A MISSIONARY PIONEER

Marsden's Work in New Zealand

MRS. E. M. DUNLOP

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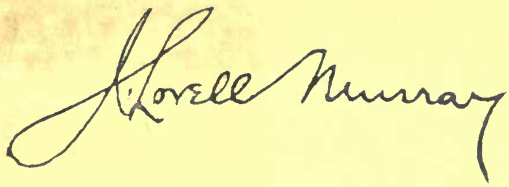

MARSDEN: A GREAT PIONEER

A GREAT MISSIONARY PIONEER

THE STORY OF SAMUEL MARSDEN'S WORK IN NEW ZEALAND

[*Written for the Marsden Centenary, Christmas Day,* 1814–1914]

BY

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CHAPTER I

THE MARSDEN CENTENARY (1814–1914)

THE present year of 1914 is very important to all those who are interested in the history and progress of New Zealand. It is the Centenary of that in which Samuel Marsden, our Great Missionary Pioneer, filled with love, and moved and guided by the Holy Spirit of God, ventured almost alone and quite unprotected, among a people, the news of whose savagery kept weaker spirits at a safe distance.

No story known to history contains more romance than that which enhaloes the early days of New Zealand

settlement. Our pioneers were too busy with the practical aspect of the strenuous work which lay to their hands to do justice, in the accounts they gave, to the romantic and extraordinary interest of the happenings among which they moved. Very often, in reading over the annals which they found time to keep, one discovers deeds of the utmost heroism and self-sacrifice, told in a few brief words which may easily pass unnoticed.

After the lapse of a hundred years, one may glance calmly backwards and judge of the effort by the results —results perhaps more glorious than any told in history.

To those who cannot travel and who are not likely to find the opportunity to visit New Zealand one may truly say: Look around you! Your smiling fields, your pasture lands, your rails and tramways, your schools, your churches, your cities, your pleasant villages, your parks, your amusements; all these you will find reproduced in the Britain of the South. There, too, you will find the same people, the same standards, ideals, language, dress and appearance, as you see and hear around you in the United Kingdom—our common home. (The New Zealander talks of visiting Britain as "going Home.") At the present time—that of her great Centenary—New Zealand is in a very prosperous condition. All her produce is in great demand and her industries are flourishing. Her climate and resources are so good that prosperity is certain so long as the demand for her products is kept up. Her industries all spring from the soil. Wool, frozen meat, dairy produce, flax, gold and Kauri gum are her main exports, and all these our Maoris share in obtaining, as they now work their lands with industry and skill. They, therefore, share in the general prosperity. A Maori, poor and unprovided, is not to be found. They also share in

our educational advantages. There is a sincere friendship and affection between the brown and the white members of the community. All unkindness and antipathy, if there were ever such, lie buried under a mantle woven of smiling and happy years. We love our Maoris; we understand them and they understand us.

CHAPTER II

A Story of the Maori Discovery of New Zealand

Many romantic stories have been told of the discovery of New Zealand by the Maoris, and careful investigators have placed on record the results of their studies and inquiries. The story of Ngahue is taken by several of the most respected of these to be as true as any. This version has the sanction of Mr. Percy Smith, having been sent to him and returned with corrections in his own handwriting, which have been observed. The story of Ngahue is taken by the majority of inquirers, to be reasonably authentic.

Te Heu Heu, the intelligent descendant of Ngahue, and who at the present time occupies a seat in the Upper House in New Zealand, endorses the story from the traditions of his tribe.

Mr. Percy Smith has convinced careful investigators that Tahiti was the Hawaiki of Maori tradition: that the canoes of the Maori pioneers stopped at Rarotonga and the Kermadecs making breaks in the voyage: that Ngahue first landed at Whakatane on the East coast of New Zealand and thence made his way inland with his followers, setling on the slopes of the volcanic regions of Ruapehu and Tongariro.

The great volcanic group called Tongariro of which

Mount Ruapehu is the highest peak, reaching an elevation of 9,000 feet, is conspicuous from one of our principal tourist routes since the Main Trunk Railway Line has rendered that part of the country accessible. For many years after European settlement in New Zealand, in fact, until quite recent years, the immediate neighbourhood of Tongariro was held tapu,* and difficulties were placed in the way of those who wished to approach it. A succession of mighty chiefs called Te Heu Heu dominated the land. They claimed descent from Ngahue, the first Maori discoverer. The accepted story told how, long ago, war raged in the land of Hawaiki. The chief, Te Ngahue, was defeated and fled to the shore, escaping from his enemies. Embarking in his canoe he put out to sea and disappeared from view, a mere speck upon the horizon line.

Month followed month as the moon waxed and waned, and the friends of Ngahue mourned him as lost, and never dreamed of seeing his face again. The leaves were budding on the trees when his canoe disappeared, following the rays cast upon the waters by the descending sun. The long hot summer came and went, and the leaves were falling, when one evening a strange canoe appeared in view stealing shorewards. Out of the lengthening sunray came the mystic bark and those on shore shaded their eyes with their hands as they watched its steady advance. As it drew nearer they discerned a single inmate. The form became more and more distinct and the amazed beholders saw that it was Ngahue. They thought at first that the advancing figure was a spirit and refrained from running to greet the long-lost wanderer. It was indeed Ngahue, and

* *Tapu*, sacred, *see* p. 18. Spelt *tapu* by all authorities on New Zealand, and also on Tahiti, *see* Robert Louis Stevenson.

alive. He drew the canoe to shore and called to them to come to him. "It is indeed I myself," he cried. "I have come back to you with joyful tidings."

His enemies had all departed and only friends remained, who listened wonderingly to his tale. He had indeed sailed away and had voyaged on for many a weary day and night. His heart was sore within him and all hope seemed dead.

One day he discerned upon the horizon a faint blue mist, which, growing more and more distinct, resolved itself into a land rising from the sea, veiled in clouds and sea-mists. The mists dissolved. There lay a land so lovely that it seemed a dream. The lone voyager thought it but a vision of his fancy.

Nearer and nearer drew the bark of Ngahue. The scent of forest, fern and flower gladdened his senses; the sound of surf upon the shore rejoiced his ears; the notes of innumerable birds rang out like bells over the sea. Choosing a suitable inlet he leaped upon the shore and drew his boat to land.

He had indeed reached a lovely country, a land of forest and of streams, of bird and fish and fruit and flower. The toë (pampas grass) waved upon every mountain side and the long flax fronds shook and swayed in the breeze as they murmured a greeting to the wave-worn voyager. Long, long did Ngahue repose lost in amazement and joy. Plenty of food and water were at hand, and he rested and grew fat and sleek and strong. No enemy was to be seen, no dangerous animal or noxious thing lurked in the forest or prowled upon the shores.

It was summer time and the rata and the pohutukawa* drooped their wealth of crimson blossoms to meet the

* New Zealand Christmas tree, *see* notes.

tide; fresh greenery decked the forests; and berries ripened under the sun's warm rays, so that there was little need of care for sustenance. But when the long hot summer waned and a coolness and a freshness came up from the sea the heart of Ngahue yearned for his friends and for the sweet companionship of wife and child. Long he pondered ere he put forth once more to sea, and guided by sun and stars dared again the pathless ocean. Here then he had safely arrived to tell his friends of the beautiful home which lay awaiting them far away, lost in the sunset glow.

They listened wonderingly to Ngahue's story and were soon persuaded to make ready to follow the ocean track which he indicated. All that winter they worked hard making earnest preparations, and when spring returned they set sail in many great canoes. An old chief, thought too frail for the long voyage, watched them go and gave them a final blessing. "Depart in peace," he cried. "Leave war and strife behind you!"

Men, women and children were in the canoes of Ngahue, and they carried with them preserved food for the voyage; their favourite dogs; and seeds and sweet potatoes for planting. Often their hearts failed them as day followed day, but Ngahue cheered them on with hope. At last he was able to prove his story true, as, pointing to the long horizon line, he bade them take heart for one last effort. Land appeared in view even as he had told them, like a faint blue cloud afar. And so it came to pass that following Ngahue, weary mariners leaped at last to shore:

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam;
And all at once they said 'Our Island home
Is far beyond the wave—we will no longer roam.'"

And so they came led by Te Ngahue, the ancestor of Te Heu Heu.

At last they made their way inland and established themselves at the base of a wonderful mountain; wonderful indeed for it supplied them with heat from winter's cold and constant streams of clear hot water in which they bathed; and boiling water in which they cooked birds and fish and sweet potatoes.

The mountain was the nesting place of innumerable seabirds which flocked thither from the seas in breeding time so that in the early morning the ground was thick with fledgelings easily caught and potted and preserved as delicious food.

The tribe of Te Ngahue, now Te Heu Heu, waxed fat and strong, and held the land and declared the mountain sacred and tapu to all except their own kin. The strict tapu applied to the districts ruled by the power of Te Heu Heu retarded the introduction of Christianity and civilisation in that part of the country for many years. The chiefs refused to receive or to permit the reception of Christian Missionaries, and it was not until late in the century that any advance was made. In the 'forties, when the influence of Christianity was strong, Te Heu Heu and his tribe still strenuously resisted its advance. While discussion, and indeed warfare, on this subject was at its height, there was a curious interposition of Providence, which silenced dispute and struck awe into those of the disputing parties who survived disaster. The chief, Te Heu Heu, who was the strenuous opponent of Christianity was overwhelmed with his six wives and ninety of his

followers in a landslip which occurred on the night of May 7th, 1846. The old chief, though warned of the danger, refused to leave or to permit his people to do so. Seizing his mere (merry) or hereditary weapon he rushed out several times into the storm, and dancing in defiance dared the elements to destroy the Mana (hereditary influence) of the great Te Heu Heu. A huge slice of the mountain descended and buried him with all around, entombing them for ever. This occurrence was taken by the Christianised natives as a sign in their favour and of the wrath of Heaven upon the opponents of the advance of Christianity.

CHAPTER III

Some Beliefs and Superstitions of the Maoris before they Received Christianity

Although the Maoris, before the influence of Europeans reached them, had no definite form of religion, they entertained many curious beliefs and superstitions, handed down among them from past ages and probably from contact with ancient forms of thought. They had also an extremely complicated system of laws which governed their social intercourse. As their physical and mental abilities were as excellent as in any race known to the history of man upon our globe, they brought both wit and intelligence to the study of nature but were wholly dependent upon themselves for external knowledge. Qualities which Europeans in their greater knowledge have learned to regard as vices were hence often regarded as the greatest virtues. Revenge was a virtue.

They believed that the spirits of departed chiefs ruled the destinies of men.

They believed in the immortality of the Spirit.

They believed that virtues practised on earth brought reward in the spirit world.

They believed in the existence of several gods or spirits, and they made incantations to these gods, but they did not make wooden images with the object of worship. The cleverly carved images so common among them represented a form of art, and were in no sense

idols and were not worshipped. They were set up in derision of enemies, as ornaments and as exhibitions of their skill in carving, and in the decoration of their houses and fences, and were worn as charms.

The traditions and superstitions of the Maoris contain so much of the grotesque and the impossible, that it is difficult to sift the gold from the dross. There are beautiful ideals and fundamental principles, mingled with the wild imaginings of wholly untutored minds.

The tohunga, or native priest and sage, exercised an unbounded influence over the daily lives of the people. The tohunga was consulted about all important actions, both public and private. To this day the influence of the tohunga has to be reckoned with, and is often a source of mischief.

The priests, or tohungas, possessed a secret language in which their rites were practised, and they taught this language to those whom they chose as their successors, instruction being conveyed in secret places and in dead of night. The tohunga was a privileged person and enjoyed the best of everything. He was immune from attack, as no one would dare to molest him or to touch his property. No work of any kind was permitted to him. Needless to say, his advice, auguries and prophecies generally favoured his own interests and protected his powers. Nevertheless a certain check was exercised upon him; his reputation suffered, if the auguries and divinations of a neighbouring tohunga proved more accurate than his own. The influence of the priests and sorcerers was so great that it was without doubt in their power to cause the death of persons under their spell. To this day there are cases in which a Maori, told by the priest or sorcerer that he must die, will pine away, refuse food and verify the

mandate within a few days. He practically dies of a disease of the imagination and of despair.

The system of tapu gave the priests, chiefs and sorcerers unbounded power. Tapu is a Maori word which means sacred. Everything belonging to the chiefs and priests was tapu, and so was all belonging to or which had touched a dead person. The priest had only to say that a thing should be tapu and that was enough. No one would dare to touch it. If he even accidentally did so, his punishment was probably death, or a system of purification so intricate and long drawn out that death was preferable. In many an instance such an unfortunate took to his bed and never rose from it again. Scorned and neglected by all, he perished. Even his house was then destroyed by fire and his tribe moved on to another place.

Tapu once placed upon a person, property, place, land or district, could only be removed by ceremonies conducted by the priests or tohungas. This gave them, as can easily be imagined, unbounded power and influence. They could destroy the value of property by the wave of a magic wand and restore it as easily, and life and death followed their beck. It is held by careful students of their methods, that as a rule the tohunga had a real faith in his own powers; he did not disdain, however, the use of ventriloquism and a superior knowledge, combined with much trained and natural cunning, to support methods which brought him so much advantage.

Many of the legends and beliefs of the Maoris were beautiful and romantic. They believed that the dead sought the Reinga—a mystic world existing according to their imagination, away from the north of New Zealand, and which was to be reached by a plunge from a cliff near Cape Maria van Diemen. Hither flock the departed

spirits from all parts of New Zealand weeping and wailing and wringing their shadowy hands. Their sobs and sighings can be plainly heard in the whispering of the sea-breezes hurrying shorewards and in the night winds as they pass. The tracks of the spirits hastening to the Reinga are plainly to be discerned on the hillsides and through the forests and across waste places where the toë (a waving yellow pampas grass) and the flax can be seen bending beneath the light pressure of their tread. There is a curious analogy between this romantic belief of the Maoris and the fact that the Godwit, the migratory bird which spends the summer months in New Zealand, gathers its flocks together at the Reinga in preparation for its yearly flight from thence to Siberia.

The scene, on an April day, when the autumnal shadows are gathering and the Godwits, each company conducted by its own leader, assemble on the cliffs and cover every branch of the overhanging trees is curious, beautiful and romantic. At a crucial moment, after much chattering and consultation, a daring cock bird flutters aloft, and after many circlings and wheelings, with a loud last warning cry, directs his flight seawards. The birds rise in their companies, the air is full of fluttering wings. Gradually they stream away northwards, following their extraordinary instinct, and the long ocean journey is begun. Hither they will return in the spring-time reinforced by the young birds, whom they are instructing in the mysteries of the great seaway, the knowledge of which has been theirs through the untold ages. It is suggested that the knowledge is derived from memory and that a lost continent once afforded resting places. The continent destroyed, the birds still follow in the tracks of their progenitors of a far back age.

CHAPTER IV

The European Discoverers: Abel Tasman: Captain James Cook

The existence of New Zealand was made known to the world by the eminent Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, who discovered the country in September, 1642, while voyaging in the Southern seas. Tasman, with his two ships, the *Heemskirk* and the *Zeehan*, approached the land near Nelson, and entered that harbour, to which, from the subsequent events, he gave the name of Massacre Bay. The natives came out in canoes in great numbers and attacked his boats when he attempted to land, killing three of his crew. Unable to reach the shore he sailed away northwards and sighted Cape Maria van Diemen, which he named in honour of the daughter of the Governor of the Dutch Colony of Batavia, which he had recently visited.

On Epiphany Sunday, Tasman sighted and named the islands known as the Three Kings, which he named thus in honour of the day.

Owing to the hostile appearance and demonstrations of the natives, Tasman decided to make no further attempts to land. He at first gave the name of Staten Land to the country he had discovered, but afterwards changed the name to that which it has borne since known to civilisation, and will doubtless continue to bear while our language is spoken.

So far as we have any knowledge, New Zealand remained unvisited until the 8th of October, 1769, when our great mariner, Captain James Cook, in his good ship *Endeavour,* cast anchor in the open roadstead to which he gave the undeserved name of Poverty Bay. This is now one of the most flourishing districts in New Zealand. The soil is particularly rich and productive, and the back country of excellent quality for carrying sheep. The people, however, cling to the name, and will not consent to change it on account of its historical associations. "If it was good enough for Captain Cook it is good enough for us," they say, "and we bow to his choice." An annual festivity is held in honour of the great mariner. A monument, erected to his memory on the spot where he first placed his foot, is garlanded with flowers by processions of merry schoolchildren.

Captain Cook was already distinguished not only as a navigator, but as a marine surveyor. His careful plans had assisted in the taking of Quebec at which he had been present under Wolfe. He was of lowly birth, being the son of an industrious Yorkshire agriculturalist and his excellent wife. The sterling qualities of Cook early attracted notice, and brought him opportunities of exercising natural talents amounting to genius. He stands, however, rather as an example of duty performed in the face of obstacles, of self-denial and of devotion to life tasks for which he was by nature specially fitted:

> "Exemplar stern of Duty done:
> For when the time required
> A Man was raised to fit the Task,
> Who but the Task desired;
> Who, but to sail the salt sea brine
> And seek the Unknown Shore,
> Found no delight in meat and wine,
> Nor Old World's varied store,"

Cook was not a poor man when he set out upon the voyage of discovery, which added so many bright gems to our Empire's crown. He left a happy home and loving wife and children to undertake that voyage, because he felt the call too strong to resist. He was requested by the Royal Geographical Society to take command of the Expedition, the object of which was to take astronomical observations.

The shores of New Zealand were first sighted, from the mast of the *Endeavour* by a cabin boy named Nicholas Young, in honour of whom Captain Cook named the white cliffs forming the south-western boundary of the wide open roadstead, Young Nick's Head.

The surprise of the natives on the shore may easily be imagined when they saw the approach, across the waters, of the large strange bird borne on white pinions. They had settlements in every sheltered situation along the shore, which abounds in shell fish, then the principal food. Rivers converge and debouch at the foot of a hill called the Kaiti Hill, which is very similar in height and appearance to Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh. The natives congregated on the top of this prominence and the dawn found them there again, pointing and gesticulating as they gazed in amazement upon the strange canoe, its white wings furled as it lay at rest on the sea below.

> "The great canoe with pinions came
> Across the glittering wave,
> Bearing a crew of pale-faced men
> Like spectres from the grave."

It was a lovely scene upon which they gazed. To the left lay the boundless ocean stretching away to the horizon line where sea and sky met in cloudless blue. To the south-west rose white cliffs flecked with purple

shadows. To the right extensive plains covered with bush and shrub, but now with prosperous homesteads and flourishing towns; the plains are bounded by low ranges of hills of picturesque outline. The view from the Kaiti hill is very like that seen from Naples as one looks from a height towards the Island of Capri.

On the afternoon of that day Cook ventured to land. The Maoris made an attack upon his party, and the Europeans had difficulty in reaching their boats without loss. They were obliged to fire upon the natives, and one of these was killed. On the following day the Europeans landed again and parleyed with the Maoris. It was found possible to communicate with them through a South Sea Islander named Tupia, whom Cook induced to accompany him to act as an interpreter.

The natives were still so alarmed and hostile, however, that Captain Cook determined to proceed to some other part of the coast in search of water and greens, which were much needed after the long voyage. He therefore sailed away northwards, and after landing at several places and establishing more cordial relations with the natives, he reached Mercury Bay, where careful astronomical observations were taken. There Cook planted the British flag and took possession of the country in the name of King George the Third.

Between the years 1769 and 1777, Cook paid several visits to New Zealand, surveyed the coasts and left seeds and animals with the natives.

Following Cook, in the year 1769, came a French ship, the *St. Jean Baptiste*, commanded by one De Surville. This ship lay for some time in Doubtless Bay. The natives were ill-treated by De Surville, and he carried away with him an important chief named Nihonui, who subsequently died of grief at being torn from his native country.

Several French ships visited New Zealand in early years. In revenge for the ill-treatment suffered from De Surville, the Maoris in 1772 massacred the crews of two French vessels commanded by Marion du Fresne, who had also given offence by infringing the law of tapu, which was a very complicated system among the Maoris.

The story of this incident in New Zealand history is thus told, and is repeated because it throws some light upon the misunderstandings with which our early settlers and missionaries had to cope.

A French captain named Marion Du Fresne came to New Zealand in 1772. He landed at the Bay of Islands and as a great many of his crew were suffering from disease, he sent them on shore for change of air. The natives were very friendly and supplied the invalids with fruit and fish. The relations between the French people and the natives were very cordial. Du Fresne made them many presents of useful things. He stayed with them all the summer. One of the officers named De Crozet, however, was frequent in warnings that the natives were not to be trusted. One day, when the natives were leaving the ship, a Maori girl, who was among the number, cried bitterly, and Crozet was more than ever sure that some mischief was brewing. Du Fresne continued to visit the shore. One day he went off on a fishing excursion, to a distant bay, taking sixteen men and officers with him. Night came on and he did not return ; Crozet supposed that they had camped out for the night. Next morning Crozet took sixty men and went into the forest to cut down trees. Another party left in a boat to go to a suitable place up the Bay for food and water.

In the middle of the day the sailors still remaining

on board saw a man swimming towards the ship. He reached the vessel and told a fearful tale. Du Fresne's party had landed, and after dragging their boat on shore they went to collect wood. Suddenly the Maoris had rushed out upon them with spears and hatchets and had killed all but one. Only he had escaped, and now told the news.

Remembering that Crozet and his men had gone far into the forest, some of the sailors went on shore to warn him; they reached the place in safety and told Crozet of the disastrous turn events had taken. He set out towards the beach with all his party. As they walked along many natives followed them, and told them that Du Fresne had been killed with all his companions.

These Maoris allowed Crozet and his companions to enter the boats unmolested, but as soon as they reached the ship Crozet ordered his men to open fire upon the Maoris. Numbers of them were killed, and next morning Crozet went on shore and burned the village and destroyed the inhabitants. Some of these were wearing clothes which had belonged to Du Fresne and his men. After Crozet had taken his revenge and had ascertained that none of Du Fresne's party were still living, he left the Bay and sailed for France.

Many years after this an English doctor went to attend some of the crew of a French vessel which had been wrecked near the Bay of Islands; there were several survivors injured. The doctor determined to take these people overland to Auckland, and he travelled with them accompanied by Maori guides.

It was night, and the French people were lying asleep on the ground wrapped in their blankets. The Maoris were sitting up around their fires talking, and presently

the doctor heard the name of Marion mentioned. He listened attentively and these Maoris went on to say that many years back, some people of the same nation as those now lying asleep around had come to the Bay, that they had stayed there a long time, that they had taken wood that was tapu to burn, and food and water that was tapu, and that the Maoris had killed them all because they believed they would die themselves through the wrath of their gods if they did not do so.

CHAPTER V

The Hour Before the Dawn. The Story of Bruce and of Te Pahi and of the Massacre of the "Boyd."

New Zealand, with its romantic situation, set far apart in the southern seas, its beautiful scenery and wealth of Maori tradition, offers vast scope for the artist, the romancist and the poet. Some day a Sir Walter Scott will arrive and show forth in verse, which may ring down the ages, the many pleasing themes which the early story of the country affords. Meanwhile the task has already been worthily attempted by several writers. Dean Jacobs wrote "The Epic of the Southern Cross," the subject being the arrival of Marsden; Alfred Domett, the college friend of Browning, threw in his lot with New Zealand in the 'sixties and rose to eminence in her national councils; he wrote a fine work, of great length, "Ranolf and Amolia," in which he caught much of the spirit and poetry of New Zealand. Thomas Bracken, who was also a politician, was devoted to poetry and wrote fine and stirring verse. Jessie McKay, a Christchurch poetess wrote some lines which are included in every anthology of New Zealand verse, "The Grey Company before the Pioneers." In this poem she grasps the spirit of the time which lies between the rediscovery of New Zealand by Captain Cook and the establishment of Christian and civilised settlement by

Marsden. During these years from about 1770 to 1809, when the massacre of the *Boyd* occurred at Whangaroa, a large number of Europeans with various objects came to the shores of New Zealand, and some of these settled here and there among the natives, unconsciously and unintentionally paving the way for the work of civilisation. Whaling ships visited the country in great numbers, finding a profitable trade, and there were deserters, who took Maori wives and lived in peace, among the Maoris. Traders in search of the valuable timber to be procured made friends with the natives who joined them in preparing the freight for the ships. Wanderers made their way to the country from New South Wales. Two of these, Muir and Palmer, were Scotch University men whom misfortune had driven from their country, and who visited New Zealand in a trading ship and showed kindness to the natives and won their veneration. In the early years of the century there were Europeans, scattered here and there, who were contributing their share of instruction in civilised arts—"The grey, grey company."

> "Stood every man alone!
> In the chilly dawn light—
> The Lord's lone sentinels
> Dotted down the years,
> The little grey company
> Before the Pioneers."

Authentic accounts of these earliest settlers are scanty. That their fate was very precarious, is shown by the pathetic story of the young sailor Bruce, who was one of the crew of the *Lady Nelson*. A Maori chief named Te Pahi was taken on board her in 1806, and was carried over to Sydney. Te Pahi took a great fancy to Bruce, who showed him kindness and sympathy. Bruce returned to New Zealand with Te Pahi, married the young

daughter of the chief and settled among the Maoris of his tribe. According to story, the young couple lived a life of ideal happiness for a year or two. Bruce could now speak the Maori language, and was useful in trading and interpreting for the natives. The captain of a trading ship, the *General Wellesley*—Captain Dalrymple—on some pretext persuaded Bruce and his young wife to go on board his ship for a short cruise, in order to indicate where traces of gold had been found. Dalrymple took an opportunity to leave Bruce on the shore, and setting sail, carried the girl away and left New Zealand waters.

Bruce, in terrible distress, succeeded in following her on another vessel, and after wanderings which compare with those of Ulysses, traced her to Penang, and found that she had been sold to a tea merchant as a slave. Industriously following up his pursuit, Bruce succeeded in making his story heard and understood. The Governor of Penang assisted him to regain the freedom of the wife, and she was allowed to rejoin her husband Bruce. The young couple were given a passage in a ship for India and were kindly treated by people in Calcutta while they were waiting for a ship on which they could get back to New Zealand. These friends sent them to Sydney, but although they embarked together, and were farewelled by their friends, their safe arrival was never ascertained, and they were never heard of again except by baleful rumour.

The old chief Te Pahi, who was friendly to Europeans, could never learn the truth of their fate, and was obliged to mourn them as lost. This chief; Te Pahi, whose kindly instincts and generous nature led him to show friendship to Europeans was, nevertheless, constantly a sufferer from the invasion of New Zealand by the

white people. Through his friendship with the young sailor, Bruce, and by the machinations of the treacherous Dalrymple, he lost his beloved daughter, and at a later period, in 1810, he suffered the loss of his people and possessions and, finally, his own life, through an unfortunate misunderstanding. He was unjustly accused of participation in the massacre of the *Boyd*, that event which retarded peaceful European settlement for several years.

The *Boyd* was a vessel of 500 tons trading between Australia and London. In the summer of the year 1809, she put into the harbour at Whangaroa, a beautiful wooded inlet north of the Bay of Islands. Her captain had the object of collecting Kauri spars to be taken to the Cape of Good Hope. Early traders were greatly attracted by the long straight spars of the Kauri pine, as suitable for the masts of shipping, and for other purposes, and they conveyed this timber far and wide—to Japan, to London, to Sydney and the Cape. The *Boyd* carried crew and passengers to the number of 95 souls. They unwittingly fell into a trap prepared in revenge by a chief named Tara or George. He had been formerly carried away by the captain of the *Boyd*, and forced to labour as one of the hands. Being ill and weak, and unable to work, he had been cruelly punished and severely flogged, receiving kindness only from a little cabin boy, who stole to his side and finding him alone, and suffering, carried food and water and consolation to the unfortunate Maori. George succeeded in regaining his home in Whangaroa, showed the marks of his degradation and told his tale. His tribe planned a fearful vengeance. According to the Maori law of utu, vengeance was due to the people or tribe to which the misdoer belonged, and when the ship *Boyd* entered the

harbour at Whangaroa after the return of George, mischief was planned against her.

The Maoris watched their opportunity, and when the captain went ashore with some of the hands to cut down Kauri spars, they followed, and set upon and massacred the whole of the party. The Maoris then arrayed themselves in the clothing of the dead sailors, and took possession of the boats. In these they approached the ship under cover of the shade of the evening, boarded her and killed all on board except a woman, a little girl and the cabin boy who had shown kindness to George. They then set fire to the ship and burned her to the water's edge. Some of their number perished by the explosion of the powder. This disastrous event retarded civilisation and the introduction of Christianity because the story, when it became known, prevented the approach of ships to New Zealand. It was shown that the Maoris had exercised peculiar treachery, in pretending friendship while harbouring so terrible a design, and sailors could not be induced to approach the country. The plans of Marsden had already been made, but he was obliged to postpone their accomplishment.

The friendly chief, Te Pahi, suffered unjustly from the vengeance of Europeans. While the *Boyd* was at anchor in Whangaroa harbour, another trading ship, *The City of Edinburgh*, was in the adjacent Bay of Islands, loading up with flax and timber. Her crew proceeded to the scene of the massacre in whale boats and well armed, and were met by Te Pahi who was protecting and providing for the survivors whom he now delivered over in safety to the Europeans. By some misunderstanding the report was spread that Te Pahi was the author of the massacre. It was afterwards discovered that his hereditary Maori foes had contrived

to convey this impression. Five whale ships were combined as a fleet, and an attack was made upon the tribe of Te Pahi by way of revenge. Parties of armed men were landed, and they utterly destroyed his settlements and killed nearly all his tribe. He was himself severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the Whangaroa natives who executed final vengeance upon him because he had taken the part of defending the white people. Thus sadly perished Te Pahi, a martyr to the cause of the advance of European settlement.

TE PAHI (A Wish).

"Thy fate seems bitter, dark-hued friend!
Thy Spirit fain would soar
To grasp events of wondrous trend
And aid the Truths they bore.

Misunderstood! alone and grieved
A sacrifice wert thou
A tool of God! Thine end achieved!
God's garlands deck thy brow!"

E.M.D.

CHAPTER VI

The Rev. Samuel Marsden

Yorkshire has the distinction of being the birthplace of several of those who have most contributed to the building of the Britain of the South as New Zealand is very properly termed. Captain Cook was a Yorkshireman and Samuel Marsden was born in Yorkshire and educated at the Grammar School at Hull. He was the son of excellent parents, who belonged to the Wesleyan denomination and who carried out in their daily life the precepts of the religion they loved. They gave to their son a practical training in all the virtues and in the exercise of a naturally strong common-sense, which laid the foundation for the success of his undertakings. He was successful in his school life under Dr. Joseph Miller, and gained an excellent character, which, when he was growing to manhood attracted the attention of some of the members of the Elland Society. This Society existed for the training of young men as clergymen for the Church of England. Marsden was sent by this Society to St. John's College and was there ordained. In 1793 he was appointed Chaplain to New South Wales, and arrived there in March, a year later. Before leaving England, he married Elizabeth Tristram, who was the worthy companion of much of his useful and practical life. He had several daughters who also

were of great assistance to him in his life work. Thirteen years elapsed before Marsden again visited his home in the old country—thirteen years which matured his wisdom, and added experience to his natural gifts. He was an eminently benevolent, sane and self-denying man, bent on alleviating the miseries of mankind, and on the spread of justice and humane methods. He was distinguished by a wide sympathy with the views and aims of all good people, and himself a clergyman of the Church of England, he worked in love and charity in all fields of usefulness. When he was a youth, he enjoyed the personal supervision of the great Church philanthropist Wilberforce, the effects of whose influence he loved to acknowledge. "In every place," writes Marsden, "I endeavour to explain to the natives that there is but one true and living God, Who made all things, and that one God is also their God—that none other can heal their wounds, preserve them from danger, restore them to health or save them from death; but that our God, although they knew him not could do all these things for them." During the progress of his work in Sydney, the attention of Marsden was constantly attracted to the specimens of New Zealanders who came over in various trading ships, bent on seeing the wonders of the great world. There were many such visitors, who had, generally, worked their way over, impelled by motives of curiosity and the desire to obtain knowledge and the commodities of the white man's trade. Marsden, being Colonial Chaplain of New South Wales, had his parsonage at Parramatta, and, from his interests in the New Zealanders, his house became their favourite rendezvous. He delighted in conversing with them through interpreters and becoming cognizant of their modes of thought; and in endeavouring

to understand their language and habits. Great patience was often necessary, and also a very great deal of tact. It is related, for instance, that while on a visit to Marsden at Parramatta, a Maori chief had with him a little son, whom he had brought over to Sydney to see the world. This boy became ill and unfortunately died.

The chief was racked with sorrow, not only for the loss of his boy, but by the belief that the spirit of the child could not be happy or safe unattended in the spirit world. Had he been in his own land many slaves would have been sacrificed, but in his present position, he dared not sacrifice one. He had slaves with him as attendants, and every now and again he rose and threatened them, and was, with the greatest difficulty prevented from slaying them in the presence of Miss Marsden, who personally sheltered them. Dissuaded from his terrible action, the chief fell into an extreme melancholy; his own death seemed imminent; he firmly believed that the spirit of the child must suffer for his neglect. Marsden succeeded in inspiring him with a better spirit and greater resignation. This chief himself afterwards became a source of comfort to others. "You must not grieve, Brown!" he said, "it is wrong to grieve. Our loved ones are with God. They are in His care, and all He does is well." The gentle and affectionate dispositions of the New Zealanders, when weaned from the savagery which they regarded as virtues, endeared them to Marsden and his family. Their friendship constantly increased, and the idea of carrying to them the message of Christianity took possession of the mind of Marsden. He pondered constantly on the possibilities, and at last he resolved to take a voyage home and lay the matter before the Church Missionary Society. At first he met with but little success. People were not

then greatly interested in New Zealand, and very few grasped the possibility of the country being of any great consequence to England. Traders were being attracted by New Zealand flax and timber; but the number, the savagery, and stories of the cannibalism of the natives, deterred the thinking people of the day from seriously regarding any European settlement as possible. For this reason New Zealand was never regarded as a possible convict settlement. The risk of being eaten seemed too severe a punishment, even for the worst criminals. Marsden persevered in his endeavours to interest the Society, and at last succeeded in getting permission to make an experiment and a small grant of money (£500 a year) to carry it into effect. There was a great deal of discussion as to the precise form the experiment should take, and here the practical mind and common-sense of Marsden came to the fore. He very strongly advised that the efforts of the Mission should have a practical as well as a spiritual character.

"Till the attention of the natives is gained," he writes, "and moral and industrious habits are induced, little or no progress can be made in teaching them the Gospel." Marsden recommends here, that men who are mechanics should be employed as Missioners, and that a carpenter, a blacksmith, and a twine-spinner should be of the lay missionary party. While on this subject, Marsden sagely remarks: "In all my observations on mankind, I have rarely known an industrious man become an idle one, or an idle man become industrious."

He gives many wise directions as to the principles and methods which should govern the proposed missionary party. Having gained the consent of the Society, it became necessary to choose persons deemed suitable for carrying out the high objects of the Mission.

Mr. William Hall, who had been trained as a carpenter and shipwright, was deemed worthy and was found willing to go. Mr. John King, skilled in the spinning and dressing of flax, was also found willing to undertake the office of a lay missionary. With these companions, and the permission and promise of assistance of the Society, Marsden set out upon his homeward voyage. The greatest difficulty which confronted him was the need of an interpreter. The Society had recognised this, but there seemed no solution. Scarcely daring to hope to be able to carry out his cherished plans, Marsden found himself on board the *Ann*, bound for Sydney—in August, 1809. Then occurred a marvellous interposition of Providence, for, hearing groans, and glancing into the hold of the *Ann*, Marsden beheld there a dark hued man, lying suffering and neglected. The good Marsden hastened to his side, bent on a work of pity, and there he found the poor neglected Maori youth, Ruatara, suffering from the brutality of the captain, who had caused him to be severely flogged and cast into the hold. Ruatara recognised the kind face of Marsden ; he had observed and venerated him engaged in works of mercy on the Sydney wharves.

> " The Hand of God on Hist'ry's page
> Still writes the living line ;
> Prepares the Hour ! Succeeding Age
> Translates the Tale Divine ! "

CHAPTER VII

The Story of Ruatara, The Maori Chief who was the Instrument of Providence in the preparation for and the carrying out of the Mission of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, 1814

"Poor Ruatara! child of many a storm."
Dean Jacobs.

The early history of New Zealand is a perfect treasury of records of bold and mighty spirits, savage indeed and often cannibal, but showing forth a courage and endurance creditable to our humanity and scarce equalled in any other story. Clever, cunning, fearless, utterly indifferent to suffering either in himself or others, counting it glory like St. Paul to suffer pain and hardship, the Maori chief of the olden time yet nourished sentiment and romance. He clung to his love and defended his child while his lands and his country claimed his devotion and if need be his blood, joyfully shed. Many a brave and noble spirit, born to strife, to incessant warfare with the cowardly and the base, beat out his creed in the scorn of suffering. It was a creed in which strength and might stood for human greatness and before which the coward and the weakling melted as the snow on the plain under the strong rays of the midday sun.

Many a bold chief had come and gone, living out his days in alternate strife and peaceful sunshine before

the coming of the white man changed the Maori's horizon, and set before him ideals which amazed his soul and confused and blurred all his conceptions. Stunned, astounded, puzzled, he strove with many new emotions —he saw the white man and thought him admirable; he heard of new worlds attainable by the white-winged messenger, and longed to see and to prove for himself marvels too great for mortal man to realise.

He saw the mighty wonders the white man brought: the pick, the spade, the plough, the musket, implements; clothing, comforts, food; the means of destruction. He too must follow! He too must discover—must prove for himself the truth of the white man's tale! So reasoned Ruatara, the young chief of the Ngapuhi, and, reasoning, determined to put thought into action.

His home was in the beautiful Bay of Islands, a magnificent harbour in the North of New Zealand. So extensive, so calm, so land-locked, so deep is this harbour that the combined fleets of the world might lie there in perfect safety and find anchorage.

There Ruatara spent his childhood, dwelling in safety in a strongly fortified pa or native settlement on the topmost height of a high steep hill. Thence he had been accustomed to gaze afar from early dawn to the declining day over the beautiful waters of the sunny bay, a region of balmy air and almost perpetual summer; He watched for the war canoe, or gazed with awe upon the whale ship, seeking harbour in the calm blue waters. As his stature grew, so did his ambitions, and he was still but a youth though a chief of his tribe, when, his adventurous blood stirring hotly in his veins, he made plans to penetrate the mystery of the seas.

He, a Chief! to sell himself to be the slave of the white man! This was the sacrifice involved! Long Ruatara

pondered while the salt sea breezes sang in his ears and the wild waves murmured to him to come and trust to them his lot.

The sea bird shrieked the same story far above his head. Did she, too, venture afar and, leaving the Reinga, wing her flight fearlessly into the great unknown?

So Ruatara pondered, and pondering grew to decision, and he stole away from his tribe and sold himself from his bold freedom into the white man's service.

The white man hailed him gladly and made him many specious promises which sounded delightful to the wondering ears of Ruatara. Light labour was to attain rich reward. Knowledge, plenty of money, good food, fine clothes! Above all, he was to be introduced to King George himself—actually to see the Great King who wore a golden crown and robes of state, and whose Mana made him Supreme Ruler of land and sea; whose symbol was the gay flag floating from many a mast. He gazed upon it with awe, and strove to fathom its mysterious meaning.

He himself was no mean specimen of humanity. His countenance was mild and open; his frame was muscular, strong and well formed; his skin, though brown, was not swarthy but rather the clear colouring of autumn shadows in a forest pool. Beautiful patterns were engraved upon his forehead, lips and chin and all over his lithe body, attesting his rank and bravery.

The captain of the whaleship *Argo* looked upon him and appraised his value. Such a personage had rarely been seen in the streets of Sydney or London and offered possibilities of gain even from a showman's point of view. He willingly agreed to take young Ruatara and to show him all the wonders of the great world beyond the seas.

One bright morning the whaleship spread her wings

to the breeze and put out to sea. Ruatara gazed long at the receding shore and choking down misgivings and regrets, summoned all his native courage to face the great alluring, unknown future. Soon the "long white cloud" faded from his loving, lingering gaze, and he found himself between sea and sky, the waste of trackless waters round, the boundless sky o'er head, beneath him the frail bark—the only firm foothold in a swaying and a swinging world.

Ruatara did not find a seafaring life so delightful as his fancy had painted it. He was buffeted, ill-used, and made to work hard. His Maori pride swelled within him and his dreams of home were mingled with plans for vengeance. He reached Sydney, and was, indeed, astonished at all he saw there; but he found himself penniless, for the captain who had engaged his services turned him adrift without pay, and he was a homeless wanderer in a strange land. Here, as he wandered on the wharves, lonely and friendless, a striking figure engaged his frequent attention.

The Rev. Samuel Marsden was interesting himself in work upon the Sydney wharves. The few stray New Zealanders in Sydney had already attracted his attention and he was spoken of among these as a friend and a good man. Ruatara watched him come and go, and although too shy to claim his notice, he watched the clergyman at his work and hovered on the outskirts of the services held on the wharves for the sailor folk.

Thus Ruatara imbibed affection and respect for Marsden, little dreaming that the time would come for close friendship and mutual assistance.

Roaming, idle and lonely on the Sydney wharves, Ruatara fell into the hands of another captain and reshipped in the *Santa Anna* bound for the Bounty Islands.

"We must first fill our hold with sealskins" said the captain of the *Santa Anna*, "and then we will steer straight for Merry England to see King George and all the wonders of London town."

So the ship steered south to the breeding grounds of the walrus and the seal. Many sea monsters were seen, and they passed shores where sea bears and sea lions gambolled, sunning themselves without fear of man, and sea calves raised their calm mild eyes with an expression almost human. The animals were easily caught, knowing no fear, and were clubbed and stripped of their skins which were spread out upon the shore.

The captain of the *Santa Anna* wearied of the work and of the delay and made excuse to depart, the need of provisions and of fresh water being explained. He proposed to sail to Norfolk Island and to return to fetch the sealskins. Some of the members of the ship's company, including Ruatara, were left on shore to guard the skins and add to the number.

The captain set sail, steering northwards. He never returned, nor did the abandoned sailors ever trace his movements again. Such was the uncertainty of the sea life in those unfrequented regions.

Ruatara and his companions waited and watched in vain for the return of the ship. Their food was the flesh and eggs of wildfowl, and their drink what water could be obtained from the sky. Cold, suffering, hungry, they daily watched the seas, hoping to descry an approaching sail. Now and again one was seen which bore away. Three members of the company died from want and exposure.

At last, after nearly a year had passed, a ship arrived. Her captain gazed with delight upon the great store of sealskins ready for the market. The ship was loaded,

our mariners taken on board, and the vessel steered for London with her valuable freight. His sufferings all forgotten, Ruatara's spirit and hopes revived, and he revelled in the prospect of at last seeing the splendours of the Great King George, whom his simple soul was prepared to regard with a reverence amounting to worship.

The long voyage over, London was indeed reached at last. The unloading was a work of time. Again Ruatara was destined to suffer cruel injustice, for when the work was completed he was again turned off without pay, to wander, a penniless outcast in the crowded London streets. Now, indeed, he had reached his goal, but his golden visions had turned to dust. He could not make his grievance understood. He could not find King George. The squalor and want of the streets were all too evident. Sick, hungry and utterly disheartened, he wandered on the wharves, gazing at the ships, which now seemed the only link between him and his home.

He found one, outward bound, requiring hands and he shipped on board the *Ann*, just clearing for Sydney waters.

The captain of the *Ann* was one of that class more common at sea, we will hope, a hundred years ago than now—a thoroughly sordid soul, responsible to no authority, absolute master of his employees, whom he regarded as mere cattle placed in his power. He ill-used poor Ruatara, even inflicting upon him brutal floggings so that the unfortunate outcast lay in the lower deck groaning out in extreme illness, starvation, misery, the life which had been so happy on his native shores.

And now occurred this beautiful happening which leads the thoughtful to recognise and to admire the hand of God in history. In Ruatara's extremity a friend was

near, and he himself was but the instrument chosen by Providence to assist at the turning point of the destinies of a happy and favoured land. On board the *Ann*, returning to Sydney, was the Rev. Samuel Marsden, with his companions Kendall, Hall, and King. The party were fresh from receiving permission from the Church Missionary Society to begin a Mission in New Zealand and all they wanted was an interpreter. Ruatara, during his stay at Sydney, had seen Mr. Marsden, who was accustomed to linger about the docks on loving works intent. Judge then of his amazement, when, faint with want and suffering, he saw the kindly face of Marsden bending over him. "Marsden! Minister!" he cried, extending imploring hands, while tears rolled down his face so marred by sorrow, disease and disappointment.

Marsden was lost in wonder and amazement, as he gave pitying help, food and cheer, and saw the poor Maori youth revive under his kind care. God had placed in his hand the instrument he needed to act as an interpreter between him and the Maori race. Henceforward Ruatara was his helper and companion and the Maori never again was without a friend. Disease, however, had made inroads upon his constitution which could not be overcome.

His nature was gentle, trusting and kindly and his whole soul was centred on the elevation of his race.

We can picture that long voyage of the *Ann*, and how the time was spent. Ruatara could express himself in English, and he instructed the three Missioners in the Maori language. He told them much of the views, habits, beliefs, superstitions and modes of thought of the Maoris which were carefully transcribed. The difficulties which had confronted the Mission were melting like

snow beneath the sunshine. When the party reached New Zealand, however, they were met by the news of the massacre of the *Boyd*, related in a preceding chapter. It was acknowledged that the visit to New Zealand was at that moment impossible. The authorities at New South Wales refused to allow Marsden to proceed in that direction. Three years elapsed before the plans could be put into practice. The time was spent by the Mission party in preparation and in practical work on the part of the lay Missioners for the benefit of themselves and the Mission. They earned about £400 a year each by the practice of their trades in Sydney while awaiting further plans.

CHAPTER VIII

The Great Decision and the Voyage of the Brig "Active"

The year 1814 was one of great activity in the little settlement under Marsden's supervision, at Parramatta, New South Wales. All was preparation for the intended venture. Several Maori chiefs were the guests of Marsden, and they entered into the preparations with interest and excitement only suppressed by their natural dignity. During the two preceding years Ruatara made trips to and from New Zealand carrying many articles of practical use with seeds and implements sent by Marsden. The first wheat crop cultivated in the country was grown from seed sown under the directions of Ruatara. He also ground the wheat to flour—a revelation to the Maoris—by means of a handmill with which Marsden provided him.

Marsden now fixed the date for carrying his long-cherished plans into execution. He purchased the brig *Active* of a hundred and ten tons and fitted her out at his own expense. A trial cruise was taken by Hall and Kendall under her captain, Peter Dillon, an experienced trader to New Zealand and other islands. Kendall had come from England to join the missionary party as one of the lay workers.

Ruatara, Hongi and other chiefs, with their followers

and retainers, voyaged in the *Active*, and remained when on shore, at Marsden's house, which was now practically a Maori settlement. Hongi, whose story will follow, was the uncle of Ruatara : and was of higher rank. He was an interesting feature of this gathering at Parramatta and attracted much attention from visitors, on account of his manners, his talents and his splendid tattoo marks of which he was inordinately proud. He carved in wood beautifully and made a bust of himself, a surprising likeness in which his tattoo marks were faithfully introduced. He also carved the stock of his gun with great skill.

One can imagine the activity and bustle of preparation and the busy household, so largely increased in numbers. The unselfish zeal of the early missionaries was surprising, and their own personal comfort was the last consideration.

There was much purchasing of goods and choosing of stock and implements. Early in November the preparations were announced to be complete, farewells were taken, and on the 10th of November, 1814, the *Active* left her anchorage in Sydney harbour and sailed away, followed by many good wishes and loving thoughts.

John Nicholas, the personal friend who accompanied Marsden, informs us that during this long and memorable voyage, the Maori chiefs on board became disheartened and very sullen. Mr. Marsden more than once gave them the choice of returning to Sydney, instead of continuing the voyage. Persons in Sydney had advised them that, in countenancing the settlement of Europeans, they were conniving at the destruction of their own race. The courage of Marsden and his people is shown by the fact, that, knowing the chiefs to be, at times, dissatisfied, they yet risked placing

themselves unarmed and on a mission of peace, in the power of numerous savage tribes who were known to be doubtful of the wisdom of giving them encouragement.

When we reflect upon the ease and comfort of voyaging nowadays between Australia and New Zealand, we find it hard to realise the different conditions under which the passengers and crew of the *Active* travelled a hundred years ago. It takes between four and five days now to make the voyage: people travel in fine steamers equipped with every comfort and luxury, as in an hotel. The *Active* was a sailing boat of a hundred and ten tons and she carried thirty-five souls; the three lay missionaries, Messrs. Kendall, Hall and King, with their wives and children; the Maori chiefs and their followers; the captain and crew; the Rev. S. Marsden and his friend, John Nicholas, who accompanied him, seeking adventure, and out of personal friendship.

Nicholas had come out from England to visit Marsden in Sydney and determined to join the expedition. The *Active*, small as she was, carried a complement of live stock—two cows and a bull, two mares and a stallion; goats, poultry, dogs and cats.

CHAPTER IX

The Night on Shore at Whangaroa. The Arrival and the Landing at the Bay of Islands

Leaving Sydney on the 10th November, the voyage of the *Active* was not ended until the 24th December. She was wind-bound for a week in Watson's Bay, and it was not until the 17th December that they reached the northernmost point of New Zealand, the North Cape. Here some of the party got ashore to procure green food for the unfortunate stock. That part of the country was almost uninhabited, from the superstitions of the Maoris, so that there was no interference or molestation. With little delay, the *Active* proceeded on her way, and on the 20th she came to a place called Te Ngaere, close to Whangaroa. Here she cast anchor, and Mr. Marsden with his friend Nicholas and the Maori chiefs prepared to land. They were now close to the scene of the massacre of the *Boyd* and the subsequent slaughter of revenge indulged in by the whaling fleet, when the tribe of the unfortunate Te Pahi had been annihilated. Here had raged the most furious passions of which humanity is capable and cruel wrongs had been inflicted. Here now arrived the message of peace and friendship and goodwill.

A very interesting account of this landing and the meeting with the natives has been left us by John Nicholas,

who gave evidence on the subject more than twenty years afterwards, before a Royal Commission. Marsden did not consider it safe for the women and children to land, and they remained on board the brig. They must have longed to feel the green grass under their feet after their long confinement. There must have been many uneasy thoughts during the prolonged absence of their friends on shore.

The ship's boats pulled off as boats had done in even more dangerous times, and Marsden and his companions stepped on land to be warmly and affectionately welcomed by the natives, many of whom now knew him well by sight. George was there—the Tara who had directed the massacre of the *Boyd*. Shamefaced, he hesitated to meet the eye of Marsden who greeted him with the outstretched hand of friendship.

A great Korero ensued. The Maoris, as we all know, are fond of talk and there was much to be said. The day wore on: food was produced and partaken of, and the Korero proceeded. Night fell and fires were lighted, but still the Korero went on.

Marsden and Nicholas determined to remain and spend the night on shore. They wished to show the utmost confidence in the natives. The evening hymns were sung, and prayers were said. At last came the hour for repose. The summer nights are short in December. The weather was perfect. It was a fine, still, clear and starry night. There were no roofs to cover the multitude of people. They all slept, rolled in their mats, upon the open hillside, under the starry sky; the Southern Cross swung low. Marsden laid him down to sleep next to poor George, or Tara, who had told his sad story and expressed deep penitence for the wrongs he had inflicted in revenge upon the innocent.

Next to Marsden, on the other side, lay the faithful John Nicholas. Hundreds of Maori warriors lay around; many of them were the actual perpetrators of the destruction of the *Boyd*; an act of desperate treachery. With the Maoris treachery was an art. Yet these white men trusted them and spent that night on the hillside in quiet sleep among them. It was the supreme way to impress these people. Brave themselves, they admired bravery. It was a virtue they could understand.

Love and pity filled the heart of Marsden. These people who lay around! What advantages? What hope had they? Poor, ignorant; deprived of mental and spiritual light, yet had they the capacity for affection—for generous instincts. What might they not become as sharers in the messages of love and peace carried by the *Active*!

Marsden leaves us an account of this strange night spent among the natives on the hillside at Te Ngaere.

"Around us," he writes, "were innumerable spears, stuck upright in the ground, and groups of natives were lying about in all directions, like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our present situation with sensations and feelings I cannot express, surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured our countrymen. I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence and how these things could be. Never did I behold the blessed advantages of civilisation in a more grateful light than now."

On his waking in the morning, he reflects that he never realised so well "how completely all hearts are in the hand of God."

At about four o'clock the sun arose from the sea, bathing the scene in golden splendour. Each shadowy crag was

reflected in the water. There, peaceful and at rest lay the *Active*, the sea birds, curiosity aroused, wheeling round her. Here on the hillside lay the erstwhile savage warriors, still sleeping, rolled in their mats.

By and by all was bustle and activity. The natives, roused from slumber, prepared the morning food. Boats and canoes put forth and went to and fro.

The people on the ship had spent an anxious night and were relieved to find their companions alive and safe after time spent in perilous company. The Maoris, pleased as children, busied themselves in admiring the wonderful things brought by the *Active* and the gifts bestowed upon them. It was agreed that the brig should proceed to the Bay of Islands and come to anchor under the North Head, close to Ruatara's village. The native tribes had been at war, but they agreed to suspend hostilities and to meet the white people at the point indicated.

On the 24th December, the *Active* reached her destination. Never was there a happier or more exciting Christmas eve. The Maoris, having decided to welcome Marsden and his friends, determined to do it thoroughly. They mustered in large numbers and gave sham fights and dances of welcome in their honour. Boats and canoes put forth and there was intense excitement over the landing of the stock. Only a very few of the multitude of people had ever seen or even heard of such wonderful creatures as cattle and horses; questions were asked and expressions of amazement uttered on all sides. Tremendous excitement was caused by the behaviour of the cows, which, on feeling themselves on terra firma, broke away, careered wildly, charged groups of terrified natives, and finally took to the forest, a terror to all.

Christmas Day in that year fell on a Sunday. All Saturday was spent in preparation for keeping Christmas right royally. Ruatara and his friends fenced in half an acre of ground, and prepared a kind of amphitheatre for the Christmas service. A pulpit was made of an old canoe, and some seats for the women and children were arranged with various contrivances.

A great many of the Maoris by this time possessed firearms. Marsden would not allow his mission party to carry any. From his first landing he forbade the sale or distribution of arms, and would not permit his blacksmiths even to mend arms, swords, bayonets, or any weapon intended for harm. Thus his people were entirely dependent upon moral force for their defence. One of these writes at that time: "We are entirely in the power of the natives. Next to the overruling providence of God, there is nothing for our defence but the character of the ship, which seems to have something sacred in their eyes, and the influence of Mr. Marsden's name, which acts as a talisman among them."

"Why did you accompany Mr. Marsden on this expedition," asks the Royal Commission of John Nicholas, Esq., at a later date.

"I went only from motives of curiosity and personal friendship for Mr. Marsden," is the reply given.

CHAPTER X

The First Christmas Day observed in New Zealand. The Service at Rangihou, December 25th, 1814

One can imagine the pleasure of the women and children who had voyaged in the *Active* at again finding their feet on terra firma, the soft green grass beneath them, the cloudless summer sky above. The scene is one of the most beautiful in nature. The land-locked waters of the Bay of Islands gleam like a silver mirror, reflecting every leaf and twig of the overhanging greenery growing on the cliffs and headlands. The wavelets ripple gently to long stretches of white shelly beaches, the translucent tide swelling still, sapphire seas. Every valley a hundred years ago was filled with boskage, and the pohutukawa, or Christmas tree, drooped laden with crimson blossoms to meet the tide. This tree is of a most rare and exceptional beauty, and it is still a characteristic of northern New Zealand. It is of the laurel tribe, and of the size of an oak-tree but of more rapid growth. The foliage is of a dark and shining green, and the stems a silvery grey and of a peculiar habit. The branches reach out in lengthy arms, gnarled and twisted into many fantastic shapes, and bend above the tide, for the tree loves salt water and finds congenial situations along the seashore, in every bay, and on cliff and headland, which it covers with luxuriant growth. It flowers at Christmas time, and is often referred to as the New Zealand Christmas tree. The flowering is extraordinarily rich and

gorgeous, the whole tree being thickly covered with crimson blossoms dripping with honey. The flowers are somewhat like those of the Australian bottlebrush, and the richness of the blossoming lasts for about a month.

The cheering sight of this rich flowerage greeted our pilgrims of the *Active*.

There were several children with the party: Mr. and Mrs. Kendall had three little sons, Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Mr. and Mrs. King each had one. There are very large families, the descendants of these, still living in the Bay of Islands.

The women of the party immediately set about making friends with the wives of the chiefs who had come in the *Active*, to whom Mrs. Marsden, from her home in Parramatta, had sent presents of European clothing. The Maori women showed the utmost curiosity and interest in the dress and habits of the ladies of a race so different, who had come among them, and in their management of the little children. It was plain that there was plenty of scope for the lady missionaries, and henceforth their lives were busy beyond our dreams.

It is marvellous to reflect upon the courage and self-sacrifice shown by these noble women. From morning until night they were the faithful friends and servants of the people they had come to instruct. The Maori women, girls and children thronged around them, seeking advice. They taught them how to live, how to care for children, how to bath, dress and feed the babies; how to make clothes, cook, read and sew; how to lead Christian, faithful, clean lives. They protected the girls, and trained the children, ever setting faithful examples in their own lives. They prevented cruelty and bloodshed, and encouraged love and benevolence. All honour to the women of the early missionaries and

their faithful work for God and for humanity. Their influence was unbounded, and the results of their life-work in the end triumphant. It is seen in the civilisation and Christianisation of New Zealand, in its progress and prosperity. The women of the nineteenth century in New Zealand were earnest workers devoted to a great purpose. There was no time in the early days for frivolity and fashion: large families were being bred and trained for useful service. The Christian women of the Early Victorian age were true builders of the Empire, and nourished sincere purposes in which they were earnest believers.

On that first Christmas morning kept in the Bay of Islands only the captain and one man remained on board the *Active*. All the passengers and crew disembarked early in order to attend the service. Great preparations in the way of dress were made by the natives. Mr. Marsden had induced the chiefs of conflicting tribes to shake hands and rub noses* in token of peace, and they were now busy arraying themselves in all kinds of curious costumes and in barbaric finery. Some wore military uniforms which they had somehow acquired from Sydney; others mats of various kinds; some even wore old belltoppers, their most treasured possessions, and little else. Ruatara's wife, a young and comely Maori girl, firmly refused to wear the fine clothes sent to her from Sydney, preferring her own brown skin and a beautiful mat of her own making. This poor girl, who early attracted the affection and sympathy of the European women, was devoted to her Maori husband, Ruatara, whose health, as he had suffered so much hardship, was fatally undermined.

When the time for the service drew near, the bells

* The native form of salutation and friendship, performed with much gravity and ceremonial.

from the *Active* rang, and other signals were given. The chiefs, who had been so lately contending, formed separate parties and marched their people into the enclosure, occupying different sides. The women and children from the *Active*, with their new friends the Maori women, occupied the centre; the crew of the *Active* stood behind these, and the rest of the enclosure was occupied by a motley throng of Maori men, women and children, all preserving a most serious and attentive demeanour. Mr. Marsden gave out the Old Hundredth and raised the tune. The people of the *Active*, and the Maoris who had learned it in Sydney, all joined in, and many of the others made efforts to follow. Then prayers were said and lessons read, the service of the English Church being followed and in a manner translated and explained with the assistance of Ruatara. Then Mr. Marsden gave out the text: "Behold, I bring unto you glad tidings of great joy." He told the story of the day, in all its grandeur and simplicity, and Ruatara made efforts to explain the subject of the sermon. It was glorious weather, and the height of summer. In that clear atmosphere sounds ring far, and so for the first time New Zealand air resounded with Christian song and with the sounds of praise and prayer. A monument now marks the spot where this first Christian service was held.

Before this time there may have been clumsy efforts on the part of stray Europeans to teach to their half-caste children something of the hymns and prayers which they themselves had learned at their mothers' knees in their days of innocence in some English village. Perchance these children had repeated "Our Father" and childish hymns, but of that we have no record. Only our imagination may depict that it was so.

Marsden and Nicholas, with others of the missionary party, took an extensive cruise round the different gulfs and bays, and made many inquiries, but only discovered the existence of two Europeans, who were escaped convicts, and who had suffered so much at the hands of the natives that they were glad to seek the protection of the ship. The Maoris had despised these people, discovering that they were convicts or slaves, and had treated them with much scorn and little mercy, only permitting them to live that they might teach useful arts and help to till the ground.

New Zealand was never used as a place for the establishment of any convict settlement as recently erroneously stated.

During the Christmas service the Maoris preserved a great solemnity, imitating the movements of the white people, kneeling and standing according to their example. They were evidently very much impressed, but they were not ready hastily to accept the truths taught them. It was many years before any real progress was made. This seemed rather to follow at a later period when the Bible had been translated and freely circulated among them, and when, through the efforts of the missionaries, a knowledge of reading and writing had become general. In the first years of the establishment of the mission the Maoris were more interested in the practical aspect of the advantages they reaped: in the ploughing, in the sowing, in the handling and increase of the cattle, and in the multitude of new contrivances. They willingly sent their children to be instructed.

The year 1815 opened with promises of peace and the furtherance of all the new interests of industry and benevolence.

The rapidly failing health of Ruatara caused grief to Marsden and his friends. The young Maori had suffered much from ill-treatment and weary voyagings, and it became evident that his end was near. Above the settlement where he had passed his boyhood was a spot called Te Puna, or The Spring. It had been the scene of his early dreamings, and there he wished to die.

To that height he was carried in his dying hour, and ministered unto by the faithful Marsden. His mind was clouded by doubt instilled into his thoughts by mischievous persons. He feared he had been instrumental in introducing those who might supplant his people. His prophetic fancy saw the Maori receding before the white man's power; but at times his soul, soaring higher, beheld swung open the gates of that Kingdom where all is peace; where brown and white alike rise above the exigencies of this present world, and where his dream might at last be realised of seeing a great King crowned and robed in golden splendour.

There he passed away from earth in February, 1815. His young wife, already so beloved by the good women of the mission party, destroyed herself that the spirit of her husband might not go alone into the great unknown. Her mother, who with wailings prepared them both for burial, was proud of the action of her daughter, which was in accordance with the best traditions of her race.

So, from the heights called Te Puna, or The Spring, winged its flight the soul of the young Maori Chief whose short stay on earth had been visited with so many unusual happenings.

"Poor Ruatara! child of many a storm."

DEAN JACOBS, Christchurch, New Zealand.

CHAPTER XI

Hongi and His Use of Firearms

The settlement of the mission party in New Zealand was under Providence made possible by the patronage of Te Hongi, Chief of the Ngapuhi, the most powerful tribe of the north. His supremacy was recognised by the Maoris of the north, and none dared gainsay him, even had they wished to do so. The people, however, were bent on receiving the gifts and benefits brought by the Europeans, and there were no dissentient voices. Mr. Marsden set about arranging with Hongi for the purchase of a sufficient area of land for the mission settlement. During all his dealings with the natives Marsden made no personal acquisition of land. He chose for the settlement a beautiful situation on a river called the Kerikeri, by which name the mission station was henceforward known. A properly prepared deed was signed by the natives and by Europeans on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. The Europeans who signed it as witnesses were Thos. Kendall and John Nicholas, and Hongi affixed as his signature his mark and a clever copy of the tattoo marks on his face, which showed his lineage, and which had the force of hereditary emblems, as a crest or coat of arms. Two hundred acres were purchased in the first instance. The land was convenient to the harbour, with access by the river. It was

a beautiful sheltered valley, the soil rich and water power at hand, a waterfall providing a mill race. Hongi was glad to sell the land for the mission settlement, and well satisfied with the payment received. The Maoris, at that time, advanced no theories of the value of land, but after meditating upon the subject they made serious proposals to Marsden that he should also pay them for the use of the sea water.

Hongi's own settlement was quite near that of the missionaries, and they looked to him for assistance and protection. Houses were soon erected and fences made, and the Maoris were delighted with the progress of the work and the novelty of the arrangements.

The appearance and manners of Hongi effectually concealed his real character. He was a very deep and designing person. In the old days the Maori had one abiding aim and object. He lived to obtain vengeance upon his hereditary foes. Underneath the apparent gentleness of Hongi lurked a very demon of cruelty and savagery, and all his thought and newly acquired knowledge were subservient to dreams of vengeance.

He was the first to realise the power which the possession of the weapons of the white man could give, and he was secretly turning his attention to this knowledge and laying up stores of arms in order to obtain paramount power. He was given many valuable presents of useful things, but these he secretly turned into cash for the purchase of firearms, of which he made great stores. While he listened with apparent attention to Marsden's preachings of a religion of love, Hongi was really revelling in dreams of slaughter.

He impressed all as a quiet, amiable and inoffensive individual of particularly respectable habits and appearance. He listened with attention and interest to all the

information he could gather, and agreed with alacrity to proposals made him. He was, in reality, with infinite cunning and skill collecting information which he deemed would serve his purposes. He saw the new wonders and contrivances and determined to be the first to benefit by the enlightenment brought by Europeans.

Early in the settlement of the mission a difficulty arose when Hongi gave forth a decree that the only payment to be received from the Europeans was to be in muskets and gunpowder. Mr. Marsden stoutly refused to comply with the order, and forbade the importation of any description of firearms. Hongi gave way and permitted his people to trade for the harmless articles and implements offered them. He himself, however, soon disappeared, without farewell, and took his departure unknown to Marsden. He made his way to England, as we have seen, and succeeded in securing a large supply of firearms, with which on his return he secretly armed his tribe. Then he made ready for his great experiment and departed, embarking his followers in large canoes, as for a friendly visit to the natives of the Thames district. Opening fire upon them as they ran to meet the visitors, the army of Hongi, experimenting with the new weapons, killed fifteen hundred in the first fusilade, the rest fleeing in terror before the fearful and mysterious onslaught. Hongi personally fired with immense enthusiasm, and employed four men to load muskets for him, which he discharged with accuracy, finding the new game eminently satisfying. He continued his savage raids upon the tribes of Northern New Zealand, and on his return to the settlement at Kerikeri his canoes were laden and propelled by captives, the majority being killed at the oars immediately on arrival by native women, who rushed to the beach to welcome the

conquerors. Such were the conditions under which the new settlers lived, compelled to be witnesses of barbaric deeds, which they were powerless to prevent, although at times they were successful in dissuading Hongi and his people from further cruelty and bloodshed.

The missionaries, though often able to intervene to prevent individual attack, were powerless in the greater issues. They performed extraordinary acts of bravery and heroism in defence of their converts and others.

Both the men and the women of the mission party had experiences which might cause the hearts of the most courageous to quail. One of the ladies of the mission party, unable to endure the sights and sounds of carnage, all too near, had taken refuge in her room, and was trying to shut out the sounds of terror, when a little girl rushed in, pursued by a huge Maori with upraised tomahawk. The girl fled to the white woman, who spread her skirts over the terrified child. The assailant came on with threatening aspect, but the white woman dared him to further advance. He dropped his weapon and with shamefaced demeanour slunk away. The child was now, by Maori law, the property of the white woman, who thenceforth protected and provided for her.

Carrying fire and slaughter through the north, Hongi at last himself received a wound which led to his death, a year or two afterwards. He lived and died a heathen, but was at all times the friend and protector of Marsden and his mission. The deadly foe of rival tribes, he prevented attacks upon Europeans.

The number of the Maoris in New Zealand was reduced

by nearly half during the years succeeding the introduction of firearms by Hongi and by Te Rauparaha, a warrior chief of a tribe called the Ngatitoa, which swept the districts south of Auckland while Hongi ravaged the North.

CHAPTER XII

Progress of Civilisation and Ultimately of Christianity

Mr. Marsden, throughout the whole of his eminently useful work in Australia and New Zealand, maintained a sincere and a personal friendship with mission workers, who were followers of Wesley. His parents, as we have seen, were Wesleyans, and the roots of some of his friendships lay far back in his childhood days in Yorkshire.

On his second trip from Sydney in the *Active*, March 1815, he gave passage to Mr. Leigh who afterwards established the Wesleyan Mission in New Zealand. Through many stirring happenings, the Wesleyan Mission party worked harmoniously with that of the Church of England, each recognising the useful work of the other and often exercising mutual help and protection. On his first visit in the autumn of 1815, Mr. Leigh remained some weeks as Marsden's guest at Kerikeri and joined in the active work in progress.

Marsden continued to go back and forth from Sydney, conveying new settlers and useful commodities. The Wesleyan Missionaries established themselves at Whangaroa, which is further north than Kerikeri, and they were as dependent upon Marsden for help and comfort as the Church Missionary settlement. Mr. Leigh writes :

" The Christian world will never be able fully to appreciate the valuable labours of the Rev. Samuel Marsden. His fervent zeal, his abundant toil and extensive charity are beyond estimation."

In every difficulty the Wesleyan missionaries consulted " Our brethren at the Bay of Islands." Mutual helps and comforts were exchanged, and sectarian questions were avoided ; the same hymns and books were often used, and books for the use of the Anglican Mission were prepared in the printing press early in use at Whangaroa, the centre of the Wesleyan mission work in New Zealand.

The work at the Anglican mission station at Kerikeri was faithfully pursued by the devoted workers established there by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, who superintended the settlement, from Sydney. The *Active* came and went; carrying stores and new settlers, and Marsden himself divided his attention between New Zealand and his parish of Parramatta. The New Zealand missionaries made friends with the natives, set them a good example and instructed them in agriculture and in civilised arts. They established classes for the instruction of all who would attend ; and mutual attachments grew. The actual progress of Christianity at first was not great. For several years the Maoris valued rather the material than the spiritual advantages offered them. The Mission workers, however, were not disheartened, but steadfastly carried on the work entrusted to them. It was not until the knowledge of reading and writing had spread that the Maoris came, in any considerable numbers, to give public recognition of the acceptance of Christianity.

The news of the establishment of the Mission spread and new fields were opened, and additions were made to the number of mission workers.

In the year 1823, the Rev. Henry Williams, with his family, came to the Bay of Islands, and settled at Waimate. Three years later, his brother, the Rev. William Williams, afterwards the first Bishop of Waipu, joined him. The Rev. William Williams translated the New Testament into Maori, and had a great many copies printed in England and sent out to New Zealand. The Maoris were most anxious to get these books, and would walk immense distances or give anything they possessed, to obtain a Testament.

In twenty-five years, from 1815 to 1840, Christianity had been taught all over the North Island. The majority of the Maoris had learned or were learning to read and write. There were native clergymen and teachers, the people had left off fighting among themselves, and from the villages, where before could be heard nothing but quarrelling, and where savage customs and cannibalism had prevailed, now arose the sound of morning and evening prayer.

Henry Williams and his brother spent the whole of their lives, after arriving in New Zealand, in teaching the people, in founding new mission settlements, and building churches throughout the land.

The Rev. Dr. Maunsel, with the co-operation of the Missionaries of the Protestant denominations in New Zealand, translated the whole of the Bible into Maori. Christianity spread into the South Island, and even to the Chatham Islands, which were inhabited by a slightly different race called Morioris.

As late as the year 1836 the progress made in civilisation and the spread of Christianity came under the personal observation, and much of it under the supervision of Marsden. With unflagging zeal he came and went until old age and weakness overtook him. Through

difficulties, excitements and alarms, both civil and religious, he held the affection and respect of all parties, pursuing his course and making careful use of the abilities and influence he possessed. His efforts were furthered by brave, intelligent and industrious lay workers; and farming, carpentering, boat, and even ship building progressed.

Captain Mair writes, that "On one occasion he and the Rev. H. Williams were engaged in building a sixty-ton schooner, when they were surrounded by a large party of Maoris, who, for some fancied grievance, were in a furious rage, and with wild gestures and threats declared their intention of burning the vessel and annihilating the builders. Nothing daunted, Mr. Williams seized a stout stake and Mr. Mair a broken bar, which they used so vigorously as to put their assailants to flight, but not before Mr. Mair's left arm was broken in two places."

CHAPTER XIII

Last Visit of Marsden

In February, 1836, Marsden arrived in New Zealand for his seventh and last visit. His daughter Martha came with him and wrote accounts which are available. He spent a fortnight on his arrival with the Wesleyans at Hokianga, who received him with affection and enthusiasm. He was hailed by both the Maoris and the Wesleyans as their Father in God. The services were crowded, Christianised natives coming from far and near to welcome him. The whole congregation joined in the responses and the singing. It was granted to Marsden to witness a full fruition of his early endeavour.

He travelled all over the country, being carried in a litter by enthusiastic Maori friends. At every settlement the people came out to welcome him and to show him their books and examples of their prosperity, in clothes, agriculture, and the blessings brought by civilisation. Horses and cattle were now plentiful; good bread, made in water-turned mills was produced; so excellent a description is given by Saunders,* p. 101, that it is best to transcribe it here.

"Wherever he went his New Zealand children rose up and called him blessed. . . . The learned read exultingly from their books and flourished proudly with

* Alfred Saunders, M.H.R., New Zealand, *see* Saunders on New Zealand.

their pens. The more reticent took a seat where they could feast their eyes on his countenance and watch well the features they were never to see again. Multitudes crowded to hear the ever-kind voice, which had so long preached "peace on earth, good will to men." Not a few fell on his neck and wept in silent acknowledgment of how much they owed to the good shepherd who had sought them in the dreary desert of barbarous life and carried them in his arms to the fold of humanity and civilisation."

From the Wesleyan settlements at Hokianga, Marsden was carried in a litter to the English Church mission station at Kerikeri, of which he had been the founder. He writes: "The success of the Church of England Mission is very great. The schools and church are well attended, and the greatest order is observed in all classes. I have visited many stations within a hundred miles. I observe a wonderful progress. The natives teach one another and find great pleasure in the Word of God, and carry that sacred treasure with them wherever they go. Waimate, once the most warlike place on the islands, is now the most orderly and moral place I ever was in. The natives teach one another in all parts of the country, from the North to the East Cape."

The great naturalist, Darwin, visited New Zealand and spent the Christmas of 1835* there, twenty-one years after Marsden's first, and one year before his last visit. Darwin leaves us a very interesting description of the Mission Settlement at Waimate as he then saw it. He writes: "I cannot attempt to describe all I saw, but there were large gardens, with every fruit and vegetable which England produces, and many of a warmer clime. Around the farm yard there were stables, a thrashing

* *See* "Darwin's Visit to New Zealand, 1835."

barn with winnowing machine, a blacksmith's forge, ploughshares and other tools; in the middle, that happy mixture of pigs and poultry as in every English farm yard. At the distance of a few hundred yards, the waters of a brook worked a large and substantial water mill. A few years back nothing but the native fern flourished here. The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand. These substantial houses have been built, the windows framed, the fields ploughed and even the trees grafted by native New Zealanders. As the evening drew to a close, the domestic sounds, the fields of corn, the distant undulating country, with its trees, might well have been mistaken for our fatherland; nor was it the triumphant feeling at seeing what Englishmen could effect; but rather the high hopes thus inspired, for the future progress of this fine island. Late in the evening, I went to Mr. Williams's house where I spent the night. I found there a large party of children collected together for Christmas Day, and all sitting round a table at tea."

"I never saw a nicer or more merry group; and to think that this is in the centre of a land of cannibalism, murder and all atrocious crimes."

"I took leave of the missionaries with thankfulness for their kind welcome, and with feelings of high respect. It would be difficult to find a body of men better fitted for the high office which they fulfil."

Posterity hails Samuel Marsden as the Apostle of New Zealand. After his return to his home in Parramatta from his seventh and last visit to New Zealand in 1837, it was noticed that his bodily health was steadily failing. He became silent, and appeared, though cheerful, even more thoughtful than his wont. He was watched with loving care by his daughters and

his friends, but he withdrew himself more and more from worldly cares. His spirit passed from earth on March 12th, 1838. He had for forty-five years done active work as Colonial Chaplain of New South Wales, and for twenty-five years had superintended the Mission which he had established in New Zealand in 1814. He was buried at Parramatta with every testimony of love and respect from all denominations of Christian people. Reviews of his work, and critical examination into the methods and conduct of the Church Mission Society under his direction, have never succeeded in finding anything to regret. Marsden was a single-minded, straightforward Christian man, actuated by the highest motives to Christian endeavour. He was one of the most sincere and true-hearted apostles the world has seen, and is recognised as such by every student of the history of New Zealand Settlement.

One writes: "He was not a great preacher, nor a great writer, nor a great actor, but he was a good man and wrought righteousness. His patience and courage were unbounded; his unselfish purity was brilliant; his benevolence was universal. He obtained no title; he acquired no landed estate, his bones rest not on New Zealand soil; but the blessing of those who were ready to perish has come upon him and the proud and secure position which the Maori now holds is mainly due to the steadfast faith and trust which nothing could drive from the breast of Samuel Marsden."

A monument has been erected in recent years upon the spot where Marsden preached the first sermon in New Zealand on Christmas Day, 1814.

The late Ven. Dean Jacobs of Christchurch, New Zealand, a man of the same spirit and character as

Marsden, has fitted the story of the introduction of Christianity into New Zealand to epic verse in his " Lay of the Southern Cross " which has many appreciative readers.

CHAPTER XIV

A Contrast:

What Christianity and Civilisation have Accomplished in a Century

A very interesting publication came into the hands of the writer in an old Blue book of 1837, being a report of a Royal Commission which was held to inquire into the affairs of New Zealand and the state of the country. Witnesses gave evidence whose names are indelibly imprinted on the pages of New Zealand history, as governors, as magistrates, as pioneers, and as representatives of the Church, and ministers of religion. The account given by John Nicholas is one of the most interesting in the book. The truth is also told there of a very unfortunate affair, showing the conduct of Europeans in their intercourse with the natives. During the savage warfare waged between Maori tribes, the powerful chief, Te Rauparaha induced one Stewart, captain of the brig *Elizabeth*, to convey him and his tribe fully armed to Akaroa, a southern port near Christchurch, in order that they might make an attack upon their hereditary foes, who lived on the peninsula of Akaroa. The chief promised Stewart a valuable cargo of flax in return for this service. Stewart consented to the bargain, and conveyed the war party to Akaroa. The inhabitants, curious and unsuspecting, came off in their canoes,

and were induced by subterfuge, to board the brig. Te Rauparaha and his party concealed themselves in the hold of the vessel. The chief of the Akaroa tribe, Te Taumaranui, came on board with his wife and young daughter, filled with curiosity, and in pleasurable expectation of gifts and bargains. His followers, unarmed, crowded on board and began examining the wonders of the vessel. Te Rauparaha and his warriors sprang from the hold, and using their deadly weapons, soon overcame the unarmed party, and slaughtered all but the chief and his family whom they reserved for a lingering death. Taumaranui and his wife and child were bound in the hold and left while their enemies prosecuted an orgy of triumph. The chief, knowing the fate which must await them, bade his wife, who contrived to gain the use of her hands, strangle their daughter, a girl of fifteen, lest she should live for a worse fate. This the wife contrived to accomplish, and when the victors returned only her lifeless body lay there. Taumaranui and his wife lived for many days in terrible misery at the mercy of their captors, and were finally taken ashore, still living, at Taranahi and there slowly done to death. The wretched Stewart, who connived at this expedition of cruelty and wrong, did not receive his reward of the cargo of flax, but perished miserably a short time afterwards, from the effects of a drunken orgy, his body being thrown overboard by his crew, who did not approve of his crimes. This story is inserted here as an instance of the savagery and barbarism of ancient Maori methods, and the treachery and cunning which they continually practised. How great a contrast to the state in which we now find them!

It is of special interest just now to review the work that has been accomplished in New Zealand during the

last hundred years and to consider the working out of the trust committed to our Nation when, under favourable auspices we thus "took up the White Man's Burden."

The Maoris were then a race of highly intelligent people living in a state of ignorant savagery. Now that a hundred years have passed, have they any cause for grievance were they powerful enough to give expression to such thoughts? It may rather be confessed that immense benefits and blessings have been bestowed upon them.

In former times the Maoris were numerous, and even their constant warfare failed to prevent their increase. They filled the land, and they possessed virtues which have received continued recognition.

Living under savage conditions, and with little comfort, they constantly practised shifts, barbarisms and cruelties which rendered life and property absolutely unsafe, yet they were not devoid of kindness in family life, of love of children, land and home, and they were capable of generous actions. They possessed poetic sentiment, understood true love and the sacrifices involved, yet their lives were even the more embittered from a comprehension of such virtues. Not for themselves alone were they constantly watchful of danger, but for those they loved more than themselves.

The anguish that rent the souls of Te Taumaranui and his wife, when they conspired to strangle their darling daughter in the first bloom of her early womanhood that she might escape their own more cruel fate, only finds parallel in the most tragic events of human story; and such anguish was a common thing! Although there were brief intervals when a tribe enjoyed a period of peace, when children might freely play round the

door, and youth and maiden roam hand in hand among the boskage or along the shining shore; when the crones might sit and gossip in peace, and the whole tribe might go forth joyously to the labour of the day, returning at eve with lilt and marching song, life seldom ran long in such pleasant grooves.

Daily there was the fear of surprise and attack; no crop could be counted on to reach maturity in safety.

It was a common habit to plan an attack upon a neighbouring tribe just when kumera and taro were fit for use.

Neither life nor property was safe for a single hour. Hence the inaccessible position chosen for settlement.

The nerves of the Maoris were racked by constant terrors, only too well founded in reality. Hence their fears and superstitions and anxious listenings to the voices of the night.

It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the horrors of their practices or to recall the treatment which they dreaded at the hands of the people of their own race, only separated from them by tribal differences.

The barbarities they practised have never been excelled, and were witnessed by early European settlers, so that there is no doubt whatever of the stories told—of tribes annihilated, of woman and child and nursing mother remorselessly slaughtered, of days of savage torture before death was permitted to end the agonies of the victims, and of revellings in bloodshed and horror.

There was also the torture of the process of tattooing necessary to preserve respect, of hunger, want and cold as well as terror and uncertainty.

We have changed all these things, and the Maori of to-day goes well-fed and comfortably clothed. His physical wants are all supplied, and his ambitions

have all the world for a stage. There is nothing withheld from him—travel, opportunity, education. Members of his race fill the highest places—may do so, given opportunity, in any land. He knows no fear of danger or attack from savage foes; his life and his property are alike safe; he is free to come and go as he pleases, to make use of railways, roads, steamers, telephones, motor-cars and all the advantages of civilisation. He may trade, if he wishes, make use of all the opportunities for money making; all professions and avocations are open to him, and he has shown himself capable in all these directions. He has his statesmen, lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, councillors. Even his women have a vote in the government of the country.

There is absolutely no barrier which divides him from any of these opportunities; all his children are freely educated at the expense of the State. He has plenty of money, derived from the lease or possibly the sale of the lands which he does not care to cultivate himself. If he chooses to work, it is not only good for him physically and mentally, but his means are thereby increased.

Such is the present condition of the Maori. He lives in peace, absolutely free from danger of attack, has good clothes, tobacco, books, educational facilities, religious and economic freedom.

Against the improvement in his lot may be placed the apparent fact of the diminution of his numbers. Civilisation appears to tend in some mysterious way to his decrease. Like his great prototype, the Kauri pine of his forest, he can only apparently increase by life in the undisturbed shades, by beach and shore where "Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag!" Extraordinary means are being taken, and an

immense amount of thought and money expended, to prevent this decay of a fine race. Expert intelligence is at work, backed by financial resource. Maori young people are from their infancy under the supervision of trained experts in physical and mental development, and a very large number are taken as children into colleges, where every advantage of modern thought is given them. The results appear most satisfactory, and a very fine class of young people turn out from these colleges, which are maintained for the training of both the boys and the girls. The writer travelled from New Zealand to Sydney with a number of young men from the native colleges who had been chosen as representative Maori footballers. They were all tall, fine, strong young people with gentle manners and fine voices, which they exercised in song. They travelled first class, and were most popular on board.

If we endeavour to express briefly what British and other Europeans have accomplished in New Zealand during the hundred years since the landing of Marsden carrying the message of Christianity, we may truly do so in the simple statement, "They have created another England in the Southern Seas."

Everything that civilisation, that trade, that culture requires is there. Fine cities, churches, schools, colleges; prosperous farms, sheep stations, timber mills, flourishing industries; roads, railways, telegraph and cable systems, wireless telegraphy and telephones. Even the most remote of country houses usually have the telephone attached.

People living in any town have the same facilities for comfort as in England. The shops, the libraries, the theatres, will bear comparison with those in English towns. The population of New Zealand may be said

to be in truth more British than the British, for the reason that there is not the foreign element that is so noticeable in England. In New Zealand we find a prosperous, industrious and contented population. The people are necessarily educated in the ordinary sense of the term, as an education system, free and compulsory, has now been in force for over forty years, applying equally to the Maoris. The schools, under the direction of expert authorities, have a very high degree of efficiency, and the road is open, and practically free from the kindergarten to the University. Imperial sentiment is extremely strong. The children, from the infant school up, are trained in Imperialism. In the kindergartens they begin their class work with a little ceremony. They are taught to extend their tiny hands, and to touch the forehead and then the heart, repeating these words, "I give my hands, my heart and my head to the service of my King and my Country." They then march round and salute the Union Jack.

New Zealand requires a larger population. There is plenty of room for all; but the burden of breaking in the country and bringing it from primeval savagery has been cheerfully borne by her early settlers and her pioneers during the last hundred years. The way is now easy. There is nothing to hinder and nothing to fear. Capital only is needed to further develop the endless resources of the country.

THE HEAVEN-BORN MAID.

A MAORI LEGEND OF THE RATA, OR NEW ZEALAND CHRISTMAS TREE.

ARRANGED BY MRS. E. M. DUNLOP.

[This pretty legend is found in Maori lore under several different forms, in all essentially the same. It has a peculiar interest, as it appears to foreshadow some understanding of the beautiful story of Christianity. Only by grasping the thread which unites earth and Heaven shall the spirit of Man climb, and leaving earth behind attain a Better World and become reunited with the Loved and Lost.]

In the dim past which shrouds the early story of the beautiful land of A-o te Aroa there once lived a chief who was beloved and revered by his people as their leader and guide. He was beautiful and young and strong, and there was none so distinguished as he for his success in warfare, nor for skill in the arts of peace. Many gifts and honours were bestowed upon him. His whare [hut] stood somewhat apart, and so great was the respect which he inspired that none approached it without suitable offerings. For the purpose of this story we will call him Te Aki, although that was not quite the name under which he was adored. His true name had a much more barbaric sound.

Like many of the greatest souls that have sojourned upon this earth, Te Aki dwelt alone. In secret his spirit yearned after the things which are afar, beyond the ken of mortal man. No earthly maiden seemed framed to be his mate. Although his eye dwelt kindly upon the brown-hued women of his race and he was ever their protector from wrong, he could not make any one of them the partner of his secret aspirations. For Te Aki cherished wondrous

dreams of a future in which peace and plenty should possess his land and war and bloodshed should be no more.

One evening, after a day spent in leading the young men and maidens of his tribe in warlike sport, Te Aki sought the solitude of a grassy headland which overlooked the still waters of a beautiful bay. The moon had risen late, and a shining track led across the waters to the far horizon line. Mists and sea fogs drove across the face of the sea, obscuring now and again the brightness of that glittering track, down which the spirit of Te Aki would fain have threaded its way into the far unknown. Long, long he pondered, gazing on the scene before him, and endeavouring to find an answer to the problems which perplexed his mind. All Nature, beautiful Nature, breathed of peace and love and beauty, while Man, cruel Man, found great delight in war.

It was long past midnight, and silence had fallen upon the dwellings below. The flames of the camp fires were extinguished, and only dim columns of heavy smoke rolled skyward and were swept fitfully by the breeze of night over the sea. Towards the hour that heralds the dawn there came a great stillness. The Eye of Tane rose above the horizon and swiftly mounted the heavens, heralding the King of Day, and still Te Aki watched and pondered.

Presently he was aware of a great change in the scene before him. A beautiful archway had formed across the sea, taking on many exquisite and changing colours. At first unsteady, as the mists and sea fog would have obscured its form, it grew distinct and clear, and trembled into the shape of a bow, on the summit of which appeared the shining form of a radiant maiden. She, too, appeared to his earliest vision nebulous and undefined. Gradually assuming a distinct form, however, she paused awhile, balanced on the rainbow's edge, then with graceful movements she began to descend, climbing down the trembling archway to the shining sea. She seemed the very spirit of the Morning Star, which we call Venus, but which Te Aki called the Eye of Tane.

Closing his own eyes, wondering whether he slept or whether his dreams had taken shape, Te Aki opened them again to find the radiant vision close beside him. The

rainbow was still there forming a background for the maiden's form.

"I have come, oh, Te Aki!" she breathed softly, "in answer to thine unspoken prayer. Thy dreams and thine aspirations have found an echo in the heavens. I too have yearned for thee as thou hast desired me. I have come to be thine earthly mate and to show unto thee many new and beautiful things hitherto to thee unknown."

So she came unto him and became his bride. Ere the dawn had trembled into day they were wed with mystic rites under the Eye of Tane. In secret he led her to his whare, and she dwelt there unknown and unseen by any save Te Aki. All his people wondered at his increased beauty and brightness and at the marvellous wisdom of his mandates. They knew not that when evening came he communed ever with the Heaven-born maid, and that when all the world slept he wandered with her beneath the stars and in the deep recesses of the forest, strolling with intertwining arms under the long shadows of the pines caused by the moonlight's rays. The elves and fairies saw them there, and watched them pause, looking upward to the heavens through the tracery of leaves and listening to the flapping of the strong ropes of the kie kie, the supplejack, and the rata against the pine's tall stem.

The wisdom of Te Aki ever increased, and he instructed his people in the arts of peace.

So he lived for a season in a happiness and joy which was not born alone of earthly delights; the kumera had been planted, had matured and been harvested, and the time of planting came again for the yellow kowhai was in bloom.

But another great change had entered the life of Te Aki, for fruition, too, had crowned his joy, and the arms of the heaven-born encircled a babe which was a daughter of the skies as well as of a son of man.

Te Aki redoubled his cares for the benefit of his beloved; but impatience entered into his soul. No more could his Sky Bride wander with him beneath the shining stars. Jealous of his child, he spoke to her with anger.

Great was his amazement when he beheld a rainbow descend and encircle his dwelling. By it, climbing, the Daughter of the Heavens ascended to the skies, clasping her child in her loving arms, and as she faded from his

sight he heard her voice, ever farther and more far, crying to him as Fate divided her from him: "Climb, Te Aki, climb! climb! But climb not by swaying tendrils!—seek that which, descending, takes fast root in earth, and thence once more ascends to the skies. Thus and thus only can we meet again."

Filled with despair and anguish, Te Aki surveyed his deserted dwelling. He thought that he had seen a vision, but he found that it was real, and that his happiness had for ever departed.

All the people marvelled at the sorrow which fell upon the spirit of Te Aki. No more he mingled in their avocations, but he roamed the forest, seeking a ladder to the skies. He carefully considered every climbing vine: Some wound round the tree trunks, clasping them in a close embrace; some swung free, ever rattling against the pine's tall stem; some perched aloft in thick clusters of greenery. At length he spied the rata, the climbing tree which towered to the sky, sending long ropes again to the earth. These deeply rooted in the soil and climbed again until a ladder seemed formed between the heavens and the earth.

Seizing the rata's rope-like vine, Te Aki climbed—up and up and ever upwards, until, from giddy heights, he took his last look upon the earth lying below him. Far above him trembled the Eye of Tane, and in the southern sky a set of brilliant stars, in number those of the fingers of the right hand, seemed to form a jewelled cross. To this constellation his last earthly gaze was turned ere the Night embraced him in her soft warm arms and held him to her bosom, bearing him to the skies, where one bright star, with a tiny attendant sparklet, absorbed the spirit of Te Aki and shone with a double radiance, to guide the children of men to the heavens along a shining pathway paved with myriads of starry gems.

W. PERCY SMITH, Surveyor General for New Zealand.—He is a recognized authority on the origin and history of the Maori race.

HAWAIKI.—The land of Maori tradition, whence they sailed in canoes to New Zealand, and discovered and peopled the country.

TAPU.—A word common to the natives of New Zealand, and of Tahiti. It signifies sacred in its broad interpretation, and governed the thoughts, customs, laws and religion of the Maoris. Lands, property, and persons were alike subject to the law of tapu, any violation being usually punished by death. Remorse often caused the death of the conscious violator. Burdens were tapu to the chiefs who did not dare carry anything. Food was tapu, and they did not dare to feed themselves, but were fed by wives or slaves.

BELL-BIRDS (p. 12).—"Notes of birds like bells over the sea." New Zealand possesses a bird with a note like the deep tone of a bell:

> "Honey loving bell-birds kiss
> The Kowhai's lips of gold."

A species of mocking bird, called the Tui, is also common and imitates the note of the bell-bird:

> "Hark to the Tui sounding,
> He echoes the bell-bird's lay—
> Through forest dells resounding,
> Bells of the closing day."

Captain Cook records that the notes of the forest birds heard off shore sounded like innumerable bells.

THE KOWHAI.—A shrub carrying a golden or crimson blossom laden with honey—(*Saphora tetraptera.*)

THE TOE-TOE.—A kind of pampas grass, which bears a light yellow and very graceful feathery plume. It grows

freely on every cliff and hillside, and, waving in the breeze, presents a beautiful appearance to the view of the traveller.

THE RATA and THE POHUTUKAWA.—Flowering trees of extreme beauty.

THE RATA (*Mesidera robusta*) is a forest tree of peculiar and interesting habit. It begins life as a climbing vine, winding itself around the stem of another tree which it gradually kills by its embrace. It then itself becomes a tall and sturdy tree, and drops rope-like tendrils to the ground, which, taking root, climb in their turn. A beautiful legend, inspired by this tree, is annexed. The Rata bears a wealth of scarlet blossom.

POHUTUKAWA (*Mesidera tomentosa*).—This tree, which is as large as an aged oak, loves salt water, and grows by the sea shore in the north of New Zealand. Its blossoming is of extraordinary beauty, the whole tree being covered with a rich scarlet flowerage. The tree is of a most picturesque growth, bending gnarled and twisted grey stems over the water. As the Pohutukawa is in full bloom at Christmas time it is often called the New Zealand Christmas tree.

MERE (pronounced merrie) (p. 15).—A weapon fashioned as a club. Such a weapon is venerated, and handed down to posterity. Valuable merés were presented to King George V. when, with Queen Mary, he visited New Zealand before his accession. Such presentations are only made to guests whom the Maoris delight to honour.

MANA (p. 15).—Hereditary influence and power; possessed by a chief or by one, who from worth, has attained supreme influence.

THE TOHUNGA (p. 17).—A priest, witch doctor, sorcerer, conjuror, ventriloquist. Of unbounded power, gained by appealing to the superstition of the people. Also doubtless possessing powers attained by practice and self-deception. Influence largely hypnotic.

THE REINGA.—The mystic spirit world of the Maoris, reached by a plunge of the departing spirits from the northernmost cliffs of New Zealand at a spot called "The Reinga."

" Lightly o'er the dewy grass,
Hear their footsteps falling!
Spirits to the Reinga pass;
You and me they're calling.
In the whisper of the breeze
Hear their gentle grieving:
Sighing through the rustling trees.
Land and dear ones leaving."

E. M. D.

KORERO (p. 50).—Maori meeting for consultation or talk. Korero—Talk. A Korero may last several days. A feast is provided, and people come from far and near.

UTU (Compensation) (p. 30).—Vengeance is a broad interpretation of this word. The intention of demanding Utu was often nourished for generations, the vengeance falling on quite innocent natives. The necessity for demanding Utu was often an excuse for a raid upon a neighbouring tribe in order to seize their substance.

PA (Stockade or Native Settlement).—A Pa was a stronghold arranged with great ingenuity in a position of defence. Traces of such Pas are commonly found, and are an interesting study. The remains of a very interesting Pa may be seen on Kawau, an island which was the home of Sir George Grey, a venerated New Zealand Governor. The deep shadows of ancient trees, the thick mossy verdure, the glorious outlook over sunny seas and forest-clad islands, calm the spirit, and awaken the imagination to depict the scenes which were enacted here, and to:

" Dream of the Rangatiras hither roaming,
As erst of yore.
To dance a ghostly haka in the gloaming,
And feast once more."

RANGATIRA.—A chief, a noble.

HAKA.—Ceremonial dance.

KUMERA and TARO (p. 77).—Varieties of sweet potatoes, the seed of which were carried to New Zealand by the Maoris in their canoes when they voyaged from Hawaiki.

The Maoris were most industrious in cultivating these roots, which were planted and harvested with special chantings and ceremonies. A favourite time for attack and a demand for Utu, or hereditary vengeance, was that season when the Kumera was ripe for harvesting.

TATTOO.—A system of marking the skin with patterns and hereditary emblems. A painful process endured with courage. The tattoo patterns marked the rank of the sufferer, and were his signature.

THE KAURI (Pine and Gum).—The Kauri Pine, a forest tree growing in the north of New Zealand, of great height and girth. The Kauri is of very slow growth, and has a straight stem which makes it peculiarly suitable for the masts and spars of ships. The timber is hard, and resists decay. Kauri which has been overwhelmed in cataclysm, and has lain buried in swamps for ages, is taken out and found suitable for use as timber and for posts. An industry for procuring such timber is remunerative. The living tree is being driven from existence by our civilisation, as it cannot bear the neighbourhood of industrial strife and the destruction of the undergrowth over which it reigns as a king. The Kauri exudes a resinous gum of marketable value. The north of New Zealand has at one time been covered with Kauri forest. Deposits of Kauri gum are beneath the surface of the ground, and in swamps. Gum-seeking is an important industry. The material is beautiful, and has the appearance of amber. It is used in varnish, and in other ways. It may be truly said of New Zealand that even her waste places are the depositories of beautiful and valuable things. Thousands of people are engaged in gum seeking, by which considerable wealth has been gained. America is the principal market.

FLAX (*Phormium Tenay*).—This is a natural product of New Zealand, and has played an important part in the history of the country. Desire to possess and utilize the flax has caused wars, tribal feuds, and covetous attacks. It is of picturesque growth—a large plant, fronds from 6 feet to 12 feet in length—honey-laden bloom borne on long upstanding stem. The leaf possesses a strong thread, which is manufactured into a hemp scarcely inferior to

Manilla (*Manilla*). The Maoris made mats for clothing and all purposes from the flax. It is now a staple industry. It might be introduced with success to utilize and redeem such regions as the bogs of Ireland. It loves moisture, and does not mind cold. It grows well in the Isle of Wight. A fine bush is growing in the churchyard at Bonchurch Old Church. It grows from seed and cuttings, and is a fine plant in the third year. It grows wild in New Zealand on every cliff, in every valley, by river, sea, and shore, and on the mountain-side. The market price of the finished product reaches over £30 per ton. It rejoices in moisture and swamp lands.

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