the necessary preparations for starting.

The party that Mr. Marsden took with him consisted of the three settlers with their wives and children, a flax-dresser, a smith, the three returning chiefs, and a gentleman of the name of Nicholas, who had volunteered to accompany them. Taking with him a stock of everything likely to be useful or convenient, Mr. Marsden embarked with his companions on November 28th, 1814, in the little brig *Active*, (which he had at his own risk purchased for £2000,) on this blessed mission to the Maori nation,—“Those noble people,” as he wrote to the Church Missionary Society, “who are only waiting for what you so richly enjoy—the means of grace, the heavenly manna, to fall around their hungry tents. I fear,” he continues, “the Society will be alarmed at the expense, but consider for a moment what a state of bondage, sin, and misery all must be in who are literally without hope, and without God in the world. I know I am not authorized by the Society to do all I am doing in pecuniary matters for this mission. If they approve of *any* part I shall be thankful; and if they *fully* enter into my views, I shall the more rejoice. But should they see it in a different point of view, and not feel disposed to give all the pecuniary assistance it seems to need, I shall not be discouraged from doing all I can, till I see I can do no more. The LORD will provide the required money either here, or in England, and I hope and believe the Great Head of the Church will give his support and blessing.”

CHAPTER VI.

MR. MARSDEN'S VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—ST. LUKE ii. 10.

THE summer sun was setting; and his departing rays shed a flood of light on the dark bold rock that forms New Zealand's northern promontory, when, on December the 15th, 1814, the Missionary vessel first came in sight of land. Mr. Marsden stood on deck, eager to catch the first view of the country for whose welfare he had prayed, and laboured, and waited for so many years. His delighted eye rested with admiration on the scene before him; and as he watched the sun-beams gliding from point to point, his heart glowed with the hope that ere long a brighter and a never-setting sun would rise, and chase away the moral darkness that enveloped all around him.

As the *Active* neared the cape, several chiefs came off in their canoes; they were very friendly, and seemed somewhat interested when Ruatara explained to them the intentions of Mr. Marsden, but the party did not come into actual intercourse with any body of natives till the 18th, when finding themselves becalmed near the small islands of the *Cavalles*, off the north-eastern coast, they determined to go on shore.

The New Zealander in a foreign land, dressed in European clothes, and conforming himself with a remarkable facility to the manners and conversation of the persons among whom he is thrown, is a very dif-

ferent being from the Maori chief, clad in his native mat, proudly treading his own native soil, and conscious that he may bid defiance to all intruders; and nothing that Mr. Marsden had seen or heard at Port Jackson had at all prepared him for the savage wildness of this people when free from the restraint of Europeans. The party were however courteously received, and had any evil intention been entertained, the presence of the chiefs they had brought with them would have prevented the execution of it.

The meeting of one of these chiefs, Koro-koro, with a relative who resided on the island, gave rise to so extraordinary a scene, that we will not pass it over in silence. This was a "tangi," or ceremony performed on the meeting or parting of friends or relations; it still partially retains its hold upon the people, but was then universal, and attended with such curious circumstances that we shall give the account of it in Mr. Marsden's own words. "After we had landed," he writes, "and while we were talking to Koro-koro and some of the natives, his aunt came to welcome him, accompanied with some other women and children. She had a green bough twisted round her head, and another in her hand. When she came within a hundred yards, she began to make a very mournful lamentation, hanging down her head as if oppressed with the heaviest grief, and advancing towards Koro-koro with a slow and measured step. He, on his part, appeared much agitated, and stood in deep silence, leaning on the top of his musket. As the aunt advanced, she prayed very loud and wept exceedingly. Koro-koro remained motionless till she came up to him, when they laid their heads together, the woman leaning on

a staff and he on his gun. Thus they stood, repeating short sentences aloud, which, we understood, were prayers, and here they wept aloud for a long time, the tears rolling down their cheeks in torrents—it was impossible to see them without being deeply moved. A daughter of the aunt also sat at her feet weeping; and the women who accompanied her joined in the lamentation, cutting themselves in their faces, arms, and breasts, with sharp shells or flints, till the blood streamed down. We thought this an extraordinary mode of manifesting their joy, but afterwards found it was universal.” Our readers will join with Mr. Marsden and ourselves in wondering at these tokens of Maori joy!

While lying becalmed off the Cavalle Islands they heard that some of the Whangaroan chiefs were encamped with a large party of their followers, on the opposite coast. We have before mentioned these people, and the blood-feud that since the massacre of the Boyd had existed between them and the tribes of the Bay of Islands: we have mentioned also Mr. Marsden’s anxiety to establish matters on an amicable footing for the safety of the intended settlement, well knowing that the forty miles of wood and swamp that would separate it from these savages, would of themselves prove a very ineffectual protection.

The present opportunity seemed a favourable one for endeavouring to accomplish this; and unmoved by Ruatara’s entreaties, who knew the unscrupulous ferocity of the tribe, and trembled for the safety of his benefactor, he determined to visit them. Finding him fixed in this resolution, Ruatara not only engaged to

accompany him, but in his own generous way, and regardless of his own personal danger, volunteered to make the first advance. The party consisted of Mr. Marsden, Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Kendall, Mr. King, Mr. Hanson, the master of the ship, Hongi, Koro-koro, and Ruatara; and they had no sooner landed than they saw the body of armed men stationed on an opposite hill. Ruatara went forward, and after explaining to them that some white men desired to visit them, rejoined his own party. There was a pause, and our friends doubted what reception they were to expect, when they saw a woman advance from the Whangaroan band, flourishing a red mat round her head, and crying out, "Haromai, haromai," "Come hither, come hither." This they were told was a welcome, and proceeding onward, they soon found themselves in the midst of the Whangaroans. The chiefs were sitting on the ground surrounded by their warriors, who were standing with their spears, fifteen or twenty feet in length, fixed upright by their side. Both chiefs and men were dressed in their native mats, some of them very handsome, and all had their hair neatly tied in a knot at the top of the head, and ornamented with long white feathers of the gannet. Some wore round their necks ornaments of green jade, some the teeth of their slaughtered enemies, while some, as if proud of the atrocious destruction of the Boyd, were adorned with dollars taken from that ill-fated ship. But who can realize the description of the sights and sounds that followed! The warriors seized their spears and brandished them, as if in fury, one against the other; yells, shrieks, and roars rose on every side; while the frightful gesticulations and va-

riety of horrible distortions of face and limb were enough to strike terror and dismay into the most resolute. It was a war-dance of *welcome* !

Mr. Marsden had much conversation with the chiefs, of whom the principal one, who had assumed the name of George, had taken the lead in the affair of the Boyd. They did not deny the barbarous deed, but justified it as only retaliation for wrongs inflicted on their chief by the master of the vessel.

Evening was drawing on apace, but the most important subjects had not yet been discussed ; and Mr. Marsden, fearing he might not again have so favourable an opportunity, determined on the bold step of staying there during the night. Mr. Nicholas volunteered to remain with him ; Hongi did the same, but it was thought better that the rest of the party should return to the ship ; and thus, alone, unarmed and unprotected save by the shield of faith in Him for whose Name's sake they were there, these two Englishmen prepared to pass the night in the midst of well-armed and ferocious cannibals. Must not He in whom they believed, have endued them with special strength for the occasion ?

“ George,” writes Mr. Marsden, “ directed me to lie by his side ; his wife and child lay on his right hand, and Mr. Nicholas close by. The night was clear, the stars shone bright, the sea before us was smooth ; around were the warriors' spears stuck upright in the ground, and groups of natives lying in all directions like a flock of sheep upon the grass, for there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our present situation with feelings I cannot describe ; surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured

our countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence, and how these things could be. I did not sleep much; my mind was occupied by the strange circumstances in which we were, and the new and strange ideas the scene naturally awakened."

Among the starry groups that on that night visited Mr. Marsden's wakeful eyes, the Southern Cross shone out with its own soft lustre; and is it likely that he beheld it with unmoved feelings? Would he not greet it as a fitting emblem of the purpose that had brought him hither? And then, as before the morning dawned the diadem of the South* rose from its ocean bed, and, climbing the steep of heaven, added its bright circlet to the "spangled" firmament, must it not have cheered his heart with hopes of future triumphs and unfading glory, even for these dark savages that lay around him?

Whether the sight of these constellations really suggested such thoughts to him we cannot tell; the thoughts themselves were there; and we know that that evening and that night were fraught with important consequences to the mission; for the chiefs, wrought upon by Mr. Marsden's arguments, and moved, no doubt, by the fearless intrepidity of his conduct, not only promised to forbear from molesting the settlement, but agreed to come to terms of peace with the chiefs of the Bay of Islands. In the morning several of them went with Mr. Marsden on board the *Active*, where, after a good English breakfast, with which they were much delighted, they entered into a peaceable compact with Ruatara and Koro-koro as representatives of the rest.

The wind was now favourable, and the Missionary band soon found themselves at the entrance of the Bay

* *Corona Australis*.

of Islands. Standing out towards Cape Brett, they passed the conical rock, that, rising midway between the headlands, seems to guard the approach; and as they proceeded were struck with admiration at the beauty of the scene. In the foreground, the bright sea was studded with islands; some barren and rocky, others clothed with trees and verdure. Far beyond, the dark grey promontories stood boldly forward, divided from each other by the rivers that are everywhere to be found; while the distant horizon was bounded by mountains of various forms. One sorrowful sight however arrested their attention—it was the island once the favourite resort of the murdered Tippahee,* where, in advance of his neighbour chiefs, he had taught his people something of European cultivation. Now all was desolate—the burnt ruins of the huts, and the uncultivated plantations, still told the cruel tale. Only one house was standing, it was the one that Governor King had had built for the chief himself.

The Active anchored in a little cove on the northern side of the Bay, over against Rangi-houa, the chief village belonging to Ruatara, and was speedily surrounded by canoes, full of men and women anxious to welcome back their respective chiefs, and, as on the Cavalle Islands, testifying their joy, the men by weeping, the women by cutting themselves in all directions.

The next day the party landed, and fixed on a spot adjoining the village, for the residence of the settlers. Mr. Marsden's name was already well known here, and the people crowded round him with every mark of affectionate regard.† We may imagine their astonish-

* See Page 44.

† It was the same when, during his stay on the island, he made

ment when the cattle were brought on shore, and they found the truth of Ruatara's description of "large corraddees;" but the sight of Mr. Marsden on horseback quite bewildered them; they seemed to think him more than mortal, and believed that by some supernatural power he had united himself to the horse.

Koro-koro had quitted the vessel as soon as she arrived, and now returned to give Mr. Marsden and the new settlers a welcome according to native etiquette, an etiquette however which it required no little nerve to witness without alarm. Ten of the formidable war-canoes we have before described were seen in regular line, and with colours flying, bearing swiftly down upon the Active. Every rower in the long line dipped his paddle at the same moment, so that the whole seemed like one stroke. The chiefs were standing up in their canoes, with their war-mats gracefully thrown over their shoulders, their hair neatly tied and adorned with white feathers, and in their hands were their tall spears, also ornamented with feathers. Their bodies were painted with red ochre, and their fierce tattooed countenances were rendered more fierce by the frightful contortions of their features. They sung the war-song as they approached, and their wild impetuous gestures, like those at Whangaroa, seemed to bid defiance to any other power, "None," says Mr. Nicholas, "but those who saw it can form a conception of the terrible appearance." They made as though they intended to

excursions to the more inland villages. His name passed from mouth to mouth, and the very children shouted it out with delight. So truly did this poor people appreciate the kindness shown to their countrymen at Paramatta. Songs and dances were even composed to his honour.

attack the ship; and a shudder must have run through some of the party on board, as they recalled the dreadful realities that had in former times taken place in that same Bay. But in a moment all was changed, the war-song became a note of joyful welcome, and the countenances of the men resumed their usual expression. The chiefs came on board, each bringing some little present, while Koro-koro, with the greatest natural courtesy, introduced them to the several persons on board, mentioning, as he did so, the various kindnesses and attentions he had received from each.

Sunday, December the 25th, now arrived. Mr. Marsden had mentioned to Ruatara his intention of performing Divine service on shore, and the chief had spared no pains in making all the preparations in his power. The first sight that greeted Mr. Marsden's eye when he went on deck that morning, was an English flag flying at Rangihoua, in honour of the day.* The party went on shore, and were surprised to find with what ingenuity Ruatara had contrived his arrangements. He had enclosed about half an acre of ground with a fence, and in the centre had erected a pulpit and desk, and covered them with black native mats, to conceal the roughness of the materials, and had arranged the bottom of some old canoes as seats for the Europeans; himself and his companions not requiring any but the ground. Mr. Marsden's own account is as follows. "When we landed, we found Koro-koro, Ruatara, and Hongi, dressed in regimentals, given them by Governor Macquarrie, with their men drawn up,

* This flag was a present from the governor of Port Jackson, from whom the chief had begged either a flag, or a bell, or a drum, to collect his people together on the sabbath day.

ready to march into the enclosure to attend Divine service. We entered, and were placed on the seats on each side of the pulpit. Koro-koro marched his men in, and placed them on my right hand behind the Europeans; Ruatara placed his 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. I rose and began the service by singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, and I felt my very soul melt within me when I viewed my congregation, and considered the state they were in. After reading the service, I preached from St. Luke ii. 10, 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy.' The natives told Ruatara that they could not understand what I meant. He told them not to mind now, for that they would understand it by-and-by, and that he would explain my meaning as far as he could. When the service was over we returned on board, much gratified; and with the strongest persuasion that the time was at hand when the glory of the Lord would be revealed to these poor benighted heathen, and that the labours of those who remained on the island would be crowned and blessed with success."

Ruatara was delighted with the success of this first attempt to introduce the worship of the true God, and Mr. Marsden rejoiced with a holier, deeper joy: there was something singularly encouraging in its having occurred on Christmas Day, and that almost the first words from God's own book that fell on the ears of those barbarians should have been, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Would not "the zeal of the

Lord of hosts perform" yet greater things? Would He not manifest himself to the souls of these people as "Wonderful," "Counsellor," "the Mighty God?" and would not "the Prince of Peace" now establish His government where the darkest, fiercest passions had hitherto reigned?

It was well that, as the hearts of Mr. Marsden and his companions swelled high with all these glorious hopes, the intervening days of darkness, trial, and suffering were hidden from their sight. Had they foreseen them, how could they have had courage to face them! But we will not anticipate.

Every effort was now made to get raupo* buildings erected that might serve as temporary dwellings for the settlers, and storehouses for the various European articles they had brought with them both for use and for barter; timber was procured from the opposite side of the Bay; the smith and carpenter set hard to work, every hand on board assisted, and the village of Rangihoua presented the novel scene of European industry.

As soon as the rude habitation was built and the settlers and stores safely landed, Mr. Marsden spent a week in visiting the eastern coast as far as the river Thames, 150 miles from Rangihoua; and it is another instance of the fearless confidence he placed in these people, that with only five Europeans to navigate the ship, he ventured to take on board twenty-eight New Zealanders, all well armed to secure the party from any attacks from stranger natives. He afterwards made several excursions inland, rowing as far as he could up one or other of the four rivers that fell into the Bay, and continuing his journey on foot. In this way he

became acquainted with a large proportion of the chiefs of the surrounding country, was everywhere received with kindness and hospitality, and found every one pleased with the prospect of the settlement of Europeans on the island.

More than once on these excursions, Ruatara found occasion to testify his thoughtful anxiety for the comfort of his benefactor. Mr. Marsden happened to have been absent longer than he intended, and Ruatara, fearing he would feel the want of his usual English comforts, went to meet him with a supply of bread, tea and sugar, and any other little thing that occurred to him. Indeed, the whole conduct of this remarkable young man was such as to encourage the best hopes with regard to him. His anxiety for the welfare of his people filled his mind, and was the constant theme of his conversation. "I have introduced wheat," he often again would say, "into New Zealand, and it will become a great nation." He made arrangements for extensive cultivation among his people, and planned the building of a town on an English model. It was a beautiful spot that he fixed on, commanding a view of the Bay and the adjacent country; and as he took Mr. Marsden over it and pointed out the spot on which he intended to build a church, it was arranged that a few days after, they should again meet and mark out the streets.

Alas! before that day arrived Ruatara was stretched on his dying-bed. His seizure was sudden, and Mr. Marsden hastened to his dwelling, to minister to his bodily and spiritual necessities, but was denied admittance. His superstitious friends feared the vengeance of the Atua if a white man should approach. For

three days did Mr. Marsden endeavour to remove their prejudices, but in vain; till finding his poor friend was getting worse and worse, he threatened that the Active should fire on the village if they did not yield. This had the desired effect, and Mr. Nicholas and himself were permitted to visit him. It was a very painful scene. His favourite wife sat beside him bathed in tears, her dishevelled hair lying on her shoulders, and her face expressing the anguish she was enduring. He was himself so weak that he could scarcely speak; but his intellects were clear as ever, and his languid eye lighted up with joy at the sight of Mr. Marsden, as though it were a gleam of comfort to illumine his dark passage. They had brought with them medicine and English food, but he was tapued, and was not allowed to take them. He did not expect to recover; "and," writes Mr. Marsden, "at this awful moment he appeared not to know what to do. He wished me to pray with him, which I did, but the superstitions of his country had evidently a strong hold upon his mind. His views of the gospel were not sufficiently clear to remove his superstitions, and yet he loved to hear what I could tell him of the love of Christ. As my stay was limited by the governor's orders, I was obliged to leave him in the midst of his affliction, and four days after my departure he died."*

We learn from other sources, that the day before he died he was removed from his own house, according to the superstitious custom of the country, to a shed erect-

* It is a touching circumstance, that in the midst of his sufferings he did not forget some presents he had prepared for Mr. Marsden and Mr. Nicholas; he sent for and gave them the handsome mats he had set apart for this purpose.

ed near. Either by accident or by his own wish, which we are not told, it was on the very spot where not many days before, full of glad anticipation, he had stood and consulted with Mr. Marsden, as to his intended town, that Ruatara breathed his last. Whether as the bright, long-cherished prospects of future usefulness to his countrymen faded from his dying eyes, the love of a crucified Saviour was more clearly manifested to his soul, we do not know—no European was again allowed to see him. The veil is too closely drawn for us to see beyond it, and while contemplating the early death of this promising chief, we can only lay our hand upon our mouth, and say, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

To complete the sad tale, the poor wife put an end to her existence the following day; she could not endure this life without him whom she so fondly loved, for she knew not the God of all consolation.

CHAPTER VII.

TRIALS AND PATIENCE OF FIRST SETTLERS—BEGINNING OF PROGRESS—MR. MARSDEN'S SECOND AND THIRD VISITS—HONGI IN ENGLAND—HIS CONDUCT ON HIS RETURN.

“I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust.”—PSALM xci. 2.

THE *Active* sailed again for Sydney on February 25th, 1815; the settlers accompanied her to the entrance of the Bay; and, after bidding adieu to Mr. Marsden, and watching the white sails of his little vessel disappear behind the northern headland, they returned to Rangihoua. And now the reality of their present situation forced itself more strongly on their minds. They had quitted country and friends, and all the interchanges of civilized life; and henceforth, defenceless and alone, a land of cannibals was to become their earthly home. Months must elapse before they could again have intercourse with Port Jackson; before they could again look on one friendly face, or receive one

“Cordial endearing report
Of a land they must visit no more.”

What might not have happened ere those months had passed!

At present the feeling of the barbarous people round them was decidedly in their favour, but who could tell how soon some trifling act of indiscretion, or some un-

intended insult,* or some unfounded rumour, might kindle a flame to be quenched only by their blood!

The death of Ruatara had materially affected their position: they had lost the shelter and the help of his strong hand and earnest heart; and though Hongi, whose still more powerful sway extended across the Island, had promised Mr. Marsden to protect them, his mind was cast in a very different mould from that of his lamented nephew. The one absorbing desire of Ruatara had been the improvement and elevation of his countrymen, and his cordial help was ever ready for those who would promote this object; while the master passion in the breast of Hongi was self-aggrandizement; and his interest in the new settlement arose chiefly from his conviction that it would give him influence over his neighbour chiefs.

But the settlers yielded not to any gloomy regrets or forebodings; they were looking for that "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;" their Lord was with them, His work was before them; and trusting in Him as their "refuge and fortress," in His name they girded up the loins of their mind, and applied themselves with spirit to the duties that lay before them. The party at this time consisted of Messrs. Kendall, Hall, and King, with their wives and children, Mrs. King's mother, two sawyers, one smith, and three or four labourers from Sydney. The first thing to be done was to provide more substantial

* e. g. The head of a chief was considered so peculiarly sacred, that no part of it must ever be spoken of; the bare mention of his eye, or his ear, was a serious offence, and often punished by immediate death.

dwellings ; for the wind and rain penetrated their present abode of flags and rushes, and the floor was sometimes ankle-deep in mud. Then the land they had purchased had to be fenced and cleared and planted ; and the smith was kept constantly at work in making nails and fish-hooks for use or for barter.

The natives would continually collect round them, looking on and wondering, and hindering the work by the attention they required. Some of them would agree to help them ; but a few hours generally sufficed to tire out these undisciplined labourers, and they would start off to fishing, or to some employment more congenial to their desultory habits. The settlers' wives took a few of the more promising girls into their houses, and at first they were delighted at being taught the arts of household work ; but they too would often run away for hours, and though their mistresses clothed and fed and taught them, they were often left without the help of even one.*

The attempt to instruct the boys in the rudiments of reading was not much more successful ; they were clever and intelligent, and for a little while they would seem deeply interested ; but presently would jump up to dance or play ; and sometimes the teacher had to follow his scholars into the bush, and there prevail on them to sit still for a quarter of an hour, while they learnt some English word, or a letter of the English alphabet.

But one of the trials of the settlers at this time arose from a different cause—neither men nor women, boys nor girls, seemed to have the slightest sense of

* See next chapter for an animated description of this from the pen of Mrs. H. Williams.

propriety or decency; and their persons and habits were so dirty and disgusting, and the language they had learnt from the sailors was so revolting, that to be thus brought into daily and hourly contact with them required an amount of self-denial scarcely to be appreciated in our own civilized community.

More serious annoyances were however yet to come. As the novelty and prestige of a European settlement gradually wore away, the natives began to show more of their real character. The stores of flour, biscuit, rice, wearing apparel, blankets, axes, &c., intended for the settlers' own use, or for the purchase of timber and provisions, were all objects of covetous desire to these poor people; they would come and imperatively demand anything they had a fancy for, and when refused, however courteously, the more daring of them would leap over the fence, break into the store, and help themselves; and it was to the settlers a continual matter of surprise and thankfulness that the whole of the property was not swept away.

Sometimes a spirit of wanton mischief seemed to come simultaneously over the whole neighbourhood; the people would send their pigs into the settlers' wheat, or would break the fences and let the cattle run into the bush, or seize upon the poultry and kill or carry it off before the owners' eyes. A wheelbarrow was one day cut to pieces for the sake of the nails, though they might have had them from the smith for asking for them; and at another time a shed was pulled down for the same purpose.

These attacks were often accompanied with insults and threats of the most frightful kind; and "to be told that before morning their house would be in flames,

or that the stones were then heating for the oven in which they were to be cooked, was on more than one occasion the evening farewell from a mob of angry natives."*

Never was that promise, "Thou shalt not be afraid of any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day," more entirely fulfilled than to this devoted band; for it is a remarkable circumstance, that though in 1835, twenty years later, Mr. King told Captain Fitzroy that he could not then look back on those days without shuddering,* yet all the letters written at the time uniformly breathe a feeling of security from any personal danger.

Against all these injuries and insults, the settlers' only weapons were remonstrances and arguments. Hongi indeed was at this time faithful to his promise, and ready to listen to any appeal; but his residence was at Waimate, many miles from Rangi-houa, and as the aggressions were more frequently committed by other tribes than by his own, the fear of bringing on a quarrel prevented their applying to him except in cases of great emergency.

After a time, want of sufficient food was added to the settlers' other trials. The abundance of pigs and potatoes on the island had led Mr. Marsden to conclude, that, as long as they had a store of European articles with which to purchase these provisions, there could be no difficulty in procuring them. His great care therefore had been to supply the settlement with blankets, axes, &c., and the smith with a stock of iron for nails and fish-hooks ready for barter. But now the trade in muskets and ammunition, of which we have before

* See Captain Fitzroy's Narrative.

spoken,* began and rapidly increased; and the desire of procuring weapons that would give them such decided advantage over other tribes, so stimulated the warlike propensities of the chiefs and people round the Bay, that they would not part with their provisions for anything but these. It was in vain that the settlers, while refusing to deal with them on these terms, set before them the miseries of war, and urged them to turn to peaceful cultivation; the people were mad upon their idols, and our friends had the mortification of seeing food they had hitherto so easily purchased now carried past with shouts of derision and triumph.

Their own resources were very small: the cattle had been so often set free, that by degrees they had all escaped irreclaimably into the forests; the wheat and poultry that were saved from the depredations of their neighbours were wholly insufficient for their support; and the supplies from Port Jackson were necessarily very irregular and uncertain.

Those who are much acquainted with Missionary history know well how painfully the most zealous Missionaries often speak of the evil effect produced on their own minds by an unceasing contact with heathenism, how it tends insensibly to lower the tone of their own spirit, and how apt they are to find a kind of apathy steal over them. Those who know this, and who know likewise the plague of their own hearts, will not wonder to be told that in this emergency, in an evil hour, the settlers yielded to the temptation, and began themselves occasionally to trade in muskets. It was but for a little while, and bitterly did they repent their error; not only on its own account, but as it

hindered the Mission, and subsequently brought themselves into greater difficulties and perplexities. What need have we to take heed to the injunction, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." "Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil."*

Yet, encompassed as they were with dangers and difficulties, and we may add with infirmities, these devoted men† never lost sight of the ultimate object of their mission; and longed and laboured hard to bring the perishing souls around them to a knowledge of the true and living God. The language however was a formidable obstacle; none of them were men of literary acquirements, nor was there any educated native like Mr. Samuel Crowther in the Yoruba Mission, to whom the sweet accents of his mother tongue soon again became familiar, enabling him to assist his fellow-labourers in their attainment of the language. The settlers indeed soon picked up enough Maori to communicate with the people on matters of ordinary life; but without dictionary, grammar, or even a written alphabet of sounds, it was long before they could master it sufficiently to express *ideas*. The New Zealanders too knew something of English, and though it was chiefly of the lowest and commonest kind, it was at first only through this medium that the Missionaries, as they were now becoming, were able at all to make themselves understood on religious subjects. In this however they laboured anxiously and earnestly as

* Prov. iv. 25, 27.

† We must be understood as speaking of Mr. Hall and Mr. King; Mr. Kendall proved himself unworthy of the work, and was subsequently dismissed, though at this time he was associated with them

far as their daily secular work left them time and opportunity, and a gradual improvement began in the settlement, almost unperceived by the Missionaries themselves. The chiefs frequently visited them, and suffered them sometimes to speak to them on the concerns of their souls; and some of them, especially Koro-koro, so far understood their teaching, that they would help them, when explaining these things to strangers. The school had been established; and though it was often suspended from want of food,* yet the boys evidently made progress, and the native labourers they hired were becoming more regular and steady in their work, and more inclined for religious instruction.

Now and then a transient gleam of encouragement would cheer even the Missionaries' downcast hearts. In June, 1817, Mr. Hall writes, "The natives at Rangi-houa are certainly much improved; some of them are quite sociable, live among us, and sometimes work with us. We are now clearing ground for wheat; I take a hoe, and literally break up the fallow ground; could I do so spiritually in their hearts I should indeed rejoice. The labourers do however come in to family prayer and exposition, they are attentive and well-behaved, and seem in some degree to understand what they hear." †

But these seasons of encouragement seldom lasted

* Both boys and girls always required food to induce them to attend school, and when the resources of the settlement failed, the school was often suspended for weeks together.

† Mr. Kendall had written a prayer and a short elementary catechism in Maori, which proved very useful to the other Missionaries.

long ; wars and quarrels among the tribes, the arrival of a whaler in the bay, or some event of one kind or other, frequently occurred to distract the minds of the people, to awaken all their evil passions, to bring darkness and danger on the Missionaries, and for a time apparently to undo the little good that was going on.

The settlers did not confine their labour to Rangihoua ; but as their acquaintance with the language increased, they went out on Sabbath days into the neighbouring villages ; and, though with stammering lips, tried to tell them of the Creation, the Fall, and of the wonders of Redemption.

Sometimes they made more distant excursions, either visiting the coast to the South in some native canoe, or penetrating on foot many miles into the interior ; generally accompanied by a friendly chief, and everywhere received with kindness and hospitality. It is true that sometimes there was nothing to be procured for food but fern-root, and fish that was not eatable ; and their only lodging was a stifling native hut, or in fine weather, the far preferable shelter of a neighbouring tree ; but none of these things moved them, nor hindered them from journeys that enabled them to declare the Gospel to more distant villages.

Looking back as we now do on these early days of the New Zealand Mission, we can but marvel at the history. We wish we could impart to our readers the impression made upon our own minds by the perusal of the letters and journals of the Missionaries. But it was the continual recurrence of the trials that made them so heavy to be borne ; and of this, of course, no abridged account can give a just representation. And

yet so patiently, so cheerfully, did these servants of CHRIST bear the Cross for His name's sake, that it is only when in later years we find how thankfully they rejoiced in their comparative relief, that we can form any adequate idea of what they really suffered. God specially upheld them, or they must have sunk under their accumulated burdens.

Four years and a half thus passed away: no permanent addition had been made to their number; for, though fresh labourers had more than once been sent, they had proved unsuited for the work, and had been recalled. Nor had they had the comfort of personal intercourse with Mr. Marsden: that good man's heart had not grown cold, but his duties in the Colony had obliged him to remain there. We may therefore imagine the joy with which Mr. Hall and Mr. King saw the Active again, on the 13th of August, 1819, enter the Bay of Islands, and found that Mr. Marsden was on board, with some additional labourers.

Mr. Marsden's visit was very opportune, and gave great encouragement to the settlers. Disheartening as was the slowness of progress when measured by months or even by years, yet the present aspect of things, compared with what it was in 1815, filled the heart of this friend of the Maoris with gratitude and hope. An evident improvement had taken place in the tone and bearing of the chiefs; several of them had become anxiously desirous of peace, and now only took up arms in self-defence. A much larger quantity of land had been brought into cultivation; European grain and vegetables were becoming common among the people; and though as yet these were only valued as articles of barter with the shipping, yet the mere raising them

tended to promote habits of industry and steady application. The school children, notwithstanding all disadvantages, had made some progress in reading and writing; and were in better discipline than he expected. He grieved indeed to find that, as far as human eyes could see, the word of God had as yet fallen on "way-side" hearers, and that there was not one individual on whose heart any impression had been made, yet he continued to take a cheerful view of the prospect of the Mission; for he remembered that the heathen were given to the Son for His inheritance; and the very fact of the Missionaries having been enabled to keep their ground, seemed to him a good omen for the future.

He found many of the chiefs in the Bay of Islands, and along the coast to the River Thames, very anxious for Missionary settlements in their respective districts,* but as only one additional one could now be formed, he considered that Hongi had the first claim, and made arrangements for the establishment of a new station twelve miles from Waimate, the chief's own residence, and nine miles from Rangi-houa. It was a beautiful spot, on the banks of the *Keri-keri*, five miles from its mouth, and not far below a waterfall to which the natives had given the name of "Waiani-waniwa," or "Rainbow-water."

In the course of 1820, Mr. Marsden again visited the Island at the request of the government, who were beginning to turn their attention to it, and he rejoiced

* Of course this was only from temporal motives, yet it gave an opening for the gospel, and who could say what spiritual results might follow?

in the opportunity thus afforded him of exploring the country to the distance of two or three hundred miles from the settlement.

To those who love to trace the progress of a good man through dangers, privations, and difficulties in the cause of God and man, we would recommend the perusal of Mr. Marsden's Journals, in the 21st and 22nd Reports of the Church Missionary Society, and in the Missionary Register for 1822. They will read with what dauntless courage he made his way, at one time with a European companion, at another with merely a native chief* to guide him, through unknown forests and wilds, trackless save to the eye of the experienced natives, to whom the turning of a leaf is sometimes the only indication that the way has ever before been trodden by mortal foot. They will read of the many villages he visited in this land of savages, of the children's shrieks of terror whenever they caught the white man's eye, and of the respect and friendliness with which the older people welcomed him. To what appalling tales of cannibalism was he not forced to listen, during these long journeys,† and how did his inmost soul rejoice in being permitted to proclaim to them in return a Saviour's love!

The establishment of this second station at Keri-keri was in some respects attended with different circumstances from that of Rangi-houa. Hongi's people, the Ngapui tribe, partaking of the character of their chief,

* The name of this chief was Temorangha.

† During one of these expeditions, Mr. Marsden mentions that he did not visit a single family of which one or more of its members had not been devoured, and doubtless they had all done the same to others.

were far more proud, ferocious, and turbulent than those of the gentle Ruatara; and though Keri-keri was not more than nine or ten miles from Rangihoua, the influence of the settlers had not reached it. Hongi himself, though anxious for the settlement from interested motives, took little pains to promote it; and it was with difficulty that the Missionaries could procure timber for their buildings, unless they purchased it with muskets and powder. And the continual petty warfare in which Hongi was engaged with some one or other of the neighbouring tribes, the passing and re-passing of hostile parties intent on mischief, kept them in continual alarm.

But the unexpected departure of Hongi in March, 1820, for England, freed them from some of these evils, and they set about the improvement and cultivation of the settlement with all possible activity. Early in 1821, one of them writes, "I bless God that at this time we are living in the midst of this people without any fear or apprehension as to our safety; the inhabitants immediately round us are much softened since we have been among them, and we possess their confidence and esteem."

The farming establishment at Keri-keri prospered much better than at Rangihoua; the soil was superior, and the Missionaries had acquired experience. Accordingly we read of ten natives constantly employed in farming, gardening, looking after pigs, goats, cows, &c., "of ten acres of land sown with wheat, barley, oats, and pease," of the "garden being well stocked with vegetables, fruit trees, and flowers." Among the vegetables, asparagus is particularly mentioned; and peaches, apricots, oranges, and lemons were only a few of the

fruits they were enjoying in not more than two years after they had introduced them into the country, so fertile was the soil and so favourable the climate.

A few children, too, were found willing to be taught. The same plan was adopted as at Rangi-houa, of taking young women into the house, and of collecting the work-people for instruction; the Missionaries were getting on with the language, and "all things looked bright."

We must now leave New Zealand for a little while, and follow Hongi on his way to England. He was accompanied by Mr. Kendall and a neighbouring chief.* The reasons he assigned for undertaking the voyage were, his wish "to see the king and his people, and to know what they were doing;" and he expressed great anxiety to take back with him a number of artisans and some more Missionaries. The friends of Missions and of civilization received him warmly; it seemed an opening for the future well-being of New Zealand that they dared not neglect; and no pains were spared to gratify his curiosity, or inform his mind. He was even admitted to an interview with his Majesty George IV., who received him and his companion with the utmost courtesy, and made them some valuable presents. Hongi's dignified and courteous bearing excited the greatest interest in the minds of those who mourned over the darkness of his soul, and he received presents of everything that was likely to promote the civilization of his country. Little did his kind and generous friends suspect the feeling that lay deep within his heart, or detect in his bland and quiet manner the ambition that was the true motive that had brought him to these

* Waikato, a chief of the Bay of Islands.

shores. He aspired to the entire sovereignty of his Island; he knew by experience the advantage of European fire-arms over the native weapons still in use among the distant tribes; and, too impatient to wait for the slow supply obtained from trading vessels, he had determined to come himself to what he supposed must be a land of muskets, and obtain as many as he could wish. His shrewd mind soon discovered the mistake he had made, but carefully concealing his chagrin and disappointment, he accepted with apparent gratitude the gifts that were so freely bestowed upon him, disposed of some of them, even while in England, for his favourite weapon, and exchanging the rest* at Port Jackson, returned to his native land, not only amply supplied with instruments of destruction against his countrymen, but with his mind embittered against the Church Missionary Society, finding as he did that its members desired the salvation of souls instead of his own exaltation. How strong is the contrast between this visit of Hongi to England, and that of his nephew Ruatara, as to the object, the circumstances, and the results† of each!

Hongi arrived again in New Zealand in July, 1821; his whole tone and conduct towards the settlers was

* One of the few articles which he did not thus exchange was a suit of armour given him by the king, George IV., of which he was very proud.

† One advantage however accrued from this visit of Hongi and Waikato to England, as it enabled Professor Lee to become acquainted with the Maori language, and to prepare a Grammar and Vocabulary. Several other chiefs had previously visited this country, but as, except in the case of Mowhee, who died in England, no lasting effects resulted from these visits, we have omitted any allusion to them.

now altered, and his former professions of friendliness were changed into contempt and arrogance. He contrasted their rude dwellings and their simple habits with the fine buildings and the splendour he had seen in England; and, in his ignorance of true worth and moral dignity, concluded they were beneath the notice of one who had been received with kindness by persons of high station in this country, and who had been admitted to the presence of Royalty itself.

His people caught his spirit, and the face of things at Keri-keri was wholly changed; the workmen in the employ of the Missionaries left them; "the natives," writes one of them, "one and all, treat us with contempt; they are almost past bearing, coming into our houses when they please, demanding food, and stealing whatever they can lay their hands upon, breaking our garden fences, and seeming, in short, ripe for any mischief. I had my fears that they would have seized on the whole of our property; but the Lord, who is a present help in trouble, has heard our prayers." The depredations we have spoken of at Rangi-houa were repeated at Keri-keri more than once; their own dwelling-houses were broken into (an act of violence heretofore unknown); plates, dishes, &c., were broken; and the food the plunderers could not eat was destroyed. Had it not been for *Rewa*, a powerful neighbouring chief, who had always behaved kindly to the Missionaries, they could hardly have escaped personal violence. As soon as he heard of the attack, he of his own accord came to their assistance, drove away the assailants, and for some days kept guard near the house. "Help us, O Lord," continues Mr. F. Hall, "to put our trust in Thee by faith, to stand still and see Thy salvation.

Oh! restrain the violence of these heathen, enable us to bear patiently the spoiling of our goods, and make all things, however painful, work together for good."

The departure of Hongi with his fighting men, early in September, on an expedition to the River Thames, left the party at Keri-keri more quiet, but with fewer opportunities of usefulness. Almost all the chiefs for a long distance round had been obliged reluctantly to accompany him, and the country was nearly deserted; many of the children even were taken away, for, as Hongi said, he wished them to learn to fight, and not to read.

In December they returned from their too successful enterprise. The tribes they attacked could not cope with European weapons; hundreds were killed and eaten on the field of battle; the villages were burnt, and two thousand captives, chiefly women and children, were brought back in triumph to the Bay of Islands, some to share the fate of their slaughtered companions, the rest to endure the miseries of perpetual slavery. It had been a war of extermination.

But oh! what scenes of horror were the Missionaries now called upon to witness, scenes never before brought before the eye of Europeans. Heads borne along as trophies, women and even children falling on some of the unhappy prisoners, and murdering them with yells of triumph. And then the horrid feast, accompanied with atrocities too dreadful to be believed,*

* Hitherto scenes of this kind had been carefully concealed from the knowledge of the settlers; they were not indeed ignorant of their occurrence, but knew not when or where they took place, nor with what barbarous circumstances. Even the murder of single slaves had usually been done in secret.

except on the testimony of eye-witnesses, and far too dreadful to be recorded in these pages.*

The Missionaries who witnessed them were so affected, that it was some time before they recovered their usual tone of health and spirits; and their wives and children dared not stir from their houses, lest some similar appalling scene should meet their eye.

“ And is there care in heaven ? And is there love
 In heavenly beings to such creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is ;—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than brutes.—But oh ! the exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace ! ”

* A very affecting incident occurred connected with this expedition. When Mr. Butler, in 1820, accompanied Mr. Marsden in his visits along the coast towards the South, they had been frequently importuned to send European settlers among them, and hopes were held out that by and bye this might be the case.—“ By and bye ! ” cried the poor people, “ but when ? we fear all our eyes will be dark before they come, and we shall never see them.” And now two of the captive women visited Mr. Butler, and mournfully reminded him of the conversation. “ Ah,” said they, “ we told you at the time we should all be dead before any Missionaries came.” It was too true, for the whole district was by this war depopulated and most of the inhabitants were in eternity !

CHAPTER VIII.

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION—MR. MARSDEN'S FOURTH VISIT—ARRIVAL OF REV. H. WILLIAMS—TRIALS—LAUNCH OF HERALD—REV. W. WILLIAMS.

“The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.”—GEN. iv. 10.

THERE is not much variety of incident in the next two or three years of New Zealand's history. The petty chiefs round the Bay of Islands continued to quarrel and fight among themselves, or with their immediate neighbours, while the restless spirit of Hongi led him to more distant and more murderous conflicts. Had the mind of this aspiring chief been less barbarous, had his powers of reasoning equalled his strength of will, his ambition might have promoted the welfare of his country; and New Zealand, freed from intestine divisions, and united under one head, might have taken her own place among the nations. But the aim of Hongi seems to have been the acquisition of territory, rather than the increase of subjects; and the ruined plantations, the burnt villages, and the depopulated districts that everywhere marked his victorious career, told too plainly that his residence on British soil had not inspired him with British feelings. The horrors of war increased with the increase in the supply of fire-arms; much larger numbers were slain on the fields of battle than while mere merys and pattoos were the only

weapons employed; and the captives, that could formerly be counted by tens, were now reckoned by hundreds and by thousands. The population was rapidly diminishing,* and the whole Island seemed likely at no very distant time again to become a desert.

How loud was the cry that now went up from the blood-stained soil of the beautiful Ahina-maui! a cry of brother's blood! The Missionaries heard, and shuddered at it; but they heard also another voice, sounding full and deep in their inmost soul, a voice that "spoke better things than the blood of Abel," and that nerved them to endure all things, if by any means they might be the blessed instruments of saving some from eternal death.

One of them writes, "These scenes of cruelty are more than we could bear, were it not for the promises of God. To support us when cast down, He has said, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.' Still we need great faith to enable us to stand our ground."

Another, after enumerating some of the atrocities alluded to in the last chapter, adds, "These are scenes which have never before taken place under the eyes of Europeans since the Mission was established.—The late events have made the people dreadfully familiar with human blood. They pay no respect to our feelings, but seem rather bent on disgusting us. There is a mystery in their conduct that I cannot unravel: it is sufficient for me that my gracious Lord knows what is in every heart, and He doeth all things well. To Him

* Few of the captives survived long; those who escaped death from the anger or caprice of their masters gradually sunk under the pressure of want, disease, and a broken heart.

be glory and praise. If I am killed and eaten by these ferocious men, I know that my Saviour will find my poor body at the last day."

The confident language of a third is: "I do hope and pray, notwithstanding every difficulty, that the Lord will enable us to keep our ground among this people, and finally, of His mercy and goodness, bless the cause we have in hand; and in His own good time make these habitations of cruelty the quiet and peaceable abodes of peace and love."

And our sanguine friend at Paramatta, full of earnest hope and faith in the promises of God, writes to the Home Committee, "These things do not make me despair; God will yet deliver the New Zealanders from the dominions of the prince of this world, and they shall see His salvation. You have some of the excellent of the earth in New Zealand, whom the Lord will assuredly bless; but we must not sow, and expect to reap in the same day."

What a remarkable picture did the Bay of Islands now present to the thoughtful mind! or perhaps we might say, what an epitome of the state of the world at large, as seen by the eye of faith! The heathen fighting and devouring one another—the so-called Christians on board the trading vessels, or residing at Kororarika, urging them on, for the gratification of their own evil passions, to destruction of body and soul;—while a little band of God's faithful servants, brought from the utmost ends of the earth, were devoting every physical and mental energy to their temporal and eternal welfare.

God's servants had much to bear. On the banks of the Keri-keri was the accustomed place of rendezvous

for Hongi and his adherents before starting on an expedition; and on these occasions the settlement was, for weeks together, surrounded with parties of turbulent and violent men, and its inhabitants were subjected to threats, insults, and plunder. Here the warriors assembled again on their return, and the "melancholy din" was sometimes scarcely bearable. "Wives lamenting their lost husbands, prisoners bemoaning their cruel and perpetual bondage, mingled with the joy of relatives restored, and the shouts of victory;"—and though the Missionaries escaped some of the dreadful sights they had been compelled to witness in 1821,* yet less revolting acts of cannibalism were not unfrequently perpetrated within sight of their dwellings.

Quietly and perseveringly, however, all continued in their important work. Mr. Hall, and Mr. King, at Rangihoua, cheered and strengthened by the accession of brethren at Keri-keri, proceeded with fresh spirit, and found that their improved acquaintance with the language had a marked effect; the people seemed to feel they had some interest in a religion that could be conveyed to them in their own tongue. The chief of the little village of Kaishiki, visited by Mr. King on Wednesday evenings, showed him great attention, regularly preparing a meal for him, and gathering together as many of his people as he could, and sometimes even helping on the children in their attempts to learn to read. To use the words of Mr. Hall, about this time, "Notwithstanding the many evils that have arisen to hinder us, much good has been done; we have as yet no converts, but much knowledge has been spread abroad, and important benefits conferred. The

foundation has been laid of a work that will flourish when the present instruments shall be no more."

At Keri-keri, during this time, the Rev. J. Butler, Mr. F. Hall, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Clarke were diligently engaged in the necessary secular work of the settlement, and in the instruction of the children and adults in their employ; and Mr. Shepherd, who had made greater progress in the language, turned his attention to itinerating among the neighbouring villages, and to the translation of portions of the sacred Scriptures into Maori;—"convinced," as he says, "that one Gospel in their own tongue would be more effectual to the good of the people than all the methods that had hitherto been adopted."

Indeed it was an increasing conviction among them all, that the plan of gradual approaches by means of civilization had been tried long enough, and that the citadel must be stormed at once with the weapons of God's own armoury; in short, that evangelization must take precedence of any attempt to improve the social condition of the people. They strongly felt how much they were hindered in this work by their own secular employments, but at present there was no help for this; their very existence depended on their manual labour, and they could only wait and hope and pray for the time when they should be set free from some of this, and have a larger amount of leisure and energy to spare for the more spiritual work. About this time they established regular prayer-meetings among themselves, and they afterwards looked back to this as the period from which to date the first visible beginning of any marked improvement, and the time when they ob-

served a silent influence for good, slowly yet evidently making its way in the minds of many of the chiefs.*

Things were in this state when, on August 3rd, 1823, Mr. Marsden again entered the Bay, bringing with him the important accession of the Rev. Henry Williams, with his wife and family, and Mr. Fairburn, a mechanic; and a third station was formed at Paibia, on the south side of the Bay, the property of Tekoke, who had resided for a short time with Mr. Marsden at Paramatta, and on whose protection and good-will he was persuaded the new comers might depend.

It was a beautiful spot that was fixed on for the new station. About three hundred acres of level ground lay sheltered in an amphitheatre of fern-clad and wooded hills, and in front a hard sandy beach led down to the sea. Three small rocky islands, covered with foliage, were near the shore, not only adding to the beauty of the view, but protecting the land from the wild ocean waves, while at some miles distance the entrance of the Bay was clearly visible, and they could watch the arrival of any English vessel.

Here, with all speed, raupo houses were constructed for the Missionary dwellings, for stores and work-shop; ground was cleared and fenced in for garden and farm-yard; the live stock they had brought with them was safely deposited within the enclosure; the garden was

* The Missionaries had also been much assisted and strengthened by the residence among them, for some months, of the Rev. S. Leigh and Mrs. Leigh, sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to found a new Mission in the island. They were joined by Mr. White, and in June, 1823, proceeded to Whangaroa Bay, and settled themselves among that fierce tribe, on the very spot that witnessed the destruction of the Boyd and her crew.

cropped; native boys and girls were taken into the house; native labourers were employed in various ways; and before Mr. Marsden left the Island the station was fairly established.

No one could have been better suited for the Mission at this period of its existence, when the hitherto desultory and almost unconnected efforts of the settlers were beginning to assume a more definite and united form, than Mr. Henry Williams. With a heart given to God, and zealous for the salvation of the heathen, he combined an indomitable perseverance with a spirit of ardent enterprise, that carried him through difficulties and obstacles under which most men would have succumbed.

Nor was Mrs. Williams less adapted to her own peculiar post. To "a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize" with all around her, Mrs. Williams added an activity and elasticity of mind that every day's events and every day's employments brought into lively exercise. To a well-regulated mind, the smaller annoyances and trials of life happening to us only now and then, are not worth a thought, surrounded as we are with unnumbered comforts, and among our own people; but the same things occurring daily and hourly in an uncivilized and savage land, press heavily on the strength and spirits of the best disciplined.

We have been privileged to read some letters from Mrs. Williams' own graphic pen, referring to this period; and the details they give of the trials of the first two years of her Missionary life, and of the spirit in which she met them, are so full of interest and instruction, that we must endeavour to convey some impression of them to our readers; the more so as they give a

clearer insight into the similar trials which must have been the portion of the wives of the earlier settlers, and the spirit in which they also had been met.

The domestic establishment at Paihia consisted of two or three native girls, who not only required instruction in the simplest household work, but also in the commonest proprieties and decencies of civilized life; and some idea may be formed of the difficulty of managing them, from the following extract from one of Mrs. Williams' letters. "A Missionary's wife must for the sake of cleanliness wash and dress her children, and make the beds herself. She must be housemaid, chambermaid, and nurse, and must superintend every thing connected with cooking. There is only one of my girls, who has been two years at Keri-keri, that I can trust to wash up the tea-things, and even she, if not watched, would be as likely to do it with the knife-cloth. The very best of them will perhaps, just as you are wanting her, take herself off to swim, and then will lie down to sleep for two or three hours. If they are not in the humour to do what you tell them, they will not understand you, or will answer 'what care I for that.' The moment a boat arrives, away run all the native servants, men, boys, and girls, to the beach. If anything is to be seen, the mistress must do the work while the servants go to look; and she must not censure them, for if they are '*rangatiras*'* they will run away in a pet, and if they are '*kukis*'* they will laugh at her and tell her she has 'too much of the mouth.' Having been forewarned of this, I wait, and work away, till they choose to come back, which they generally do at meal-time."

* *Rangatiras* or gentleman's children—*kukis* or slaves.

Four very young children in a very small dwelling, that effectually excluded neither wind nor rain, was in itself sufficiently inconvenient; but to this was added the want of a fire even in the cold weather; for the walls of rushes were too combustible to allow of one in the house; and the cooking, which Mrs. Williams was obliged to do with her own hands, let the weather be what it would, was carried on in an open shed.

As at Rangi-houa and Keri-keri, the natives were at first kept in check by the novelty of having Europeans settled among them; but, as in those earlier settlements, it was not long before this wore off, and their insolent bearing and pilfering propensities began to manifest themselves. They were very fond of visiting the station, and nothing escaped their keen eyes or their covetous desires;—they never considered whether it would be of any possible use to themselves, but watched every opportunity of seizing whatever was within their reach, and the ample folds of their large mats afforded a generally secure hiding-place. In short, there was not one of these visitors whom the Missionaries were not obliged to watch unceasingly from the time he entered the premises till he left them; and even all this watching was only partially successful. Ropes, brooms, tools, knives, blankets, wearing apparel, were continually disappearing. An iron pot, the pendulum of the clock, part of the cooking stove, and even books and papers, had violent hands laid upon them; and two volumes of Milner's Church History met with a fate little anticipated by their writer, of being converted into New Zealand cartridges!

Want of proper nourishment was more than once added to the trials and discomforts of the first two

years of their residence at Paihia. At one time the only animal food they could procure was some American salt beef, not to be ventured upon except by those strong constitutions to whom labour and exercise in the open air makes any kind of food acceptable. At another, they were for some weeks reduced to a supply of flour from the shipping, several years old, and so musty and offensive that it was scarcely possible to keep it in the house. They might have found a resource in poultry and in vegetables; but they had been plundered of almost all their fowls and turkeys, and the first produce of their garden had been destroyed by the natives; nor had Mr. Williams or his native workmen found time to fill it with a second crop. It quite touches one's heart to read with what a glow of pleasure Mrs. Williams speaks of "a basket of peas, lettuces, and cabbages, sent to us," she says, "from Keri-keri, the very sight of which was quite refreshing, and made us long for leisure to obtain the like comforts." And all this time they saw an abundance of pigs and potatoes all around them, but not to be procured, except in exchange for ammunition.

But before Mrs. Williams left the comforts and conveniences of her English home, she had counted the cost; and though her physical strength sometimes gave way, her buoyant spirit bore her up, and shed a sunlight glow on all around. "Often," says Mr. Williams, "is she tired *in* her work, but never *of* it."

Even *her* nerves, however, and strength of spirits now and then gave way, when some of the neighbouring chiefs, under the pretext of an affront from some or other of the workmen, but really moved by the love of plunder, came with bodies of armed men to demand

“utu” or payment, or in other words to seize on all they could get. It tried both heart and nerve to hear their loud and angry voices, or their heavy blows upon the paling, demanding admittance within the enclosure; —to see them, when refused, armed with spears, merys, and hatchets, leaping over the fence or forcing their way through the entrance; to listen to their wild threats, and to witness their half frantic gesticulations. And then to feel, that as far as human aid was concerned, they were entirely in the power of these savages, and that in whatever part of the house Mrs. Williams and her children might take refuge, they could not be in safety! What but the power of a strong faith could have upheld her in such moments?

Upon these occasions, Mr. Williams' cool intrepidity, as it was his only, so it proved an effectual, weapon against these savages; he met them unarmed even with a stick, and after reasoning with them and upbraiding them for their cowardice in thus attacking those who had no means of defence, desired them to leave the premises; and on their refusal ordered his workmen, both European and natives, to turn them out, which, after some struggle,* they always succeeded in doing. After two or three occurrences of this kind, Mr. Williams decided on having recourse to more determined measures; and on occasion of the next attack sent to the leaders of the movement, complaining of their conduct, and insisting on the restitution of the stolen property; adding, that if this demand was not

* Probably the natives did not so much intend violence as intimidation and plunder; otherwise they would soon have overcome the Mission servants, who were entirely unarmed—Mr. Williams not suffering any weapons to be on his premises for fear of some collision.

complied with within three days, or if any similar aggression took place, he would no longer remain at Paihia, but remove to some other place where he might hope to reside unmolested. This had the desired effect; most of the property was brought back, nothing of the kind was again attempted by the neighbouring tribes, and Tohitapu, who had been one of the most violent of the aggressors, became one of the warmest and most faithful of their friends.

But we will now turn to a more peaceful subject.

During Mr. Marsden's stay in the Island, it had been suggested that the possession of a small vessel would very much tend to remove some of the difficulties that were now harassing and perplexing the Mission. Its home, it was proposed, should be in the Bay of Islands, and it was to be employed in keeping up a regular communication with Port Jackson, and in visiting the distant coasts of the Island, partly with a view of preparing the way for future Missionaries, but chiefly to procure supplies of food from places not as yet resorted to by trading vessels. This would relieve the Missionaries from depending in any way upon the neighbouring natives for their provisions, and thus prevent the exercise of a petty tyranny, which was not only extremely irksome to themselves,* but very injurious to the people.

But how was such a vessel to be procured? They

* Page 72, Mr. Leigh mentions that, while residing at Rangi-houa, he and his family lived on salt provisions for four months, during which he vainly endeavoured to procure a pig from the natives. They as usual refused to part with it except for ammunition, till at the end of this time one of them took a fancy to the hat he was wearing, and he was glad to part with it in exchange for fresh meat.

were not warranted in spending the Society's money in the purchase of one ; and ship-building without a dock and without shipwrights seemed rather like a castle in the air. But Mr. Williams was not daunted ; he had himself been a lieutenant in the navy, and knew something of the construction of a ship. Mr. W. Hall had had a little instruction in the art before he left England, and, with his assistance and that of two European carpenters and some native labourers, he resolved to attempt it. He laid the keel in July, 1824, and after eighteen months' hard labour she was ready for sea. She was of 55 tons burden, small enough to run up the many creeks and rivers of the Island, and large enough to cross the ocean to Port Jackson. The work during its progress had excited great interest, so much so that the men employed on her were exempted from accompanying their chiefs to war ; but the launch, so different from their own mode of pushing their canoes into the water, filled the people with the greatest astonishment and delight. As the day dawned on January 24, 1826, an imposing and animating scene met the eye. Natives, in all the variety of their picturesque costume, had assembled from every quarter, to the number of a thousand ; the sea seemed alive with the multitude of canoes and boats from the whalers in the Bay, and the little "Herald" herself was gaily decorated with flags. All was eager expectation ; and Mr. Williams' heart beat with intense anxiety. At seven o'clock the signal was given ; the stays were knocked away ; and the unconscious subject of anxious days and sleepless nights glided smoothly and beautifully into the bosom of the ocean, amid the shouts and loud "*Aves*" of the surrounding crowd. Mr. Williams' heart was

relieved, and he had only to thank God for thus far prospering his work.

A week later, and Mr. Williams was on board his little vessel on her way to Port Jackson; by a happy coincidence, as she stood in for the harbour, the Rev. W. Williams, who was on his way to join him in New Zealand, came in with Mr. Marsden from Paramatta; and we may imagine how joyful was the greeting between the brothers. They soon set sail again, and reached Paihia on the evening of the 26th of March. "The moon shone bright, the sea was calm, and the natives were rejoicing on all sides," writes Mr. W. Williams, "that their long looked for new countrymen were come. The evening was cool, and my wife had furnished a bright fire,* and supper was prepared. All the members of the settlement assembled at our house to bid us welcome. We closed the evening with prayer and praise, and thus ended one of the happiest days of my life. The next day was Easter Sunday; and perhaps the largest congregation of Missionaries and settlers met together that had ever assembled in New Zealand. My brother preached, and it was truly a

* They were now residing in a small cottage which Mr. Williams had found time to erect about a year after their arrival. It was very rough, being made of a sort of coarse wicker-work, and plastered with mud, but it kept out the weather tolerably well, and they were able to have the luxury of a fire in the house. In 1827 Mrs. Williams mentions the increased comfort and pleasure they were enjoying by having now a garden well stocked with vegetables and young fruit-trees, and a grass plat enlivened with geraniums, monthly roses, &c. But it was not till 1830 that they had anything like a substantial house; and Mr. Williams scarcely knew how sufficiently to enjoy, for the first time for seven years, the possession of a little room of his own, where he could have the retirement he often found he so much needed, and where his books and papers were free from molestation.

pleasant and, I hope, a profitable day." Mr. W. Williams says, "I cannot describe my feelings that evening; it was almost dark, but I could distinguish several of the poor natives who assisted in our landing; and I felt strongly some of the difficulties that surrounded us. The next day was Easter Day, and it rejoiced me to think that the first time the natural sun rose upon me in this land, should be the day on which the Sun of righteousness rose again for our justification."*

* About this time the original New Zealand Company made their first attempt to settle on the Island. In November, 1826, a ship full of intended settlers put into the river Thames; but the people were so alarmed at the ferocious appearance and conduct of the natives, that they were afraid to land. They visited the Bay of Islands; and the Missionaries, who had from the first, even in the most turbulent times, gone in and out among the people fearlessly and unarmed, were not a little surprised to find that none would dare to come ashore, even to the Missionary settlements, without loaded pistols. What a testimony to the Gospel of peace! The settlers afterwards proceeded to Hokianga on the west coast, but relinquished that also.

CHAPTER IX.

INCREASED DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.—DESTRUCTION OF WESLEYAN SETTLEMENT.—QUIET RESTORED.—HONGI'S DEATH.—MEDIATION BETWEEN HOSTILE TRIBES.

“ When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ? ”

JOB xxxiv. 29.

As years passed on, there was no improvement in the external aspect of New Zealand. Many of the chiefs increasingly desired peace; but fear of each other prevented them from openly acknowledging* it, and they continued to follow Hongi in his destructive expeditions.

As these expeditions became more frequent, the people became more wild and turbulent; and the absence of Hongi from the neighbourhood was a signal for plundering parties from a distance to attack the settlement of Keri-keri. Again and again were the brethren subjected to the outrages we have before described; more than once their faces were spit on; Mr. Shepherd was several times struck with a spear; and Mr. Clarke only escaped destruction from an uplifted

* There were, however, a few, more bold than the rest, who had the courage to refuse. One of these was Temorenga, the young chief who had accompanied Mr. Marsden on his inland journeys, (see page 78,) and who even ventured to remonstrate with Hongi on the subject. Waikato too, since his voyage to England, had learnt to detest the scenes of cannibalism that attended these expeditions, and refused to have anything more to do with them.

hatchet by the quiet fearlessness of his demeanour. He might well write on this occasion, "Our preservation among this people is little less of a miracle than that of the Three Children in the fiery furnace, for we are in the heart of Satan's kingdom."—Mr. R. Davis, who had only lately arrived, says, "The Mission is in a very dark state; we are surrounded by enemies. But the hand of the Lord is very visible, and though we *may* be obliged to leave the country for a time, or may even be devoured by these cannibals, yet the cause of CHRIST is beyond the power of Satan to hinder. Only, O LORD, increase our faith."

At times, however, there were seasons of rest even for Keri-keri, and the Missionaries were now and then able for months together to pursue their labours without any serious molestation. At one time indeed a hope was entertained that Hongi himself would become tired of war, and apply himself to more peaceful pursuits.

In an expedition he had undertaken in July, 1825, against Kaiparo on the western coast, the eldest of his sons was slain; and the deep grief in which some of the Missionaries found the unhappy father, when paying him a visit* of sympathy, led to a hope that his mind might now be more open to a sense of the miseries of his cruel course. Encouraged therefore by the solicitations of their more peaceable neighbours, Mr. Williams and his brethren invited Hongi and his war-loving allies to a conference on the subject at Keri-keri, when, laying before them the sorrows and sufferings which they brought upon themselves and their

* We shall have occasion to refer to this visit at a future time.

people by their present habits, they urged them in the most earnest manner to turn to the cultivation of the arts of peace. All seemed softened; and some even spoke of leaving off fighting at some future time, but for the present none would relinquish their purpose of avenging the death of the young chief. "You are rushing into the arms of death as down a precipice," said one of the Missionaries. "I know it," returned Hongi, "but a man that has a large heart for his friends who have been killed, will bid the world farewell, and jump down the precipice." Missionaries, "We pray every day for you that God may give you new hearts, and make you leave off fighting." Hongi, "My heart is as hard as a piece of wood, and I cannot stop; I must go, I must kill that one man, Toko," (chief of Kaiparo,) "but I believe you speak to us out of love."

Disappointed in their hope, the Missionaries could only still wait upon God.

But the most critical period in the history of the Mission, was the beginning of the year 1827.

A few months previously, Hongi had been visited with severe domestic affliction of the most painful and mortifying nature, and his health and spirits were so much affected that the Missionaries became alarmed as to their own personal security; for, according to New Zealand custom, the death of a chief subjects all who are under his protection to spoliation and ill-usage, as a matter of right, from any who choose to attack them; and insolent messages to this effect were several times sent to Keri-keri. The chief himself was already suffering from this same custom, which permitted a partial plunder of any one who was, as they called it, "*broken*;" a band of 200 men visited Waimate, and as

a proof of sympathy and regard,* carried off every article of property they could find in the village. The Missionaries failed not to take this opportunity of renewing their earnest endeavours to lead the mind of the chief to eternal things, but all in vain; his personal friendship for themselves was coupled with a determined hatred to their message,† and as they saw him gradually recovering his health and energy, their hearts mourned over the reflection that the salvation of his soul was likely to be less and less the object of his care.

Hongi sought to relieve his burdened heart by very different means; and as if the only pleasure he could now enjoy was that of inflicting misery on others, early in 1827 he set out to attack Whangaroa. As usual, he was victorious; and, as usual, the carnage and wanton cruelties that were committed were almost too dreadful to be believed.

In the midst of the confusion, the Wesleyan settlement was attacked, plundered, and burnt to the ground; and the Missionary families were forced to flee for their lives twenty miles on foot, through woods and swamps, to the friendly hospitality of Keri-keri. But Keri-keri itself, as well as the other stations, was now in peril, for Hongi was wounded, and it was said mortally; the whole Bay was in commotion; the turbulent party renewed their triumphant threats; sickening scenes of cannibalism were again perpetrated close to

* It is really considered so!

† Col. Mundy is mistaken in stating (See *Our Antipodes*, vol. ii. p. 56) that the Missionaries at any time considered Hongi as brought within the pale of Christianity. He always rejected it.

the Mission houses ; and almost every hour brought some fresh report of tribe rising against tribe,* while the few that desired peace united with the friends of the chief in mournful wailings at the prospect of the coming storm.

The Missionaries were greatly alarmed, for they well knew the imminent danger they were in ; they met and prayed and deliberated ; and the God who had sent them there gave them courage according to their day, and they determined to remain at their posts till actually forced away. " When the natives," writes Mr. W. Williams at the very time, " are in our houses, carrying away our property, it will be time enough for us to take to our boats ;" and Mr. H. Williams, writing in the same spirit, says, " Our minds are stayed on the Lord, believing that, whatever may be the result, it shall tend to his glory." Such was the unanimous feeling and resolve throughout the three stations, nor was there a wife or mother among them, trembling as each must have done for husband and children, that shrunk from this decision, or suffered her own feelings to unnerve her for active exertion, though some were in a state of health that made them peculiarly susceptible of alarm and anxiety.

The Missionaries, however, took the precaution of burying their money, concealing the articles in common use, and of packing up as quickly as possible and send-

* The Missionaries' anxieties were increased by the arrival in the Bay of a small vessel with sixty convicts, who, while on their way to Norfolk Island, had risen on the captain and crew, possessed themselves of the ship, and had now landed at Kororarika, perpetrating dreadful outrages, and threatening more, especially against the Missionaries.

ing off to Port Jackson, by a vessel just leaving the Bay, all their books, stores, and everything they could possibly do without; thus lessening the temptations to plunder, as well as securing some portion of their own and the Society's property. This last-mentioned step alarmed the few chiefs who remained peaceable and friendly; they feared the Missionaries were intending themselves to quit the Island; and Tekoke, Rewa, and several others gathered round them, entreating them not to leave their posts, and assuring them that in case of any attack they would lay down their lives in their defence: while Ware-poaka of Rangihoua, and all the natives residing on the Mission premises at the three stations, declared their determination to accompany them, should they be driven away from the country. Had an attack been really made, all their combined efforts would have availed but little against the hundreds of furious aggressors; but these unexpected proofs of attachment helped to uphold the spirits of the Missionary band, and showed the influence they had almost insensibly obtained.

The week passed away slowly and anxiously, some fresh report continually arriving to harass and perplex them; but the Sunday services were felt as peculiarly soothing and encouraging; * and a day or two afterwards they were relieved by finding that Hongi's wound had assumed a more favourable appearance, and that he was out of immediate danger. Once more things settled down into their usual course, and the Missionaries were again permitted to enjoy a season of quiet.

* It was January 14th, and the 71st Psalm seemed as if written expressly for them, while the 72nd cheered them with its prospect of the glorious future.

Hongi however never entirely recovered ; he lingered for about a year, and died * on March 5th, 1828.

And now the destruction of the Missions would have been inevitable, had not God so wonderfully ordered the course of events, that the fiercer portion of the neighbouring tribes were absent on an expedition against Hokianga on the western coast, while the immediate adherents of Hongi were restrained from violence by the dying injunctions of their late chief. The station remained entirely unmolested ; and not only so, but just at this very time circumstances arose of so encouraging a character, and forming so new a feature in the history of New Zealand, that setting aside chronology, we shall introduce some of them here, and afterwards return to the events of the intermediate period.

A short time before the death of Hongi, a bold and restless chief named Warehumi had found, or invented, some pretext for quarrelling with the people of Hokianga, and gathering round him a number of the fierce

* Hongi was a very remarkable character, and notwithstanding his horrible cruelty and revolting crimes, there was much of noble generosity in his conduct and feelings. He had a great respect for Europeans, and not even all the insults and treachery he experienced from some of the ships that frequented the Bay, could ever provoke him to take the life of a white man. Except for a time after his return from England, when under the evil influence of one from whom better things might have been expected, he was a firm friend to the Missionaries ; and though unable to preserve them from sudden attacks or minor injuries, they felt that their lives and property were as safe under his protection, as they could expect them to be in any lawless community. His last moments were employed in exhorting his survivors to treat them kindly, and on no account to provoke them to leave the country. He also gave strict injunctions that no slaves should be sacrificed at his death. And yet, as to his soul, all was midnight gloom ; he rejected the gospel to the very last.

Ngapuis, proceeded to attack them. After some minor events a battle took place, in which Warehumi was killed, and his followers routed. By the "*common law*" of New Zealand the Ngapuis must not rest till they had obtained "Utu" by the death of some Hokianga chief of equal rank with Warehumi, and they summoned their allies, the rest of the Bay of Islands chiefs, to assist them. Rewa, Tohi-tapu, Ware-poaka, Tamarangha, and several others had learnt to hate war, yet they dared not disobey the summons. In this strait they applied to the Missionaries, telling them their desire for peace, but that according to the laws of their country they were bound to avenge the death of Warehumi, and proposing that these messengers of heavenly peace should undertake to mediate an earthly one. The Missionaries were surprised at a request so new, and contrary to all native customs; and though they had no expectation of success, yet they consented to join the expedition.

Accordingly, on March 20, 1828, Mr. H. Williams set out, joined by Mr. R. Davis, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Clarke, and some of their own native boys; and accompanied by Rewa. The next day they reached the spot where the different parties of Ngapuis had already collected, presenting a really formidable appearance, almost every one being armed with a musket. The evening was spent in conversation with the rest of the chiefs, whom to their agreeable surprise they found well disposed to peace, and in witnessing several "nakas," or dances, in which the dancers performed so vehemently, that the ground actually trembled under them.

The next morning they all proceeded together to the

scene of action, and after passing through thick woods and deep swamps in a storm of rain and thunder, they found themselves at noon in a most beautiful valley opposite the Pa of the enemy. At this point the valley had spread out into a level plain nearly two miles in breadth, dotted with low trees and bushes, and well planted with kumeras. Here they speedily formed an encampment of temporary huts and booths, and the Missionaries were surprised to see with what order and regularity all was done, each tribe sitting by itself, and yielding implicit obedience to the commands of its leader.

In the afternoon, the chief promoters of the peace movement, Rewa and Tohi-tapu, requested the Missionaries to go into the Pa to ascertain the feelings of the enemy towards an amicable arrangement. It was a bold request, for nothing was certainly known of the dispositions of the Mahurehure; and should they be ill-disposed, the lives of the messengers would probably be sacrificed. But the maxim and practice of the brethren was to go straight forward in the path of duty, and leave the results with God. They resolved to undertake the dangerous mission, and Mr. Williams and Mr. Davis, accompanied by two friendly natives, set out. To their thankful joy they found Patuone, the chief, very pleased to see them, and well inclined to their proposal. After a good deal of conversation with him, they returned to the camp with the acceptable news, and spent the evening in visiting various chiefs, and strengthening their pacific resolutions. The morrow was the Sabbath; but as all seemed anxious that no time should be lost in ratifying a peace, lest the slumbering passions of the leaders should by any acci-

dent be again aroused, the Missionaries thought it consistent with the spirit of the commandment, not to oppose the general wish, and consented to carry on the negotiations the following day. They simply reminded Ware-poaka, Rewa, &c., of the circumstance; and, to the grateful surprise of the brethren, these men immediately agreed that they would "sit still" on the "Ra-tapu" if Mr. Williams could procure the consent of the other chiefs. Tohi-tapu and Uroroa themselves addressed the assembled people in very animated terms; and it was agreed on all hands that the business should be deferred till Monday.

It was a strange and yet very interesting Sabbath, that the Missionaries spent among these people. In the morning all was quiet throughout the camp, two of the brethren proceeded to the Pa to explain the cause of the delay, and to declare to the Mahurchure the glad tidings of a Saviour's love; and the others prepared to hold Divine service in the Ngapui camp. It was a very striking scene. A large white linen flag was hoisted in the middle of the camp. At a little distance on either side were the booths and huts of the encampment, with many of the people variously employed; behind were the wooded hills they had traversed in their way; in front, across the plain, the height was covered with the fortified village of the enemy, strong in its rude but picturesque defences of stockades, and trenches, and palisades of branches of trees; among which stood the native dwellings. Immediately around the Missionaries were seated in close circles on the ground, attired in their parti-coloured mats, five hundred warriors, whom Tohi-tapu had prevailed on to attend the service, all with immortal souls,

but all in heathen darkness. The Missionaries and their school-boys began their service with a hymn, and as the melody of heart and lip floated on the air, it seemed to breathe a holy calm around ; and these sons of the forest and the battle-field sat silent and attentive while the messengers of peace told them of Him who had shed His blood for them, and offered up prayer to God for the salvation of their souls.

The rest of the day was spent by the Missionaries in going from hut to hut, speaking more individually to the people ; and " thus," writes one of the party, " we spent our Sabbath in the midst of this large body of armed savages, without the least fear or apprehension." How little, when they left their Bay of Islands homes, could they have anticipated such a day in the Hokianga valley !

And now arrived the eventful morning which was not only to decide the question of peace and war between two powerful tribes, and to result in the preservation or destruction of human life, but, if peace should be concluded, it would, for the first time in New Zealand, establish the principle that it was possible for a reconciliation to be effected with some other " utu " than blood for blood.

The negotiations were not very complicated : Tohitapu, though not without some shrinking back, consented to accompany the Missionaries to the Pa ; when they reached the boundary ditch, the white flag was planted, and they passed on. Patuone received them courteously ; himself accompanied them back to the entrance of the village, and sent forward his eldest son and other persons of distinction to the flag of peace. Rewa came forward from the camp, crossed the ditch,

rubbed noses with the Mahure-hure, and peace was concluded.

A loud noise was now heard in the camp, and soon a body of 700 men were seen advancing in great order, threading their way among the bushes on the plain. A stranger would have trembled for the result; for when within 150 yards of the flag, they rushed forward with a horrid yell. But it was all in due order, and after both parties had performed various "nakas," and fired volleys of musketry, they quietly dispersed; and the chiefs rejoiced to get their excitable followers once more on their road homewards.

Thus happily terminated this courageous attempt to mediate between two hostile tribes; the blessing of God was on it; and, as Mr. W. Williams observes, a more evident inroad was made in the kingdom of the great enemy than had yet been seen.

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL OF MORE MISSIONARIES—PREACHING IN THE VILLAGES —RANGHI—DUDI-DUDI.

"I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and will bring you to Zion."—JER. iii. 14.

IN the preceding chapter we have brought the ou'er history of the Mission down to the end of the year 1828; and now, escaping for a while from tales of dangers, alarms, and fightings, we will enter the settlements themselves, and see what progress had been made, especially in spiritual things.

We will go back to the year 1824, when it had pleased the God of peace to send forth more messengers of peace, and to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of the earlier labourers by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. R. Davis, and Mr. C. Davis.*

As the brethren had increased in number, so had they extended their spheres of labour; and while the outward aspect of the settlements had continually improved, so was there an advance in more important things. Not only had the houses of the Missionaries become more like the dwellings of civilized life, and

* All of these were farmers or mechanics; but all were men of piety, zeal, and intelligence, and devoted to the great work of bringing sinners to the Saviour. Mr. C. Davis was unhappily lost at sea some little time afterwards, in returning from Port Jackson.

their gardens grown rich in vegetables, fruits, and flowers; but their schools had increased, the children were less frequently taken away, and were making fair progress in Scriptural knowledge as well as in reading, writing, and sewing. The fresh land that had been taken into cultivation afforded employment for a greater number of natives; these were encouraged to settle on the Mission property, and many of them attended an evening school, and seemed really anxious for instruction. At Keri-keri a small chapel was erected; and though in the seasons of excitement we have spoken of in the last chapter not more perhaps than two or three would be present at Divine worship, yet in quieter times there were often forty or fifty in the congregation, dressed in European clothes,* and filling the Missionaries' hearts with hope by the attention with which they listened to the services; while, with regard to the brethren themselves, the dangers and anxieties they experienced, only served to quicken their zeal, to draw them more closely to each other in the bonds of Christian love, and to strengthen their confidence in their Covenant God.

One little incident that occurred in April, 1826, made a considerable impression at Keri-keri. A Christian chief from the newly evangelized Tahiti arrived on a visit to the settlement; and as his native tongue was so similar to that of the Maoris as to allow

* The Missionaries encouraged the use of European clothing, by providing their school-children with it for their Sunday wear, and by frequent presents of it to the adults in their employ. It became quite the *fashion* to wear something European on the Sunday, even in the villages, and though the articles were sometimes strangely misplaced, yet the feeling was a hopeful one.

of free communication,* he readily acceded to the request of the Missionaries to address their people. With his Bible in his hand, this once blinded idolater stood before the assembled group; his face beamed with love, his voice trembled with emotion, while he read to them John iii. 16, 17, and told them of what Tahiti had been and what it now was. As he spoke to them of the mighty change that had been wrought upon himself and his countrymen, every eye was rivetted on him, and as he urged them to turn to God, and prayed that the Holy Spirit might lead them to the Saviour, the Missionaries felt an earnest hope that his exhortations and his prayers would be blessed and answered.

How gladly would the brethren have given themselves wholly up to the spiritual instruction of these poor people! but secular objects still demanded their attention. Yet even in the midst of their manual occupations they ceased not to labour for souls, and the simplest employment gave opportunity for conversation on the highest subjects. A tree had just been felled; the weary Missionary sat down upon it, and calling his native fellow-workmen round him, spoke to them of the concerns of their souls.

There was however much direct Missionary work carried on during this time. Every Sunday afternoon was specially set apart for visiting the neighbouring villages, and the sight of a red flag at one village and a white one at another, hoisted in honour of the *Ra-tapu*, or consecrated day, often quickened the steps of the downcast Missionary, and warmed his heart to speak with more lively feeling of the things of God. It was seldom that he did not find some at least assembled

* See page 12.

ready for him, and generally the whole village, men, women, and children, were gathered together. Here might be seen the old and the young, the sick and the blind, the chiefs and the slaves, seated in a semicircle before their teacher, and listening to the words of life. At one place a plank was always brought for the Missionary to sit upon; at another, one of the calabashes was tapued, that the water he drank might be always clean; and often he was not suffered to depart without partaking of their evening meal of kumeras, potatoes, and melons.

It is true that the gospel message was sometimes heard with apathy and unconcern; and the chiefs, rolled up in their mats, would stretch themselves on the ground as if half asleep;—and that, at other times, the only response would be, “We will receive your religion if you will insure our never dying. We are afraid of death, we cannot bear to part with our family and our friends, for we know not what will be in another world.” Or perhaps they would say, “White man’s Atua very good for white man, but not for New Zealander; we will keep our own Atua.” Yet the Missionaries still persevered, hoping that some seeds of truth might unconsciously penetrate into their hard hearts, and occasionally the remarks of these wild men were in a very different tone, and might profit even a Christian’s heart. “How happy you must be,” said the people of Tepuke, on more than one occasion, to Mr. Davis, “to know that your Atua loves you, and that you have such a blessed place to go to when you die! We will listen to you, but our hearts are very dark.” Both Mr. W. Williams and Mr. Davis were much interested in Tepuke; and one or the other visited

it, if possible, every Sunday. The latter, writing on August 7th, 1825, says, "I was again at Tepuke; the chief was absent, but I spoke to those present on the subject of prayer. 'Our hearts are dark,' they answered, 'we do not know how to pray.' I asked them, 'Have you a desire for these things?' to which they replied, 'Our hearts are very big with desire.'" Just then Mr. Davis saw the absent chief with a number of other people running as hard as they could across the valley towards him; and found that he had been three miles off to remind the people of a distant hamlet of its being the Sabbath, and was now hurrying back, expecting to be in time to join in the service of the day. Soon after, another chief came up, excusing himself for the lateness of his arrival, by saying he had been fishing. Mr. Davis reproved him for this breach of the sacred day; to which he answered, "My heart is very sick about it, but I did not know it was the Ra-tapu." He then complained of his own village not having been visited for two or three Sundays; and would hardly be satisfied when told that it was the badness of the weather that had alone prevented any one from coming to him.

Tepuke was one of the most encouraging of the surrounding villages. The anxiety of the inhabitants for instruction, their regular observance of the Sabbath, their growing dislike of war, added to their recollection of Mr. Marsden's conversations, and the assurance of one of the chiefs that he had begun to pray for himself; all these things combined, led the Missionaries to hope and expect that this people would be among the first-fruits of their labour. But "God seeth not as man seeth." "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and

as late as 1835, we only read that Tepuke was "in a very promising state."

Here we must pause for a moment, and call attention to the readiness of these poor heathen to keep holy the Sabbath day. As we proceed, we shall find still more striking instances of it, and it is very remarkable that where the chiefs themselves observed the day, they permitted their slaves, to whom every other privilege was denied, to do the same, and work of every kind was suspended throughout the village. There were even cases of distant villages, that had never seen a Missionary, in which the people refrained from work merely on the report of other natives. In one of Mr. W. Williams' exploring journeys to the North, a chief near Whangaroa touchingly strengthened his urgent plea for a teacher on this very ground. "Send us," said he, "some one to teach us; we have no one, but we do all we can, we sit still on the Ra-tapu."*

Still the Missionaries mourned over the unfruitfulness of their labours as to the conversion of souls. It had been comparatively easy to dig their fields and plant their gardens; and it was pleasant to gather the abundant produce;—to drop a peach-stone into the ground, and ere long to enjoy the delicious fruit; but to break up the fallow ground of the natural heart was beyond

* The same circumstance will doubtless be remembered with regard to the islands of the Pacific. Whence arises this willingness in uncivilized nations to observe a day of rest? Is there some undefined feeling that the physical frame requires it? or is it that the original appointment of God in the days of man's innocence still finds an unconscious response in his fallen and degraded heart? Whatever be the cause, how does the conduct of these unenlightened savages condemn those professing Christians who either themselves desecrate the holy day, or tempt others to do so!

their power; the heavens over them were as brass, and the earth as iron, for no dew of the Spirit had yet appeared to descend on the hard Maori heart; and they were made more and more to feel, as Mr. Williams expressed it, "how little control one man's heart has over another; it is the Spirit that quickeneth." And this Holy Spirit who quickeneth whom He will,* first showed His Almighty power in an unexpected quarter.

One of the villages visited frequently from Paihia was Tiwalliwatte, where the Missionaries always received a hearty welcome from the aged chief Ranghi. The old man strictly observed the Ra-tapu himself, and the red flag, regularly hoisted on the sacred day, invited his people to observe it also. But for many months there was nothing in Ranghi's conversation or manner to indicate any peculiar interest in the gospel message, except that on one or two occasions he was observed to be more than usually attentive, and there appeared once even a shade of anxiety across his brow. But on July 17th, 1825, upon Mr. Williams and his companions paying him their accustomed visit, they found him ill with a sore throat and cough. Mr. Williams entered into conversation with him; and as the aged man spoke of Adam's first transgression, as the cause of all the pain and sorrow now in the world, the

* There had been a hopeful appearance of a work of grace in a young man who died at Keri-keri in the autumn of 1824, and who, as his end approached, anxiously sought for instruction, begged Mr. Clarke to pray with him, and was often heard to pray by himself; but though his friends hoped and believed that God had mercy upon him, there was not sufficient evidence of a change of heart to show that it was a case of real conversion.

Missionary's heart rejoiced to find how well he had profited by the instruction he had received. "What," continued Mr. Williams, "are your thoughts of death?" "My thoughts," he answered, "are continually in heaven; in the morning, in the day-time, and at night they are there; my belief is in the great GOD, and in JESUS CHRIST." "But do you," asked the Missionary, "at times think that our GOD is not your GOD, and that you will not go to heaven?" "Yes, this is the way my heart sometimes thinks when alone; I think I shall go to heaven, and then I think perhaps I shall not go to heaven; and perhaps this God of the white people is not my God, and perhaps He is; and then after I have been thinking in this way, and my heart is dark for some time, then it becomes lighter, and the thought that I shall go to heaven remains the last." Afterwards he said, "I pray several times in the day; I ask God to give me His Holy Spirit in my heart to sit and dwell there." On a subsequent occasion he repeated the same doubts, but his hope seemed strengthening. "What do you think of the love of CHRIST?" "I think of the love of CHRIST, and ask Him to wash this bad heart, and take away this native heart, and give me a new heart." "Do you ever attempt to teach your neighbours?" "Yes, I do, but they will not listen." After this his friends endeavoured to draw him aside to some of their superstitious observances; but he remained firm and steadfast in rejecting them. He gradually grew worse; but as the outward man decayed, the inner man seemed to grow stronger and stronger. September 11th, in the midst of much suffering he said, "I think I shall soon die, my flesh has wasted away, and I am only

skin and bone. I think I shall go to heaven above the sky, because I have believed all that you have told me about God and Jesus Christ." "But what payment can you take to God for your sins against Him?" "I have nothing to give Him, only I believe in Him the true God, and in Jesus Christ."

Still his hope grew stronger. On the 14th, though worn down with weakness and pain, he turned his head as the Missionary entered, and in a faint voice, but with a look of joy and satisfaction, answered his inquiries with, "I shall soon be dead; my heart is very, very full of light." "What makes it so?" "Because I believe in Jehovah, and in Jesus Christ." "Are you still firm in your belief?" "Have I not told you over and over again, that my faith is stedfast?" "Have you no fear of death?" "No, none, not in the least. I shall go and sit above the sky with Jesus Christ." Mr. Williams had before spoken to him of baptism, and now consulted with his brethren on the subject. They had watched his character and conduct for some months; they now saw his stedfastness on the verge of the grave, and his firm resistance of all the native superstitions; and though there was not that deep conviction of sin they would have desired, they all agreed that in the present early state of things, more satisfactory evidence could not be expected. He was therefore baptized by the name of *Christian*, in the presence of many of his countrymen, who seemed somewhat impressed with what they saw and heard. "To us," adds Mr. Williams, "it was a season of joy and gladness; a period to which I had been looking with great interest. Surrounded by those who would gladly have drawn him back, he boldly, in the presence of them all, spoke of

the darkness that once encompassed his soul, and of the sure and certain hope that now possessed it. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

And now the Missionaries' hopes ran high that the long looked for harvest was close at hand, and that it would please God to show the power of His grace by bringing many more to a knowledge of Himself. But His time was not yet come, and His servants were called on to work, and pray, and wait, for two more years before they could discern any evidence of the dew of heavenly grace descending on their people. The outward improvement at Rangi-houa was very great. Mr. King says, "When I contrast former things with present, I am filled with wonder and thankfulness. The people are quite quiet and peaceable; the school-boys can answer correctly, when questioned on many points of Scripture knowledge; they repeat the Lord's Prayer and other short petitions, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed; they can sing some of the songs of Zion; and their parents are so pleased at their reading and writing, that when they want anything from the Missionaries they make the children write a note about it. But there are no marks of true conversion, no knowledge, even among the adults, of sin or of future punishment. They need precept upon precept, much patience, perseverance, and forbearance. Yet we do not despair—a change of heart is the work of the Holy Spirit, and we need not doubt His eventual blessing, if only we continue in well-doing."

This was written in November, 1826, when twelve long years had passed since Mr. King first landed at Rangi-houa,*—twelve years of indefatigable labour and

* Mr. Hall had been obliged to leave the Island in consequence

unwearied patience ; but now a " blessing " was closer at hand than he anticipated.

Among the young men who had been in the employ of Mr. Hall, and whom he had on his departure transferred to Mr. King, was Dudi-dudi. He was slave to one of the smaller chiefs of the village, having been captured in some war with the people of the south, and was hired from him by the Missionaries. Dudi-dudi, like the rest of the servants, had had great pains taken with him ; he had learnt to read and write, could repeat several hymns and prayers, he could correctly answer questions upon several points of Christian doctrine, and was faithful and diligent in his work. Yet his heart remained unchanged, he hated the light, and continued to find his pleasure in the ways of ungodliness. He fell sick ; and, with a sense of right and wrong we should hardly have expected, he told Mr. King that as he could not work it was not fair that he should eat, and proposed returning to his master. Mr. King, who valued his faithful services, and felt really interested in him, and saw that he was never likely to recover, told him in reply that he would not turn him away, that he was free to go if he wished it, but if not, he should remain with him, and be supplied with whatever he might want. The poor fellow was overjoyed ; he knew full well that had he gone back to his master, everything, even to his blanket, would have been taken from him ; he would have been put into some shed away from the village, and had only fern-root and water given him. But neither his illness, nor this unexpected alleviation, led his heart to God ; he of ill health, in April, 1825, to the great grief of the people, who had learnt to love him as a father and a friend.

continued dead in sin, and turned away from all personal instruction. In this state he continued for some months, too ill to work, but not too ill to get about; when early in 1827 it happened that a war expedition returned home from the South with its usual train of miserable captives. Dudi-dudi's feelings were moved as he looked on them, and thought of his own former sufferings; and he listened with interest and attention to a very serious and solemn address made by Mr. King to the chiefs, on the certain consequences of these and all other evil courses.

They were no new truths that were now brought forward; Dudi-dudi had repeatedly heard the same warnings and the same invitations; but they had hitherto merely lain on the surface of his heart, or been "caught away" by the enemy of his peace. Now however the Spirit of God was effecting a mighty change in him; the truths were carried home, and pierced his inmost soul as with an arrow. "When the commandment came, sin revived," and he as it were "died,"—his indifference was changed into an abhorrence of his former evil ways; and a deep sorrow for his wilful blindness under the means of grace, succeeded to a careless unconcern. His distressed heart found relief only in prayer; and "Give me, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit to cleanse my heart;—Take from me all darkness and enlighten my mind;—Wash me in the blood of Thy dear Son, and take me to heaven when I die." These and such like petitions were continually heard when he thought himself alone; and our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God listened to the cry of this poor youth; an assurance of pardon and acceptance in the

Beloved was vouchsafed him, and his soul was filled with joy and peace.

During the last five months of his life, though doubts and fears occasionally crossed his mind, the light of God's countenance was never long withheld from him; and the last days of his earthly pilgrimage were full of confident hope and lively joy. "I am not afraid to die," said he to Mr. Shepherd, "for I am sure that God loves me, and will save me." "How can you expect that? for God cannot but punish sinners." "Yes," replied Dudi-dudi, "but God gave His Son to die for sinners, and I believe in JESUS CHRIST." "The Sunday before he died," wrote Mr. King, "I went to him early in the morning. Before I could speak, he said with a calm and cheerful countenance, 'I am not afraid to die now, though I have often been afraid; but I will wait patiently and bear the pain till God is pleased to take my soul, which is now light and joyful; for God is loving to me.' I said to him, 'Fear not, believe in Jesus; pray to Him, and resign thy soul into His hands. He will receive it.' He said, 'Last night, through pain of body, I forgot to pray before I fell asleep, and when I woke my heart began inquiring, Where is Jesus Christ? where is Jesus Christ, who died for me? Then my soul rejoiced and praised God, and prayed Him to forgive me my sin and forgetfulness. I shall soon be in heaven.'" In this happy state he continued, his heart, as he expressed it, "leaping for joy," when any one came to talk to him of heavenly things, till, on the 14th of August, 1827, his spirit departed to be with Christ, leaving Mr. King to rejoice with humble thankfulness at this the first-fruits of his unwearied labours.

CHAPTER XI.

PROGRESS OF MISSION—SCHOOLS—BAPTISMS—REV. S. MARSDEN'S
SIXTH VISIT.

“Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest.”—EZEK. xxxvii. 3.

Now surely the set time was come for the deliverance of New Zealand from the yoke of Satan; surely now the Missionaries might expect to see many others added to the church!

Again we have to learn that our time is not God's time; for nearly three more years had run their course ere the servants of God could rejoice over another instance of conversion.

Yet their efforts were not slackened; they still worked as they had ever done; the neighbouring villages were still as diligently visited; and now and then a transient gleam of hope would cheer them, when some half-awakened listener would acknowledge the force of what he heard; such as when Wini, Christian Rangi's brother, exclaimed to Mr. W. Williams, “I am bad with vexation at the exceeding fixedness of my bad heart.”

Within the settlements, the instruction was carried on as carefully as before; and in many respects there was an evident improvement. There were even natives unconnected with the Mission, who, struck with the increased comfort of the labourers employed about the

station, obtained leave for themselves to settle on the Mission land. One of these was *Taiwunga*, a man of note among his people: he had formerly lived in Christian families at Paramatta and at Keri-keri; but his untamed spirit longed for war again, and he had joined Hongi in one of his expeditions to the South.

But at last he had grown tired of fighting, and settled himself near Mr. Davis at Paihia, where we find him, in 1826, building a raupo house, *with three rooms*, after the European fashion, and with a field and garden filled with wheat and English vegetables.

Hongi, who knew his bravery, urged him to accompany him to Kaiparo; but *Taiwunga* had begun to taste the sweets of a settled life, and resisted all his importunities. "Before you let me live at your place," said he to Mr. Davis, "I loved country ways; but now that I have a house and garden,* I love your ways; and," added he, "my heart too is very good for your prayers and instructions." His wife, as well as himself, was very industrious, they conducted themselves extremely well, and wished to bring up their children like Europeans; but no sign of spiritual life appeared in either of them.

The chief source however of encouragement to the Missionaries was the growing desire of instruction among their own natives, and the progress they made. The possession of printed books, in their own language, had greatly stimulated their thirst for knowledge; and when in 1827 Mr. Davis brought back with him from Sydney the first three chapters of Genesis, the 20th of

* Well might *Taiwunga* prefer his garden to the field of battle; it was full of peas, onions, turnips, cucumbers, vines, melons, peaches, &c. &c.

Exodus, the 5th of St. Matthew, the 1st of St. John, the Lord's Prayer, and some hymns, all printed in Maori, their delight was unbounded; and it was with difficulty that some of them could be restrained from taking immediate and forcible possession of these new treasures.

There were at this time above a hundred natives living on the Mission property at Paihia, and a proportionate number at Keri-keri and Rangihoua. All these regularly attended the daily morning and evening worship; the children were daily instructed in the schools; and the adults were assembled, three times in the week, to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, in addition to the word of God.

As soon as the scholars seemed to be sufficiently advanced, the experiment was tried of an Annual General Examination, and was found to succeed extremely well. This was so new a feature in New Zealand, that we shall devote a page or two to the account of one of these gatherings; and shall select the second, held at Keri-keri on Dec. 8, 1829.

We may imagine the bustle of previous preparation in the settlement itself; for, inclusive of those on the spot, food and lodging for three days were to be provided for a party of 290; and the only housekeeping resources of the Keri-keri Missionaries lay in their own farm and storehouse. However, all was ready in good time, and the school boys and girls were assembled on the river's bank to welcome their expected visitors. About 11 o'clock the party came in sight. First, two boats with the European families of Rangihoua and Paihia, rowed by native school-boys dressed in duck trowsers, striped shirts, and Scotch caps; then

three other boats and two canoes brought the girls dressed in blue frocks and white aprons, and all the rest of the natives of the two settlements. Every boat had a little flag; and as the summer sun shone bright upon the river, and lighted up the eager faces, it was a scene not to be soon forgotten. As the boats drew near, no hideous native yell met their ears, but three hearty British cheers burst forth from the river's side, echoed again and again by the parties on the water. It was a happy gathering that day at Keri-keri: including the children, the Europeans amounted to seventy-two; of the natives sixty-eight were girls, the rest were men and boys.

After joining in Divine service, the examination began, and proved entirely satisfactory. Many questions on the chief truths of our holy religion were correctly answered, the reading and writing of the different classes were very good, and the first class of men and boys were perfect in the first five rules of arithmetic. The examination was not exclusively intellectual, the girls' needlework was shown, and pronounced to be very neatly executed; and the native carpenters exhibited specimens of their skill in a pannelled door, a gate, a window-frame, a table, and a stool, all of which would have done credit to an European workman.

The Missionaries' hearts were moved, and Mr. W. Williams thus records some of the thoughts that passed through his own mind: "Here, thought I, are a number of poor cannibals collected from different tribes,* whose fathers were so savage, that for ten years the first

* One of the lads was the son of a chief, 140 miles from the Bay.

Missionaries, who lived among them with so much pain and vexation, often expected to be devoured by them. A few years ago these very individuals were ignorant of every principle of religion, many of them had feasted on human blood and gloried in it; but now there is not one among them who is not in some degree acquainted with the truths of the Christian religion, which, with the blessing of God, may be the means of his conversion. Not six years ago, they commenced with the very rudiments of learning; now, many of them can read and write their own language with propriety, and are masters of the first rules of arithmetic. But a very few years ago, a chisel made of stone was their only tool; now they not only have our tools but are learning to use them. It is true that these are but small things compared with the greater and more permanent blessings we look for; yet I appeal to our friends in England, and ask them whether the Lord has not already done great things, yea, marvellous things, in this dark land."

Prayer and the word of God accompanied the examination; the older members of the Mission passed the intervals of rest in refreshing social intercourse, the younger ones in recreations suited to their age; and it would have stirred the heart of the most indifferent to have here seen the fair-haired children of the distant North, mingling with the groups of dark-eyed sons and daughters of the fierce Maoris, and roaming with them fearlessly through the gardens and the fields.

At last the time so ardently desired, so earnestly prayed for, was drawing near, when the Spirit should

be poured from on high, and the wilderness should become a fruitful field; when some from among this stubborn people, in full health, and in the prime of life, should bend their iron necks to the gentle yoke of Christ, should come forward to renounce all to which they had hitherto so firmly, so obstinately clung, and should publicly dedicate themselves to the Lord.

The first approach to this decided step was a wish expressed by some of the people that their children might be baptized; two of the Keri-keri natives, Tava and Rangj, had some time before, brought their infant to the baptismal font; and in August, 1829, the hearts of the Paihia Missionaries glowed with hope, when the once ferocious Taiwunga put the following note into their hands. "Here I am, thinking of the day when my son shall be baptized. You are the messengers of God; therefore I wish that he should be baptized according to your ways. I have cast off my native ideas, and my native thoughts. Here I sit thinking, and untying the rope of the devil; and it is shaken that it may fall off. Jesus Christ perhaps is near to see my evils, and to look into the hearts of men. It is well perhaps that the heart should grieve in the morning, in the evening, and at night, that every sin may be blotted out."

We cannot doubt the answer to this request; and on August 23rd, after the second lesson, Mr. W. Williams baptized the four children of Taiwunga, together with an infant of his own. It was a very affecting service, the natives were very attentive, and Mr. Williams hoped that it might lead some of them to become thoughtful for themselves.

Soon after the baptism of these children, Mr. Davis

was suddenly sent for to a woman who was taken alarmingly ill, and did not seem likely to recover. She was the wife of *Pita*, one of his workmen, who had at first been received into his household ; but his wife, a young woman from Roto-rua, far to the south, was so insolent and troublesome, that Mr. Davis was obliged to send them from his house, and built a cottage for them close by. *Pita* himself was of a very quiet, gentle disposition, much attached to his master, and very anxious for instruction. He frequently accompanied him in his visits to the villages, and would often, of his own accord, remain behind to enforce or to explain his exhortations. After some time he went down to Roto-rua with his wife to see her relations, and remained absent so long, that Mr. Davis, who knew how susceptible he was of the influence of others, grew uneasy, and feared that he had been insnared into his former practices, and would shrink from returning to *Paihia*.

At last, however, they both came back ; and to Mr. Davis's great satisfaction he found that their prolonged absence had been occasioned by *Pita*'s anxiety to teach the people of Roto-rua something of the love of CHRIST ; and that his time had been spent in endeavouring to impress a few simple truths upon their minds.

It was to the sick-bed of this woman that Mr. Davis was now summoned. He went with a heavy heart, not knowing what fresh arguments he could use to prevail with her to give her heart to God ; but, to his utter astonishment, he found her entirely changed. She had become meek and docile, was already well-informed in Divine truths, and anxious to make further progress. In the course of conversation she told him that she had been secretly a believer for more than a

year; that she had been made deeply sensible of the wickedness of her own heart, and often retired by herself for private prayer. She spoke calmly of her apparently approaching death, and of her going to be with CHRIST, and urged Mr. Davis to "call aloud" to the natives round to turn to God. We may imagine the joy of the Missionary at this the first decided instance of awakening among the people at Paihia, increased as it was by the unexpected recovery of the woman, and her continuance in the same state of mind and conduct. It was not long before she and her husband applied for baptism; Taiwunga joined them; and on the 7th of February, 1830, the first public adult baptism took place in New Zealand; and these three intelligent Maoris stood forth in the midst of the congregation at Paihia, to declare their faith in CHRIST crucified, to renounce all their former ways, to profess themselves the faithful soldiers and servants of their Redeemer, and to receive the outward seal of the covenant of grace. All were deeply moved—Taiwunga especially so; and tears of penitence and love fell fast from eyes that, but a few short years before, had loved to feast themselves on scenes of carnage and of cannibalism.*

* Taiwunga was baptized by the name of David, or, according to native pronunciation, *Rawiri*; Pita, by that of Peter; and his wife was named Mary.

Mrs. H. Williams, writing of this event, and especially alluding to Taiwunga, says,

"Taiwunga, a relation and once a follower of Hongi in his bloody triumphs, but who has for nearly five years turned his sword into a ploughshare, and who, from his rank and influence and naturally strong passions, has had many and deep struggles, has been wonderfully influenced. When I saw him advance from the other end of our crowded chapel, with firm step, but subdued coun-

This baptism served not only to strengthen the faith of the baptized, but to deepen the impression already made upon many of the other natives; a spirit of earnest inquiry was poured out on numbers, and the settlement assumed a new appearance. Hitherto the leisure hours of the people had been passed in dancing, singing, or sleeping; but now they met together in little bands to read and pray, or visited the Missionaries for more personal instruction. Mr. W. Williams writes, on March 3rd, 1830, "Could our friends in England witness what we witness every evening, they would indeed rejoice with us. The interest formerly manifested by a few in this settlement has become almost general; and the cry, as soon as evening prayers are over, is, 'May we not come to you and talk?'"

At this time the evenings of all the Missionaries at this station were taken up in conversations with the newly awakened. Sometimes twenty or thirty would come together for general instruction; others would come alone to talk more freely on their own personal salvation; and the different states of mind in the different inquirers gave good reason to believe that a real work of the Holy Spirit was being carried on in their hearts. Some would speak of their strong desire to give up their hearts to God; others confess with sorrow that as yet their desire was very weak: one mourned over the hardness of his heart, and another was rejoicing in the light that had visited his soul; while one poor man touchingly related to Mr. Davis

tenance, an object of interest to every native as well as European eye, and meekly kneel, where six months before we had, at his own request, all stood sponsors for his four little children; I deeply felt that it was the LORD'S doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

the loss he had sustained in spiritual things by a visit he had lately paid to his heathen relations at Tauranga.*

But while the Missionaries were employed in this blessed, but anxious and laborious work, they were suddenly called upon to mingle in a very different scene. The wickedness of the masters and crews of many of the vessels that visited the Bay had very frequently led to quarrels and skirmishes with the natives; but at this juncture the more than commonly infamous conduct of the master of a whaler, then at Kororarika, stirred the passions of the New Zealanders to a higher pitch than usual; and as some of the people took part with the offender, it was determined to have recourse to arms. Kororarika was not more than two miles from Paihia, on the opposite shore of the little inner bay on which the settlement stands; and Tohi-tapu, and some of the peaceable chiefs, applied as before to the Missionaries for their mediation. They lost not an hour in using their utmost efforts, and at one time hoped they had succeeded; but the feelings of some of the chiefs had been too deeply wounded, the dispute broke out again, the country round Paihia was filled with parties of fighting men, an engagement took place, and the beach at Kororarika was stained with Maori blood.

In the midst of this commotion, a ship was seen to enter the Bay; she anchored near Paihia; and soon the word flew swiftly through the settlement, that Mr.

* One of the inquirers in conversation with Mr. W. Williams suggested, that perhaps the difficulty he found in believing arose from his not being able to write; to which a friend of his standing by immediately replied, "Writing has nothing to do with enlightening the heart."

Marsden was on board. This venerated name seemed to carry with it some soothing charm, and the news of his arrival inspired Europeans and natives with hopes of peace. Even the wild combatants of Kororarika felt its influence, and invited him to mediate between them. No abatement of physical strength, no fear of danger or fatigue, could hinder Mr. Marsden from responding to the invitation. He passed from the mainland to the islands, from the islands to the mainland, engaged in anxious negotiations; but with all his efforts it was many days ere he could succeed in allaying their angry passions, and in persuading them to cease from bloodshed.

What a contrast during those days did the Mission station at Paihia present to the eye and heart of this good man! Here was a body of more than a hundred natives, unmoved by the excitement going on around, to the astonishment of their fighting countrymen quietly pursuing their usual avocations, and though at times the fighting was almost close to them, never even leaving their work to go and see what was going on.*

But a deeper joy filled the heart of this venerable servant of God, when on Sunday the 14th he met the congregation of Paihia. Here were assembled before him all the natives of the settlement, neatly dressed in European clothes; among them his eye especially rested

* "We alone," writes Mr. H. Williams, "and our natives sit in the midst of all this commotion, without a single care or anxious feeling, though every tribe around is under arms, and ready for immediate destruction. The conduct of our natives is most pleasing, each at his own occupation during the day, and in the evening the greater part assemble, as usual, for spiritual instruction."

on the quiet Pita, and his now subdued wife, on Taiwunga, now as fearless in the service of God as he had been in that of Satan,* and on the Christian children,—the commencement of the Maori Church, and the earnest, as he doubted not, of wide-spread future blessing. But Mr. Marsden shall tell his own tale. “The contrast,” he writes, “between the east and west sides of the inner bay were very striking, though only two miles distant: the east shore was crowded with fighting men of different tribes, in a wild, savage state; many of them nearly naked, and when exercising entirely so; nothing was to be heard but the firing of muskets, and the din and confusion of a savage military camp; some mourning the death of their friends, others suffering from their wounds, and not one whose mind was not involved in heathen darkness, without one ray of Divine knowledge. On the west side there was the pleasant sound of ‘the church-going bell;’ the natives assembling together for Divine worship, clean, orderly, and decently dressed, most of them in European clothing: all carried in their hands the Litany and greatest part of the Church service, and some hymns, printed in their own tongue; and their whole conduct and appearance reminded me of a well-regulated English country parish. Here might be seen, at one glance, the blessings of the Christian religion, and the miseries of heathenism, even in this present life; but when we regard an eternal world, how infinite is the difference!”

* After his baptism, Taiwunga boldly rebuked sin in the heathen round, while his own submission to the will of God was very striking. A few months later, his children were taken ill; “I am an obstinate child,” said the chief, “and God is whipping me.”

Mr. Marsden and his daughter left New Zealand again on the 27th of May; the time had been spent in visiting the different settlements; in making arrangements for a new station at Waimate; in assisting and counselling the Missionaries; in conversations with the natives; and in rejoicing at the bright prospects opening on the country. Often was he heard to exclaim, as it were to himself, "What hath God wrought for His own name's sake!" Well might he thus exclaim, when his thoughts recurred to that Christmas day in 1814, when he first stood up to declare the name of Jesus to a multitude of fierce, untamed savages, at the Pa of Rangi-houa; or to that memorable night, passed amid spears and merys on the shore of Whangaroa. The true cross, of which the starry emblem then visited his wakeful eyes, was now firmly planted in the Maori heart, never, as he hoped and believed, to be uprooted thence. Slightly altering the words of the poet,

" Had he not then for all his fears,
The day of care, the anxious night,
For all his sorrows, all his tears,
An overpayment of delight?"

CHAPTER XII.

SPIRIT OF INQUIRY AT THE SETTLEMENTS—BETSEY—NEW STATION FORMED AT WAIMATE.

‘Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.’—JOB xxxiii. 24.

THE spirit of inquiry, which we spoke of in the preceding chapter, proved to be no transient emotion; it continued steadily to pervade, in a greater or less degree, most of the natives at the three different settlements. Sixteen adults had been baptized at Paihia before the close of the year 1830, and others had been received into the visible church at Keri-keri and Rau-gi-houa. This earnestness was not confined to the men alone; many of the women and elder girls were awakened to a serious concern for their souls; and Mr. Davis’ eldest daughter devoted much of her time and energies to the assistance of those at Paihia. Every evening found this young, but devoted and loving, disciple of her Lord gathering them around her for instruction and prayer; and a few particulars of one of her youthful pupils will serve as a specimen of the blessing vouchsafed to her labours.

In 1825, a poor sickly, dull-looking slave girl had been brought to Mr. Davis by her father with a request that he would take her into his service. He did so; and good food, kind treatment, and careful training soon so improved her that she became a valuable and

useful servant, though she never showed any great aptitude for learning. For some months before the baptism of Taiwunga and his companions, Betsey, as she was called, had appeared more thoughtful than usual, but whatever her friends might hope about her, she was silent, and they refrained from speaking to her on the subject. A few days, however, after the baptisms had taken place, she went to Miss Davis, and with great earnestness told her she could no longer delay, but must give herself to God at once; at the same time requesting her to meet her fellow-servants and herself that evening to talk to them on the exceeding love of CHRIST in dying for them. Miss Davis joyfully acceded to this request; and agreed to meet them twice a week in private, in addition to their receiving her more general evening instruction. Betsey rapidly grew in religious knowledge, as well as in grace; and was baptized on April 11th, 1830, on one of those occasions at which Mr. Marsden was present. Not very long after her baptism, the poor girl was taken ill, and symptoms of consumption began to show themselves. She was quite aware of the nature of her complaint, and was able to look with an unshrinking eye to the termination of her earthly pilgrimage. Her affection for Miss Davis was unbounded; and she was most anxious for the salvation of others, more especially for that of her two companions in the house. Over one of these, who showed but little interest in spiritual things, she would often weep, and say, "Oh Tuari, Tuari, it will not be long before I am gone from you, and why do you not believe? Do you think God will not listen to your prayers? Yes, He will, for His love is great, it is not like the love of this

world that passeth away, it lasteth for ever." At other times she would urge her only to try the "good things of God, for I know," she would say, "if you go the right way to find CHRIST, you will love Him too well to leave Him again; He will hide your sins in His sepulchre, He will wash your heart in His blood; and when you are washed from your sins, you will be happy, but not till then." To the other girl, Rama, who made a great profession of religion, she spoke differently; urging her not to be satisfied with an empty show, but to seek for a real change of heart.

As the poor girl's health continued to decline, her mind became more spiritual; she could not endure any vain or trifling conversation; and in a tone of gentle reproof would say, "These things will do you no good when JESUS comes to judgment. Satan is now covering you with a thick darkness, but perhaps when I am gone, JEHOVAH will let the rays of His Sun dispel it from before your eyes, and then all will be light, and joy, and peace." The constant visits of Miss Davis to her sick-bed were very refreshing to her. "I am very hungry," she would say, "read with me and pray with me." One day she said, "I am not afraid to die, but read to me what St. Paul says about death." "How is it," asked Miss Davis, "that you are not afraid to die?" "Because," she replied, "CHRIST died for me; He passed the lonely road before me, and He will be with me;" adding, "it is only now that I have seen the great love of CHRIST in giving Himself to die for our sins." Another day she was asked if she wished to recover. "No," she answered, "for I should sin again, and make GOD angry. When I think of my former sins, it makes my heart very dark and sorrowful; but

then I pray, and God hides my sins from me, and puts His Spirit into my heart, and that makes it light again."

As her end drew near, her sufferings increased, but her calm patience continued unmoved. "Your pain is great," said her kind friend to her. "Yes, my pain is great, but it is nothing to what my Saviour suffered. I feel happy; CHRIST is waiting at the end of the road, I want to go." One day she fell asleep while Miss Davis was reading to her. When she awoke, she said, "Why did you let me go to sleep? it is but a little while, and I shall hear you read no more." Seeing her young friend much affected, she added, "Marianne, do not grieve, we shall be separated but for a little while. Do not leave me; come, sit down and talk to me about heaven." Her short bright course was now almost run; and on September 17th she was evidently dying. Taking the hand of her to whom she owed so much, in a faint whisper she bade her farewell. "Farewell!" answered Miss Davis, "you are going to JESUS." "Yes," replied she, "I am light, light." Soon after this she drew a deep sigh; and the ransomed spirit of the Maori slave girl had passed into the presence of Him who had purchased her with His own blood.

It would seem as though the death of Betsey made an impression upon others. Two days after, the wife of Rawiri, (Taiwunga,) following the example of her husband, came forward to be baptized; Rama too, the girl for whom she had been so anxious, became more earnest in religion, and a few months later followed her friend in death. Her end was also peace.

The details of the work of Divine grace in the hearts of many of the natives at the three settlements about this time are very interesting, and prove, if proof were

needed, that whether the people of GOD are gathered from the East or the West, the North or the South, "it is the same GOD that worketh all in all."—They continued earnestly to seek personal intercourse with the various Missionaries, to lay before them their doubts and difficulties, and to seek advice and direction. Sometimes they found they could more freely express themselves in writing, and a note frequently found its way to one or another of their instructors. The following is the translation of one of these:—"Brother of Mr. Williams, I think much of JESUS CHRIST; His love to my heart is very great; I am a very bad man. My sins were lately very many, but they have been taken away by JESUS CHRIST. His love does not disappear. The affection towards Him in my heart is very great. I cannot hide the affection of my heart. The joy of the Holy Spirit in my heart is very great. Because I have a great heart I write to you, although man * says, 'Is it true indeed that JESUS CHRIST will come to look at my heart?' I pray constantly to Him by night and by day; when I go to sleep I pray to Him; in the morning I pray to JEHOVAH our Father. My heart is sore on account of the sacred words of JESUS CHRIST, which are suppressed by us. By-and-bye, in the evening, I will pay you a visit. This letter is written by me, Wakaraé."

The anxiety for the salvation of their countrymen was very great, both among the baptized † and the can-

* Does he mean his own natural heart?

† In the summer of 1831, the baptized natives at Paihia obtained permission to hold a weekly prayer-meeting among themselves, and one of the usual subjects of their prayers was that they might themselves become Missionaries to their countrymen.

didates for baptism, and either by themselves, or in company with one of the brethren, they frequently visited the surrounding villages. But as yet the dew of the Holy Spirit had fallen only within the settlements, and all around was dry.

We have before said that one of the subjects that occupied Mr. Marsden's mind during his visit to the Island in 1830 was, the formation of a new settlement; and *Waimate*, the former residence of Hongi, was fixed upon, as the land appeared well fitted for agriculture, and its inland position removed it, in great measure, from the baneful influence of the European shipping. This part of the country too was less depopulated than most of the surrounding districts;* for it was long since the fierce Ngapuis had suffered any invader to attack their territory, and Hongi's wars had been carried on among distant tribes.

A considerable quantity of land was purchased from the chiefs in a favourable situation, bounded on one side by a beautiful river, and intersected by two small streams. The Ngapuis were extremely pleased with the idea of having resident Missionaries among them; for though they had frequently been visited from Kerikeri, yet these visits were necessarily irregular, and the people complained that the instructions they received were forgotten before they saw their teachers again.

At a meeting held for the purpose of completing the purchase, an old chief rose and made a speech to the rest: "Be gentle," said he, "with the Missionaries, for they are gentle with you; do not steal from them,

* There were above 2000 natives in scattered villages within five miles of the settlement.

for they do not steal from you ; let them sit in peace on the ground they have bought, and let us listen to their advice and come to their prayers. Though there are many of us, Missionaries and natives, let us be all one, all one, all one. This is all I have to say.”

Waimate was twelve miles inland from Keri-keri, and before it could be occupied as a permanent station, a cart road * must be cut through the intervening wood and jungle, and bridges must be built across the Waitangi and another river.

All however was set about with earnestness and activity ; and early in 1831, as soon as any tolerable shelter could be constructed, Mr. Clarke, Mr. R. Davis, and Mr. Hamlin proceeded to take up their abode there with their families ; and were joined, in the course of the same year, by other labourers.

* The cart was a subject of astonishment to the natives, who had never before seen any wheeled conveyance ; and a little later the plough excited almost as much admiration.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WAIMATE—PROGRESS—RIPI—TUPAPA—MR. JAMIESON

“ Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.”

REV. xxii. 17.

WHAT varied thoughts and feelings does the very situation of the new settlement at the Waimate call forth! Here it was that Hongi, the author of so much war and misery, lived and died; in yonder grove of tall “puriri” trees his body in its ornamented chest was preserved for months, till taken to its last abode. Not far off, as if nature would remove some of the evil of man’s sin, a healing spring sends forth its pure and sparkling waters, and gives the name of “*Wai-mate*,” or “water for the sick,” to the whole surrounding district.

Blessed be the God of all grace, He was now bringing heavenly, as well as earthly, peace to this distracted land; and was opening a fountain of living waters, that should give life and health to souls even dead in trespasses and sins.

This new station was happily spared from many of the trials that had attended the three earlier ones. There were here no insulting threats, nor rude attacks, nor attempts at plunder. The counsel of the old chief had been attended to; and the Missionaries were treated with kindness and respect. Mr. Clarke tells us, that though for the first two months he had been

unable to complete the fence about his house, and was for some time without a lock to secure his door, yet he did not lose an article of his property. And yet they were in the midst of the fierce tribe of Ngapuis!

The Missionaries had brought with them a good number of their own natives, to assist in cultivation, building, &c.; and the settlement soon assumed the appearance of neatness and comfort. Schools* were established; and before many months had passed, there were, including those they had brought with them, eighty-five men and boys, and fifty women and girls, under instruction.

From the first Sunday of their residence, a flag had been regularly hoisted to mark the day of sacred rest; many were attracted by it from the country round, and so rapidly did the numbers increase, that before the Missionaries had been there three months, and long before their own houses were properly habitable, they found it necessary to suspend all other work, and to erect a building that should serve as a chapel on the Sunday, and a school-room during the week. It was 40 feet in length, and 20 in width, and was almost immediately filled with an attentive and well-conducted congregation.

* In some of the distant villages the people by degrees established schools among themselves, the teacher being sometimes a lad who had formerly received instruction at one of the stations. Mr. Hamlin mentions an instance of one at Ahu-ahu, a village he visited, whenever practicable, on Sundays. In this school were taught reading, writing, and the Catechisms that had been drawn up for the natives. The only assistance they had received was a present of five plates; yet there was not one in December, 1834, who did not repeat the Catechisms correctly; twenty could read pretty fluently, and the others were getting on, though they were not so forward. The writing did not prosper so well, from want of copies.

One of the first who responded to the Sabbath invitation of the hoisted flag was *Ripi*, the principal chief of Māwi, a village three or four miles from the Waimate. Mr. Davis had become acquainted with this chief a year or two before, at Paihia; where one day seeing a party of strangers enter the settlement, he went up to them, as he was wont, hoping to find some opening for speaking to them on the concerns of their souls. They were talking with Taiwunga, who, though not then baptized, was deeply in earnest about spiritual things. The strangers were eagerly exhibiting some muskets they had just purchased from the shipping; and Mr. Davis, while admiring them, and speaking of their lawful use in self-defence, took occasion to press upon their owners the immense importance of securing, not only their personal safety, but the salvation of their souls. This led to an animated conversation, in which Taiwunga joined, and with great earnestness and ability refuted various objections brought forward by Ripi, who was one of the party. After this, the chief occasionally visited Paihia; and when there, would always attend the means of grace; but there was no appearance of any real impression being made upon his heart. About a year after this interview, in the autumn of 1830, a party of natives were sent to construct the new bridge over the Waitangi, that was to connect Waimate with the other stations. They happened to be of the same tribe as Ripi; they were all steady, thoughtful young men; and one of them, Aparahama,* who had not long been baptized, was very anxious for the souls of others as well as for his own. At his suggestion, these young men

* Abraham.

used at their leisure hours to visit Māwi, and endeavour to impart to the people there as much of the instruction they had received as they were able to communicate. A son of Ripi's, who was at this time ill, was the special object of Aparahama's interest and prayers; he did not live long after, and Mr. Davis rejoiced to hear that, not only was there room for confident hope that he died a sincere believer in Christ, but that his father also was seeking to know eternal truth.*

The establishment of the Mission at the Waimate, early in 1831, was an inestimable blessing to this chief, as it enabled him regularly to attend the means of grace. Every Saturday found him at the house of his friend Aparahama, where the evening was passed in reading, conversation, and prayer; and after Divine worship on Sunday morning Ripi would return home, to communicate to his people the truths he had learnt. Sometimes he was accompanied by Mr. Davis, and at the chief's loud whistle, a hundred or more of the inhabitants would assemble, and listen attentively to the words of life. The newly awakened chief was indefatigable among his own people, and many were prevailed on by him to have daily prayer in their own houses. But he was not content with his endeavours at Māwi; as his heart expanded, so did his efforts,

* The way in which Mr. Davis came to the knowledge of this last circumstance affords too remarkable a proof of the altered state of feeling to be passed over in silence. One of his young workmen was a slave hired from Ripi; and seeing him one day look more than usually happy, he asked him the reason. "Oh," cried the youth, who had himself been just baptized, "should I not rejoice in the prospect of the salvation of my master's soul?" and then showed Mr. Davis a letter he had just received from Aparahama, speaking of the chief as being evidently in earnest about his salvation. See page 18.

and his next step was to visit Kaikohi, a district about ten miles from Waimate, where he had relations. He was kindly received, and his address was attentively listened to by Atua-haere,* the principal chief. "Come here," said he to him, "you are my child. It is long since you came to see me; and now, having heard something from the white people that you think is good, you come to tell it me: this is very good, but as you know but little of it yourself, go back, and bring some one with you who understands these things better." Ripi repeated this to Mr. Davis, requesting that Aparahama might accompany him on his next visit to Kaikohi; and, exclaiming, "Ah, I have been thoughtful about the things of God for these two years, ever since you spoke to me that evening at Paihia," repeated nearly all the conversation that had then taken place; so deeply had it sunk into his mind.

It was a joyful sight to see these two disciples, the middle-aged and the young, going forth together, week after week, on this mission of love: the natives of Kaikohi could not resist their persuasions; several of them established prayer in their families; and as many of them as could come so far visited Waimate on the Sabbath days. Ripi thankfully rejoiced, and little expected the disappointment that awaited him.

The two friends had not long continued these Sunday teachings, that were bringing light and joy into many a heart at Kaikohi, when they received a message from the chief, forbidding them to continue their visits. They were grieved and surprised at this unlooked-for prohibition, of which they knew not the

* The walking god.

cause, till it afterwards appeared that Warepoaka of Rangi-houa, and some other chiefs, had sent to Atua-haere, desiring him to have nothing to do with Christian teachers; and the poor man had timidly yielded, against his will and against his conscience.

It was strange that Warepoaka should have acted thus; he had hitherto been an unswerving friend to the Missionaries;* and only a year before, when it had been proposed that the Rangi-houa station should be removed two miles off to Tepuna, he vehemently objected to the change. "What have we done," he exclaimed, "that you should leave us? Have we robbed you? Have we injured you? If not, it will be a shame to desert us. But if you do, no one shall touch your houses, they shall stand empty and fall to pieces; and when any Europeans ask us what they are, we will tell them, they were the houses of the Missionaries, who left us without cause, and in spite of our entreaties." The proposed removal had in consequence been given up, and yet now Warepoaka was endeavouring to hinder the measures he had then been so anxious to promote! Alas! he had come under the influence of some ungodly Europeans, who had filled his mind with dark suspicions, and persuaded him and the other chiefs that the Christian natives were before long to be all shipped off for England, and there made slaves!

The disappointment with regard to Kaikohi was not the only trial that Ripi met with in his onward course; his bold, uncompromising conduct often brought upon him contempt and ridicule; and at one time it would appear that he was in some personal danger from his refusal to join his neighbours in a war expedition to

the south. Yet he continued steadfast and unmoved, and was evidently growing in grace. He had become watchful over himself, he had left off swearing, was conquering his naturally impetuous temper, had put away two of his wives, and was endeavouring to conform his whole life to the Gospel standard. Mr. Davis spoke to him of baptism: "If I could write," said the chief, "you should know all my thoughts; but I am afraid to speak, I am afraid of boasting: I prayed to God to show me the sinfulness of my own heart, He has done so, and now I want to be delivered from all sin." Surely Ripi was a child of God; the Missionaries were persuaded that he was, and would not withhold from him the seal of the covenant. He was baptized on Sept. 2nd, 1831; and from respect to that constant friend of the New Zealand Mission, Mr. Broughton, of Holborn, he received the name of Broughton, or, according to native pronunciation, *Porotene*. As yet he was the only native, unconnected with the Mission stations, who had been baptized, except the first convert, Christian Ranghi.

We like to read of Porotene Ripi; of his labouring among his own people; of his travelling from place to place, in company or alone, to proclaim to friend or to former foe, the riches of the grace of God. He had already made a road from Māwi to the Waimate, that the Missionaries might visit him with less difficulty; and he now set about another that should enable them to penetrate further into the country.

And here we will quote from the account given of this Mission by the late lamented Colonel Jacob, of the Bombay Army, who visited New Zealand in 1833, and thus speaks of our energetic chief. "Beyond

Waimate, I fell in with a chief, named Ripi, who had lately been baptized; he and his people were engaged in cutting a road through a dense and lofty forest. The 'good news' of salvation by CHRIST had reached the heart of this chief, and the hearts of many of his tribe; they had felt its power, they had built themselves a little church for morning and evening worship; and now we found them with their hatchets in their hands, cutting this road through the forest, and already advanced nearly two miles, in order that this same 'good news' might be carried to the tribe beyond, a tribe, moreover, at enmity with their own.

"I was struck with the dignified appearance of this man; his only garment was his native mat, but this did not obscure his manly form; and I could but contrast his present employment with his former pursuits in days of darkness and degradation."

The people that Ripi was thus labouring to benefit, had seen the influence his words often had on those who listened to him, and they accused him of using enchantment. The chief agreed to meet them and explain the matter. Armed with the word of GOD, he went; he read to them many of the passages he had read to others; and the result was that they declared his book of "enchantment" was one they desired to know more about; and would not let him go till he had told them more of that great and glorious Gospel.

Ripi's bright and useful course was, however, destined to be a short one. Writing on June 5th, 1838, Mr. Davis says, "Ripi appears to be at the point of death, it is very distressing to my weak mind; he has for years been a comfort to me, and a blessing to his tribe. To us it would appear desirable that such a

man should live long for the sake of the cause of CHRIST; but God seeth not as man seeth." In a postscript Mr. Davis adds: "Ripi has escaped from this vale of tears, I trust to be a gem in the Redeemer's crown."

While recounting the history of Ripi, we seem to have lost sight of the more general Missionary work at this station; and must now return to the period at which we left it, viz. 1831. At the settlement itself all was going on satisfactorily; fresh families from time to time took up their abode round the Mission premises; the schools and congregations increased; and the following extract from one of the settlers' letters will give an idea of a Sunday at the Waimate. "It would," wrote Mr. Clarke in 1834, "cheer the hearts of Christians in England, and perhaps shame those who only bear the name, to see a New Zealand Sabbath. Long ere the Morning Service begins, you see the natives collecting in little groups round the chapel, reading or listening to the word of God. Often the chapel is filled five minutes after the door is opened, and many are generally obliged to stand outside. The rest of the day corresponds to this; all is order and silence, except that you may occasionally hear the voice of praise ascending from the little cottages, where perhaps two or three families have met together for the purpose."

But Waimate was not more exempt than the other stations from the effects

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe;"

and consumption, that great enemy of the Maori race,

carried off some of the most promising of the converts. One of these was a young man of the name of Huka, who had accompanied Mr. Hamlin from Keri-keri; and who, though far from intelligent in worldly things, had had his heart enlightened in those of eternity. "Shall I ever get to heaven?" said he one day to Mr. Hamlin, "my sins are so great." Mr. Hamlin laid before him the full sacrifice and perfect righteousness of CHRIST. "That is very sweet," he answered, "but if I were CHRIST's I should love Him more; my praying heart," he added, "is very great, I could pray all day; but my loving heart is very small." Mr. Hamlin re-assured him, and bade him look to that heaven where his love for his Saviour would be perfected; and on the second day Huka had entered into rest.

Much, however, as the Missionaries mourned over the loss of so many of their people, they, and indeed the whole Mission, were called to experience a far heavier trial in the death of Mrs. Davis, in the year 1837, after a few hours' illness; and the loss of this excellent woman was the more keenly felt, as it was the first breach made by death in the Missionary band, since the first arrival in 1814.

In their visits to the surrounding country, the Missionaries now began to reap the fruit of their former labours; for several of the young men who had accompanied them from Keri-keri and Pailia were now competent to teach others, and rejoiced in being permitted, on Sundays or on week-days, either by themselves or in company with one of the brethren, to go from village to village proclaiming the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. Soon the Sabbath began to be almost universally observed in the places they visited;

and the approach of the teacher was hailed with delight. As soon as he came in sight, a suspended hatchet, or broken hoe, struck in imitation of a bell, gave notice of the service; and a group of from ninety to two hundred natives had presently gathered round, to join in prayer and to listen to the word of God.

Many were seriously and lastingly impressed; at Māwi, in particular, as we might have expected, the Missionaries could rejoice over several. One of these was an aged woman, an elder sister of Rawiri* of Paihia, who with trembling lip and tearful eye, one day said to Mr. Davis, "You tell me I must repent; I do repent; I confess my sins; I have been a very wicked woman; I have been a thief, a liar, an adulteress; I have been stubborn, noisy, and covetous: but I have done with it all; all I now want is CHRIST. When Rawiri was here some time ago, he asked me how my heart was, but I told him there was nothing there: no it was not Rawiri made me feel; it was not man, it was God."

A brother of Ripi's was also among the most earnest of the inquirers. One day he called on Mr. Davis. "I am come to talk with you," said he, "I am not come to beg: I do not want the things of this life; no, but I feel my great sins, I want to confess them to you, that they may not guaw as a worm in my breast." Mr. Davis told him to whom alone he must confess his sins with any prospect of real benefit; and pointed out to him, as simply as he could, the Gospel plan of salvation; and the poor fellow left him, apparently much relieved.

* Taiwunga.

It was about the same time that Mr. Davis met with an unexpected and very encouraging case. It was in November, 1834, that on one of his usual Sunday visits to Māwi he was requested to go to see a poor sick man. Tupapa was an old chief, and his beard was grey; his face, which was elaborately tattooed, had been a remarkably fine one, but it now seemed fixed in death. Mr. Davis knelt over him in deep sorrow of heart. Alas! alas! thought he, what can be done for him now? He spoke to him, and the dying man tried to answer, but his pale blue lips refused to articulate a single word; he tried again, and at length succeeded. As he began to speak, his countenance brightened, he raised his feeble arm, and letting it fall upon his breast, exclaimed, "My mind is fixed on Christ as my Saviour." "How long have you been seeking Christ?" "Since I first heard of Him," he replied; "Christ is in my heart, and my soul is joyful." Mr. Davis urged him to keep fast hold of Christ, and to beware of the tempter. "I have no fear," he answered, "for Christ is with me." After Mr. Davis had read part of John xiv. to him, and joined in prayer, the dying man told him how much he blessed God for sending his messengers to him with the news of salvation. He seemed to long to depart. "Oh," said he, "I shall die to-day; this is the sacred day."

Mr. Davis' feelings may be imagined. "I at first," he writes, "looked on him as a poor ignorant, dying savage; but oh! the infinite riches of sovereign grace! I was kneeling over one of God's dear children, who seemed resting firmly on His omnipotent arm, even in the midst of the river of death. His views of the Saviour were clear, his evidence bright. His counten-

ance, already apparently settled in death, beamed with lively joy; the savour of the name of Jesus seemed, as it were, to bring him back for a few minutes into life, that he might leave his dying testimony behind him as to the power of religion to support the soul in death."

And now how was it faring all this time with Kaikohi? Were the hopes of Ripi and Aparahama to be blighted? was the seed they had sown there to wither and come to nought? Far from it; but

" God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; "

and He carries out His purposes of mercy in His own way, and sometimes by unexpected means.

When Ripi and Aparahama were forbidden to visit Kaikohi, there was no prohibition to prevent the people of the village from going to the Waimate; and not fewer than twenty of the young men, who had been interested in the Gospel message, now became regular weekly attendants at the public worship and the adult school at the settlement; and when they returned to their homes, communicated to others what they had learnt. A year had passed away since the two friends had ceased their visits; the Atua-haere had himself become impressed; and one day Mr. Davis was agreeably surprised by a visit from him, accompanied by two of these same young men. He was very earnest in his inquiries as to his own salvation; and as his companions listened to the conversation, their hearts glowed with thankfulness, and their countenances, as we are told, were lighted up with a joy such as angels feel at the conversion of a sinner.

The Sunday services at Kaikohi were now resumed;

a raupo chapel was built; and the following is an interesting description of one of these Sabbath mornings. "Feb. 9, 1834. Held three services at three native villages. The first was at Kaikohi, where I had slept. Here the Sabbath, as far as outward observance goes, is strictly kept. The silence and stillness were quite imposing; all food had been previously prepared, and all work was laid aside. It was one of those lovely mornings almost peculiar to New Zealand; the heat of summer had been tempered by a gentle shower; all nature seemed rejoicing; the grasshoppers were chirping merrily; and the natives, in little groups, were reading to each other the wonderful works of GOD, or, in their rude way, were attempting to sing His praises. At the time of service, one hundred and twenty-nine assembled in the rough building they call their chapel."

In October, 1835, Atua-haere, and thirty of his people, were admitted by Mr. W. Williams into Christ's visible church, by baptism; and thus Ripi, before his death, had the joy of being united to his old friend by better bonds than those of earthly relationship.

But the interesting details of the work of God at Waimate multiply so fast upon us, that we must pass very lightly over the intervening period, up to the year 1840, when, as we have before said, the connected history of the Mission is to cease. We must then only speak of the work as still progressing; the number of inquirers still increasing;* distant villages hearing of some strange thing, and sending to inquire

* Mr. Davis at one time speaks of receiving ninety inquirers in one day; on another he had a hundred and sixty-one; and Mr. Clarke says that occasionally his own house was actually "beset" with people before day-break.

what it was;* the baptized walking consistently; many gathering round the table of their Lord; and some sufficiently established to be sent to distant tribes with the Gospel message.†

We hardly like to turn from these peaceful, hopeful scenes; and to ask our readers, before we carry them forward to 1840, to go back with us fifteen years, to the time when the very spot on which the settlement now stood was the abode of misery and horror; yet there are two scenes of which we happen to have so graphic a description, and the contrast between which has so forcibly impressed our own mind, that we shall conclude this chapter with them.

Upon Hongi's return from the war with Kaiparo, of which we have spoken before,‡ and in which his favourite son had been slain, he sent a message to the Missionaries at Keri-keri, requesting them to come and see him; and Mr. Kemp and Mr. Clarke immediately repaired to Waimate. The account of their visit we give in Mr. Clarke's own words. "As we drew near to the valley in which the natives were encamped, we heard doleful lamentations; and when we came in sight, soon discovered they were mourning for Hongi's son, and other chiefs, killed at Kaiparo, whose bodies they had brought, that the bones might be deposited in the family sepulchres. We were conducted to a little eminence, where Hongi sat in sad silence, near a small

* For example, parties came more than once for this purpose from Kaiparo, sixty miles off; the scene, it may be remembered, of one of Hongi's latest and most sanguinary expeditions.

† Several of those we shall read of in the 17th Chapter, as being sent to the East Cape, were from this district; one was from Māwi.

‡ Page 101.

stage on which the bones of his son were to be hereafter deposited. We were received by him with every mark of affection and respect; and though he was himself tapued, and dared not touch food with his own hands, he offered some to us, and bade us sit down near him. We remained silent a long time, according to native custom, and indeed the scenes around us were such as to affect any man, especially one who cared for souls. Wherever we turned our eyes, all was afflicting; there were at least six hundred savages returned from an expedition that had launched many of their countrymen into eternity, and of which the object was to exterminate a whole tribe, from no other motive than the love of conquest. Many of these were grieving for the loss of friends; many were sick and even dying from the effects of their inhuman repasts since the day of battle; and all were without God. On our right, a number of the friends of the deceased were sitting, crying bitterly, wringing their hands and cutting their faces, arms, and necks till the blood ran down to the ground; words cannot express the apparent agony of their minds; while they still more excited their own and others' feelings, by reciting the deeds of valour of the deceased. Behind us lay a disconsolate young widow, probably meditating self-destruction; beside us was sitting an aged and affectionate parent, feeling what none but a tender parent can feel at the loss of a most beloved child, and in a way that none but helpless, hopeless heathens know. Below us, in the valley, was a disgusting scene; the people in the camp were preparing for a great feast; children from five to ten years old were imitating in sport the cruelties of the late battle, while a number of heads of enemies, stuck

on poles, adorned the frightful spot. We spent three hours with the mourners, condoling with them, and talking to them on the horrors of war,—alas! without effect.”

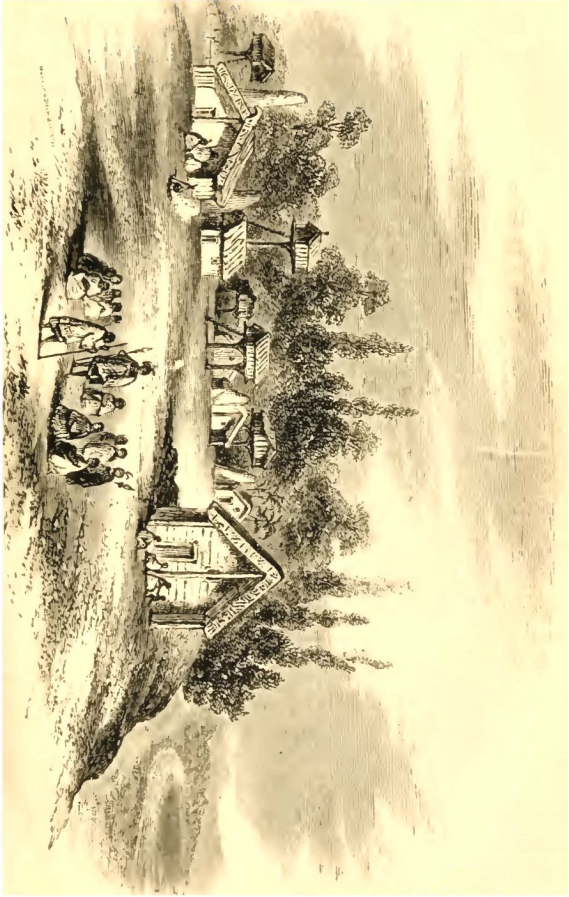
This was in July, 1825. Let us pass over a few years, and in 1840 let us visit the same spot again, in company with Mr. Jamieson, a gentleman who, having occasion to come to New Zealand on some public business, took the opportunity of judging for himself how far the evil reports he had heard in New South Wales of the Missionary stations were true or false.

After giving a general description of the settlement,*—the neat wooden houses, each with its garden and its meadow, its fruits and flowers; the fences covered with roses and many-coloured climbers; the mill; the church, with its neat white spire rising among trees and corn-fields; and the large scattered native village—Mr. Jamieson thus proceeds: “Having risen early on the following morning, I set out to walk through the place: as the sun rose over the eastern ridges, the mists, that during the night had settled on the village, disappeared. The grassy meadows glittered with dew, the workmen had not yet gone forth to their daily labour, and the scene was altogether one of calmness, peace, and security. I had fallen into a train of thought connected with other times and other scenes, when I was aroused by a low and solemn sound, which, after advancing a little further, I found to proceed from a native hut. The inmates were singing their morning hymn; and as I

* The station was at this time in charge of the Rev. R. Taylor, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Davis; and the printing press was under Mr. Wade and Mr. Colenso.

proceeded through the village, I heard the same devotional exercises in almost every direction. Nor does it appear that this was merely the observance of an outward ceremony, but that the voice of praise uttered by these half-enlightened New Zealanders was really expressive of a heart-felt sense of gratitude and supplication to the Great Atua who had shed upon them the light of another day. And I subsequently ascertained, in my further travels through the country, that there is scarcely a village, even at a distance from any Missionary settlement, whose inhabitants fail to perform their morning and evening devotions."

This and other similar visits enabled the ingenuous mind of Mr. Jamieson to estimate at their true value, and to trace to their real source, the calumnies with which at this time the Missionaries and their work were assailed. Were it needful, we could quote from other pages of his book, but the following passage will suffice. Referring again to Waimate he says, "It was not without emotion that I beheld this focus of civilization in the heart of New Zealand. Its very existence spoke strongly in favour of the native character; here was no fear, distrust, or animosity; but, on the contrary, the most convincing proofs of the amicable intercourse that had for years subsisted between the natives and the Missionaries. Between those who receive the advantages of instruction, and those who confer that blessing, it is reasonable to look for a feeling of gratitude on the one hand, and a kind of paternal interest on the other; and such, after an extensive practical observation among the New Zealanders, appeared to me to be the kind of relationship subsisting between them and the Missionaries, wherever the



native character has not been deteriorated by the temptations to which they are too often exposed by European settlers."

Of these European settlers we shall have more to say in a future page.

CHAPTER XIV.

STATIONS IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS, FROM 1830 TO 1840.

“The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.”—JAMES iii. 18.

WE must now go back to the Bay of Islands, and trace the progress of events in the three settlements upon its shores, from the year 1830, when we last spoke of them, up to the period of our taking leave of Waimate, viz. 1840.

Since the death of Hongi, the love of war in this part of the country had appeared to be gradually dying away; but the sad affair at Kororarika, in 1830,* had revived it; nor had it yet been again entirely extinguished. A spirit of revenge still burnt in the breasts of those chiefs who had found themselves the weakest; and, afraid to make war on their more powerful neighbours, they resolved to quench their thirst for vengeance, by an unjustifiable attack on the tribes towards the south. Even Tohi-tapu and Titore, lately so desirous for peace, were induced to join the fight. The Missionaries, finding it impossible to prevent this expedition, took the bold step of accompanying it, in the hope of at least mitigating the horrors of the war; and in January, 1832, Mr. H. Williams, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Fairburn embarked in the “Karere” for the Bay of Plenty. Fearlessly did the little vessel pursue her way, sur-

rounded by a fleet of a hundred war-canoes, each one filled with well-armed and angry natives; and as the light of heaven caught her swelling sails, we might have fancied we could see inscribed upon them, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The brethren remained for several weeks at Tau-ranga, softening, though not subduing, the fury of the combatants; and the following year, accompanied by Mr. Chapman, Mr. Williams again proceeded to the scene of strife, where, though, as before, they failed in their endeavours at reconciliation, they won the esteem and affection of many of the southern chiefs.

After some months of uncertain success, the chiefs of the Bay returned disappointed and discontented; * the presence of the Missionaries had, they said, made their arms so weak that they could not fire straight.

And now the notes of war were once more hushed along the shores of this favoured Bay; the war-dance and the yell of triumph were scarcely known, and the word of God would, humanly speaking, have had free course, and have prevailed, had not serious hindrances arisen from other sources; but as we shall have occasion to refer more particularly to these hereafter, we shall pass them over for the present, and proceed to take a cursory view of the settlements themselves.

All were still progressing; the number of converts still increased; and the baptized, with few exceptions, walked consistently, as far as their light and knowledge led them. Yet we must ever bear in mind that

* Human heads were again seen in the neighbourhood of Paihia, but no scenes of cannibalism are known to have taken place.

it was still but early days with these native believers ; that even those who were most sincere and earnest, and whose hearts were really given to God, were many of them but babes in Christ, and required much anxious watching, and prayer, and guidance, and reproof. To quote the words of one of the brethren, " When a native begins to think about his soul, and to seek salvation in Jesus, he finds himself ignorant of every good thing, and knows not how to proceed. He does not cast off his ignorance and sin in a day, and become at once an enlightened and civilized Christian. If even in civilized life, where a man has been brought up under the sound of the gospel, and under the laws of his country, that forbid him to steal, to murder, &c.—if even in this case it requires a course of time before an inquirer can be brought to a clear knowledge and an established faith and hope in Christ, what must be the case of a New Zealander who has been from his childhood trained to the commission of every sin ? Even when brought to a little knowledge of Divine things, their ideas of truth, honesty, &c., for a long time continue very low."

Quiet progress does not afford much of stirring incident, and yet there are points in each of the three settlements in the Bay, that well deserve a separate notice. Reversing the order of their first establishment, we will begin with

PAIHIA.

And we cannot present a more graphic picture of this station, than by again referring to Colonel Jacob. " I landed," he says, " late on Saturday evening, February 9th, 1833, at Paihia. An aged chief, surrounded

by his tribe, was seated on the shore, having rowed from Whangaroa, a distance of some forty miles, on purpose to be present at the Mission services on the Sunday. The next morning, judge of what my feelings were, when in this savage land, once resounding with the cry of human suffering, I was awakened by the early church bell, calling me to one of the most interesting, most solemn services that can be imagined. At eight o'clock the church was filled to overflowing, the men on one side, and the women on the other ;—the men carrying their children on their backs in New Zealand style ;—and numbers besides, unable to find admission, crowded the windows and the doors. Yet all was quietude and order, and you might have heard a pin drop whilst the preacher was addressing them. The service was commenced by that beautiful hymn of Kelly's translated into Maori, but with Kelly's tune ; and the organ was almost drowned by the harmonious voices of the congregation as they sang,

' From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain :
Hallelujah ? we are on our way to God.

We hope to join the throng,
Whose pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there :
Hallelujah ! we are on our way to God.'

I could scarcely repress my feelings while I listened to these once savage cannibals now uniting in the praises of God.

“ Between the services I accompanied Mr. Brown

to Kororarika, where a congregation of about seventy soon assembled. Here also I was astonished to see these apparently savage natives take out their books from under their mats, and turn to the various parts of the service, singing, and joining in the responses with much solemnity and propriety."

The Missionary work at Paihia continued to increase; and sometimes the brethren scarcely found time for anything but conversation with inquirers. The natives in several places, even at Kororarika, established schools of their own; and you might not unfrequently see a chief sitting under a tree and reading the Word of God, or observe a copy of the New Testament half hidden in his mat.

One event that occurred during this time was the occasion of much sorrow to our friends; it was the death of Tohi-tapu. We have often mentioned this chief, and related how, after being the first and fiercest of the assailants of the Missionaries at Paihia, he had become their steadfast friend; and how often, laying aside his former love for war, he had striven to reconcile contending parties. The influence that Mr. H. Williams had over him was quite extraordinary. At his persuasion he would give up a favourite project, or rescue captives from a chief who had unlawfully detained them; and there is one instance so curious, and so painfully characteristic, that we must insert it. It was in March, 1828, that Tohi-tapu one day came to Mr. Williams much excited, and in great distress of mind. One of his wives had misconducted herself, and proved herself unworthy of his affection. The poor man was miserable, he talked of killing himself, for he could not eat, and was sure he should be

starved. In a reproachful tone, he said, that had it not been for the Missionaries, all would now be well, for he should have killed and eaten a slave, and his heart would have been at ease. Mr. Williams tried to soothe him, and after a time Tohi-tapu departed, apparently much quieted. But the next morning he rushed in again, while the family were at breakfast, in still greater agitation than on the preceding day, exclaiming he should die of hunger. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, knowing his fondness for English food, pressed him to partake of theirs; but he refused, and brandishing a hatchet he carried in his hand, and with which he had, he said, on previous occasions sent sixteen persons to Reinga,* declared that nothing should stop him from satisfying his hunger by again killing and eating some one. Mr. Williams made him sit down by him, spoke plainly to him of the wickedness of such an act; told him that Satan was trying to get him for himself; till at last the conquered chief threw his hatchet from him, exclaiming he would never again use it for such a purpose. And we believe he kept his word. Poor Tohi-tapu! there was much in him that was hopeful; he kept the Sabbath day, he regularly attended the means of grace, he had learned to control his fiery passions, and when the natives of Kororarika repeatedly urged him to become their chief, offered him pecuniary advantages, and promised to send him muskets, he steadily refused to leave the neighbourhood of the Missionaries. He told them he cared not for muskets, and if they sent him any he should make them into rafters for his house. Sometimes he even fancied

* Reinga, a place of departed spirits.

himself a Christian, but those who knew him better than he knew himself, could trace no evidence of a work of grace in him.

At the affray at Kororarika in 1830,* he had been one of the most active fellow-workers with Mr. Marsden in promoting peace; but soon after, he fell under the influence of the ungodly traders at Kororarika, who embittered his mind against the Missionaries, and he began to treat even Mr. H. Williams with rudeness and neglect. He joined the war expedition of 1832 and 1833, against Tauranga,† and was after his return taken seriously ill. The brethren frequently visited him, and endeavoured to make some impression on his heart, but in vain, and Tohi-tapu died, as he had lived, a heathen!

Thanks be to God, many a bright picture at Pailia might be put in contrast with poor Tohi-tapu's life and death; but we shall select an instance from another station.

KERI-KERI.

Here, as elsewhere, consumption, that bane of the Maori race, had found many victims. One of these was *Anne Waiapu*, a young woman of much promise. When quite a little girl, she had, at her own request, been taken into the household of Mr. Kemp, where she lived for several years, as a faithful, affectionate, and industrious servant. But her attachment to her master's family did not incline her towards their religion, and she continued to cling with such "frightful eagerness" to her native superstitions, that it seemed

* See page 134.

† See page 164.

as though all the Christian instruction she received would only prove to her a savour of death. In 1828 she married a very steady young man named Waiapu; and her conduct as a wife and mother was very exemplary, though neither she nor her husband gave any evidence of a change of heart. In 1830, Waiapu was enticed to join in the fighting at Kororarika, and was mercifully preserved in safety. His conscience was struck with the guilt of engaging in this unholy strife, and with the goodness of GOD in sparing him; and he could find neither rest nor peace, till, after some time, it pleased GOD to reveal to him His love in CHRIST Jesus. It now appeared that his wife's mind had for a good while been gradually undergoing the same transformation; and before long they both became candidates for baptism. Soon after their admission to the holy ordinance, Anne showed symptoms of consumption; and though at first she felt confident of her recovery, her illness led her to a stricter self-examination, and a deeper abasement before GOD and man; and faithful as she had been in her earthly service, she was now distressed at her many shortcomings, ashamed, as she said, that she had done so little for her kind mistress, from whom she had received so much. As the conviction of the real state of her health broke in upon her mind, she still remained calm and peaceful, only becoming more earnest in her conversation and in her prayers. The eternal welfare of her husband and children lay very much upon her heart. "James," she would say with great earnestness, "I think now I shall die, do not keep my children from going to heaven; lead them to GOD, the great and the good." As her

illness increased, her mouth was filled with praise. "Ah, my mother," she said one day to Mrs. Kemp, who was tenderly soothing her pain, "Ah, good-bye, I am going to Jesus, who greatly loves me: I shall see Him now. I have seen Him with my heart, and I love Him with my heart; it is not my lips only that believe in Him." She was very anxious to partake of the LORD's supper. "Tell me," said she to the Missionary, "may I be carried to the house of prayer the next LORD's day, and will you let James and me eat of the bread and drink of the cup of which our Lord said, 'Do this in remembrance of me?'" Her request was complied with, and the next Sunday she was taken in a litter into the house of GOD, and laid down near the Communion table. It was a very affecting service; no New Zealander had yet been admitted to the table of the LORD; and here was the first native communicant eating the bread and drinking the cup, just before she was passing into the presence of Him who had given His body and shed His blood for her. Her end was now fast approaching; and as it drew more near, her love for her husband and children became more intense, and her joy and faith more bright. "JESUS CHRIST is mine, and I am JESUS CHRIST's," she one day exclaimed; "I know Him now, I know Him now, He is come here," laying her hand upon her heart, "and He will not go away any more." "Do you not wish to recover?" she was asked. "What!" she answered, "and JESUS the Saviour to be sometimes with me, and sometimes not; and I sometimes thinking evil, and sometimes thinking good! No, no, Mrs. Kemp will be a better mother to my children than I should be;

I will go." She had become insensible for several days ; but recovering her senses for a short time before her death, she called her children to her, and commending them to her God and Saviour, wept over them and delivered them to her sorrowing husband. " Oh my husband ! " cried she, " but I have two husbands, JESUS is one. Poor James, poor James, my husband in heaven calls me and I must leave you. Will you come too ? Yes, and we shall be happy, happy, happy." The scene was very affecting ; the dying woman's head rested on Mary Taua, who had been baptized with her, and who in health and in sickness had been her constant companion and friend. At her feet sat her disconsolate husband, soothing and weeping over his infant children ; by her side was her widowed, and soon to become her childless, father, his cheek resting upon hers ; while all the natives round were in tears for the loss of one they so much loved.

Colonel Jacob visited also the settlement at Keri-keri, with the same pleasure and satisfaction he had experienced at Paihia. " In the room in which I slept," he says, " marks of window bars were still visible. All now was quiet, but only a few years before all had been violence and plunder. The inmates had not unfrequently been put in fear of their lives ; and the ovens, in which human captives had not long before been cooked and eaten, were still visible from my window. How changed was the station of Keri-keri ! At nine o'clock at night resounded the voice of prayer and the hymn of praise from many a New Zealander's hut around me ; and this family worship was general through the settlement, in addition to the well-attended daily morning and evening services in the station

church. I do not say that all this community were spiritually enlightened, but very many were, and very many were devout communicants; and all desired to know and feel more deeply the influence of that gospel which had done so much for those around them.

“Numbers came here to learn to read and write, and here they laid aside their antipathies and border quarrels. Some who had long been separated by blood-feuds were here to be seen in the same class, learning together as friends; and when able to read, they not unfrequently departed taking with them books to instruct their friends at home. In this way many instances have occurred in which the public services of the church have been held, and the Sabbath day kept holy, only in consequence of these instructions; and thus a way has been prepared for the Missionary of CHRIST.”

Since the death of Hongi, the outward circumstances of Keri-keri had been much changed. Bands of fighting men no longer gathered round to fill the Missionaries' hearts with anxiety and alarm; but then they had lost these opportunities of speaking a word in season; and as nearly all the neighbouring population had migrated to other places, the brethren had time to spare from the instruction of their own natives, to visit those in distant districts.

Some of the most encouraging of these visits were paid to Whangaroa Bay, where a spirit of inquiry had been awakened, and where the shores, that had witnessed the massacre of the Boyd, and the flames of the Wesleyan settlement,* were now often heard to re-

sound with prayer and praise. The means that God used to awaken this spirit are worth recording.

Several years before, some lads from Whangaroa had been in the school at Keri-keri; and three or four of these, who were the least promising, after a while grew restless, and returned to their own friends and former ways. For a long time, the instruction they had received lay, as it were, dead within their hearts, till Porotene Ripi, who was related to some of the chiefs, and who, as we have seen, left no means untried to win souls to the Saviour whom he loved, paid a visit to these villages, and urged his friends to attend to the things of eternity. The lads were roused, and, recalling what they had learnt, endeavoured to communicate it to others. A general desire for instruction was kindled; Tupe, a chief of some distinction, built a commodious chapel, and, together with a son of Hongi's, to whom had been given a better spirit than his father's, was urgent with the Missionaries of Keri-keri to come and settle there. Besides the many applications by word of mouth, Hongi wrote the following letter to Mr. Kemp. "Mr. Kemp, this is my saying to you, I am sick for you to be a father to me. I am very sick for a white man to preach to me; I will never cease contending with you. I am very good for you, Mr. Kemp, to be a father to me, and to Rewa-Rewa, and to Tupe. This is all my speech. By Hongi." "Nothing good will stick by us," wrote another chief, "because there is no one to take care of us, there is no one to take care of us. Come here, and be a father to us. What shall we do that is good, if we have none to take care of us?"

These earnest entreaties were complied with, as soon as circumstances permitted, and in 1839, Mr. Shepherd took up his permanent abode at Whangaroa. Several of the chiefs had already been baptized, among whom Tupe is especially noticed, as "a Christian indeed."

RANGI-HOUA.

This, the earliest of all the stations, and which was, as will be remembered, on the northern shore of the Bay, continued under the charge of Mr. King, whose actual residence was however removed to *Tepuna*, a village about two miles distant. Here he laboured, as he ever had done, diligently and anxiously in his Master's service, and here he had the comfort of seeing a gradual and steady improvement. Some of his baptized young men became teachers of others, and went into the villages round to offer to their heathen neighbours the salvation in which they were themselves rejoicing. Warepoaka also had emancipated himself from the influence of evil-minded Europeans, and not only returned to his early friendliness, but rejoiced the heart of Mr. King by his reception of Christianity; and died, as there was every reason to hope, a real believer in CHRIST JESUS.

Mr. King was sometimes assisted by some of the other brethren; and on one occasion, Mr. Brown accidentally met with a sort of meditation written in the blank leaf of a book belonging to one of the lads, a translation of which will interest our readers. "Oh JESUS," it begins, "we cannot perfectly believe in Thee. Bound by the evil spirit, he will not let our hearts go,

lest we believe in Thee, O CHRIST! lest we also be saved by Thee, O JESUS, Thou SON of GOD! O JESUS, how great is thy love to us! Thou camest down from heaven, when Thou didst understand the anger of Thy Father to all mankind. They were going to the place of torment, they were not going to Him. Thou saidst, I go to the natural world to be slain as a payment for this sin. I will purchase them with my blood ”

CHAPTER XV.

KAITAIA—HINDRANCES—NGAKUKI—ROMISH BISHOP—BISHOP OF AUSTRALIA—MR. MARSDEN'S LAST VISIT.

“His enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat.”
MATT. xiii. 25.

KAITAIA.

AND now, turning from the Bay of Islands and pursuing our course across the Island, a few miles before we reach the western coast we shall come to *Kaitaia*, the fifth and last formed of the northern stations. Mr. W. Williams and some of his brethren had been led, by the urgent solicitations that reached them from various quarters, to make a tour towards the North Cape, to ascertain the facilities for the establishment of a new station, and to choose the most eligible spot. They fixed on *Kaitaia*, among the tribe of the *Rarewas*, forty miles north-west of *Waimate*; here, in March, 1834, Mr. Puckey and Mr. J. Matthews, each of whom had married a daughter of Mr. Davis's, took up their abode; and it was not long before here also the natural and moral desert began to blossom as the rose. We must pass lightly over the early events of this station, the building and the planting, the readiness with which the natives erected a *raupo* chapel, the eagerness with which they cut roads through the woods, and threw bridges over the streams, to enable the Missionaries to move freely from one village to another.

The people came from six and even eight miles' distance for worship and instruction ; and it was soon necessary to erect a larger building for the purpose. So many candidates came forward for baptism, that there seemed some danger lest the new religion should become fashionable ; and the examinations were conducted with increasing care and strictness. And yet, with all this strictness, eighteen adults were found prepared, and were baptized before the end of the year 1835.

Before long, *Pana* the head chief was among the baptized ; and, like *Ripi* of *Māwi*, he had no sooner himself become a true believer, than he anxiously sought the salvation of others. He visited many of the adjacent tribes with his "new weapon of war," as he called his copy of the word of God, and received a hearty welcome, now that, as they said, "they need no longer dread him, as they did when he sought to devour them like a dog."

We could spend much time at Kaitaia, with its devoted labourers, and among its flourishing schools, its native teachers, its Sunday congregations of six hundred, and its many communicants ; but we must leave it, like the other stations, unnoticed from the year 1840 till we return to give the reader a brief summary of its present state.

One little history, however, we must insert. *Tawai*, the chief of *Waima*, near *Hokianga*, had long been the inveterate foe of *Pana* and his tribe ; and reports of his hostile approach frequently filled the valley of *Kaitaia* with dismay and terror. One Sunday morning *Mr. Mathews* was told that this fierce chief was in the Mission settlement ; not knowing what this could mean, he went to see, and to his astonishment,

was told by him that his name was no longer *Tawai*, but *Mohi* (Moses). The savage warrior had become a Christian. It appeared that one of his slave girls had, some time before, lived in one of the Mission families at *Paihia*, where she had received the usual instruction. *Tawai* took her away to come and live with him; but the poor girl continued to repeat the prayers and catechisms she had learnt. Her master forbade her, but she persevered; he threatened to shoot her, still she persisted; till at length, wondering what could make her heart so bold, he began to examine the subject for himself. It pleased God to awaken and convert him; and one of his first acts after his baptism was to visit his old enemies the *Rarewas*, and tell them of the treasure he had found. He knew not that they had Missionaries among them; and it was therefore to his equal surprise and joy that at a village he passed through, he heard that *Pana*, his former foe, was a Christian like himself. The two chiefs worshipped together that day in the house of God, spent the evening in relating to each other the different ways by which God had led them, and Mr. Matthews found them the next morning at the school, standing in the same class, and reading together the first chapter of *St. John's Gospel*.

Mohi did not live long to bring forth fruit; he died soon after, and his remains were laid beside those of *Ripi*, in the little burial-ground of *Māwi*.*

* Mr. Davis, speaking of this circumstance, says, "I have been to *Māwi*, to the burial of *Moses Kowaitahi*. The funeral was well attended, and after the service I addressed the assembly. This burial-ground is to me a very interesting spot; it is the site of the first *raupo* chapel in this village. Several years have now passed away, since I first endeavoured to lisp the gospel of love to this tribe,

Will not our readers, after reading this and the two preceding chapters, join with Mr. Davis in saying, "These are blessed times," when the Spirit of God seemed so evidently moving on the face of the once dark chaos? We were going to call this period the spring-time of the Mission, when the dry and leafless branches were bursting into life and bloom, and were giving promise of abundant produce. But we remember that much fruit had been already ripened; that at every station some had already been gathered in; and autumn seemed blended with the spring in New Zealand's infant church.

All this while the enemy of souls had not been idle in his endeavours to hinder the work of God. One of his devices was to lead some, whose consciences had been half awakened, to form a sort of sect among themselves; and, by a strange fatality, they gave to the new doctrine the name of "*Ngakuhi*," or the serpent. This doctrine was a mixture of truth and error. It recognised a Sabbath day, but fixed on Saturday instead of Sunday; and, while it acknowledged some of the moral precepts of the Gospel, mixed with them many heathen superstitions. It gained ground a good deal among those who dared not remain altogether heathen, and yet would not submit themselves to the yoke of CHRIST.

on this spot. Many bodies, among which are *Ripi* and *Tupapa*, are here sleeping in the dust, awaiting the glorious resurrection morn: Then what a glorious burst of joy will arise from this sacred spot! While they were in the body, they were poor, despised, degraded savages; but having been washed in a Saviour's blood, and clothed with his righteousness, they will rise clothed in immortal bloom. Oh the blessedness of the everlasting gospel!"

But a far greater and more permanent obstacle to the work of GOD was the arrival, in 1838, of a Romish bishop and his priests, who spared neither pains nor money to make proselytes. It is true that none of those who were well instructed in the word of GOD were eventually led astray by them, and that even the more intelligent among the heathen despised their crucifixes and images of saints; yet their sophisms and bold assertions perplexed many a weak though true disciple; and the religion they promulgated was so agreeable to fallen human nature, that it could not fail to find acceptance among those who desired to retain their sins, and yet to be saved at last.

The increase of European settlers at Kororarika proved another great and trying evil; but of this we shall have occasion to speak more fully in a future chapter.

Yet, notwithstanding all obstacles and all discouragements, the work of GOD went on; and in the beginning of 1840 the average number of regular attendants at Divine worship, at the five northern stations, was computed as exceeding 3000; and the communicants amounted to 200. We cannot find any exact statement of the number of the baptized.

In 1839 these northern stations had the advantage of a visit from the Bishop of Australia, Dr. Broughton, who spent some weeks among them, surprised and thankful for all he witnessed. He wrote a most kind and encouraging account of them to the Society, showing the real interest he felt in the Mission, not only by his warm and general approbation, but by pointing out a few minor

points in which he thought further improvements might be effected.

And now we must close this Chapter with the record of events that carry us back to the first gleam of light that ever broke upon this land, and bring before our readers for the last time the venerable founder of this Mission.

In 1837, Mr. Marsden paid his seventh visit to New Zealand, and landed with his daughter, at Hokianga, on February 24. The infirmities of age were now upon him; the strong frame that had in former years enabled him to travel hundreds of miles on foot, through forest, swamp, and mountain, was enfeebled; and most of the forty miles from Hokianga to Waimate were traversed in a litter. More than seventy of the Hokianga natives accompanied him, and the many who came out from Waimate to meet and welcome him swelled his attendant train into quite an imposing band.

But though this good man's natural strength was thus abated, and his eyes were dim, his mind was as clear and firm, and his heart even more loving than before. His first employment was the reconciliation of two contending parties in the north, whose struggle would have endangered the safety of the Kaitia station; and afterwards he spent six months among the settlements, "blessing and blest where'er" he went. Everywhere the natives welcomed him with open arms; they would sit with their eyes rivetted upon him; and, when requested to withdraw, would say, "We wish to have a very long and stedfast look at our old friend, for we shall never see him again."

Before he left the Island Mr. Marsden went on

a cruise to Cook's Straits; and our love for the memory of this servant of God leads us to insert a few lines from the Rev. A. N. Brown, who accompanied him. "June 8th, 1837. We enjoyed a most lovely evening. In a long conversation with Mr. Marsden on deck, he spoke of almost all his old friends having preceded him to the eternal world. Romaine, Newton, the Milners, Scott, Robinson, Buchanan, Good, Thomason, Rowland Hill, Legh Richmond, Simeon, and others. He then alluded in a very touching manner to his late wife. They had passed, he observed, more than forty years of their pilgrimage in company, and he felt the separation more severely as the months passed on. I remarked that their separation would be but for a short time longer: 'God grant it!' was his reply; and then lifting his eyes toward the moon, which was peacefully shedding her beams on the sails of our little bark, he exclaimed with intense feeling,

'Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day!'"

Mr. Marsden returned to Sydney in August, and on the 12th of the following May, 1838, the sainted spirit left its earthly tabernacle. He had been speaking of the "precious hope" he had in CHRIST: and the last words that were heard from his dying lips were, "Precious, precious, precious!"

Mr. Marsden died at the age of seventy-three, having been forty-five years Chaplain in New South Wales.

Blessed servant of thy Lord, thou restest from thy labours, and thy works do follow thee!

CHAPTER XVI.

SOUTHERN STATIONS—TIHIANES—ROTO-RUA—TAURANGA—
MATA-MATA.

“ I will work, and who shall let it ? ”—Isa. xliii. 13.

WE are now entering upon a new and important era in the records of the New Zealand Mission. Much of our attention has hitherto been directed to the difficulty with which the Missionaries maintained their position in the country itself, and the expenditure of nerve and energy required for the mere breaking up the rocky ground, and preparing the soil to receive the seed from which they were hereafter to reap so rich a harvest. But it is far different with the present portion of our history. Here our gracious God took, as it were, the work of previous preparation specially into His own hands, and by some unknown or unlikely means, by a ransomed slave or a runaway scholar, He led the blood-thirsty warrior to desire peace, and the fierce cannibal to become importunate for instruction. We do not undervalue the part, direct or indirect, that the Missionaries themselves had in this work of preparation; we know that in their visits to places on the coast they had never ceased to proclaim the gospel of salvation; and we know that the uprightness of their dealings, their warm interest in the welfare of the people, and above all their strenuous efforts for the maintenance of peace, had all had their influence on the

acute minds and susceptible hearts of the Maoris. It was from the Missionaries too that the slaves and school-boys had received their own Christian knowledge. But all these things combined, were wholly insufficient, even according to human judgment, to account for the phenomena; and the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that those among whom the brethren were now called to labour were in an especial manner a people prepared by the Lord.

“Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.”

Rumours had reached the southern tribes, of the white people in the Bay of Islands, and of the tranquillity and increased prosperity of those districts that had listened to the “Karakia” of the Missionaries; and when Mr. Williams and his companions visited the River Thames and the Bay of Plenty in 1832 and 1833, they were almost everywhere met with earnest entreaties for white men to come and dwell among them, that they also might “learn to sit still.” This was too favourable an opening to be neglected; and as the Mission had lately been strengthened by fresh arrivals from England, it was determined that no time should be lost in commencing a new settlement on the Thames. In October, 1833, the Rev. H. Williams, the Rev. A. N. Brown, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Fairburn, started in a small vessel to seek for a desirable spot, and as they sailed along they could not but observe how the evidences of war and destruction had increased within the last few years—especially when they entered the once well-peopled estuary of the

Thames was this most apparent. "It was," says Mr. Williams, "melancholy to look around; all was perfect stillness; there was no bustle of active life; no vessels, boats, or canoes moving, on either hand, over the surface of these waters which spread like magnificent rivers among the numerous islands. Traces of former towns and villages were visible as we sailed along, and wherever we turned; but all the inhabitants had been destroyed, or taken captive, or had fled." On one of these islands they spent a Sunday. "Nought was heard but birds of sweet and varied note, skipping from branch to branch, as though surveying the group of strangers who had intruded on the quiet of their abodes. As we sang the praises of God and our Redeemer, their notes were also distinctly heard with ours. But I felt," continues Mr. Williams, "an indescribable sensation as I viewed the ground on which we sat. For many successive years, this neighbourhood has been the seat of war in its most savage and infernal form." Then, after alluding to some of the horrible deeds of cannibalism that had probably been perpetrated on that very spot, he adds, "But, that the Lord has now here heard the prayers of His people, I consider is an earnest for good; and this place is, as it were, now consecrated to Him."

They pursued their course up the river, occasionally going on shore to reconnoitre, and finding everywhere, even where formerly they had not been suffered to land, the most hearty welcome and urgent entreaties to remain. "We keep the Ra-tapu," was the frequent plea, "but we can do no more till a teacher comes." The most eligible locality they had yet found was Puriri, where the people, delighted to see them,

crowded round to lead them to the most favourable situation for a future settlement, and did all in their power to make them comfortable. As the day was closing, the Missionaries invited the people to attend the evening worship they were about to hold with their own natives, who had accompanied them; and in a few minutes from a hundred and fifty to two hundred had assembled. The shades of evening were fast closing in, several fires had been kindled, and as the uncertain flames gleamed on the mats of these children of the wilds, and lighted up their fine expressive faces, it formed a most striking scene. Mr. Williams gave out the hymn; and in a moment the whole party burst into a full chorus, with words and tune correctly sung.* The Missionaries almost doubted their own senses, but, taking no notice, proceeded in their worship. Again their wonder was excited; the loud Amen, the LORD'S Prayer repeated in unison, seemed like some dreamy vision. The mystery was soon solved; three lads who had formerly been taken captive in Hongi's wars, and had lived for some time in one of the Mission families, had afterwards either made their escape, or been redeemed; and on their return home, though, as it would seem, without any books, had thus successfully imparted to their countrymen some of the knowledge they had acquired.

* A painful contrast to this scene occurred in the course of this same expedition. The party happened to pitch their tents for the night near a raupo hut inhabited by some English flax-dressers. They appeared very friendly and good-natured; but as the evening drew on, and the young natives of Mr. Williams' party began their usual worship among themselves by singing a hymn, the four Englishmen began to sing likewise, and attempted to drown the praises of God by Bacchanalian songs.

But this solution of the mystery did not lessen the wonder and adoring gratitude of the Missionaries; they did not hesitate to fix on Puriri for the new settlement; raupo houses were begun, and before many weeks had passed Mr. Fairburn and Mr. Preece with their families were settled in their new abode. The station soon assumed an air of comfort and of hope; the schools were well attended; mothers, and even grandmothers, were sometimes seen side by side with their own children learning the first simple lessons of Scripture truth. Before long the temporary chapel was more than filled with orderly and attentive congregations, and many of the people acknowledged their belief in the truth of Christianity, though their superstitious fears kept their hearts still in darkness. Nor was it only in Puriri itself that the ground had been made ready for the sowing; it was no uncommon thing to hear some of the natives several miles distant from the settlement, and quite unconnected with Europeans, repeat portions of the LORD'S Prayer, and other short petitions. One day a chief fifteen miles off came to Mr. Fairburn to ask for a slate. "What can you want it for?" was the natural question. "I want to write; I have learnt from a young man in my own village who was once at school in the Bay of Islands."

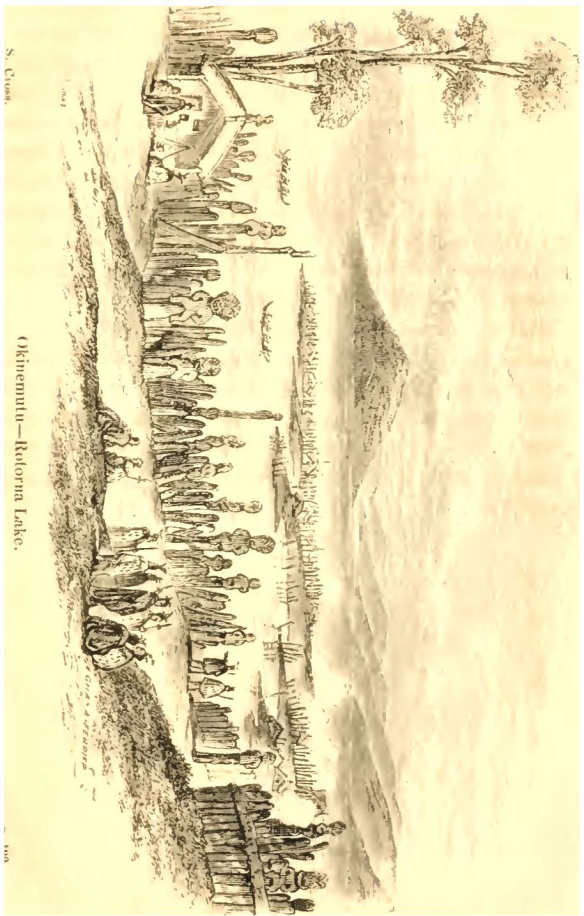
The state of the surrounding tribes was at this time very melancholy; murders and massacres were continually occurring among themselves; more than one trading vessel was plundered; and notwithstanding this continued anxiety for men of peace to live among them, tranquillity was in 1834 as much a stranger on the banks of the Thames, as it had been in 1814 on the shores of the Bay of Islands. The time and

strength of the Missionaries were often taxed to prevent hostilities, or to rescue some innocent victim of revenge or caprice; and though frequently with good success, the restless violence of the people round Puriri rendered it necessary, in 1837, to remove the new settlement some miles lower down the river, and *Hauriki* and *Maraetai* were chosen for the future stations. Here the Mission took root and prospered; persons came from distances of six or eight miles to receive instruction, and it is a remarkable circumstance that the unsettled state of the country did not seem at all to interfere with the desire of learning. In 1839 the Missionaries calculated that not less than from 800 to 1000 of the Thames natives had learnt to read. In 1840, when this part of our history closes, seventy of the *Maraetai* natives, and ten from *Hauriki*, had been baptized, and with one or two exceptions were walking uprightly.

ROTO-RUA.

The people near the lake of *Roto-rua*, much farther still to the south, had been among the earliest and the most importunate of the applicants for a Missionary settlement. They had heard something about spiritual things from *Pita* and his wife; * and as early as 1831 they sent *Wáretutu*, one of their chiefs, to *Pailia* to request that teachers might be sent to them, assuring *Mr. Williams* that they were not influenced by any hope of pecuniary advantages, but simply by a wish to "learn how to sit in peace." The messenger seemed so much in earnest, that *Mr. H. Williams* and *Mr. Chapman* resolved to visit the district and judge for

* Page 131.



Okinemutu—Rotornia Lake.

S. Close.

themselves. They set out in October of that same year, and had a most interesting expedition. The natural scenery was far more striking than anything they had yet seen in the Island. The view of the lake itself was very fine as they approached it: on the nearer side a noble wood stretched down to the water's edge; the islands in the lake, the steam of hot springs rising towards the north, and the richly wooded hills of Tarawera in the back-ground, formed a lovely scene. The whole country was full of nature's wonders: here were boiling caldrons of mud, black, blue, grey, green, yellow, and red, giving out their lazy steam; close to these, and as if purposely in contrast, were clear pools of bright azure-coloured boiling water, enclosed in natural walls of sulphurous formation. But the most beautiful objects were the jets: these boiling fountains, thrown out from the top of irregularly shaped cones of a pinkish colour formed from the deposit of the water, rose many feet into the air, descending again in silvery foam, and sparkling in the sunshine. Some of these hot springs are guided by the natives into natural or artificial hollows in the rocks, where their temperature being regulated by a stream of cold water that flows among them, they serve as baths; and when Mr. Williams and Mr. Chapman paid their first visit, the chiefs received them sitting in these novel chairs of state.*

But it will be well believed that these natural objects were not those that chiefly interested the Missionaries; and their desire for better things was equally gratified. They were most heartily welcomed, and the

* See also Bishop of New Zealand's Journal.

desire for instruction surpassed their highest anticipations. Old and young crowded round them to learn their letters; and during the two or three days they remained there, they were never without scholars, sometimes to the number of two hundred, many of whom would remain nearly the whole day endeavouring to master the alphabet. Even after the Missionaries were in the canoe on their way back, some of the children still came round, begging for fresh lessons.

It was with some difficulty the people would allow Mr. Chapman to depart, and not till they had exacted a promise to return as soon as he could. Nothing could be done however immediately, as Roto-rua was too distant from the Bay of Islands to make a residence there safe till an intermediate station could be formed; but as soon as that on the Thames seemed established, the brethren again turned their thoughts towards the further South.

This delay appeared very long to the anxious expectants at Roto-rua; and in June, 1834, Waretutu again appeared at Paihia to urge Mr. Chapman to delay no longer. As the chief still lingered on from day to day, and seemed unwilling to depart, Mr. Chapman asked him when he intended to return? "I am going to wait here," was his reply; "you tell me that when another comes, you and he will come to Roto-rua; so I shall wait, and wait, and wait, the winter, and all the summer, and then the stranger will come, and we will all go back together." The young chief's hopes and expectations were at last fulfilled, and in July, 1835, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Pilley entered on their new work. The people's desire for learning had

not abated ; there were numbers of willing and attentive scholars ; and the Missionaries looked forward to the completion of their raupo buildings as the period when they should be able to devote more of their time and energies to their spiritual work. They little expected they should be driven from it so soon !

They were collecting the people for service on the morning of their first Christmas day, when a cry of murder was heard, and the Missionaries hastened out to inquire the cause. They found that Huku, a chief on the borders of the lake, but not one of those with whom the brethren had had intercourse, treacherous as the ground on which his village stood,* had murdered Honga, a chief of Mata-mata, a neighbouring tribe, who had come to him on a friendly visit. Huku had received an injury ; he could not discover from whom, and, unable to punish the real offender, resolved to wreak his vengeance on the first person, whether friend or foe, that came within his power ; and Honga was slain and eaten before the fierce passions of the savage Huku could be quieted.

We shall have occasion hereafter to relate how Mata-mata and its allies flew to arms to demand " utu " for the slaughtered chief ; here we shall only say that, after seven or eight months of danger and insecurity, the Mission dwelling was in August, 1836, attacked by the infuriated warriors of Mata-mata. Every article of furniture and clothing was plundered or destroyed, Mr. Knight and Mr. Pilley † were stripped, and hardly escaped with their lives ; the latter was rescued by the people of Roto-rua, and the former was saved from

* Page 9.

† Mr. Chapman fortunately was absent.

death by a young chief of the enemy's party. The Mission premises were burnt to the ground, and the brethren fled to Paibia.

TAURANGA.

The Mission at Tauranga, on the eastern coast, was another of the fruits of the visits of Mr. H. Williams and his friends in 1832 and 1833. It was commenced in 1835 by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wade, and Mr. P. King. The instructions they gave were gradually gaining influence among the people; ninety-five attended for daily teaching; and their congregations, including those in the adjacent villages, often numbered from 400 to 500. But the war between Mata-mata and Roto-rua involved Tauranga likewise; and after endeavouring to maintain their post for above a year from the time of the breaking out of hostilities, they also were obliged to return to the Bay of Islands.

All this while the inland portion of the Island had not been uncared for. In 1834, Mr. W. Williams, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Morgan travelled on foot through a large portion of the interior; everywhere meeting with hospitality and kindness, and frequently with a cordial welcome, and with entreaties that they would come and settle among them. Many of the chiefs were tired of fighting, and seemed to think that if Missionaries would come and live among them, peace, as by a sort of magic charm, would necessarily follow. "I shall go on fighting," said one fine young chief, "till Missionaries come and break my legs; then I will sit still and learn."—"The Ngapuis," said old Waharoa of Mata-mata, "have left off war because they have Missionaries, but how can I learn? can the trees teach

me?" while on all sides they were met with the reproachful question, "Why did you not come in our fathers' time, then we should have learnt better from our childhood?"

The result of this expedition was the formation of the fresh stations of *Mata-mata*, and *Mangapouri*, both of them to the south of Puriri, but north of Roto-rua.

Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Stack were appointed to Mangapouri, but before they had even settled there, a change had come over the mind of the principal chief, Awarahari; and he who had the preceding year been so urgent for their arrival, now used not only threats but violence towards them. Still however they remained, for they were unwilling to desert the one or two hundred persons that assembled for Divine worship, or the sixty men and boys, and thirty girls, who came to them for daily instruction; till, finding their difficulties and dangers increase, in September, 1836, they removed to Manukan or Waikato, on the western coast, where the Rev. R. Maunsell had lately commenced a Mission with good prospects of success.

MATA-MATA.*

Mata-mata was undertaken by the Rev. A. N. Brown, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Flatt. They arrived in April, 1835, and, though they found the generality of the

* It has been so rare in the course of this history to meet with Europeans who have not been hinderers of the work of GOD, that we rejoice to mention an English flax-gatherer in the neighbourhood of Mata-mata, who regularly hoisted his flag on Sundays, to remind the natives of the Ra-tapu; and though he does not seem to have given them instruction, had encouraged them to keep it holy some time before any Missionary had visited the place.

natives far more troublesome than they had expected, yet Waharoa, the principal chief, was always friendly, and their progress among the people was very encouraging. About two hundred attended Divine worship at the settlement itself, and not less than three hundred more at the different out-stations; while, as early as February, 1836, the numbers attending the schools were a hundred men and boys, ninety women and girls, and fifty infants.

But the murder at Roto-rua caused a grievous interruption in this promising state of things. The murdered chief was nearly related to Waharoa, and, according to the native custom, it was for him to avenge his death. Prevailing on the people of Tauranga and some others of his neighbours to join him, he declared war against Roto-rua and all connected with it; and though Mr. Brown and Mr. Maunsell spared no pains to dissuade him from his project, all was of no avail, and he continued his hostile course. Soon the whole country was in commotion, and the Missionaries found it necessary to send their families away. They themselves remained behind; and though the plunder of their houses * at Mata-mata, and the threats of some of the ill-disposed, forced them to retire to Tauranga, yet from hence they visited their former neighbourhood, and held occasional services in the villages. Thus they continued, moving fearlessly among both the hostile parties, speaking to them of their evil ways, and bear-

* We do not know whether it was on this occasion or at the similar occurrence at Roto-rua, that a portrait of Mr. Mārsden was among the spoil. Some of the property was afterwards recovered, but not an article had escaped injury, except this portrait, which had evidently been recognised and preserved with the greatest care.

ing with meekness the insults to which they were exposed, till, the passions of the people becoming more inflamed as the struggle went on, it was, early in 1837, found necessary to withdraw the whole Missionary band from this part of the Island, leaving however a few native teachers at the different settlements.

We must draw a veil over the scenes of cannibalism that took place during this dreadful war. The very air was at times polluted; and the sights and sounds the Missionaries were forced to witness were even more appalling than those we before alluded to in the Bay of Islands. Perhaps the atrocities themselves might not have been more black, but our brethren were here brought into closer contact with them: we shudder when we recall the details; and yet we feel how impossible it is that any description should convey more than a faint idea of what those devoted men were called on to endure.

But neither the dreadful scenes to which they were exposed, nor even the doubt as to their own personal safety, could long keep these servants of God away from what they believed to be their appointed work; and before the year had closed we find them returning to their stations.

Mr. Chapman and Mr. Morgan repaired to Rotorua, and again began the erection of Mission buildings; not, as before, on the margin of the lake, but on a little island, where they would be less exposed to danger from an enemy. The continuance of hostilities prevented the more rapid progress of the Gospel among this promising people, yet it continued to spread; there was scarcely a village round the lake in which the inhabitants had not, of their own accord, built a raupo

chapel, and the word of God had reached as far as to the Taupo lake. In 1840 the regular attendants at Divine worship, including those of Taupo, amounted to 2000.

The blessing of God rested also on the undaunted Missionaries at Tauranga. Upon their return to their work they found the desire for instruction stronger even than before; and it was a strange yet welcome sight, to look out upon the shallow creek that divides Tauranga from the nearest village, and see perhaps one or two hundred natives swimming across, that they might be present at the Sunday services.

It had been thought better to concentrate the Missionary strength; and Mr. Brown therefore remained at Tauranga, instead of again taking up his residence at Mata-mata. He frequently however visited this his former station, and had the joy to find that the inquirers after truth had remained stedfast under the native teachers in whose charge they had been left. Indeed they were so much in earnest, that three hundred of them had literally "come out from" the rest, and built a new village for themselves, where they could worship God without interruption. The leader of this movement was Tarapipi, the son of the old chief Waharoa, at whose invitation the Missionaries had originally settled there, but who, alas! had in the mean time died a heathen.

But we must go back a little, and relate some events that had occurred before Mr. Brown and Mr. Morgan had been driven to take refuge at Tauranga. *Ngakuku* was a nephew of Waharoa, a young man of a most daring and desperate character; but from the time of Mr. Brown's first visit to Mata-mata, he had seemed

softened; he forsook his evil ways, regularly attended Divine Service, and was constant at the school. By degrees he openly professed his belief in Christianity, and though his apprehension of Divine things was for a long time feeble, yet he was evidently sincere, and anxious for further light. Soon his faith was to be put to a severe test. We need scarcely say that he took no part in the war now raging; but, unoffending as he was, he was destined to suffer from it. Having in company with some other natives undertaken to convey some of the Mata-mata Mission property to Tauranga as a place of greater security, on their return they were benighted, and finding an old deserted raupo hut, resolved to remain there till the morning. Just before day-break, they were awakened by the barking of their dogs, and found themselves attacked by a party of Roto-rua natives, who had been guided to the spot by the light of their fire on the preceding evening. Mr. Flatt, the catechist, who was with them, had pitched his tent at a little distance, and happily the assailants were attracted by the hope of European plunder to make their first attack upon this, so that Ngakuku with his companions had time to escape and conceal themselves in the high fern. When the day dawned, all were safe except that Ngakuku's little girl, who in the dim light he thought had accompanied them, was missing. As soon as the spoilers had disappeared, Ngakuku and his company returned to the tents, and found them stripped and empty, save that there lay the body of the murdered child; her heart and the top of her head having been carried away by the murderers as an offering to some evil spirit. Two years before, and Ngakuku would have demanded "utu" for

a far slighter injury than this; but now he brought the dead body of his beloved child meekly to the settlement; and when Mr. Brown attempted to comfort him, the heart-stricken father answered, "The only reason why my heart is dark is that I do not know whether my child is gone to heaven or to the Reinga. She has heard the Gospel with her ears, and read it with Mata Brown, but I do not know whether she received it into her heart." The next day, October 20th, Mr. Brown writes, "I buried poor Tarore. Those who so narrowly escaped a similar death followed the corpse to the grave; round which were collected various groups of natives. After we had sung a hymn and I had addressed the assembled party, Ngakuku asked me if he might say a few words; and on my assenting, he said, with great solemnity of feeling, 'There lies my child, she has been murdered, as a payment for your bad conduct. But do not you rise to seek a payment for her; God will do that. Let this be the finishing of the war with Roto-rua; now let peace be made. My heart is not dark for Tarore, but for you. You urged teachers to come to you; they came, and now you are driving them away. You are weeping for my child; 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.'" Mr. Brown continues; "Can I doubt who it is that has given calmness, resignation, and peace to this poor native at a time when we could have expected little else than the wild tumult of unsubdued grief? It was not insensibility on the part of Ngakuku, for his feelings are naturally keen; it was not indifference, for he was fondly attached to his child. No! it was the

manifestation of His power who, amidst the loudest howlings of the wildest storm, distinctly whispers to His children, 'It is I, be not afraid.'"

A year or two after the return of Mr. Brown to Tauranga, Ngakuku was baptized by the name of *William Marsh*; and the last mention we can find of this interesting chief is his accompanying Mr. Brown, in 1841, on an embassy from the Prince of Peace to the chief of Taupo, with whom he had formerly been at deadly strife.

We will not close this chapter without more particularly referring to the effect produced by the circulation of portions of Scripture among these people. The desire for knowledge, which had always been so striking a feature in the Maori character, had, since the preaching of the Gospel, received a right direction, and was becoming subservient to their eternal interests. The thirst for reading was extraordinary, and no trouble was thought too great that would open to them the treasures contained in the books now printed in their own tongue. They would spend hours in teaching one another to read, and the demand for books was so great that it was impossible adequately to supply it, and a journey of many miles was thought lightly of, if it resulted in the possession of a book. Mr Maunsell, writing from Waikato, says, "Having promised a New Testament to a congregation about five days' journey from this, as a reward for the care they had taken in the erection of their chapel, one of the party accompanied me the whole way back, and finding the expected supply had not arrived, he proceeded twenty-five miles farther, to Mr. Hamlin's, to obtain it. Thus he will have taken a twelve days' journey for

this one book!"* A New Testament, or a Prayer Book, was very frequently preferred to any other payment; and an English trader of the Bay of Islands, on his return from an expedition to the South, told the Missionaries, that if he had but taken books with him, he might have obtained a supply of provisions in almost any quantity, and at his own price. But the following is a still more remarkable instance of the desire of these people for the word of God. On one of Mr. Brown's journeys to the neighbourhood of Taupo, in company with a friend of Missions, Captain Symonds, R. N., and some of his friends, they came to a village at the foot of the sacred Tongariro. Captain Symonds and his party were very anxious to ascend it, but the natives would not permit them, as the mountain was tapued, and if the tapu were violated some evil would befall them. "They offered us gold," said the old chief to Mr. Brown, "but that would not tempt us; had they brought us some New Testaments, we might have listened to them. Tell the strangers," continued he, "when you see them again, that if they return in the summer, and bring Testaments with them, the tapu shall be taken off the mountain."

These silent messengers often made their way into remote corners of the land where no foot of a Christian teacher had ever trod; and it was no uncommon occurrence for a Missionary to receive an application from some distant tribe, or, in travelling, to meet with some unvisited village, where the inhabitants had already learned something of the way of salvation from

* This is by no means a solitary instance; and shall we in England suffer "the dusty Bible" to remain unopened on our shelves?

the books they had procured. Take the following as an instance.

Mr. Morgan writes in February, 1840 : " Yesterday a native from the Uriwari, a large tribe living in the forest some days' journey from hence, came to solicit books, a party there having built a chapel and made a profession of Christianity. This place has not yet been visited by any Missionary or native teacher, yet some of the saving truths of CHRIST'S gospel were already known to them. I asked the men, ' What must you do to be saved ? ' ' Believe on Jesus CHRIST.' ' When you come home dirty from work, you go to the river and wash, and are clean ; now your heart is very dirty from sin, how can your sins be washed away ? ' ' By the blood.' ' What blood ? ' ' The blood of the Lord ; ' and the rest of the conversation was in the same strain."

CHAPTER XVII.

WAIKATO—EAST CAPE—KAPITI—TAMAHANA RAUPARAHIA.

“As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me.”

PSALM xviii. 44.

WE have not yet completed our list of the southern stations established about this time, nor the instances they afford of the wonder-working power of Divine grace upon the native heart: the next we shall mention is

WAIKATO.

This station, situated on the western coast, and having Manakan for its out-station, was commenced by the Rev. R. Maunsell and Mr. Hamlin in the year 1837; and being happily removed from the immediate seat of the war that was then desolating the country to the east and south, was preserved from any serious interruption.

We shall pass over the first three years of its existence till we come to 1840; and well may we give praise to God for the blessing He bestowed on the labours of His servants, when we find that during that short period no fewer than *three hundred and forty* adults had been baptized, besides many children. Above *a hundred* of these had at this time become communicants, and the whole number of attendants at

Divine worship throughout the district was computed at fifteen hundred.

There were several cases that called forth Mr. Maunsell's peculiar interest. One of these was a lad, who, when dying of consumption, employed his last breath in urging his half-awakened father, of whom he was very fond, to be "strong in prayer." "Pray," he would say to him, "as you used to do when you stirred up your people to the fight. Cleave to CHRIST, cleave to CHRIST, and oh! that we may live together for ever!"

Another was a young "Ariki" or head chief, of the name of *Ngataru*. He was a stranger to the Missionaries, and lived at some distance from the settlement; but Mr. Maunsell, hearing he was ill, determined to go and see him, expecting however that "tapu" would prevent his being admitted. To his surprise he was received with a hearty welcome, and to his still greater astonishment and joy, he found both *Ngataru* and his wife anxious to speak on the subject of religion. A New Testament had somehow or another fallen into their hands; they had learnt to read it; and though they had neither of them ever attended any religious instruction, nor, as it would seem, had ever seen a Christian teacher, yet God himself must have taught them, for many of the truths contained in their well-worn little volume had entered into their hearts. They spoke of the salvation of their souls: "On what," asked Mr. Maunsell, "do you rest for salvation?" "On the cross of CHRIST." "What good thing have you to bring you to God?" "Nothing but the death of CHRIST." "Do you not think the tapu will restore

you to health?" "Oh no, it is all 'heri-heri'" (mere nonsense).

(Of their own accord they moved into the settlement that they might receive regular instruction, and after some time Mr. Maunsell spoke to them of baptism. There was an evident hanging back, and Mr. Maunsell was discouraged. By degrees he discovered the cause. Being of the highest rank, Ngataru's clothes were considered peculiarly sacred, and should they be desecrated by being worn when he was baptized, his relations would fall upon him, and plunder him of all his small possessions. He was himself willing to run the risk, and so was his wife, as far as temporal losses might ensue; but she feared lest her husband's mind should be again brought into bondage by the mere possession of what he had once held in so much veneration. She joined with Mr. Maunsell in advising him to follow the example of those who used curious arts among the Ephesians; and when Mr. Maunsell rose on the morning of their baptism, he saw the smoke of Ngataru's burning wardrobe ascending from before his hut. The whole consisted only of two blankets and a mat; but He who accepted "a turtle dove or two young pigeons," where a costlier offering could not be procured, did not, we are persuaded, disdain the sacrifice of the young chief's *all*.

EAST CAPE.

And now if our readers will turn to the map prefixed to this volume, and recross the Island towards the east, they will, after passing Lake Taupo and Roto-rua, come to a large district to which we have hitherto

made no allusion, viz. the country to the south and west of the *East Cape*.

Here a more extensive work was carried on than any we have yet related; and we shall give the account of it nearly in Archdeacon W. Williams' own words.

"We had as yet," said the Archdeacon,* "had no intercourse with the populous districts to the south of the East Cape, but in the course of 1833 about twenty of these natives were, against their own will, landed at the Bay of Islands, 300 miles from their home, by the master of a whaling vessel." Some of the people wished to detain them as slaves, but the Missionaries interfered, and they were removed to Paibia. Here they were accidentally, or rather providentially, detained for some months; and received the same advantages of instruction as the other natives residing at the settlement. In January, 1834, Mr. W. Williams carried them back to their own country, and, again quoting his own words, "Much joy was evinced by the people at the return of their relatives, of whom they had heard nothing since their departure. It was Saturday, and we reached the village of Rangitukia late in the afternoon. Rukuata, the chief of our party, gave out to the natives that the following day was to be a day of rest, when they were to assemble, and listen to the worship the white people pay to the God of Heaven. After our prayers that same evening, which were held in the open air in the midst of a large concourse of wondering savages, our chief gave them a long account of what he had heard and seen in the Bay of Islands. On the following day the people came to-

* See C. M. S. Intelligencer for February, 1852. "Address delivered in Magdalen Hall, Oxford."

gether as directed, preparations were made by Rukuata in a large open space within the Pa; and there the congregation assembled. I never saw a more orderly body of people. By the direction of Rukuata, they stood when we stood, and knelt when we knelt, and listened during the whole time of service with extreme attention, (there were from 800 to 1000 present). It was but a transient visit we could pay them, for we had to continue our voyage. Our attention soon after this was engaged with the new settlements in the South, then struggling for their existence;* and we heard no more of Rukuata and his party till three years afterwards, when a Waimate chief returned from a visit to the East Cape, and told us that the natives there were become a Christian people, strictly observing the Sabbath day, and meeting together for religious worship. He said that this change had taken place ever since the return of Rukuata, and that Taumatakara, a slave who had lived some years in the Mission station at Waimate, had regularly taught the people, many of whom could read. This native had obtained the more influence, because, having lately accompanied them in an attack upon the Pa of their enemies, he had voluntarily exposed himself to great danger, with his book in one hand and his musket in the other; and escaping unhurt, they ascribed his safety and their own success to the protection and favour of the God of Christians. Thus, with a remarkable mixture of superstition on the one hand, and of an honest desire, on the other, to communicate the little knowledge he possessed, an effect was produced by this man that reached to the distant villages; and the minds of the people were

* See Chapter xvi.

prepared for further instruction. It now became an imperative duty to take effectual steps for the improvement of this favourable opening. As a preparatory measure, we selected from among our own Christian natives those of the most steady character, who were willing to become teachers;* these being for the most part some of the captives who had in former wars been brought from this very country. They were provided with books and slates, and towards the end of 1838 were located at different villages along the coast. The teachers applied themselves with great diligence to their appointed work, and the natives came forward as with one consent. They were evidently a people made ready by God in the day of His power; so that when at length these places were taken up as Missionary stations, we found large congregations assembling, schools in active operation, and many candidates in a state of forward preparation for baptism."

In January, 1840, the Rev. W. Williams † undertook the charge of this whole district; no other European could be spared to assist him in what he calls his "parish of two degrees and a half in length, and containing 36,000 souls;"—and he was obliged to content himself with the help of his twenty native teachers. Throughout the district, at this time, there were more than 8000 assembling regularly for worship, and at *Turanga*, where Mr. Williams fixed his residence, the natives at their own expense built a large church 90 feet by 44.

* One of these was from Ripi's village of Māwi, and thus that good man's influence was brought to bear on these distant tribes.

† Mr. Williams was appointed Archdeacon in 1843.

The work steadily advanced,* and “the number of communicants in the year 1849 amounted to 2893.” Well might the favoured Missionary say, that “God had blessed His vineyard with increase!”

KAPITI.

But of all the more southern stations formed about this time, that of Kapiti, in the neighbourhood of Cook’s Straits, was established under circumstances perhaps more remarkable than any.

It seems that in the year 1838, Matahau, a native of this tribe, having obtained his freedom, left the Bay of Islands where he had been living for several years, and set off for the South in quest of his relations. He had spent some time at Paihia, and had received much instruction, but it had made no impression on him, and when he left the settlement he did not even take his books with him. On his way he passed through Rotorua, and in company with some of these people he proceeded to Otaki, where Rauparaha, the fiercest chief of the southern tribes, was then residing. The son of Rauparaha, a very intelligent young man, was inquisitive to hear the news from the North. Matahau gave him a long account of the former wars of the Ngapuis, and of their now being tired of fighting; and then spoke of the white men and their religion, of their books and their teaching the natives to read. The new idea of books seized on the mind of young Rauparaha; he desired to know what the white men’s

* Among the other encouragements that Mr. Williams had in his work, he mentions two youths who came to him from a hundred miles off.

religion was,* and passionately longed to acquire the mysterious art of reading. He entreated Matahau to instruct him; but Matahau had no books, and none were to be procured at Otaki. At last Matahau remembered that some of his travelling companions from Roto-rua had spoken of some books they had with them. Young Rauparaha eagerly caught at this, and with some difficulty and at considerable price he succeeded in obtaining the desired treasures. There was a Common Prayer Book, an Elementary Catechism, and the remains of a torn Gospel of St. Luke, of which the rest had been used for cartridges. In the opening page of this Gospel was the name of *Ngakuku*; so wonderfully had God ordered it, that this portion of the spoil taken from that chief and his friends, two years before,† should thus have been preserved, and brought, so to speak, accidentally to Otaki, that from it the son of the savage Rauparaha might learn the way of salvation!

We will now take the young chief's own account. "I and Te Whiwhi (his cousin) and ten young men asked Matahau to teach us to read the book. Then some of the people said, 'Why do you want to read the book?' others said, 'It is a bad book.' I said to Whiwhi, 'Never mind their words, let us read.' My heart and Whiwhi's, and the other young men's, longed to hear the new talk. Matahau read the Catechism first to us; then I spoke out loud to the ten young men, and said, 'Those words are good words, I believe all.' Whiwhi said so too, and Uremutu, but the

* From the young chief's own account, his mind had long been led to see the emptiness of the Maori superstitions.

† Page 199.

others did not believe; they said, 'It is not true.' Te Whiwhi said, 'If you do not believe, I do;' and he and I said we would take Matahau to teach us the book. We took him to *Kapiti*,* that we might be quiet. We gave him food, and clothes, and everything. We were in Kapiti with Matahau near six months. We learnt every day, every night. We did not lie down to sleep. We sat at night in the hut all round the fire in the middle. Whiwhi had part of the book, and I part. Sometimes we went to sleep upon the book, then woke up and read again. After we had been there six months, we could read a little, very slowly."

After this the two young chiefs took Matahau with them to some villages on the mainland to teach the people "about the book." "These people," proceeds the narrative, "liked it very much; they believed, and they all wanted the book. I told them I could not give them my part of it, but I told Matahau to write for them on paper, Our Father, &c. He wrote it for them all, and they learnt it. Before, Matahau had not believed, but now his heart began to grow. We talked to him, and he believed."

The narrative then goes on to tell of these two interesting and earnest young men, desirous to "hear the words straight from a white man's mouth," setting off for the Bay of Islands. Rauparaha, the father, strongly objected to their going; and endeavoured to prevail on the captain of the ship in which they had taken their passage to put them ashore on the territories of a friend of his, *Rangihæta*, where he knew they would

* An island off that part of the coast belonging to the young chief's father.

be safe from Christian influence. But neither his remonstrances nor his schemes succeeded, and in due time they reached the Bay.

We must omit many particulars of this visit, nor may we dwell on the surprise and sorrow of young Rauparaha at finding the chief Pomare, who had so long had the Missionaries living near him, speak of them as "bad men, for they do not drink or fight, nor give us muskets and grog, like the whaling men." He had long conversations with Mr. H. Williams, and his brother, who was then at the Waimate, and strengthened his urgent entreaty for a Missionary by repeating those words from St. Matt. v. 14, which he had learnt from Matahau, "Ye are the light of the world." "The light of the gospel," said he, "has come to the Bay of Islands, it is light, why not send the light further,—to all?" But he was told to his great distress that no Missionary could be spared to return with him. 'Oh dark, very dark, our hearts were, we said, we have left our homes, our wives, and our people, we have come this long way, and now we do not hear good talk. Then we went to our ship, *very* dark. We stayed in our cabin two weeks. One day a sailor called out that the Missionary's boat had come, and they were calling for me. We ran quickly, for my heart was happy. Mr. Williams said, 'Friends, do not be angry with me any more; here is your Missionary.' His name was the Rev. O. Hadfield. He had heard us speak to Mr. Williams at Waimate, but he did not understand what we said. When we were gone, he said to Mr. Williams, 'What did those Maoris say?' Mr. Williams told him that we wanted a Missionary; and God put it into his heart to come with us. We

said, 'We are very much obliged to you, and we were *very* happy.'" Mr. H. Williams accompanied Mr. Hadfield and the two young chiefs to the proposed new station; they landed at Port Nicholson, and walked overland to the part of the coast opposite Kapiti. At several places the people came out to welcome them, inviting them to remain and partake of their hospitality; nor would they allow them to depart without a few words of instruction, as they said they also were believers in JESUS CHRIST. When they arrived at *Waikanae*, opposite to Kapiti, they were conducted into a spacious area within the Pa, where about 1200 were assembled to greet them. There was just time to hold service before sunset, in the course of which two hymns were sung, the tunes of which were original, and purely native. Matahau, it appeared, since his own heart had been changed, had been labouring here in instructing others. Many were in a very inquiring frame of mind; they had even erected a neat church, lined with tall reeds, ready for the expected Missionary.

It was in 1839 that Mr. Hadfield was thus led to take up his abode at Kapiti; in about six months he had the satisfaction of baptizing about twenty natives, among whom were Matahau, and the two young chiefs who had been so zealous and so active in obtaining for themselves and their tribe the privileges and blessings of Christian instruction. Young Rauparaha took the name of *Tamahana*, (or Thompson,) Matahau that of *Joseph*, and Te Whiwhi was called *Henera Matene* (or Henry Martyn). "We were all very happy that day," wrote Tamahana; "our hearts cried, we were very happy."

Since that time Tamahana has become well known to friends in England. He accompanied Archdeacon W. Williams on his visit to this country in 1851, and returned with him to his native land, carrying with him the affectionate interest and esteem of all who knew him.

Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains,
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps:
But, sweeter than the murmuring fountains,
Rises the song from holy lips.
"By blood did JESUS come to save us,
So deeply stained with brothers' blood:
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliverance from the fiery flood." *

• Jubilee Hymn, by the late Rev. H. W. Fox.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY—COLONIZATION—WAR.

“O thou sword of the LORD, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still.”—
JER. xlvii. 6.

WE wish we could avoid all reference to the secular affairs of New Zealand, and spare our readers and ourselves the pain of seeing how much gloom and darkness for a time overspread the land, arising from the conduct of our own countrymen; but we find we cannot give a just idea of the state of the Mission without some slight sketch of what we may call *political* events.

The mischiefs that arose from the visits of masters and crews of vessels to Kororarika, in the Bay of Islands, were fearfully increased by its having gradually become also the permanent residence of runaway convicts and deserters from ships; men, as it may be supposed, of the lowest character and most dissolute habits. Here, free from the restraint of law, or even the cognizance of the more respectable of their own class, they followed the impulse of their own brutal wills, and committed every kind of wickedness with impunity; till Kororarika became, to use the words of Mr. H. Williams, “the seat of Satan,” or, in those of Colonel Mundy, “a very Pandemonium.”*

* We are indebted to Colonel Mundy’s lucid account of the transactions of the next few years for much that we state in this chapter.

The effect of such a community on the native population may easily be conceived; the number of spirit-shops, and the efforts of these wretched people to make others as profligate as themselves, succeeded but too well; notwithstanding all the endeavours of the chiefs, the "liquid fire" soon made some way among the people, and the hitherto unknown sight was to be seen, of an intoxicated New Zealander.

The chiefs round the Bay deeply felt these evils, and they themselves so often suffered outrages from the lawless Europeans, that the principal ones among them addressed a memorial to King William the Fourth, then on the throne of England, begging him to become "the friend and guardian of these islands, and to restrain any of thy people who shall be troublesome or vicious towards us."

The English government had for some time past had the subject of the colonization of New Zealand brought before them; but, unwilling to encroach on the rights of the native proprietors, they had rejected the idea. At length, finding that the evils of Kororarika still increased with the increase of traffic, and moved by the wishes of the chiefs, though they still refused to colonize the Island, they appointed a consul, who should watch over the interests of trade, and, as far as possible, suppress the outbreak of crime.

Mr. Busby arrived in May, 1833, and took up his abode at Kororarika. The course he pursued was such as to inspire the well-disposed chiefs with confidence, and to strengthen the hands of the Missionaries; but was not at all calculated to find favour with the unhappy Europeans, who, enraged at the least attempt to check their career of wickedness, stirred up the jealousy of

many of the natives against the consul and the Missionaries; and more than once proceeded to acts of violence.*

The same mischiefs existed, though in a far less degree, at other places on the coast, where flax-gatherers and other traders had established themselves; and, with but very few exceptions, proved how a savage race may be sunk deeper still in vice and misery, by intercourse with wicked, though so-called civilized, men.

But a wider-spread evil was beginning to develop itself throughout the whole Island, especially in the southern part.

The influence of Christianity had so far softened the character of even the heathen natives, that the dangers that had driven away the original New Zealand Company† were no longer to be dreaded; and adventurers in England and in New South Wales began again to turn their eyes to New Zealand as a promising field for speculation. Various parties accordingly visited the Island, and prevailed on many of the chiefs to part with immense tracts of land for an almost nominal price. Had the intention of the purchasers been to settle themselves upon this newly acquired property, to introduce agriculture and the arts of civilized life, the New Zealanders would probably have continued to acquiesce in the arrangement, even though a few blankets, or hatchets, or muskets, were all they had received in exchange for thousands of their hereditary acres. But when they saw the lands they had so un-

* It may be as well to observe, that as New Zealand was not at this time under English law, Mr. Busby had no effectual means in his hands of repressing evil.

† Chapter viii. note at end.

wittingly parted with, divided and sub-divided, sold over and over again, and passed from one proprietor to another with a large profit on every transfer, their indignation was naturally roused; they felt they had been imposed upon, and demanded that some at least of their property should be restored to them.

While this evil was yet in its infancy, the British government had become aware of the state of things, and foresaw the disastrous consequences that must ensue unless some remedy could be applied. The Maori chiefs were too independent and too jealous of each other ever to coalesce and form a regular government of their own; and the only course that suggested itself in order to prevent the whole race from being trodden down, and probably annihilated, was to make the Island a British colony, subject to British law.

In furtherance of this plan, Captain Hobson was sent out as Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, and arrived in the Bay of Islands in February, 1840; heartily welcomed by the Missionaries, the few respectable English traders who resided there, and all the more influential and well-disposed among the chiefs. These last gladly entered into a treaty which, while bringing the country under English jurisdiction, would secure to them the privileges of English subjects.

As this event was fraught with the most important consequences to New Zealand, it may be as well to enter into some more detailed account of it, though scarcely coming within actual Missionary history. It was at a meeting of chiefs and others, convened by Captain Hobson in February, 1840, that this treaty was signed by forty-six of the northern chiefs. By the first article of the treaty they expressly ceded the

powers and rights of sovereignty to her Majesty over their respective territories; by the second, her Majesty confirmed and guaranteed them in the possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties, so long as they should wish to retain the same; but they were to yield, at the same time, to her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as they might be disposed to alienate; and the third article granted to the natives of New Zealand all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

The acceptance of it by the chiefs was as follows:—

“ We, the chiefs of the confederation of the United Tribes of New Zealand, claiming authority over the tribes and territories which are specified after our respective names, having been made fully to understand the provisions of the foregoing Treaty, accept and enter into the same, in the full spirit and meaning thereof. In witness whereof, we have attached our signatures, or marks, at the places and dates respectively specified.

Done at Waitangi, this 6th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1840.

In his despatches the Lieut.-Governor gives the following graphic description of the discussion:

“ When I had finished reading the Treaty, I invited the chiefs to ask explanations on any point which they did not comprehend, and to make any other remarks on it which they pleased. Twenty or thirty chiefs addressed the meeting; five or six of whom opposed me with great violence; and at one time so cleverly and with such effect, that I began to apprehend an unfavourable impression would be produced. At this crisis, the Hokianga chiefs, under Neni and Patawani,

made their appearance ; and nothing could have been more seasonable.

“ It was evident, from the nature of the opposition, that some underhand influence had been at work. The chiefs Rerewah and Jakahra, who are followers of the Roman Catholic bishop, were the principal opposers ; and the arguments were such as convinced me that they had been prompted. Rerewah, while addressing me, turned to the chiefs, and said, ‘ Send that man away. Do not sign the paper ; if you do, you will be reduced to the condition of slaves, and be obliged to break stones for the roads : your lands will be taken from you, and your dignity as chiefs will be destroyed.’

“ At the first pause Neni came forward and spoke with a degree of natural eloquence that surprised all the Europeans, and evidently turned aside the temporary feeling that had been created. He first addressed himself to his own countrymen ; desiring them to reflect on their own condition, to recollect how much the character of the New Zealanders had been exalted by their intercourse with Europeans, and how impossible it was for them to govern themselves without frequent wars and bloodshed : and he concluded his harangue by strenuously advising them to receive us, and to place confidence in our promises. He then turned to me, and said, ‘ You must be our father. You must not allow us to become slaves ; you must preserve our customs, and never permit our lands to be wrested from us.’

“ One or two other chiefs, who were favourable, followed in the same strain ; and one reproached a noisy fellow, named Kitigi, of the adverse party, with having

spoken rudely to me. Kitigi, stung by the remark, sprang forward and shook me violently by the hand, and I received the salute apparently with equal ardour. This occasioned among the natives a general expression of applause, and a loud cheer from the Europeans, in which the natives joined : and thus the business of the meeting closed."*

Captain Hobson then proceeded to the South, where scarcely any opposition was raised, and where above five hundred chiefs readily accepted the treaty, and placed themselves under British protection. A measure of this kind was, if possible, more needed here than in the North ; for already had the New Zealand Company and other settlers established themselves at Wellington and the neighbouring coasts,—and not less than five thousand white men were to be found along the shores of Cook's Straits, and were perpetually coming into angry collision with the natives.

The Governor soon found that his was no easy post ; the ill effects of the "underhand influence" to which he alluded in his despatches, soon showed themselves ; and every measure he adopted for the real welfare of the country was opposed and thwarted by most of the Europeans at Kororarika, by the Roman Catholic bishop, and by all the natives under their influence.

To those who have read the particulars of all these difficulties and annoyances, it is no matter of surprise, that, with a delicate constitution and an anxious mind, Captain Hobson's health soon gave way under the perplexing and harassing duties of his situation. He died in 1843, and Captain Fitzroy was sent to occupy the same position.

* See Missionary Register for 1840, pp. 392—431.

The English government had from the first adopted various means for the peace and benefit of the country ; a few English troops were sent from Sydney ; men of experience and integrity were constituted Protectors of the Aborigines ; and Commissioners were appointed in different places to examine into, and decide upon, the various claims put forth by English and by natives for the disputed lands. Indeed, could Christian principle, uprightness of purpose, and an anxious desire for the welfare of the people, in Captain Hobson and Captain Fitzroy, as well as in the government at home, have availed to insure success, peace and harmony would soon have been restored to this distracted land.

But there were many causes at work to counteract all their efforts. The rights of property among the natives themselves were so ill defined, and the transactions with the white men so complicated, that the Commissioners found themselves entangled in an almost hopeless labyrinth ; while the natives, not understanding English law, and impatient at the slow process of arbitration, grew more and more dissatisfied. A greater impediment arose from the continued machinations of the interested Europeans, who, in pursuit of their own designs, spared no pains to misrepresent the motives of the English government to the natives, and on the other hand to prejudice the minds of those in authority against the chiefs. When we add to these the want of accurate knowledge of the real Maori character,* and the very inadequate supply of English troops in the Island, we shall not be surprised to find that discontent

* Sir George Grey, in the introduction to his lately published work, before mentioned, speaks very strongly of the difficulty of obtaining a thorough insight into the character of the New Zealander.

increased, spread itself among hitherto friendly chiefs, and in 1843 assumed a formidable appearance. Two of the principal southern chiefs, Te Rauparaha* and Rangihaeta, men of fierce and independent minds, and never cordially submitting to foreign sway, took advantage of the death of the Governor, and commenced open hostilities against the English. In the following year, the flame burst out also in the North; and Heki, a powerful chief, residing not far from Waimate, suddenly attacked Kororarika in March, 1845, cut down the flag-staff, fell upon the few English soldiers stationed there, and asserted the independence of himself and his people.†

The next two years are dark pages in New Zealand's annals. A few of the Christian natives took part with the insurgents, many ranged themselves on the English side; and the sad spectacle was seen of Maori fighting against Maori, under the banner of a Christian nation.

Blood was shed on both sides; and as the flame of discord spread throughout the land, the strife would have scarcely ceased, till one party or the other had been swept away, had not the timely arrival of a larger body of English troops, and the combined firmness and clemency of Sir George Grey,‡ succeeded in putting down the insurrection. Peace was happily restored; and since 1846 order and tranquillity have prevailed.

* See Page 210.

† Heki was a baptized chief. The Missionaries hoped well of him, but never felt full confidence in the stability of his principles, though there was not sufficient reason to conclude him to be a hypocrite. Probably he was carried on by circumstances, and the misrepresentations of his pretended friends, far beyond his original intentions.

‡ Sir G. Grey succeeded Captain Fitzroy as Governor in 1845.

It was a very remarkable proof of the feelings with which the consistent conduct of the Missionaries had inspired the natives, that during all this time, embittered as the insurgents were against the Government and all connected with it, and employed as the Missionaries often were in negotiating between the parties, their word was always trusted, and they were treated with friendliness and confidence even by the most hostile of the natives.

The almost chivalrous conduct of Heki on one occasion deserves to be mentioned.

Walker Neni, the Christian chief on the side of Government, mentioned in Captain Hobson's despatch, was preparing to give battle to Heki, when the Rev. R. Burrows, then residing at the Waimate, proceeded to the spot, with a message to both the leaders from two or three influential neutral chiefs. He had been well received by Heki, had crossed over to the opposite party, and was in conversation with Neni, when some of the young men on both sides began (to use their own expression) to play,* i. e. to have a skirmish, which at once led to a general fight. The plain was quickly covered with fighting men, and several spent balls fell near Mr. Burrows, who escaped to a rising ground, uncertain by what route he could return, as the fighting lay along the path by which he had come. As he was thus debating with himself, the voice of some native, he knew not from which side, rose above the din of arms, calling on those who were stopping up the road to draw off, and allow him to pass in safety.

In an instant the firing ceased; and Mr. Burrows,

* See 2 Sam. ii. 14.

taking advantage of this respite, rode quickly past, urged on by various natives on the path, crying out, "Make haste, lest you should be wounded." No sooner had he passed in safety than the firing re-commenced.

Sad as was this war, there were circumstances connected with it, that gave additional proof of the general influence of Christianity upon the people. Even the heathen, whether fighting with Europeans or with natives, had learnt to refrain from the atrocities and wanton cruelties heretofore inseparable from the battlefield; * while among the Christian native combatants, there were often striking instances of generous forbearance. And though we would fain have omitted all allusion to it, we feel bound to mention the difference between the European and the native troops, as to the observance of the Sabbath. The latter stedfastly persevered in keeping it holy, while the former continued their attacks on Sundays as on other days. Indeed the final victory over Heki was obtained by the English troops taking advantage of the defenceless state of his strongly fortified Pa, while the Christians within it were engaged in their Sunday worship.

The war-dance too began to be given up, and was soon looked back upon with shame. A little later than the time of which we are writing, a hideous imitation of it was performed at Auckland, by a party of soldiers, who had learnt it from some of the lower class of natives. Some chiefs happened to be present, who were greatly distressed; and Te Whero Whero, the noble old chief of ten thousand Waikato warriors,

* The last instance of cannibalism that we have met with, was at Taupo in 1841; we believe there was one later case, but do not know the particulars.

indignantly exclaimed, "Such things are finished now, let them be forgotten."

A storm, such as this war had proved, could not fail to shake the tender plants of the infant Maori Church; some, alas! fell beneath the blast, never again to rise; others, if we may so express it, were stripped of leaves and blossoms, but the vital germ was safe, and again they budded and brought forth fruit. While many, like

"The trees whom shaking fastens more,
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers," *

were strengthened in their faith and Christian principle, and became "the joy and crown of rejoicing" of their faithful ministers, who had so long and so prayerfully borne the cross for them.

The storms of war however were not the only peril to which the New Zealand converts were at this time exposed. The sunshine of prosperity was scarcely less dangerous in the districts to which Europeans were resorting in such numbers. The sudden and very large demand for labour, and for many of the necessaries of life, the ready market and high prices to be obtained at Auckland and Wellington and various smaller settlements, tempted many of the more industrious and enterprising of the population to take up their temporary, or even permanent abode where the pecuniary advantages were so great. Nothing however could induce some of the Christian natives to quit their homes and give up the religious privileges they so much valued; and a few even of those who had removed to the towns, feeling their own weakness to resist the new tempta-

* Herbert's Poems.

tions by which they were surrounded, returned again to their own villages, preferring comparative poverty, with a clear conscience, to the danger of making shipwreck of their faith.

Those Christian natives who were engaged at Auckland would have suffered more from the sad examples of Sabbath-breaking, fraud, drunkenness, and profligacy that abounded on all sides, had they not been greatly sheltered from their influence by the Christian kindness of several friends of the Maori race. Mr. Martin, the Chief Justice, Mr. Swainson, the Attorney-general, and Mr. Clarke, the late Missionary, who had been appointed by Government, Protector of the Aborigines, particularly exerted themselves on their behalf; and encouraging the natives to erect their huts round their own dwellings, preserved them as much as possible from contact with evil. The Bishop of New Zealand, writing on this subject in July, 1843, says, "Here their habits of daily devotion remain unchanged; morning and evening they are still heard singing their hymns in the temporary huts they have built in the little bays near the town, especially near the friends of the Maoris above-mentioned. Mr. Martin is seldom without a little family of his friends encamped near his house in the little bay in which he lives, a mile and a half from the town." What a cheering picture! and we can add a later one of a very similar character from the pen of one who was not likely to give too favourable a view either of the Missionaries or their converts. Colonel Mundy writes, "Sunday, December 26th, 1847. I was returning with the Governor from a walk to Mount Eden, when, upon turning the angle of the volcano, we came upon some hamlets belonging to

people employed by Government in quarrying the stone at the foot of the hill. I do not remember ever to have seen a more interesting or impressive scene than met our view as we looked down into the little valley below us. Eighty or a hundred Maoris of various ages and different sexes were standing, sitting, or reclining among the low fern in front of the village in such groups and attitudes as accident had thrown them into. In the midst, on a slightly elevated mound, stood a native teacher, deeply tattooed in face, but dressed in decent black European clothes, who, with his Bible in his hand, was expounding to them the Gospel in their own tongue. Taking off our hats, we approached so as to become part of the congregation. No head turned towards us, no curious eyes were attracted by the arrival of the strangers, (as is so often the case in more civilized congregations,) though the Governor was one of them. Their calm and grave looks were fixed with attention on the preacher, who, on his part, enforced his doctrine with a powerful and persuasive voice and manner, and with gestures replete with energy and animation. The sermon was apparently extempore, but there was no poverty of words or dearth of matter. It was delivered with the utmost fluency, and occasional rapid reference to and quotation from Scripture. The wild locale of this out-door worship (in the lap, as it were, of a mountain torn to pieces by its own convulsions, in the midst of heaped-up lava and scoriæ, with fern and flax waving in the gale) invested the scene with a peculiar solemnity, and carried one back some centuries in the history of the world."

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP—WAIMATE—STATISTICS OF MISSION IN 1854.

“I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree ; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.”—ISAIAH xli. 19.

It was well that, before we began our work, we had fixed on the year 1840 as the limit of our connected history of this Mission ; for the stations now became so multiplied, and the details necessarily so complicated, that though the subsequent period abounds in facts of the deepest interest, we should in vain have attempted to convey any distinct idea of them in a single volume.

Our intention therefore is, after very slightly glancing at some of the intervening events, to occupy this and the following chapter with a statistical account of the New Zealand stations connected with the Church Missionary Society, in 1854.

The year 1842 was marked by the arrival of the Bishop: he was cordially welcomed by the Missionaries ; and for some days took up his abode with Mr. H. Williams at Paihia. He subsequently removed to the Waimate, and was so pleased with the locality and all the attendant circumstances of the settlement, that he there fixed his family and whole establishment, while he himself set out on a visit to his large and interesting diocese. The Bishop's active habits and

powers of walking gave him a remarkable advantage in this tour; as they enabled him to penetrate into parts of the country otherwise inaccessible, and brought before him scenes which he would scarcely otherwise have witnessed. One of these was in the eastern district of the Island. The Bishop and his party had crossed the Island on foot or in canoes from Manawatu, had been to Ahuriri, where was already "a very numerous Christian community, though they had only once been visited by a Missionary;" and after a toilsome walk through the whole day, over sandstone hills, they pitched their tents on Saturday night for the day of rest. "On Sunday, November 20," wrote the Bishop, "we enjoyed another peaceful Sunday. The morning opened, as usual, with the morning hymn of the birds, which Captain Cook compares to a concert of silver bells, beginning an hour before the sun rises, and ceasing as soon as it appears above the horizon. When the song of the birds was ended, the sound of native voices round our tents carried on the same tribute of praise and thanksgiving; while audible murmurs on every side brought to our ears the passages of the Bible which others were reading to themselves. I have never felt the full blessing of the Lord's day, as a day of rest, more than in New Zealand, when, 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 their New Testaments in their hands."

Many incidents of interest occurred to the Bishop on his journeys, but we shall content ourselves with one more. He was intending, in company with some of the Missionaries, to row down the Wanganui to the

western coast, but when the party reached the river there were there no canoes ready for them ; and it was impossible to make their way by land along its beautifully wooded banks, as in many places the stream is enclosed in walls of rock, leaving no footing on either side. To retrace their steps would have caused a too long delay ; and, as provisions were running short, they could not remain for the uncertain arrival of the expected canoes. An air-bed, which the Bishop carried with him, was therefore fastened to a rude frame of sticks, and on it two natives paddled down the stream to the nearest village at which a canoe could be procured. A very small one was brought back ; and in it the Bishop, and three natives on whom he could depend, started for a row of 150 miles down the river, leaving the others to follow the circuitous route by land. We now quote the journal itself: " November 19th, 1843, Sunday. Having ascertained the distances of some of the principal Pas on the river, I resolved to take a service at each, in order to see the greatest possible number of natives ; being disappointed by the delay of the canoes, in my hopes of spending the week on the river. We started at day-break ; and at a quarter to nine, the usual time for morning service, arrived at Utapu, where I found a congregation of more than one hundred preparing for Divine worship, in a very neat native chapel. After spending two hours with them, I went on a short distance to Riri-a-te Pa, where I superintended the usual mid-day school, at which the natives read the New Testament and repeat the Catechism, ending with singing and prayer. Two hours more brought me to Piperiki, where I gave a short address to about two hundred natives, and inspected a new

chapel which they had lately opened ; a most creditable piece of native workmanship. From thence we proceeded to Pukckika, the most populous of the river Pas, where I assembled, at the evening service, a congregation of three or four hundred natives. A quiet row of an hour brought us at sunset to Ikurangi, where we slept. A more lovely day in respect of weather, or one more full of interest in respect of its moral circumstances, or of pleasure from the beauty of the scenery through which I passed, I never remember to have spent. It was a day of intense delight from beginning to end—from the earliest song of the birds, who awakened me in the morning, to the evening hymn of the natives, which was just concluded when I reached the door of the native chapel at Ikurangi.”

The view taken by the Bishop of the general work of the Mission, will best appear by inserting an extract from a sermon he preached at Pailia in June, 1842. “CHRIST has blessed the work of His ministers in a wonderful manner. We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith. God has given a new heart and a new spirit to thousands after thousands of our fellow-creatures in this distant quarter of the earth. A few faithful men, by the power of the Spirit of God, have been the instruments of adding another Christian people to the family of God. 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 every other gift ; all, in a greater or less degree, bringing forth and visibly displaying in their outward lives some fruits of the influ-

ences of the Spirit. Where will you find throughout the Christian world more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the kingdom of CHRIST?"

How honoured was the Church Missionary Society in having been God's privileged instrument in this great, this blessed work! For it will doubtless be remembered, that although there are now other clergymen labouring in the country, yet that, before the arrival of the Bishop, the only ministers and teachers of the Gospel throughout the whole Island, except those sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who were chiefly located on the western coast, were the Missionaries and Catechists of our own Society.

In 1843, the Bishop admitted to holy orders the long-trying and earnest Christian teacher, Mr. R. Davis; and in the course of the following year, Messrs. Chapman, Davies, Hamlin, and Matthews were also ordained; and the Revs. W. Williams, H. Williams, A. N. Brown, and O. Hadfield were appointed Archdeacons.

In November, 1844, the Bishop removed with his family and establishment from the Waimate to Auckland; and the Rev. R. Burrows, who since his arrival in 1840 had resided at Kororarika, took charge of this hitherto peaceful and flourishing station. Alas! its peace and prosperity were now to suffer a sad interruption; the Waimate was in the centre of the disturbed districts; and Heki used every means in his power to draw the Christian natives over to his side. Can we wonder that with all their love for their country, and with all the jealousy of Europeans that had been so industriously infused into their minds, many

even at Waimate should for a time have been drawn aside? The congregations were reduced, children were withdrawn from the schools; and the occupation of the settlement as a military post by our own soldiers completed the change at Waimate.

But Mr. and Mrs. Burrows did not move; a few faithful people still remained, and their minister would not forsake them; his influence also tended to restrain, in some measure, any disorderly conduct of the soldiers; and he found that his continual visits to and from the hostile parties were very useful in softening the asperities on both sides, as well as in prevailing on many to refrain from taking part with Heki, and to remain quiet and neutral.

How thankful was our Missionary when peace was again restored! It was some time however before the settlement returned to its former state. The houses had been roughly used by their military occupants, two had been burnt to the ground, many trees had been cut down, and the gardens and fields had run to waste; and though, as one of the Christian natives remarked, Waimate was still "the bright spot of blue sky, which, while the heavens were black around them, gave hopes that the storm would soon pass away," yet it was long before the native mind recovered from the blighting effects of war and bloodshed.

No amount however of discouragement prevented Mr. Burrows from steadily persevering in his work; and the state of the settlement soon improved. The faithful few whom we have already mentioned still cheered him by their stedfastness, and some of those who had been drawn aside gradually resumed their former habits, and the congregation again increased.

One of the first employments of our Missionary was to re-establish the schools which had been broken up by the war ; and ninety girls were soon collected to be fed, and clothed, and taught. The education of the boys was as important as that of the girls ; but Mr. Burrows had no funds, and he therefore proposed to open a school in which the boys should be instructed for half the day, on condition of their cultivating the land for their own support during the remaining hours. This was acceded to, and about thirty lads were soon established at the Waimate. They worked well, and in the course of the second year raised more potatoes than were required for their own consumption. Naturally enough, Mr. Burrows proposed that the surplus should be made over to the girls' school ; but the Maori pride was roused at the idea of the lords of the creation labouring for women ; and a deputation from the boys went to Mr. Burrows to remonstrate. The agreement, they said, had been that they should work for themselves, and this they had done ; but no mention had been made of supplying the girls. Mr. Burrows put his hand on one of their jackets which had been made at the girls' school, and quietly asked : " And when the agreement was made between us, was any mention made of the girls making your jackets for you ? " The boys hung down their heads, walked away in silence, and no difficulty was in future raised on this important point.

There were several interesting circumstances connected with these schools. One of the girls was an orphan, the god-daughter of an aged chief who was exceedingly fond of her ; and when he brought her to school, committed her with affectionate earnestness to

the special care of the Missionary and the teacher. This man had been one of the most savage of New Zealand's warriors, and a strong opposer of the Missionaries. They had often spoken to him of eternal things, but without effect; and the only answer they often received was a look of contemptuous defiance, accompanied by that hideous expression of Maori dislike, the protruding the tongue till it reached the top of the chin. But he had now been made a new creature in CHRIST JESUS, his passions were subdued, and he had become as earnest for the salvation of others as he had once been foremost in war and cannibalism. The soul of his god-daughter was a chief subject of his anxious care, and he watched her progress with interest and hope. She had been three years at school when she was taken very ill, and the god-father was sent for. At first her state of mind did not satisfy the good chief's anxious heart; but he talked to her, read with her, and prayed with her; he led her to the Saviour; and at the end of three weeks of patient, watchful attendance, he saw her depart in peace, and received from her dying lips the assurance that she was happy and going to Jesus. He felt her death deeply, but could say, "Do not suppose I want her back again; in her lifetime I had many anxious thoughts about her; but now she has fallen asleep in JESUS, and is beyond the reach of every temptation."

Another case was that of a little boy of five years old, in the Infant School. He was taken ill, and was sent to the sick-house that he might be properly nursed. The poor child begged that his sister, a little older than himself, and also in the school, might come to see him. When she entered the room, he anxiously looked

to see if she had anything in her hand, but finding she had not, exclaimed, "Have you not brought me anything?" "What did you wish me to bring you?" inquired the sister. "I hoped you would have brought your New Testament, I want you to read it to me." The Testament was soon fetched; and it was a sweet sight to see the two dear children, the one reading, the other eagerly drinking in the words of eternal life. The little girl constantly visited and read to her suffering brother; some passages seemed peculiarly to interest him, and "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," was one he specially delighted in. So fearful was he of the precious volume being mislaid or carried away, that as soon as his sister had finished reading, he would take it from her, and put it under his pillow, till one morning, which proved to be the last morning of his short life, instead of placing it there as usual, he retained it in his hand, where after his death it was found, too tightly grasped to be removed without force, and it was buried with him. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise."

But we must proceed to the statistics of the Mission.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Stations.	Missionaries and European Catechists.
<i>Kaitaia</i> ,	{ Rev. J. Matthews,*
	{ Mr. W. C. Puckey.
<i>Kaikohi</i> ,	Rev. R. Davis.
	{ Rev. R. Burrows,*
<i>Waimate</i> and <i>Paihia</i> .	{ Rev. W. C. Dudley,*
	{ Mr. E. Williams.

* Mr. Burrows and Mr. Dudley are at present in England on

TEPUNA

Has been relinquished as a regular station for the last three or four years; and in May, 1854, Mr. King, of whom we have so often spoken, peacefully entered into his rest, after nearly forty years of patient labour in the service of his LORD. He had been permitted, in addition to the other fruits of his labour, to see the conversion of the sister of his first friend, the chief Ruatara. Kahurere, for such was her native name, had long been a steady friend to the Missionaries; she was peaceable and industrious, but many years passed before she showed any signs of spiritual life. At length it pleased GOD to open her eyes, and quicken her soul; and in 1840 she was baptized. In 1846, she died at an advanced age, but with her mind clear, calm, and intelligent to the last, and resting on JESUS CHRIST, who, as she would say, "died for sinners like me."

KERI-KERI

Has also been given up, on account of the rapid diminution of the population.

KAITAIA

Continues under the faithful and active care of the Rev. J. Matthews and Mr. Puckey, and is making progress in every respect.

KAIKOHI.

The Rev. R. Davis took the charge of this station in a time of great difficulty and peril, viz. at the first breaking out of the war with Heki. The place itself

account of health. Mr. Matthews is in charge of Waimate. Archdeacon H. Williams resides at Pakaraka, about 6 miles from Waimate

was endeared to him by many pleasant associations;* and his residence there during the war proved to be of the most important service. His presence served to confirm the wavering, and to shelter the peaceably disposed from the anger of Heki, whose own Pa was but a few miles off; who, while he spared neither persuasions nor threats to induce his neighbours to join him, always treated the Missionary with respect and kindness. Mr. Davis mourns over the want of more spiritual life in his people, yet if we take the many proofs he incidentally relates of tenderness of conscience, desire for instruction, resignation under afflictive dispensations, anxiety for the salvation of others, and holy joy and peace on a dying-bed, we fear he would find much more cause for mourning in most of our English parishes. We cannot forbear to mention, that among those who proved faithful unto death, was Mary the widow of our old friend Porotene Ripi; who was laid beside her husband in that rich burial-ground at Māwi. †

We are not able to give the numbers at each of these stations separately; but taking the whole Northern District, we find by the last accounts, that there were 30 native catechists and 741 communicants; and that it contained ten chapels built with boards, and between thirty and forty raupo chapels.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

Stations.	Missionaries and European Catechists.
<i>Auckland,</i>	{ Rev. G. A. Kissling, Mr. Vidal, Lay Secretary, Mr. J. Telford.

* Chapter xiii.

† Note to page 180

Stations.	Missionaries and European Catechists.
<i>Hauraki,</i>	Rev. T. Lanfear.
<i>Kaitoteke,</i>	Rev. B. Ashwell.
<i>Otauhao,</i>	{ Rev. J. Morgan, Mr. H. Ireland, Schoolmaster
<i>Waikato,</i>	{ Rev. R. Maunsell, Mr. J. Stack, School Assistant.
<i>Tauranga,</i>	{ Ven. Archdeacon Brown, Rev. C. P. Davies.
<i>Roto-rua,</i>	{ Rev. T. Chapman, Rev. S. M. Spencer.
<i>Opotiki,</i>	Rev. J. A. Wilson.
<i>Ahikereru,</i>	Mr. J. Prece.

The last returns of this district give the number of communicants as 1489, native teachers 226, children and adults under instruction 5220; and there were a hundred native-built chapels.

If our readers will turn to the 16th and 17th chapters of this volume, they will see how much of interest was attached to the commencement of Missionary work in this part of the Island; and this interest did not diminish, though its character was changed, during the succeeding years. The same desire for the Word of God continued to be manifested; and among other instances, we are told of a young "ariki," of not more than seventeen years of age, who, for the sake of obtaining a New Testament and a few Common Prayer Books, accompanied Mr. Wilson from Opotiki to and from Otawhao, altogether a journey of 350 miles.

But the only station we shall linger at is *Otauhao*. The people here had first heard the gospel from Mr. Hamlin before he was driven from Mangapouri.* Other Missionaries visited the place, and at length it

became a regular out-station of Waikato, under Mr. Maunsell. The people very early showed the same decision of purpose as those at Mata-mata had done;* they came out from the heathen and built themselves a new village. It is now a separate station under the care of the Rev. J. Morgan, who has resided there since 1840.

The first thing we shall notice is the chapel, and we cannot give a better description of it than by quoting from the pages of Mr. Angas,† who visited this station a few years ago,‡ and was very much interested in it. After speaking of the natives having formerly built one which was blown down, Mr. Angas continues: "They then erected their present commodious place of worship, which will comfortably contain a thousand natives. It measures eighty-six feet by forty-two. The ridge-pole is the stem of a single tree, eighty-six feet in length; and was dragged, together with the rest of the timber, a distance of three miles from the woods. The rafters are all detached, and most of the wood-work is fastened together with flax. The sides are beautifully worked with fern-stalks tied together with *aku*, a species of wild climber, which gives it a rich and finished appearance. The entire design originated with the natives, who formed this spacious building without rule or scale, and with no other tools than their adzes, a few chisels, and a couple of saws. After the erection of the framework, the season was so far advanced that, fearing they should not be able to complete it in time, the Otawhao people requested a party of 100 Maun-

* Page 198.

† Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand, by G. F. Angas, Esq.

‡ In November, 1844.

gatautari natives to assist them in its completion; to whom they gave the entire sum that had been granted them by the Church Missionary Society, amounting to about £23. They also killed two hundred pigs, that their friends might live well while they were assisting them. There are thirteen windows of a Gothic shape, and these were fetched from Tauranga on the coast,—a distance of seventy-five miles,—by fourteen men, who carried them on their backs, over mountains and through forests, without any payment whatever.”

But it is not this material building, interesting as the account is, that has induced us to pause at Otawhao; it is a far nobler work, a work not of man, but of God Himself. It is “*Blind Solomon*,” one of the “lively stones” in God’s “spiritual house,” that has arrested our attention. And here too we are indebted to Mr. Angas for much information. Solomon’s heathen name was Marahau; from the time when he was quite a boy he used to accompany his father in all his fighting expeditions, and join with him in the horrible feasts that followed. Generally Marahau’s party was successful, but when Hongi and his Ngapuis, with their newly introduced fire-arms, poured down upon them, they could no longer maintain their ground. On one occasion, two thousand of them were slain; their bones still whiten on the plain, and the ovens may still be seen in which the bodies were cooked for the dreadful banquet. Marahau himself was taken prisoner; but happily escaped and fled to the mountains. Still however a captive to sin and Satan, the first use that Marahau made of his recovered liberty was to collect together his own tribe, and, according to New Zealand custom, to revenge himself upon Hongi and the Ngapuis, by

carrying war and desolation to a tribe wholly unconnected with them. He led his people to Poverty Bay, where six hundred of the unoffending inhabitants were killed and devoured by them.

Soon after this, Marahau became blind: he still lived at Otawahao, but one day, being at Mata-mata, he was arrested by the preaching of Mr. H. Williams. In due time he was baptized by the name of *Solomon*, or *Horomona*; and soon after Mr. Morgan's arrival at Otawahao, he found him sufficiently advanced to become a teacher. Mr. Angas was much interested in blind Horomona, and it was to him that the chief related the incidents of his former life which we have just repeated. One day he accompanied Mr. Angas and Mr. Morgan to a distant village, where the funeral of a native child took place. After the service Horomona gave an address to several hundred natives who had assembled round the grave; and Mr. Angas proceeds, "this address, which was translated to me by Mr. Morgan as it was uttered, was one of the finest and most impassioned pieces of eloquence I ever heard."

In December, 1845, Mr. Morgan thus writes of Horomona: "I sent for blind Horomona Marahau, to converse with him about going to Wawarua as a teacher. He said he was very willing to go and preach the word of God, but that I must provide him with a companion; for, being blind, he should not be able to tell whether the people were mocking or attending to his instructions. I proposed that his wife should accompany him; and engaged that their plantations should not be neglected during their absence. Horomona is a chief of some importance; and I believe him

to be a decided as well as a most consistent Christian. He is a regular communicant, and was confirmed by the Bishop in December last. Every LORD's day he may be seen at school, standing with his class round him, instructing the old men in the things of GOD. His knowledge of the Scriptures is very great, and his memory very retentive. I occasionally send him to visit the outposts, as he is everywhere very much respected. He commences the morning or evening service, as the case may be, (omitting the Psalms,) repeats the chapters he selects as lessons, and then addresses the congregation. To-day he applied to me for a copy of the Psalms, as he wished to learn them. He manages to find his way alone to places within three miles round the station; but when going beyond that distance, he requires a guide." On the 31st, Horomona and his wife took their departure for Wawarua, a distance of thirty-seven miles, crossing rivers and swamps, and sat down in the midst of their enemies, to make known to them the gospel of CHRIST.

Horomona might well have adopted the words of our own blind Milton;

" Seasons return, but not to me return
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surround me! from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off; and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed;
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather, thou celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

Irradiate. There plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

And God was pleased to grant him this sight of things invisible. His own expression one day was, that "he was all light within, that the people of the world could not discern the light he possessed."

In 1849 the Governor, Sir G. Grey, visited Otawhao, and was very much struck with Horomona and his appearance and manner, to which his blindness added a peculiar and calm dignity. He conversed with him, kindly presented him with some articles of clothing from his own stock, and promised to send him an annual supply from Auckland.

Horomona is still alive, but the last time he was particularly mentioned was in February, 1850, when he was walking stedfastly and consistently.

CHAPTER XX.

STATISTICS CONTINUED—PRESENT STATE OF THE ISLAND.

“I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.”—ISAIAH xli. 19.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

WE have in a preceding chapter* spoken of the remarkably rapid increase of converts in this populous district. The work has not declined, and the once immense “parish” has now been subdivided, and Archdeacon W. Williams has several coadjutors in his blessed labours. The Missionaries now are as follows:

Stations.	Missionaries and European Catechists.
<i>East Cape,</i>	{ Rev. C. Baker, Rev. Rota Waitoa.
<i>Uawa,</i>	Vacant.
<i>Turanga,</i>	{ Ven. Archdeacon W. Williams, Rev. W. L. Williams.
<i>Wairoa,</i>	Rev. J. Hamlin.
<i>Heretaunga,</i>	{ Rev. S. Williams, Mr. C. S. Volkner.

By the last accounts, the number of communicants was 2735, and there were 109 native teachers.

There is one event connected with the Eastern District that we cannot pass over without some additional notice; we mean the ordination of the first native teacher. Rota (Lot) Waitoa had been for eleven years

at St. John's College, Auckland; and on Trinity Sunday, 1853, was admitted to deacon's orders. He is spoken of by Archdeacon Brown as "a very humble, devoted Christian, one who loves his Saviour, is fully acquainted with all the leading doctrines of the gospel, and deeply feels the reality and blessedness of those truths that he is going forth to proclaim to his countrymen." "Follow him," continues the Archdeacon, "with your prayers, that he may be kept humble and faithful. The ordination service was most solemn and affecting; it seemed the realization of many an anxious hope, and many a fervent prayer, which your Missionaries had offered in days when all around was darkness, but when by the eye of faith they could see in words of light, beyond the lowering cloud, 'He must reign—every knee shall bow.'" Heartily do we unite in the Archdeacon's closing aspiration, "May this first-fruits be followed by an abundant harvest!"

Nor will we omit one other history connected with the Eastern District; particularly as it gives an insight into the native mind which is very interesting. One of the Missionaries had under his charge the large tract of country that stretches across from Heretaunga to Cook's Straits; he placed native teachers in many of the villages, but, as may be supposed, his own visits to each could be but very seldom. When at Mataikona, in 1845, he met with four young men who had been sent by their father, the chief of a village at some distance, to request a visit. The Missionary complied with this request; and after some time, we find that the chief and his sons had become Christians, that the father was baptized by the name of *Karepa*, (Caleb,) and was engaged in teaching some of his countrymen.

In 1850, the Missionary, in one of his long tours, again approached the little lonely village of Te Hawera. As he emerged from the dark wood through which his road had lain, he found that things were sadly changed since he had last been there. The chief Karepa was dead, and the joyous welcome that had heretofore greeted him was changed into mournful wailings. The Missionary sat down on the very spot where he and Karepa had last parted; now, on one side was his grave, on the other the little chapel he had built, and in which he had been baptized. Presently the villagers came forward; all were weeping, and each one as he shook the Missionary's hand, and pressed his forehead, quietly said, "Accept the dying love of Karepa." After this his son related some particulars of his father's illness. He told of his gradual decay, of his cheerful resignation; and that when he found he was not likely to recover, he had called his family around him, and with much energy had spoken a long time to them. "You well know," said he, "that I have from time to time brought you much riches. I used to bring you muskets, hatchets, and blankets; but I afterwards heard of the new riches, called Faith. I sought it; I went to Manawatu, a long and dangerous journey, for we were surrounded by enemies. I saw some natives who had heard of it, but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I then heard of a white man, called Hadfield, at Kapiti, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my empty and dry calabash. I travelled to his place; but he was gone, gone away ill. I returned to you, my children, dark-minded. Many days passed by. The snows fell, they melted, they disappeared; the tree-buds expanded, and

the paths of our forests were again passable to the foot of the Maori. We heard of another white man, who was going about over mountains and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor secluded natives, to the remnants of the tribes of the mighty, of the renowned of former days, now dwelling by twos and threes among the roots of the trees of the ancient forests, and among the high reeds by the brooks in the valleys. Yes, my grandchildren, your ancestors once spread over the country, as the koitake (quail) and the kiwi (apteryx) once did; but now their descendants are as the descendants of those birds, scarce, gone, dead. Yes, we heard of that white man; we heard of his going over the snowy mountains to Patea, up the east coast, all over the rocks to Turakirae. I sent four of my children to Mataikona to meet him. They saw his face; yes, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he said he would come to this far-off spot to see me. I rejoiced. I disbelieved his coming; but I said, he may. I built the chapel; we waited expecting. You slept at nights; I did not. He came, he came forth from the long forest; he stood upon Te Hawera ground. I saw him; I shook hands with him; we rubbed noses together. Yes, I saw a Missionary's face; I sat in his cloth-house (tent); I tasted his new food; I heard him talk *Maori*. My heart bounded within me; I listened, I ate his words. You slept at nights; I did not. Yes, I listened; and he told me about GOD, and His Son JESUS CHRIST, and of peace and reconciliation, and of a Father's home beyond the stars. And now I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book too, as well as

words. I laid hold of the new riches for me and you; and we have it now. My children, I am old, my hair is white, the yellow leaf is falling from the *tawai* tree.* I am departing; the sun is sinking behind the great western hills; it will soon be night. But hear me; do you hold fast the new riches—the great riches—the true riches. We have had plenty of sin and pain and death; and we have been troubled by many, by our neighbours and relatives; but we have the true riches—hold fast the true riches which Karepa sought for you.” Here, as the son went on to say, the old man became faint and ceased talking; his family wept like little children round the bed of their father: they were few in number and far from human aid or sympathy. The next day the old chief said: “My children, I have been dreaming. Last night I saw my minister; he was here smiling upon me, and praying for me. It is well. It is good. Now I know I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the true riches when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!” He suffered much pain and almost without cessation. “He prayed much and often,” continued the son, “under the trees on the edge of the wood, going in his pain from place to place. His prayers in his pain were those he had got by heart—the Collects for Ash Wednesday, the second Sunday in Advent, the second and fourth Sundays in Lent, the first in the Communion Service, and the LORD’S Prayer. He also knew the daily Collects of the Morning and Evening Prayer, the Confession, and Chrysostom’s, and St. Paul’s Benedictory Prayer: these, with the third chapter of St. Matthew’s

* One of the few deciduous trees of New Zealand.

Gospel, he always used when obliged to stay away from his chapel, or to act as minister. But 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' was constantly on his lips. One Sunday, while we were at school in our little chapel, Leah came running to tell us he was gone. We went to the edge of the wood, where the body was; the soul had fled away to JESUS' city to dwell with Him."

Can we wonder that the Missionary, as he tells us, wept much during this affecting history?

WESTERN DISTRICT.

This extensive and populous district has only four ordained Missionaries, for no more can be spared.

Stations.	Missionaries.
<i>Wanganui,</i>	Rev. R. Taylor.
<i>Taupo,</i>	Rev. T. S. Grace.
<i>Kapiti,</i>	Ven. Archdeacon Hadfield.
<i>Otaki,</i>	Rev. A. Stock.

There are, however, 193 Native Teachers; 3587 children and adults in the schools; and 1756 Communicants. How has "a little one become a thousand" since we left Mr. Hadfield at Kapiti in 1840! * Wanganui was established rather later; we shall have occasion to speak again of it in the next chapter. †

It will now be asked, "What is the present general state of the church of CHRIST in New Zealand?" We would answer, it is beset with difficulties and dangers, but it is full of hope. To quote the words of the last Report of the Church Missionary Society, "The tran-

* Page 214.

† In addition to the Missionaries connected with the Church Missionary Society, Archdeacon Abraham and ten other clergymen are labouring in the Island.

sition from a field of Missionary labour to a settled Christian community is always beset with perils. In this case the difficulties are augmented by the rapid colonization of the Island and the mingling together of the races. The Bishop and the Missionaries unite in the opinion that in future the same Missionary must be a pastor to both races. It will be easily perceived how much the native Christian community must lose of the simplicity of its religious character by being thus brought within the influence of European habits, tastes, and pursuits, as they exist in the generality of the settlers. The strict ecclesiastical discipline, the authority of a spiritual father, the habits of a godly community, will be in danger of gradually passing into the lax customs of a nominal Christianity."

The dangers of Popery are added to those of worldliness. The efforts made by this false religion are unceasing; and though in those districts that have long had the blessing of Scriptural teaching they have failed of producing much lasting effect, yet in the newer districts they have been but too successful among the half-awakened and the remaining heathen, and cause our Missionaries much anxiety.

There are however many grounds of encouragement, and the testimony of Sir G. Grey is very interesting and satisfactory. Sir George very kindly attended a Meeting of the Committee of the Society in May last (1854), when he stated "that he had visited nearly every one of its stations, and could speak with confidence of the great and good work accomplished by it—that he believed that out of the whole native population, estimated by himself at about 100,000, there were not more than

1000 that did not make a profession of Christianity;* that though he had heard doubts expressed as to the Christian character of some individuals, yet no one doubted the effect of Christianity upon the mass of the people; that some of the native teachers were, and many by means of the schools might be, qualified for acting as native pastors, if admitted to holy orders, and might be trusted in such a position to carry on the good work among their own countrymen, and even to go out as Missionaries to other islands in the Pacific: that if the work should be consolidated and perfected, as he hoped it would be, the conversion of New Zealand would become one of the most encouraging facts in the modern history of Christianity, and a pattern of the way in which it might be established in all other heathen countries.”

With this testimony from one so competent to judge, and so unbiassed by any previous prejudices, what encouragement has the Church Missionary Society, not only to continue its work in New Zealand till a native ministry be raised up, fitted and competent to take its place among their own people, but, still grasping the sword of the Spirit, to go forth and conquer in other lands! What except the want of Missionaries and of funds can hinder it from carrying the banner of the Cross to the degraded islands of the Indian Archipelago, to the deluded nations of Central Asia, or the unknown regions of Africa? When will the Church of CHRIST rise to her duties and her privileges? When will she pour her offerings of gold and silver into the Lord's treasury,

* It is computed that 50,000 of these native Christians are in connexion with the Church Missionary Society.

till she shall need to be "restrained from bringing," because there shall be "sufficient for the work, and too much?"* And when will she be ready to give her far more precious gifts of sons and daughters for His name's sake who has given Himself for her?

"Ye that make mention of the LORD, keep not silence, and give Him no rest," till His way shall be "known upon earth, His saving health among all nations."

* See Exodus xxxvi. 5-7.

CHAPTER XXI.

WIREMU AND SIMEON—THE MARTYRS OF WANGANUI— CONCLUSION.

“ And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”—MAL. iii. 17.

It would seem as though the two preceding chapters, gathering up, as they do, the notices of the present state of New Zealand, ought to be the concluding ones of our volume: but the history of this Mission is so rich in details of the deepest interest,—some to be found in the periodicals of the Society, some whose only earthly record is in the memory of those who witnessed them,—that we cannot refrain from enriching our little work with two more short narratives. The one shows the change of feeling with regard to slaves; the other is an instance of the “*utu*” sought for by a company of Christian natives; and both therefore are characteristic of the effect of Divine grace on the Maori character in some of its strongest features. The first of these was related to us by a private friend.

While Mr. Burrows resided at Kororarika,* he sometimes visited the island of Motorua. This small but picturesque island, lying about five miles from the mainland, is one of nature’s strongest fastnesses. The iron-bound coast, with its tall sharp rocks, baffling the force of ocean’s wildest waves, forbids the approach of

* Page 234.

friend or foe. The only access to the Island is by a deep and narrow inlet, and even here the heavy surf makes it often difficult to land. At such times, a Missionary's visit to Motorua was a stirring scene. As the little boat, manned by the boys of the settlement, neared the shore, the rowers rested on their oars and suffered the advancing wave to bear them briskly on. Soon the natives on the heights above, catching sight of the little vessel, would hurry down the steep and wooded banks, and, as the boat's crew, watching the favourable moment, dashed in upon the beach, they seized the little bark, and dragged her safe from the power of the receding billow.

The chief of this rocky island had been a friend of Hongi, and resembled him in character and spirit; he had taken a leading part, in 1830, in the affair at Kororarika, and it was to Motorua that some of Mr. Marsden's visits had then been made.* How or when he was converted we do not know, but in 1840 we find him a stedfast and consistent Christian, bearing the name of *Wiremu*.† How changed were now his thoughts and aims, and how different his feelings towards his slaves! Formerly their portion had been ridicule and severity; they were driven to their work as if no better than the beasts that perish; now he knew and felt they had souls immortal like his own, and he strove and laboured for their conversion. To one of them in particular he was much attached. He had already been baptized by the name of Simeon, and some time after Mr. Burrows' arrival in New Zealand, was taken seriously ill. His master, anxious to provide for him European care and European comforts,

* Chapter xi.

† Or, Williams.

removed him to the mainland; and procuring for him a convenient hut, left him in the charge of Mr. Burrows. Not long, however, could the kind-hearted Wiremu remain absent from his suffering slave; he left the island, and took up his abode at Kororarika, that he might minister to his necessities and comforts. He nursed him with the tenderest care, prayed with him, read the Word of God to him, and left nothing undone that was likely to alleviate his sufferings. Mr. Burrows visited Simeon daily, and rejoiced to watch the progress his soul was making in the things of God. One morning he found him much worse, but ready to depart, and clinging with a firm faith to Jesus as his all-sufficient Saviour. Scarcely had our Missionary reached his home again, when a messenger brought him word that Simeon was at the point of death. He hastened back, and as he drew near the hut, heard some one reading. He entered unperceived, and found that the spirit of the youth had left its earthly tenement, and that his once savage master was comforting himself and others round him, by reading aloud the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

How appropriate to the chief himself was the verse, "Thanks be to GOD, which giveth us the victory through our LORD JESUS CHRIST!"

Our other narrative is from the Western District.

MANIHIERA AND KEREOPA.

Christmas is always a season of peculiar interest at Wanganui. Occurring in the midst of the magnificent New Zealand summer, it is marked by the assembling

together of Christian natives from all parts of the immense district under Mr. Taylor's care, that they may unite in commemorating the birth of the Redeemer. The Christmas of 1846 was specially to be remembered. Two thousand persons from various tribes, who, a few years before, would only have met in murderous conflict, were now uniting in the worship of the one living God of their salvation. The church was too small to hold them, Mr. Taylor had the service in an adjoining field, and afterwards had the joy of administering the Lord's Supper to not less than three hundred and eighty-two communicants. It was a time of great solemnity; and on the next day the native teachers held a prayer-meeting among themselves, before they returned to their several spheres of labour. Possibly one subject of their prayers was the conversion of their heathen countrymen; for at the close, four of the number stood forth and offered themselves as Missionaries, specifying Taupo as the region to which they desired first to carry the gospel message. Mr. Taylor rejoiced in this spontaneous movement among the people; he accepted two, Manihera and Kereopa, in whose devotedness and knowledge of the Scriptures he had the fullest confidence; and amidst the deep feeling of all present they were committed to God in prayer.

A few years before, Te Heu-heu of Te Rapa, and other Taupo chiefs, had led on their warriors against the Christian villages near Wanganui; they had been repulsed with loss, some of the leaders had fallen, and since that time they had not ceased to harass the unoffending Christians, seeking "utu" for the chiefs that had been slain. The father of Herekiekie, one of the

principal chiefs, had been killed by some of Manihera's tribe, and the undertaking of these two young men was therefore one of peculiar danger. Yet in a visit he had lately paid to Taupo, Mr. Taylor had received assurances of goodwill from some of the chief men there,* and he trusted that going among them thus on a mission of peace and love, Manihera and Kereopa would at least be safe from harm.

On the 6th of February, 1847, these two young evangelists set out; they went first to the friendly village of Motutere, where the Christian natives urged them to proceed first to Iwikau, the brother of Te Heu-heu, as he was a man of milder character than the rest. "No," answered Manihera, "we must first visit the Pa of Herekikie, for we are come to preach to the wicked;" and then, as if anticipating his fate, he calmly added, that he felt the time of his own departure was at hand. The Motutere Christians were affected, and ten of them resolved to accompany their two devoted friends.

But their courageous sympathy was in vain. Herekikie himself was absent; but his widowed mother, a woman of a fierce, vindictive spirit, heard of the approaching visit, and determined not to lose the opportunity of obtaining "utu" for the husband she had lost seven years before.

As the faithful band pursued their journey from Motutere to the Pa of Herekikie, their way led through a wood. Manihera and Kereopa, with one of their friends named Wiremu, were a little in advance of the rest, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party concealed in the bush. All three were wounded,

* Page 10.

Wiremu only slightly, but Kereopa fell instantly, and Manihera had only time to give his Testament to his friend, and murmuring out that it was indeed great riches, he laid his head upon the ground and died. Both lost their lives as Christian soldiers, with their harness on, and prepared for the battle. Of Manihera in particular Mr. Taylor says, "Love to God and man beamed in his very countenance, and was manifested in all his actions."

Deep sorrow rested on the Christian natives of Wanganui. Again they met and prayed, and expressed their feelings on the sad event. One said, "Although a teacher is taken away, the gospel will not be hindered. A minister or a teacher is like a tall kahikatea tree full of fruit; it sheds it on every side, and a grove of young trees springs up; so that if the parent tree is cut down, its place is soon more than supplied by those that it has given birth to." Another rose: "Do not think," said he, "about the bodies of our friends; it is true they are left among our enemies, but their spirits are alive with God. I know what we should have done in former days; but we should thus have only multiplied our dead, and increased our sorrow." While a third, the flame of love kindling as he spoke, exclaimed, "We must not be discouraged; we must send two more to preach the gospel; if they are killed we will send two more; and if they perish, we will still supply their places; and then perhaps our enemies will give in and be converted."*

* In 1849, two other young men from Wanganui set out on the same mission as that of Manihera and Kereopa. One of them, Piripi, a relation of Manihera, was strongly dissuaded from it by his friends. "What!" was the young Missionary's noble reply, "if a

What a noble "utu" for the blood of Manihera and Kereopa!

Mr. Taylor felt this to be a critical moment; the spirit of vengeance was not satiated among the heathen round the Taupo; and the Christians there, less subdued than those of Wanganui, were filled with indignation against the murderers, and were ready to fly to arms in abhorrence of the deed. He resolved to go himself to Taupo; he did so, and not without considerable personal risk, he at last succeeded in averting the gathering storm.

On their return, the Wanganui party visited the spot where their martyred friends were buried. Standing round the grave, they united in a hymn, and Mr. Taylor addressed them on Rev. xiv. 13, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Many a tear was shed as they knelt around, and many a fervent prayer poured forth, that the same hope that had sustained their martyred brethren might be their own support in death; and that the shedding of their blood might be overruled to the conversion of the murderers, and the dispelling of the deep spiritual gloom * that hung over Taupo.

canoe be upset at sea, does this hinder all other canoes from going out for fishing? I shall go to Taupo, for the object is good."

* We trust that these prayers are already beginning to be answered, for in January, 1852, Mr. Taylor mentioned that Te Huia-tohi, the very chief that murdered Manihera, had come forward to ask for a Missionary; and that he and some other chiefs had even selected a spot for his residence. Mr. Taylor adds, "Surely this is some of the fruit of the blood of Manihera which has brought down a blessing."

We have now completed our task ; and feel that it has been a privilege to be called upon to look closely into the history of the New Zealand Mission. Most wonderful is this history ! whether we reflect on the preservation of the earlier Missionaries in the midst of a barbarous and blood-thirsty people, so that not a hair of their heads should perish ; or on the faith and courage and enduring love that enabled them to hold on for so many years, through privations and perils of which we scarcely know a parallel ; or on the marvellous change in the islanders themselves. All, all was of God ; and we know not where, in these latter days, we can look for a more wonderful manifestation of His providence and His grace.

God threw His protecting shield around His faithful servants ; His arm upheld them in their rugged course ; and it was by His Holy Spirit's power that the simple faithful preaching of the Cross of CHRIST in this Island of the SOUTH, was made effectual to bring the people from thickest darkness into marvellous light, and to transform many a savage cannibal into a meek and humble follower of the Lamb.

To Him be all the glory ; and to us be the joy to think, that among the many diadems on the head of Him for whose return the whole creation groaneth, one CROWN will be resplendent with the dark Maori gems of the SOUTHERN hemisphere.

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