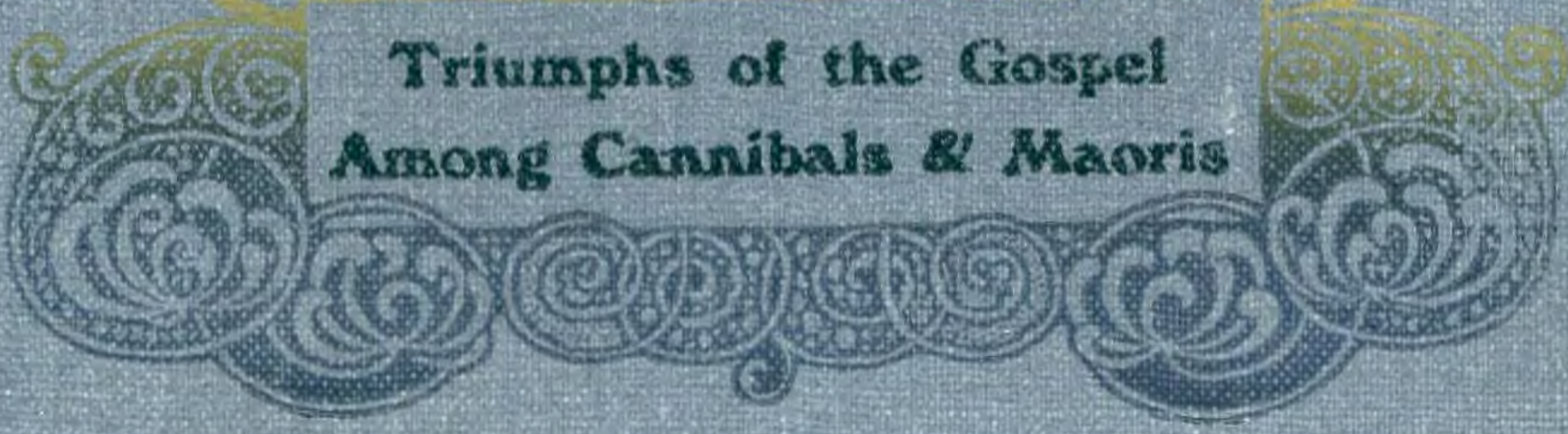




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SCENES IN MAORI LAND.

A Visitor from Afar.

“**Q**HERE did the gentleman come from, who stayed with us last night, father?” was the question that greeted me as I returned at night from business somewhat tired, and threw myself into “the old arm chair” in the corner, while my little six-year-old questioner unlaced my muddy boots, and replaced them with a pair of warm slippers, which she had “toasted” for my arrival.

“He came all the way from Maori Land, my child; his home is there; and he goes from place to place telling the boys and girls, and their parents, too,

Scenes in Maori Land.

‘the old, old story’ of Jesus and His love. He has come here on a visit to see his friends, and to tell us something of the beautiful country in which he lives and labours, but more especially of what the Lord is doing by His Gospel in the salvation of



ROUND THE FIRESIDE.

sinners there. For, although the people away, in that distant land differ from us in many things, there is one thing in which we are just the same. What do you think that is?"

A Visitor from Afar.

“I do not know, father. What is it?”

“I will tell you. We are all sinners, alike in need of a Saviour, and this is what the gentleman, who was here last night, tells them.”

“Whereabout is Maori Land? I never saw that name in my geography, or on any of our maps at school,” said another young voice. I began to see that if I answered all the questions with which I was likely to be plied concerning Maori Land, I would have a poor chance of getting my tea in peace; so I made the proposal, that if the whole circle would go on with lessons until I had finished, I would tell them something of the wonderful country from which our visitor of the previous night had come; or, in other words, would give them a few peeps at Maori Land with its peoples, and tell them something of their strange homes and habits.

Lessons were got through that night with remarkable speed, and by the time I had finished my tea, my audience had got seated on the rug before the fire, with atlas, geography, and everything in apple pie order, to hear my story of Maori Land, with its strange inhabitants.

The sum and substance of what I told to the little circle that evening, and some evenings after, I now tell to you.



The Land of the Maoris.

IF you look at the map of Australasia, you will see away at the extreme south two large islands, bearing the name of New Zealand. This is the country which I called Maori Land. My reason for giving it this name is, because the original inhabitants were named *Maoris* (which means natives); and our friend was telling us last night what an interesting people they are, and how eager some of them are to hear the glad tidings of the Saviour's love. But, alas! they are fast dying out, so that very likely, in the course of a few years, Maori Land will be without a Maori.

The interest in my little circle of listeners had been so increased by this brief reference to the

The Land of the Maoris.

dying race, that a whole shower of questions followed immediately.

What are the Maoris like?

Are they black, like the Africans; or white, like us?

Are they cannibals? Are there wild beasts in Maori Land?

I think the best way will be for me to begin at the very beginning, and tell you first about the *country*; next, about its *people*; and then, if I have time, about their *homes* and *habits*.

Sit all round now, and give me your attention for half-an-hour.

New Zealand was the name given to this large island—or, more correctly, couple of islands; for, as you will see, there is a north and a south island, divided by Cook's Strait. It was first made known to the civilized world by a Dutch discoverer, named Tasman, about the year 1642. This same explorer is said to have first discovered the island of Tasmania, and called it by his own name. He was said to have found natives of immense size, with great clubs in their hands, striding along its shores, who threatened to seize his ships, and kill his sailors, so that Tasman did not venture to land, but steered his ships back to the Indies, where he told of his discovery.

Almost nothing, however, was known of the new

Scenes in Maori Land.

country, till Captain Cook gained a footing on its shores, about the year 1772, and traded with the natives, whom he found to be savages and cannibals. Of this there can be no doubt, for about ten years later, when a French vessel reached the Bay of Islands, her captain and sixteen officers went on shore, but never returned; they were butchered and eaten by the natives. You will understand better when you remember this, what the Psalmist means, when he says: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty" (Psalm lxxiv. 20). But we need not wonder, for before the light of the Gospel came to our own beloved land, it was peopled by painted savages; if not as wild, quite as ignorant of God, and as cruel to their fellowmen as the Maoris of these early times. How thankful we ought to be that God did not leave us to sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, but sent the glad tidings of salvation to our shores long before the Maoris heard it.

I will not go into details of the history of this strange country, with its wars and bloodshed, but there is one incident which I must not pass over; it is so full of interest.

Up to the year 1840, there was no settled ruler or Government in New Zealand. Each tribe had its chieftain, but there was no head, no law, no common interest among them. The consequence

The Land of the Maoris.

was, that continual wars raged, the strong overpowering the weak, with terrible bloodshed. Then it was, that Queen Victoria and her Government took possession of the land of the Maoris; not to put them into bondage, but to give them liberty. The



MAORI CHIEF AND SON.

treaty which was made and signed by the Maori chiefs, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, so simply illustrates what happens when a sinner is truly converted, that I will read you a part of it.

Scenes in Maori Land.

“The chiefs of the tribes of New Zealand, cede to her Majesty the Queen of England, absolute, and without reservation, all the rights and powers of sovereignty they possess over their respective territories.”

“That in consideration thereof, her Majesty the Queen of England, extend to the natives of New Zealand her royal protection, and impart to them all the rights and privileges of British subjects.”

So you see there was a free surrender on their part; and immediately this was done, they had the rights of British subjects given them, and the protection of the British throne extended to them. So it is when the rebel sinner surrenders to the Lord Jesus; he is at once forgiven, accepted as a son, translated into a new kingdom, whose Ruler is the Son of God's own love, and all the power of God and the armies of heaven are pledged to defend and protect the one who puts his trust in the Name of the Lord.

A Scotchman, who emigrated with his family to New Zealand a number of years ago, rented a farm in a well cultivated part of the island. He had toiled hard for twenty years on his “croft” in the far North of Scotland, but could make little headway in the cultivation of the land, it was so barren and so full of thistles. He was told the New Zealand farm he had rented was so rich in its

The Land of the Maoris.

soil, that two crops might be gathered every year with little or no tillage. Imagine his surprise to find that when the first crop appeared there appeared also a heavy crop of his old enemy, "The Scotch Thistle." How it had come there was a mystery, yet, there it was, in all its native strength, and in spite of all the farmer's efforts, he could not rid it out from his fields. The story of its presence in New Zealand is said to be as follows:—A Scotch farmer, who went to the island many years ago, took *with* him a quantity of some special kind of wheat seed, which he was anxious to sow in the new country. As a remembrance of "Auld Scotia," he took out a very small quantity of seed of the Scotch thistle, desiring to preserve the emblem of his country in *one* thistle plant in his garden. The wheat and thistle seed were both sown in New Zealand soil, and both grew. But while that special wheat, of which the farmer carried out the first seed, is no longer to be found growing on the island, the "Scotch Thistle" is to be found everywhere, in such abundance too, that farmers find it in many places their greatest enemy. We may learn from this that while that which is good, and according to God, is always difficult to keep in growth and fruitfulness, that which is evil and of Satan spreads and thrives everywhere. Thus sins and evil habits grow and spread, because

Scenes in Maori Land.

they are indigenous to the human heart, which has their roots deeply embedded in it; but before good fruit can be gathered, the “good seed” of the Word must be sown, and received by faith as God’s message, then the receiver of that Word is “born again”—“born of God,” and with a new life and a new nature in him he bears fruit to God which can never perish or die out, but endures for ever.

Instead of being a savage country, filled with war and bloodshed, New Zealand is now a peaceful and a prosperous island. There are no wild beasts in its forests; thousands of pretty singing birds flit among its trees; monarch ferns adorn its quiet glades, and the whole atmosphere is filled with fragrant odours. Thousands of sheep browse on its plains; merchant ships sail on its waters; great cities stand where once Maori huts or whares alone were seen; and, instead of the war-cry and the war-dance, the Gospel of peace and the song of salvation are heard resounding through the valleys of Maori Land. What a mercy, and what a blessing!



Peeps at the Maoris.

I MUST now tell you something about the dwellers in this fine country; and I will go back to the time when it was inhabited by uncivilized savages in their native war-paint, before the Gospel's sound was heard on their shores. Maori tradition says that the first of their race was a chief named *Turi*, who came from an island in the Pacific in a canoe, and was soon afterwards joined by another chief named *Manaia*, who had to fly from his country because of a crime he had committed. In the canoes of these two chieftains were the men who became ancestors of the tribes which bare the names of *Taranaki*, *Wanganui*, *Rangitikei*, *Waipawa*, and other tribes, whose names are still retained as the names of counties or districts in the South Island.

Scenes in Maori Land.

They found a few unarmed natives along the shore, whom they drove into the interior, and took possession of their land. Each tribe had its chieftain, and there was incessant war between them. Many of the tribes were, through time, completely routed out by war; others, once powerful, were reduced to a mere handful. The least injury done, or quarrel between individuals, often led a



MAORI WAR CANOE.

whole tribe to war, and caused the death of thousands. We need scarcely wonder at this, when, in our own time, civilized, and even professedly Christian countries, will go to war with each other over some paltry “point of honour,” or for some valueless piece of ground.

Some of the most disastrous of the New Zealand

Peeps at the Maoris.

wars were provoked by the inhumanity of the white man. A vessel named the *Boyd*, sailing to New Zealand, had on board a young Maori, the son of Tarra, a Wangaroa chief, who was in feeble health. The captain of the vessel treated this youth with brutal severity, and flogged him in the presence of the crew, because he could not work as a sailor. The young chieftain bore the injury in silence; but when he reached his father and his tribe, he showed them the marks of the English captain's lash on his back, and the heathens vowed they would be revenged. When the captain and crew went on shore, they were surrounded by the angry Wangaroa warriors, and immediately killed and eaten, with the exception of one lad, who had showed kindness to the chieftain's son.

When the news of this reached England, a thrill of horror passed through the country, and paved the way for the bringing of the islands under British rule.

In war, they were savage and cruel. Influenced by passion, which was worked up by the orators of the tribe, relating in the ears of the warriors its former battles, thus goading them on, until they threw off their mat clothing, daubed their bodies with war-paint of red ochre and charcoal, twisting their long matted hair into coils, which were adorned with feathers. In this wild, and to us, ludicrous

Scenes in Maori Land.

garb, they began their extraordinary war-dance, which of all the Maori customs of these early days was the most to be dreaded, because it was always followed by bloodshed.

Shall I tell you what it was like, just to show



A MAORI WAR-DANCE.

how far men—who do not know God, the God of love—can be led by Satan, who is the instigator of all war and bloodshed, for you remember the Lord tells us he was “a murderer from the beginning?”

Peeps at the Maoris.

When a war-dance was about to begin, the whole of the Maori fighting men were drawn up in lines of from five to fifty deep, according to the strength of the tribe. They all squatted on the ground, until, at a given signal from the chief, they sprang to their feet, each with his weapon in his hand. Then jumping several feet from the ground, brandishing their weapons in the air, they yelled until their faces were distorted, and until every muscle in their bodies quivered.

The weapons that in these days were used in war, were the native *club* and *méri*, the latter resembling a butcher's cleaver, and was used in the most barbarous fashion, the chief aim being to inflict as much pain as possible.

I must now tell you what the Maoris are like, or rather what their appearance was in their natural state before the Gospel reached them, and the influence of civilization and British rule were brought to bear upon them.

For you must remember that the Maoris of our time, among which our visitor of last evening labours, are but a poor and feeble race, compared with the warriors of the days long gone by.

The Maori physically was well formed, stately in appearance, and very agile and strong, although by no means prepossessing in appearance, owing to deep tattooing on his face. His dark, sharp eyes,

Scenes in Maori Land.

could look kindly, and there was in ordinary times a true affection manifested toward his children and friends; but even this affection was often shown in a mad and outrageous manner. Just think of a father, in bidding farewell to his son, falling on his neck with tears, and smothering him with kisses to begin with; and then, after his nature had been fanned into a flame of wild excitement, piercing him with sharp flint, until he drew blood from his veins.





Maori Homes and Habits.

THE Maori house or *whare*, was generally made of timber or bulrushes, carefully lined with plaited leaves of palm trees. The woodwork was generally carved with much taste and skill ; the windows were usually small, and, like the doors, were closed by sliding shutters. There was *no* furniture inside. A heap of bulrushes on the floor served as a bed, a few red-hot stones were their cooking utensils, a calabash as water-jar, a stone axe their only tool. Flax, the chief product, was used for weaving nets, clothes, and native mats, which the women spent most of their time in weaving, with two sticks. So slow was this process, that it is said sometimes three months were spent in weaving their chief garment, which

Scenes in Maori Land.

was worn only by persons of rank. The *patai* was a small kilt, extending from the waist to the knees, and was worn by the common people.

But the most extraordinary characteristic of the Maori was the tattooing of the face. To the



A TATTOOED CHIEF.

uncivilized warrior, this was the chief attraction, and to him the ideal of beauty. But it was acquired at an enormous cost, for the curved lines on the warrior's face were acquired by a terrible ordeal. So intense was the agony, while it is being performed,

Maori Homes and Habits.

that only small portions could be done at a time. You will not wonder when I tell you how it was performed.

The person to be tattooed, laid his head between the knees of the operator, who made incisions in



A MAORI YOUNG WOMAN.

his flesh with a sharp whalebone, according to the pattern wanted, while those around sang, to drown his screams, while the punctures were being made. Then soot, mixed with oil, and kept for generations for the purpose, was rubbed into the punctured skin,

Scenes in Maori Land.

leaving permanent marks. In the men the whole face and neck were usually covered ; in the women the lips and neck only. Ornaments were hung about the body, and through the lobe of the ear a trinket, a pipe, or even dead birds, would often dangle.

When a child was born, it was wrapped up and laid in the sun ; when eight days old, it was carried to the side of a stream, and named after one of its ancestors ; then it was consecrated to the “god of war,” and a priest of the tribe addressed a prayer to the unknown god to make the child cruel, and if a boy, a warrior.

How all this shows us the power of Satan, who holds thousands and millions in the cruel fetters of heathen darkness. No God of love, no gracious and tender Saviour, no heart-melting story of redeeming love, has ever been heard of by the poor heathen ; such as were the Maoris of the years gone by.

I will close this part of my story by showing you the picture of a Maori *pauh* or village, not far from Wanganui, and will tell you what an English lady, who was not long ago a visitor there, says about it.

“The *whares*, or houses, are small hovel-like places, made of cane, or long *toi* grass, bound together with flax, or a strong creeper, named

Maori Homes and Habits.

‘Supple Jack.’ A low door, covered with a verandah, in front, through which, if you look, you will



A MAORI WHARE.

generally see a fire in the middle of the floor, one or two women cooking, and perhaps half-a-dozen

Scenes in Maori Land.

children playing about. The houses are generally very dirty, and the children are allowed to do whatever they like, no authority being exercised over them by the mother.

“The babies, with their fat chubby faces, jet black hair, and brown faces, are carried, when young, on their mothers’ backs. As we entered the encampment we first came to a *whare*, where a Maori woman stood by the open door, washing herself. She held out her wet hand to greet me. In one large *whare* an old man, whose hair was quite white, sat with his spectacles on, reading a Maori Bible, while his wife stood leaning against him, listening. It was a pleasant sight to look upon this old couple, thus engaged, with the Book of God; and when the aged man looked up, there was such a beam of intelligence and peace upon his face.”

No doubt, when—

“From every kingdom of earth they come,
To join the triumphal cry,”

there will join in the great congregation, who sing the Redeemer’s praise, some from the scattered villages of Maori Land.





The Maori's Religion.

BUT you must not suppose that the dwellers in Maori Land of these days gone by were only warriors. They had a god, or gods, whom they worshipped, or perhaps dreaded, for the gods of the heathen are all “angry gods.”

Their religion, if such it could be called, was a strange mixture of superstition and delusion. They believed that at death the soul left the body to live in another region, either in happiness in a far-off world, or in misery in a nearer sphere. The body was painted white, dressed with feathers, and laid in the ancestral burying ground, amid many weird ceremonies. Witchcraft was practised to a terrible degree, and all diseases and death were attributed to spirits, who had been in some way

Scenes in Maori Land.

insulted or wronged by the person, or the tribe to which he belonged.

In common with all heathen nations, the Maoris of these ancient days had a weird and peculiarly revolting service over their dead. The devil, by whose power the dark minds of the heathen are blinded, and their reason perverted, seems to gain his chief advantage by misrepresenting the realm of death, and what lies beyond it in the world of spirits. The ideas of the heathen regarding the dead, are, in many cases, most extraordinary; but we need not wonder much at this, when we remember that in our own land, with all its civilization and light, men who have turned their backs on the Bible, and who have ceased to be guided by the thoughts of God on such subjects, have descended into ideas, which, however much more refined and plausible, are just as far from being according to the revealed will of God, as the most hideous ideas of the heathen. Man can tell and teach us much regarding the present world, and the things of time; but concerning eternity, and the world beyond, only God can speak with certainty, and give us information regarding the great future to which we are all hastening. The reason for this is, that God alone, as the prophet tells us, is "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity" (Isaiah lvii. 15).

The Maori's Religion.

Eternity is as well known to God as time, and what He has been pleased to tell us is all we need to know. How grand to be able to look onward into eternity without fear, and with the certainty that it is to be spent with God and the Lamb in these bright regions of eternal glory, when all who have been saved by grace while here on earth, shall be gathered in one grand, glorious company, to sing the praises of Him who was slain, by whose blood they have been washed from all their sins, and made fit to dwell in that bright and happy land. I wonder if we can all join, and truthfully sing—

“I have a home above
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

“My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.”

When the first herald of the Gospel went to the Maoris, they found them sunk in these idolatries. Here is the description given by one who knew them :—

“When a Maori dies, the friends lament his death with all the rites of *tapu*. As soon as the soul departs from the body, a band of singers begin to chant their weird dirges, to send the departed

Scenes in Maori Land.

spirit to the realms above. In the case of a chief, or a rich Maori having servants, a slave is slaughtered to attend his master in the spirit world, where he is supposed to require such luxuries as he had been accustomed to here. It fares worse with the lifeless



MAORI MOTHER AND CHILD.

body. The second day after death it is beaten with rods, then decked with war paint and feathers, and placed in a sitting posture, while the friends and those of the same tribe dance around, wailing bitterly, the relatives cutting themselves till the blood gushes forth. Then the body is put in a box, suspended to a tree, and allowed to hang,

The Maori's Religion.

while they feast and dance for a week, or longer, sometimes till the next great annual assembly of the tribe. Then it is taken down, and laid in the ancestral burying ground. The widow of the dead man often takes her life, in order to bear her husband company in the spirit world, leaving her children destitute orphans. At certain times the spirits of the departed are supposed to visit their friends on earth, with whom they converse through the medium of some notable necromancer."

Such were the beliefs of the ignorant Maoris, and such, alas! are the beliefs of thousands and tens of thousands in heathendom still. Nothing can chase away the darkness, or break the power of Satan, who, by means of it, holds them his captives, but the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ. Blessed be God, wherever its cheering beams shine forth, and are received by faith as God's message to the heart, the darkness flees away, and the delivered and happy soul begins to sing—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'

I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done

Scenes in Maori Land.

Such, then, is a brief description of the Maoris as they existed in the past; and so far as their appearance, their homes, and some of their habits are concerned, they are such till the present time, only the war-spirit is not to be found, or at any rate it is not allowed to break forth as it did in years gone by. The Maoris are mostly now to be found in small villages, far from the large commercial cities, where the white man lives and rules, quietly living in their *whares*; and are, for the most part, eking out a lazy and miserable existence, quite content if they can grow as many potatoes, and as much flax as will feed and clothe themselves and their families.

The *pah* of a chief is a kind of fortification, generally on the top of a hill. It is formed by driving into the ground a double fence of strong wooden stakes. These are tightly knotted together, with a strong, fibrous creeper, which is found in the forests. On every second or third stake is a carved figure, usually a hideous face, grinning in savage rage, to frighten any approaching foe. Into this enclosure the women and children are brought in times of danger. In the old days of war these *pahs* were found most difficult to attack by the invaders. In addition to the outer fence, which is strongly made, there is an inner fence, pierced at every few yards with holes, through which muskets

The Maori's Religion.

may be fired, the only means of entrance being by heavy sliding doors. Happily these fortified *pahs* are no longer used for tribal warfare, but rather as a protection against robbers, and such like.

In these rude, yet strong habitations, they pass their days in peace ; and visitors, who have gone to see their manner of life, tell how pleasantly and peacefully they spend their spare hours, singing their chants and songs, accompanied by the flute and trumpet, the only musical instruments they seem to possess. The children play their favourite game of "*poi*," with balls and string, while their parents sit by the *whare* door, telling adventures ; or, if taught to read, with a book, from which one reads to a crowd of eager listeners. I have heard of several of the Lord's servants going out to these *pahs* on a Summer's evening, to tell the wondrous story of redeeming love, just as we do here sometimes in the colliery villages ; and how the men, women, and children gather around and listen with attention and interest to the message.

A Glasgow gentleman, who spent some time in Maori Land after the Gospel had been carried to the natives, gives such a nice description of them in one of his letters, that I think I must read part of it to you, and thus conclude my story for the present.

He says : " While living for a few days in the

Scenes in Maori Land.

hut of an Englishman, at a part of the coast very little frequented, I heard morning after morning about daybreak—when, as Captain Cook beautifully observes, the warbling of the small birds in New Zealand appears like the tinkling of little bells—the sound as of a person striking an iron bolt. I found this to be a call to morning prayer, and that on a spot of ground cleared for the purpose, all the dwellers in the little village assembled beneath the canopy of heaven, to offer up in unaffected piety their grateful thanks and prayers to their Great Creator.”

To begin the day in praise and prayer is the sure way to have a day of peace and blessing ; and surely in this the Maori villagers may teach us all a lesson. I wonder where the village is in our favoured land where the people could be gathered in such a manner ? We can at any rate do so as families or as individuals. There is a favourite hymn, entitled, “The Secret of a Happy Day,” which I often think of, and which you might all learn to repeat. It is very sweet to those who are the children of God. I will repeat part of it to you :—

“Begin the day with God ;

Kneel down to Him in prayer ;

Lift up thy heart to His abode,

And seek His love to share.

The Maori's Religion.

"Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

"Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep ;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep."

Here I must stop for to-night. If you care to hear something further of the Maoris and Maori Land, I will tell you, another night, what to my mind is by far the most interesting part of their story, namely, how the glad tidings of full and free salvation, through Jesus' Name, was carried to them by brave and devoted men, and how it wrought its wonders among the painted warriors of these distant isles, as it does wherever it is believed and received as the message of God's love to man. There is nothing in all the world, go where you will, that can for a moment be compared to the triumph of the Gospel of Christ.

Just think for a moment, what a miracle of God's grace has been wrought where a painted savage, in whose presence your life would not have been safe for a moment, who would not have hesitated to kill and then eat his fellow-man, whose life was spent in war and bloodshed, now transformed into a gentle follower of Christ, daily singing the praise of God, praying for his enemies, and seeking to

Scenes in Maori Land.

carry to his own kindred, who are yet in darkness as he once was, the glorious Gospel of Christ. This is what has actually been seen, and may at the present hour be seen in that land where the Gospel has wrought its wonders among the people of these far Southern Islands, known as "The Maoris."





In the Land of Savages;

OR, MAORI LAND AS IT WAS AND IS.

An Unexpected Meeting.

THE rain had poured all the afternoon, and the muddy streets of Glasgow were anything but pleasant walking. I had been there all day, and was detained an hour beyond my usual time, so was glad to get off my wet coat, and seated by the warm fireside. As my twelve-year-old daughter drew on my warm slippers, I said: "Who do you think I met in Glasgow to-day?" Several guesses were made, but as the proper answer was all but an impossibility, I let the secret out, by saying: "A shepherd from Maori

Scenes in Maori Land.

Land, who can speak the Maori language, and who has lived in the Maori *pahs*, and told there the story of Jesus and His love. I know you will be delighted to know that he has promised to come down here one night soon ; so you will hear from him something of the Maoris and their ways, about which I was telling you the other evening.”

There was great expectation among the young folk to hear the latest from Maori Land, from one who had lived there ; so in order to bring my story up to date, and prepare the way for our expected visitor, I told what had happened in the intervening years since the Gospel was first carried to the shores of New Zealand, of which the following is the sum :—

The young shepherd from Maori Land had been a soldier. God met and saved him while in the British Army, and soon after he bought his liberty and emigrated to New Zealand. There, while pursuing his daily toil, he learned the Maori language and was soon able to read to them and preach to them in their scattered villages the glad tidings of salvation. It was pleasing to hear, too, that there are several Christian young men in New Zealand, who are deeply exercised about giving themselves to the work of living among the Maoris, in order that they may reach them with the Gospel.



Profession and Possession.

AFTER the death of Marsden, the first pioneer missionary to the Maoris, others took up the work. Henry Williams, Samuel Leigh, and George Augustus Selwyn, are familiar names in connection with the Christianizing of New Zealand. No doubt these men, and others associated with them, spent much of their strength in educating the Maoris into the open profession of Christianity, in baptizing them, and in bringing many into church membership; but I do not think that we can gather from the record of their labours, that they were so careful to have them converted to God as the earlier missionaries. To number converts, build churches, and extend the nominal acceptance of Christianity, is the kind of success that many societies and missionaries seem to seek, as may be gathered from the statistics given in

Scenes in Maori Land.

their missionary magazines and church records. But what is such profession worth in the estimation of God?

If they are not individually "born again," it counts as nothing; yea, worse than nothing; it is positively evil; for as the Lord describes it in the parable, it is sowing tares among the wheat (Matthew xiii. 25, 38), bringing into the number of such, as are professedly the children of God, those who are only empty professors, who have outward form with no inward possession of Christ. Not only are they themselves unsaved, but, being brought into membership with what is called "The Visible Church," they are the most hopeless of all men, and the most difficult to reach with the Gospel, simply because they think themselves Christians already. An English Church bishop, who was sent out to take charge of the newly-formed churches in New Zealand, wrote home the glowing words: "We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith." But he soon found out to his grief, that the "conversion" of very many was only an empty profession, which did not stand the day of trial. "Thirty-five to forty thousand natives, assembling each Lord's Day under our missionaries and native teachers," was no doubt a wonderful gain to nominal Christianity. But it was not an equivalent to their conversion.

Profession and Possession.

The test came in an unlooked-for way. War broke out between the English and several Maori chiefs. The Maoris had sold their land in thousands of acres, for a paltry price, to English "land grabbers." This aroused the anger of some of the chiefs; and one named Waharoa, determined to throw off the government of Britain, sent out a circular to a number of chiefs in the North Island, declaring that Potatau, a powerful chief, should be their king. The British flag was hauled down, and in 1860 the first shot was fired. For ten long years the war raged; millions of money was spent; thousands of lives were sacrificed, the hundreds of homes devastated; and the Maoris, though defeated, were not subdued.

But the saddest effect of the ten years' war was the effect it had on the nominal professors of Christianity. Of those who professed to have accepted Christianity many joined in the war, and in a very short time threw off their profession, and returned to all the rites of cannibalism. Some of the missionaries became so discouraged at this relapse of their "converts," that they left the country, declaring that the Maoris were "no more Christianized than they were twenty-five years ago."

This was rather severe, and not altogether correct, for among the hundreds and thousands who had been made church members, a few we e

Scenes in Maori Land.

no doubt genuine “born again,” Christians. And this is all that we need look for among the Maoris, or any other nation. There is no such thing as “nations” being converted in this day of grace. The purpose of God is to “take out of them a people for His Name” (Acts xv. 14). If those who went out to evangelize the Maoris had known and remembered this, how different would have been the results from what in many cases they are to-day.

But I must tell you now very briefly the sad story of what has been justly named “The *Hau-Hau* Apostasy.”





The Great Rebellion.

A CHIEF, belonging to the Tanaraki tribe, named Horopapera Te Ua, who had been kept in chains by his people for years, owing to his fanatical ideas and dangerous character, made his escape, and proclaimed himself a prophet of God. The people's passions were inflamed by the war which had begun, and they were at the mercy of any fanatic or impostor who might arise.

In order to gain the ear of those who had professed Christianity, the new prophet adopted the Old Testament Scripture as his creed, and declared he had seen a vision, and received a revelation from heaven: that all who threw off the British yoke and became his followers, would receive the place and the privileges of the nation of Israel, and that the English, and all who refused to own

Scenes in Maori Land.

the leadership of the new "Moses," would, like Pharaoh and his host, be drowned in the sea, or exterminated like the Canaanites, by the sword.

He advised the return of his followers to the rites and usages of witchcraft, and as is ever the case when an evil course is proposed, the majority at once cast in their lot with the pretender. And not only from among the heathen did he raise his army, but from among the ranks of those who had professed to have become the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, did the new prophet receive vast numbers of followers, who besmeared themselves with war-paint, and went forth, tomahawk in hand, to fight for the new prophet,

The new creed which this fanatic proclaimed, was named *Pai Marire*, a word which means "Bide your time," and was more political than religious in its character. It declared that all who could utter a dog-like bark, "*Hau-Hau*," would be victorious, and drive the *Pakeha* or white man into the sea. The war was, therefore, named "The *Hau-Hau* Rebellion."

The strange sound of the favourite war-cry was often heard at midnight from the *pahs*, while hundreds dancing around a pole roused themselves to a pitch of madness before going to battle. Devastation followed wherever the fanatic's doctrines spread. Those who were really the Lord's and

The Great Rebellion.

stood firm in the faith, in many cases sealed their testimony with their blood.

The priests, whose influence had waned during the time that the people were under the teaching of the missionaries, were only too eager to revive their craft, so they fell in with the new movement, and became the chief preachers of the new faith. They denounced the missionaries, and stirred up the natives against them. Mission stations were attacked and robbed, and churches, which had been built in larger towns, were converted into heathen temples, the priests taking pleasure in desecrating them by the vilest orgies and heathen practices; and some of the Lord's true servants suffered martyrdom at their hands.





A Noble Martyr.

THE first of this “noble army of martyrs” was a German missionary, named Carl Volkner. This devoted man had been an officer in the Prussian Army. After his conversion he went to New Zealand, and preached Christ among the Maoris. When the *Hau-Hau* rebellion broke out he was at a place called Opotiki, in Poverty Bay. He sent his wife to Auckland to be out of danger, while he, with a noble courage, stuck to his post. A rebel chief appeared in the vicinity, preaching the new faith, and recruiting for the *Hau-Hau* Army. Mr. Volkner’s house was entered, his goods stolen, and many Bibles in the Maori language torn up. Volkner and his helpers were taken, and imprisoned in a *whare* with a guard of twenty men around it. The following

A Noble Martyr.

morning he was led out, then stripped, his eyes bandaged, and after asking permission to kneel down and pray, he was hoisted to a high willow tree where he was hung, praying for his murderers with his last breath: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." For an hour and a-half, his body was left hanging in mid-air, amid the yells and derisive shouts of a crowd of infuriated fanatics, who danced in hellish glee around the place. Not satisfied with taking the life of the Lord's servant, the savages mutilated his body, and so eager were the inhuman monsters to taste the flowing blood, that men and women fought like tigers to get at it. The *Hau-Hau* priest, who had been the leader and instigator of the crime, dug out the two eyes and swallowed them. This revolting act, when it became known, sent a shudder through the whole country. When Bishop Selwyn heard it, he hastened to Opotiki, and burying the remains of Mr. Volkner, was able to secure the escape of the other missionaries in H.M.S. *Eclepe*.

The apostasy of thousands of Maoris, who had been nominally made Christians by baptism, was as rapid as their "conversion" had been. The iron heel of war crushed out every vestige of their profession. No such collapse of religious profession is to be found in the records of Christianity, as there was in New Zealand during that *Hau-Hau*

Scenes in Maori Land.

rebellion. And yet it is just what we have been taught in the Lord's own parable of "the house built upon the sand" to expect; in the day, when the storm rises and the flood beats against it, it must fall, for it has no foundation, nothing but sand. Let us all learn a lesson from this, and personally make sure that we each have our all for time and eternity built upon Christ, the Rock of Ages; and that each of us can truthfully sing—

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

This strange movement came to its end in a few months, but its effects remained. It was not altogether destitute of good results, for it swept the floor of very much of the chaff that had been gathered in, and showed all thoughtful men that Christianity could not be introduced in such a wholesale manner, or by getting untaught heathens to submit to a rite which has no virtue, no meaning; and as the wholesale apostasy of thousands had clearly proved, no power to keep unregenerate men from going back to their former ways. Regeneration—the new birth—is an intensely individual matter. One by one sinners must enter the family of God. As the Lord said to Nicodemus, so He says to each of us individually: "Ye must be born again." And this new birth takes place when the sinner receives Christ as his Saviour, when he personally

A Noble Martyr.

believes in Him. As the Scripture says : “ Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God ” (1. John v. 1). Happy are all they who can sing—

“ Soon as my all I ventured,
On Christ's atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.”

See to it, my dear boys and girls, that your feet are firmly planted on the Rock of ages, that your faith is in a living Christ. This alone will stand the tear and wear of life, and enable you in the strength, which Christ alone can give, to resist the flattery as well as the opposition of Satan, whose aim is ever to lead souls away from God, and down to his own dark doom in hell.





Bright Lights in Dark Places.

THE bright side of my story remains to be told, and I am sure you will be interested in it. The Maoris were not all apostates. Those who had been truly converted to God, who had Christ as their personal Saviour, stood firm in the day of trial. Some recorded instances of true Christian devotion among the Maori chiefs is delightful to read; and, indeed, shames many of us who know far more, and who have had greater privileges than they ever had.

A heathen chief, named Ripa, had made unrighteous claims upon two Christian chiefs, and had threatened to attack them because they firmly refused to yield to his demands. An English student

Bright Lights in Dark Places.

of the Waimate College tells, that he happened to visit the *pah* of one of those chiefs, and found him surrounded by over a hundred of his warriors engaged in prayer to God, especially asking forgiveness for their enemies. A white flag was floating from a pole, in token of their desire for peace.

The attacking party advanced toward the *pah*, yelling frightfully, and dancing their war-dance. One of the Christian chiefs, arising from prayer, walked quietly out to meet them, and told them they were acting contrary to the Word of God. An accidental blow, from the hatchet of one of Ripa's warriors, made the blood start from the chief's face; and when his warriors saw the blood trickling down their chieftain's face, they at once levelled their muskets against the enemy. Another moment and Ripa with his company would have been laid low. But the wounded chief sprang forward between the levelled muskets and his foes, crying: "If you shoot Ripa, I will die with him." The amazing result of this act of devotion was, that Ripa and his warriors were completely overcome. Peace was made amid great rejoicings, and the two warriors became fast friends. What neither law nor terror can do, grace and love accomplish easily.

Thus it is that the believing sinner is reconciled to God by the death of His Son, and his heart

Scenes in Maori Land.

is melted and won by the love of Jesus. As we sometimes sing—

“Law and terrors only harden
All the while they act alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.”

Even among the Maori children there were some noble examples of Christian courage and devotion to the Lord Jesus. A Christian chief, named Ngakuku, while acting as guide to an English party, was mistaken for a warrior of a rebel tribe. A party of Rotorua warriors rushed upon him in the darkness. Snatching his only boy in his arms, and awaking his daughter, named Tarore, whom he begged to follow him into the wood, he fled from the hut. Tarore was so dazed with sleep that she did not for a time understand what had happened, and it is supposed that while she was getting ready, the party of Rotorua warriors entered the hut and killed her. When the father returned next day and found her body riddled with bullets, he was frantic with grief. At the burial the following day, the stricken father said to the assembled warriors around the open grave: “There lies my child. Do not rise up to obtain satisfaction for her death; God will do that. Let this end the war with Rotorua; let peace now be made. Turn to God, or you will perish.” And that these words were not without their effect, may be inferred

Bright Lights in Dark Places.

from the fact, that years after, the man who was the ringleader in the attack upon Ngakuku's hut was converted. And before being baptized as a believer in the Lord Jesus, he sought out the man whom he had so cruelly wronged, and asked his forgiveness. It was from this man that the account of Tarore's last moments, and her dying testimony was gathered. When the party entered the hut, the Christian girl clasped her Maori Testament to her bosom. The cruel men tore from it some leaves, which they used as cartridges to shoot her dead. The remainder was picked up by a slave-boy, who carried it away; and after learning in the mission school to read it, he was converted to God by its means, and at once began to spread the glad tidings of salvation to the very tribe whose warriors had caused Tarore's death. And the service of that Maori youth, whose name was Makahau, was marvellously blessed in leading many weary souls to Christ.

I must next tell you a marvellous but true story of an adventure in the wilds of Maori Land, which shows what the grace of God had accomplished among those warriors of the wilderness.



A Night in a Maori Whare.

ABOUT the year 1852, when New Zealand was but little known, an Irishman who resided in one of the populated parts of the island, was suddenly called on duty to another part. The only means of transit was on foot, up high mountains, across deep rivers, and along thick forests. On the spur of one of the high hills, the foot-path parted, and two tracks were seen, one leading to the right, the other to the left. Which of these was the right one, the traveller could not tell, but finding the one to the right had been more used than the other, he started off along that. Just as darkness was coming on, he found it ended in the thick bush, which became more impassable as it advanced, until the traveller, unable to proceed, sat down exhausted, and would have slept, but for the barking of dogs, which told of some village near, probably of cannibals, which

A Night in a Maori Whare.

at that time were known to exist in these wilds. Rising, and advancing slowly in the direction from which the sound came, he soon discovered a Maori *pah*, with a number of men only a few yards off, dark-skinned, wearing loose rugs around their bodies, their faces tattooed in blue lines all over. Seeing there was no escape, the traveller stepped into the open space around the *pah*, and was in a few minutes surrounded by the wondering natives. One, who appeared to be the leader of the tribe, asked in fairly good English, "Where are you going?" The traveller told him where he had wished to go, but he had missed his way, and asked if they could assist him to find his road. The chief shook his head, turned to the natives, and had some consultation, then said to the traveller, "You stay here to-night, then we shall take you across the lake in the morning, and set you on your way." This was not a cheerful prospect to the Irishman, who imagined all sorts of horrors as about to happen to him, among others that he might be roasted and eaten, as others had been in that land.

A *whare*, or hut, was offered by one of the natives in which he might sleep, and quickly a fire was kindled, a block of wood brought in to form a seat, and the traveller left sitting by the embers. There he sat imagining all sorts of things as about

Scenes in Maori Land.

to happen, when a bell began to slowly toll. The sound brought perspiration out all over his body, as he felt sure it was his death-knell, and that he would be killed at once. When the bell ceased, the hut door opened, and a tall figure wrapped from head to foot in a thick rug walked in, followed in order by another and another, until the hut was almost full of tall Maori men. Then half-a-dozen women came in, and squatted down on the mud floor in front of them. The traveller sat on his block of wood trembling all over, not knowing what was next to be done. The chief then drew from under his rug a large book, and, opening it, began to read in the native language from it in a loud and solemn tone. Then they all joined in a slow and doleful song, not unlike a funeral dirge, followed by a few sentences from the chief, which seemed like a prayer. Then they all filed out in the reverse order to that in which they had entered, leaving the traveller alone.

In a few minutes the owner of the *whare* entered, carrying two plates, one laden with fish, the other with maize and sweet potatoes, followed by one with a pannakin of water. These were set before the astonished traveller, who, however hungry, was too much excited to eat. A drink of the clear, cool water revived him a little, and, to his surprise, he next saw the native bring in some

A Night in a Maori Whare.

warm blankets, which he carefully spread out in a corner of the hut, made up the fire, and with a



MAORI WOMEN AT HOME.

pleasant "Good-bye," left the astonished Irishman alone in the silence, which was only broken by the

Scenes in Maori Land.

sighing of the wind among the tall trees of the forest, and the rippling of the waves of the lake below, as they broke upon the silvery beach.

Where had the traveller been cast? Among cannibals? Nay, but among a group of simple Christian Maoris to whom the Gospel had come with saving power, and who had learned in their native fashion to love and care for a stranger. The strange proceedings in the *whare* was their form of evening worship: the book read from by the chief was the Word of God: the song was a hymn of praise, and the few words uttered by the chief were—as the traveller afterwards learned—a prayer to God for blessing on the stranger who had come among them.

The Irishman lay down to rest by the dying embers of the fire, but he could not sleep. Was he still afraid of his life being taken? No, not that. But the thought was pressing itself hard upon his conscience—"These simple Maoris know far more about the living God than I do. Although I have heard of Him and of His love all my days, I have never loved Him in return, or acknowledged Him in prayer or praise as these once heathen men did in my presence." The sins of a life spent without God flashed across his conscience, and his indifference shown to the Gospel of God, yea, the open hostility manifested toward the

A Night in a Maori Whare.

Lord Jesus Christ, came back from memory's depths like a resurrection from the dead.

He arose, and gazing around his strange apartment, still lit up by the flickering light of the fire, he dropped on his knees on the mud floor, confessing himself a sinner in the sight of a holy God, and casting himself *as he was* upon the Saviour's precious blood, which alone can cleanse from sin.

Writing to a friend in after years of that memorable night, the traveller says:

"That *whare* became to me the very gate of heaven, of which I had often heard, but never before realised. A sweet calm came over me, and I knew God had pardoned me for Jesus' sake. My prayer was turned to praise, and if ever I slept soundly, I did that night in the lonely bush amid that humble tribe of Christian Maoris."

The following morning a good breakfast was set before him, he was taken across the lake in the chief's canoe, and for all this kindness no return was accepted.

The converted Irishman returned ere long to his native land, and to the friend to whom he told this story of his strange adventure and remarkable conversion in Maori Land, he said, with deep emotion: "As long as I live, I shall not cease to pray for God's blessing to be poured on the Maoris, through whom I have found His peace."



Lizzie, the Maori Girl.

FORTY years ago, an English vessel was wrecked on the coast of New Zealand. A Maori woman, who was on board, swam to shore, and not only thus saved her life, but the life of the ship's captain also. But the brave woman died soon after, the cold and the exertion being too much for her. Out of gratitude, the captain took her only child, a little Maori girl of eighteen months, and brought her up as his own child. An earnest missionary and his wife, constrained by the love of Christ, had gone to live among the Maoris to tell them the story of the cross. At first they found it difficult to reach them, only a few children coming to them. One of these, was the little Maori girl, the captain's adopted child, to whom he had given the name of

Lizzie, the Maori Girl.

Lizzie. She was a quick child, and soon learned not only the alphabet, but short texts, which she was told to repeat at home. All this went on for several years, and Lizzie grew up to be a bright intelligent child. One morning, the missionary received a message that the old captain was very ill, and that he wished to see him. He had lived a wicked life, and although willing that Lizzie should go to the missionary and be taught, he was opposed to the Gospel and everything good for himself. When the missionary reached the captain's house, he found him very ill, apparently dying.

"I am glad you have come," said the weather-beaten sailor, stretching out his brown hand to the missionary. "I want to tell you something before I go," said the dying man, in a faltering voice. "You know what a life I have lived; how wicked I have been, and how I refused to hear your preaching. When my dear child went first to your school, I was angry at the things she learned there; but as I heard her repeating the texts over and over again in the house I became interested in them. One night, when she returned from Sunday School and had thrown off her hat, I said, what is your text to-day, Lizzie? She began to repeat the words, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on Him should not perish, but have evsrlasting life.' I

Scenes in Maori Land.

pushed her away from my knee, and went out to walk about. That word 'whosoever,' awoke memories of days long gone by. I remembered that word being in my text when I was a lad in a



A MAORI CHRISTIAN GIRL.

Glasgow Sunday School. It brought back these days to my mind, and many, many things and faces I had long forgotten. I had a hard struggle; I had been such an awful sinner, a drunkard, a swearer,

Lizzie, the Maori Girl.

and a gambler. But thank the Lord, I learned that God loved me, sinner as I was, and that *whosoever* embraced me. I was saved, and by God's grace gave up the drink and all the rest. I could not pass away without telling you of God's wonderful love to me. I die happy and at peace : all through the words first uttered by that dear child." Many visits to the old captain confirmed the confession of his faith. He was really saved, and passed away to be with Christ ; and Lizzie tells to others of the same love that brought joy and peace to the old captain, and of that glorious "whosoever," which gave him and gives *you*, reader, a place in God's wonderful love.





The Maoris of To-day.

OUR friend from New Zealand made his promised visit, and to a little company of eager listeners around the fire-side he told us the following story:—

“The Maoris of to-day are not the warlike race they were in years long gone by. In parts of the North Island, especially in King’s county, there are goodly numbers of them to be found, living quietly in their *pahs* or villages, tilling their land.

“They are easily reached with the Gospel, and, as a rule, are willing to listen to it. They have a strong suspicion of missionaries of a certain kind, not without cause, for they say it was through their means that their fathers lost their land. And there has been such a lot of false Christianity, of religious profession without Christ, that you have

The Maoris of To-day.

to let them understand there, as elsewhere, that profession is one thing, possession another. The best way to reach the Maoris is, to go and live among them, or at least to be where you can reach them as one of themselves. I have wrought on a sheep farm, and in order to learn the Maori language, gone down to their *pahs* and spent many hours at a time. They are very hospitable, and



A PEACEFUL NEW ZEALAND FARM.

willing to hear the message. The Bible is printed in the Maori language, and many of them can read it. Others will listen while you read it to them. The language is not difficult to acquire, nor is it hard to speak.

“ Here is John iii. 16, in the Maori language :—

“ Na, koia ano te aroha o te Atua ki ae, homai ana e ia tana Tamaiti ko tahi, kia kahore ai e

Scenes in Maori Land.

mate te tangata e whakapono ana ki a ia, engari kia whiwhi ai ki te oranga tonutanga.'

"Many of the Lord's people in New Zealand are deeply exercised about the spiritual condition of the Maoris, and efforts are being made to carry 'the old, old story' of Jesus and His love in its simplicity among them.

"They have been demoralized by contact with the white man, and have learned many of his vices. All attempts to make them religious, apart from being 'born again,' have failed, as they ever must; and the Maoris of to-day need, in common with every other sinner on earth, 'the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' Let those who know its saving power, and believe in its efficacy, hasten to take or send it forth to the scattered and fast-dying race, who once peopled the sunny plains and grassy vales of Maori Land, whose fathers were either slain by the British sword, or hurried to the grave by the drink which Britons brought to their shores. Soon they will be no more."

The New Zealand of to-day, with its large and prosperous cities, standing where once a few Maori *pahs* were seen; its busy harbours, in which the great steamers of every nation cast their anchors, where once the war canoe was paddled on its voyage of death, its peaceful inhabitants no longer

The Maoris of To-day.

living in fear of the painted savage, with his war-axe and lance;—are witnesses of the marvellous changes wrought since the day the heralds of the Cross first set foot on its shores. But let us not forget that so long as a remnant of the ancient dwellers still exist, it is the duty and privilege of all who know the Gospel's saving power, to pass the message on to the aboriginal dwellers of

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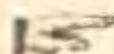
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