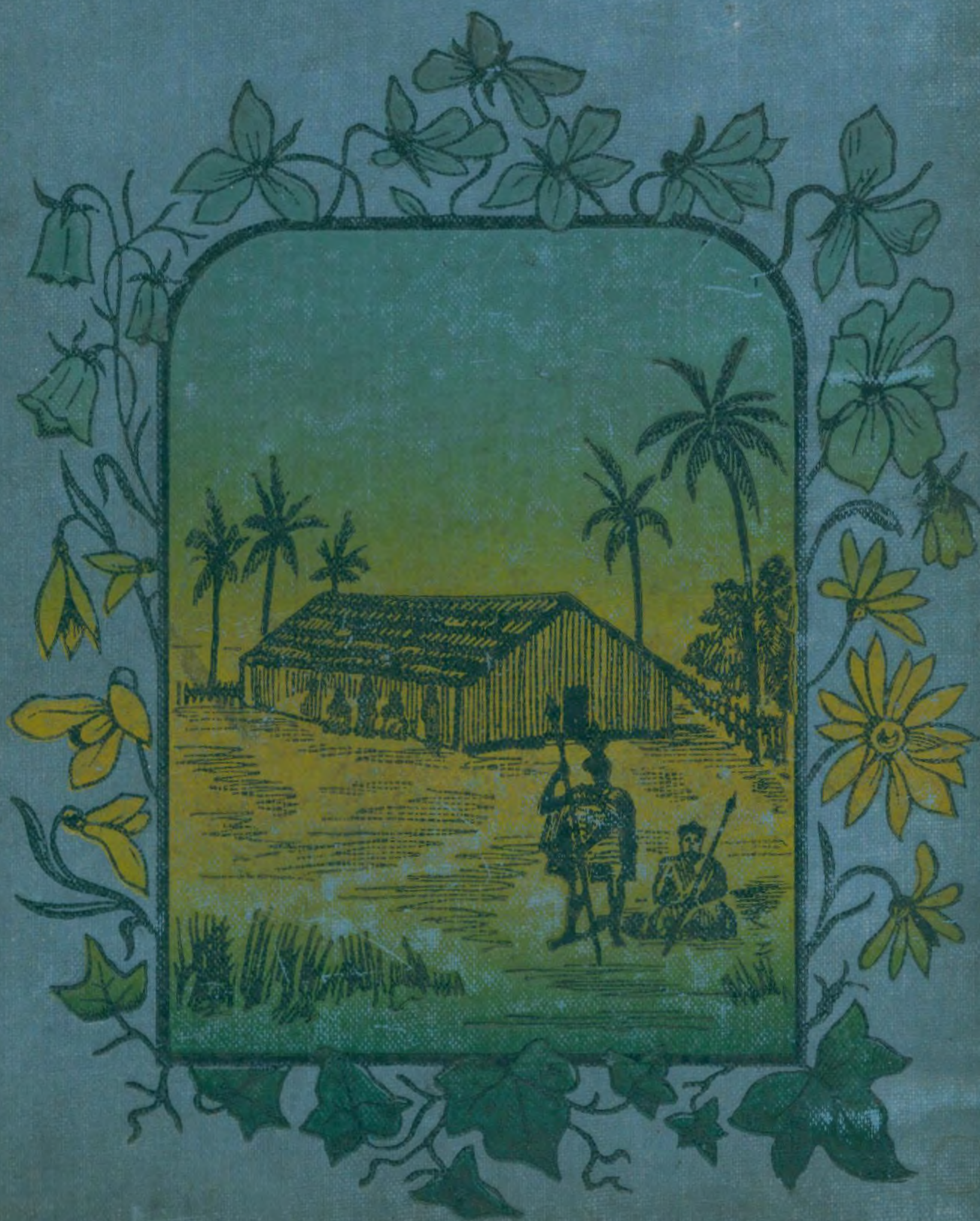


SCENES IN MAORI LAND



50p

SCENES
IN
MAORI LAND.



A MAORI GIRL OF THE PRESENT TIME.

SCENES IN MAORI LAND;

Peeps at New Zealand, its Peoples,

Early Missionaries and Martyrs.



KILMARNOCK:

JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER.

AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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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,

‘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?”

“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

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

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

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.

“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

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

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.

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

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

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?”

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,

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

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,

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,

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

‘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

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

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).

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

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,

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

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

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

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.

“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

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."





Story of Samuel Marsden,

MISSIONARY PIONEER TO THE MAORIS.

The Young Student.

THE story I am about to tell you of the brave pioneer missionary, who went out to the tattooed cannibals of New Zealand with the glad tidings of salvation, begins over a hundred years ago. There were no express trains dashing through our country then, no steamers flying across our seas.

Things went slowly, and many hardships had to be endured, that we know little or nothing of in our day. If you keep this in mind, it will help you to understand some of the trials which the hero of my story had to endure.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, in the days when the voices of John Wesley, George Whitfield, and their co-workers, sounded forth the glad tidings of God's salvation through the towns and villages of England, there lived in the Lancashire village of Horsforth, near Leeds, a lad named Samuel Marsden, the son of a godly blacksmith there. The family were Methodists, of the old-fashioned type, who believed in the necessity of conversion, and looked for it to be brought about by the power of the Gospel of Christ. Samuel's early years were spent at a Free Grammar School in Hull, and he was one of a few young men selected by the Elland Society to go to the University of Cambridge, to be trained for "the ministry."

Whether Samuel Marsden was actually converted at this time it is not easy to determine; but if he was, he does not seem to have been very bright in his testimony as a Christian. Possibly he was—as many of the children of believing parents are—so familiar with "the plan of salvation," that he could speak of it intelligently, while he had not yet received Christ as his personal Saviour, or been "born again." Be this as it may, young Marsden was, while at Cambridge, brought under the preaching and into personal contact with Charles Simeon, who was at that time greatly used of God

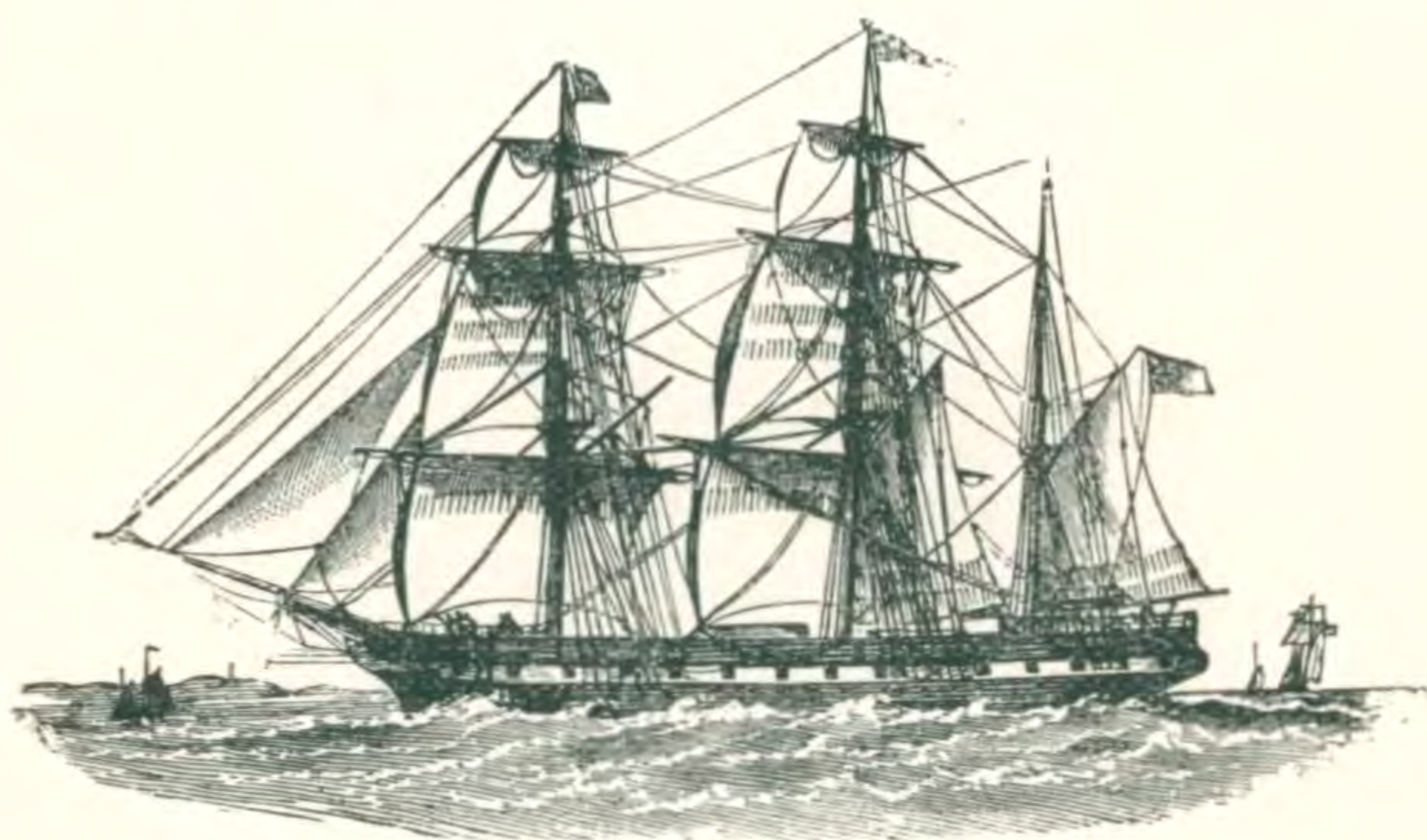
as an instrument in leading young men to Christ. In his preaching, and particularly in private conversation, Simeon made it his aim to reach the students with the Gospel, and to bring before them the necessity of being saved themselves, before they began to preach to others. It appears that the faithful testimony of this servant of Christ was blessed to young Marsden, for we find him from this time giving clear witness to the saving power of the Gospel, and a desire filling his soul to carry the story of redeeming love to the heathen.

Through the influence of Charles Simeon and Wilberforce, who was then in London, young Marsden was sent out as chaplain to the convicts, who were at that time being sent out to Australia, his field of service being Port Jackson, in New South Wales.

His last Sunday in England was to be spent in Hull, where he had arranged to preach; but just as the bells were tolling, and the preacher was ascending the pulpit stairs, a gun was fired from a ship in the harbour, which was the sign for the young missionary to go on board. He quickly retraced his steps, put on his hat, and with his young wife—to whom he had been married only a few days—hurriedly made for the ship, the congregation following to the shore, where the whole company joined in prayer, commending to God

the young couple who were, for the Gospel's sake, going into exile. Then, amid many affectionate farewells, the ship bore them away to the far-off land.

An incident happened during the early part of the voyage, which I must not omit to tell you. It shows how God arranges and overrules all things



"THE SHIP BORE THEM AWAY."

for the outworking of His purposes, and the salvation of sinners.

The ship put in at Portsmouth to embark a gang of chained convicts, who, for various crimes, were being sent out to the penal settlement at Port Jackson, and while waiting for their arrival, Marsden and his wife made a visit to the Isle of Wight. They had a Sunday to spend there, and the young missionary preached in Brading Church.

The message spoken that day, was used to the conversion of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, whose life story was afterwards written by Leigh Richmond, and has been read by thousands in every rank of life.

When Queen Victoria was a girl of fourteen she lived with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, for some months of the Summer in the Isle of Wight. A tourist, who happened to stroll into the old churchyard of Arreton—in which the Dairyman's Daughter is buried—came upon a lady and a young girl, seated upon a grassy mound. The latter was reading in a clear melodious voice from a book, the simple story of the Christian maiden, on whose grave they were seated. I need scarcely tell you that the young reader was the Princess Victoria, who soon after was called to the throne of Great Britain.

On the voyage, Marsden preached the first Sunday to a motley congregation of thieves, highwaymen, and murderers, from the words of John iii. 14, 15: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He says: "They were attentive, and the good effects were apparent." When he arrived in the colony, he found things in a terrible condition. Convicts at work in chained

gangs on the roads were his usual congregation, the very worst criminals of Britain.

Port Jackson, which then consisted of a number of rude habitations, was a convict settlement, on the spot where the flourishing city of Sydney now stands. Its inhabitants were of the most degraded kind, and neither feared God nor regarded man. It seemed a hopeless task to begin service for Christ among such a population, but the noble missionary had faith in the message that he bore, and determined to preach both the "terror of the law," and the "love of the truth," that men might be awakened and converted to God. His first address to the convicts was from Revelation vi. 17: "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand." After he had finished speaking, a young man came to him in great distress about his soul, and seemed truly awakened to his danger. This encouraged the Lord's servant, and caused him to cry to God that His power might be put forth, and many of these ungodly men converted. He laboured earnestly amid much to try his patience; he had many sorrows and trials, and much persecution, especially from government officials and ungodly men in high places, whose sins he never failed to rebuke.

During these years Marsden had opportunity of meeting with Maoris, who came across from New

Zealand. He was so interested in them that he frequently had as many as from twenty to thirty of them living in his house at a time.

No missionary had as yet ventured to carry the Gospel to the Maori cannibals, whose deeds of cruelty were in everybody's mouth. A whole ship's crew had been massacred and eaten, just about this time, on the shores of New Zealand. Convinced that God had called him to make an effort to carry the Gospel to the Maoris, he made a short visit to England, during which he laid their needs before the Lord's people, and stirred them up to a sense of their responsibilities toward this neglected people.

Then he set sail for the antipodes, but this time with his heart set on the neglected Maoris.





The Story of Tuatara.

BEFORE the ship had left the shores of England many days, Marsden's attention was attracted to a poor emaciated coloured man, sitting in the forecastle of the vessel, clad in rags. On making up to the lonely creature, Marsden was astonished to find he was a New Zealand chief, who had been beguiled from his own land by British sailors, who had cruelly treated him on board a whaling vessel, and then put him on shore without a penny in his pocket. He, however, found a second vessel, on which he went as a common sailor, but the vessel was wrecked, and he, with others, was cast on an island, where for three months their only food was an occasional seal which they caught, and such sea fowl as they were able to catch. Having been picked up by a passing vessel, he was taken to England, where he was promised an interview with King George, who at that time was

ruler of Great Britain, but no sooner had he landed in London than he was deserted, and left to find his way back to his native land. Marsden's heart was moved with compassion for this lone Maori, and during the voyage he had many long conversations with him.

On their arrival at Port Jackson, Marsden took



A MAORI CHIEF.

him to his home, where he stayed for six months, during which a real friendship was established between them, which was to be of immense service in days to come for the spread of the Gospel among the New Zealanders.

At the close of his sojourn, Tuatara—for that was the Maori chieftain's name—returned to his

native land deeply impressed with the genuine Christianity of the only white man who had been his true friend.

True Christian love and sympathy, a heart warm with Christ-like compassion to the poor and the needy, shown in such ways and acts as Marsden's toward this Maori stranger, are no doubt the best commendations of the Gospel, and go a long way to find it a hearing, from sinners alike in dark heathendom, and also among the more highly-privileged yet more guilty sinners of Christendom.

Another simple circumstance was wonderfully over-ruled by God to prepare an entrance for the messengers of the Gospel to the Maoris. Tuatara had received from Mr. Marsden, and taken with him to his native country some English wheat, wherewith to sow his field—the very first which had been sown in New Zealand. When Tuatara sowed it, the natives were greatly interested; more still, when it grew up in green stalks. But their amazement and delight was unbounded when the ripened grain was ground, and cakes baked of the flour, which, when they tasted, they danced in wild excitement. Tuatara was thus able to commend the good intentions of the “white man” soon expected to visit them. Thus you see the way was prepared for the messenger, and the message of God's blessed Gospel to the Maoris.



The Gospel's First Entrance.

LATE in the year 1814, just a few months before the battle of Waterloo, Marsden's vessel dropped anchor in the Bay of Islands, and he set foot on New Zealand with a small party of English helpers, a few necessary articles, and two or three tradesmen. A fierce war was raging at the time between the natives of the Bay and the Wangaroa, so that the mission party had to act with great care, lest their presence in the territory of the one party might be regarded as a slight to the other. With one companion, and without arms or any defence, save faith in the living God, Marsden stepped on shore, and was met by his friend Tuatara. A band of naked warriors, armed with clubs and spears, stood a little distance off, awaiting a signal from Tuatara

to bid the strangers welcome in their own way; and the moment that signal was given, they rushed down the hill brandishing their spears, screaming and yelling, until the air rang—"Marsden, the friend of the Maoris!" The two white strangers were escorted into the centre of a camp of warriors, where they were seated. One of their number, who understood English, acted as interpreter, and explained to the natives the object of their visit, which seemed to give general satisfaction. The ceremony over, the warriors began to retire to rest in their respective groups; and, wearied after the busy day, the two devoted servants of Christ, who, for the Gospel's sake, had left all that earth holds dear, wrapped themselves in their coats and lay down to rest, if not to sleep. In one of his letters Marsden describes their first night as follows:—

"The night was clear; the stars shone bright; the sea in our front was smooth. Around us were innumerable spears, stuck upright in the ground, and groups of natives, lying in all directions, like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our present position with sensations and feelings I cannot express. Surrounded by cannibals, who had massacred and devoured our countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence, and how these things could be."

The first effort of the missionaries was to reconcile the rival chiefs, who, before the next day's sunset, rubbed noses together in token of their renewed friendship.

Two days later—on Christmas Day, 1814, which was a Lord's Day—the Union Jack floated on a



A MAORI PAH, OR VILLAGE.

flagstaff on shore. Close by it, Tuatara had rigged up a reading desk, made of the wood of an old canoe, and provided seats for the Europeans and chiefs out of planks, his ideas evidently being taken from what he had seen in England.

When Marsden and his helpers appeared, they

found a great company of warriors seated on the turf, their spears stuck in the ground. The inhabitants of the town — men, women, and children — formed an outer circle. A solemn silence brooded over the strange assembly, as the servant of the God of heaven stood up with uncovered head, and for the first time on New Zealand's shore, led off a song of praise to the God of salvation, whose Gospel they had come to declare to that needy land. Then he preached from Luke ii. 8 : "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy"—the first Gospel message proclaimed on Bethlehem's plains—from which he told them of Jesus, who came to earth to seek and save the lost. Tuatara interpreted the message to the natives, which, when they heard in their own language, they danced and yelled, as expressive of their joy.

Marsden thus began where all true missionaries should begin, by preaching Christ to the heathen ; and it would have been well, had he and those who followed him, went on as they began. They, however, had an idea that in order to get the heathen Maoris converted, they must first be civilized. His thoughts on this were embodied in a speech he made while in England, previous to his departure for New Zealand. "Commerce and the arts," said he, "having a tendency to inculcate

industry and moral habits, open the way for the introduction of the Gospel, and lay the foundation for its continuance when once received. Nothing can pave the way for the introduction of the Gospel but civilization."

These words express the belief of many in our own day. Indeed, they may be taken as the commonly accepted creed of Christendom, and the standing rule of the great philanthropic and missionary societies. But we find no such command in the Word of God. The apostles and early preachers of the Gospel did not go on such lines at all. They preached Christ to sinners just as they found them—heathen or religious, Jews or Gentiles, bond or free; and when Christ was received, and His saving power experienced, there was no need for what the world calls "civilization." The sinner was brought from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God; he became the possessor of a new life, in the power of which he walked, and his old habits dropped off like the withered leaves in Spring. It is pleasant, however, to be able to tell, that in his later years Marsden entirely changed his mind on this subject, and it would be well if all who still hold to what were his earlier thoughts, would give heed to his later testimony.

Reviewing the work of many years, he writes: "Civilization is not necessary before Christianity.

Do both together if you will, but you will find civilization follow Christianity more easily than Christianity follow civilization." Yes, no doubt; and while civilization only fits a man to become a better citizen of earth, Christianity, or more correctly CHRIST, who is the Author of all genuine Christianity, and apart from whom there is none, Christ received by faith, makes the receiver a child of God, fit for heavenly glory, and for citizenship in the New Jerusalem.

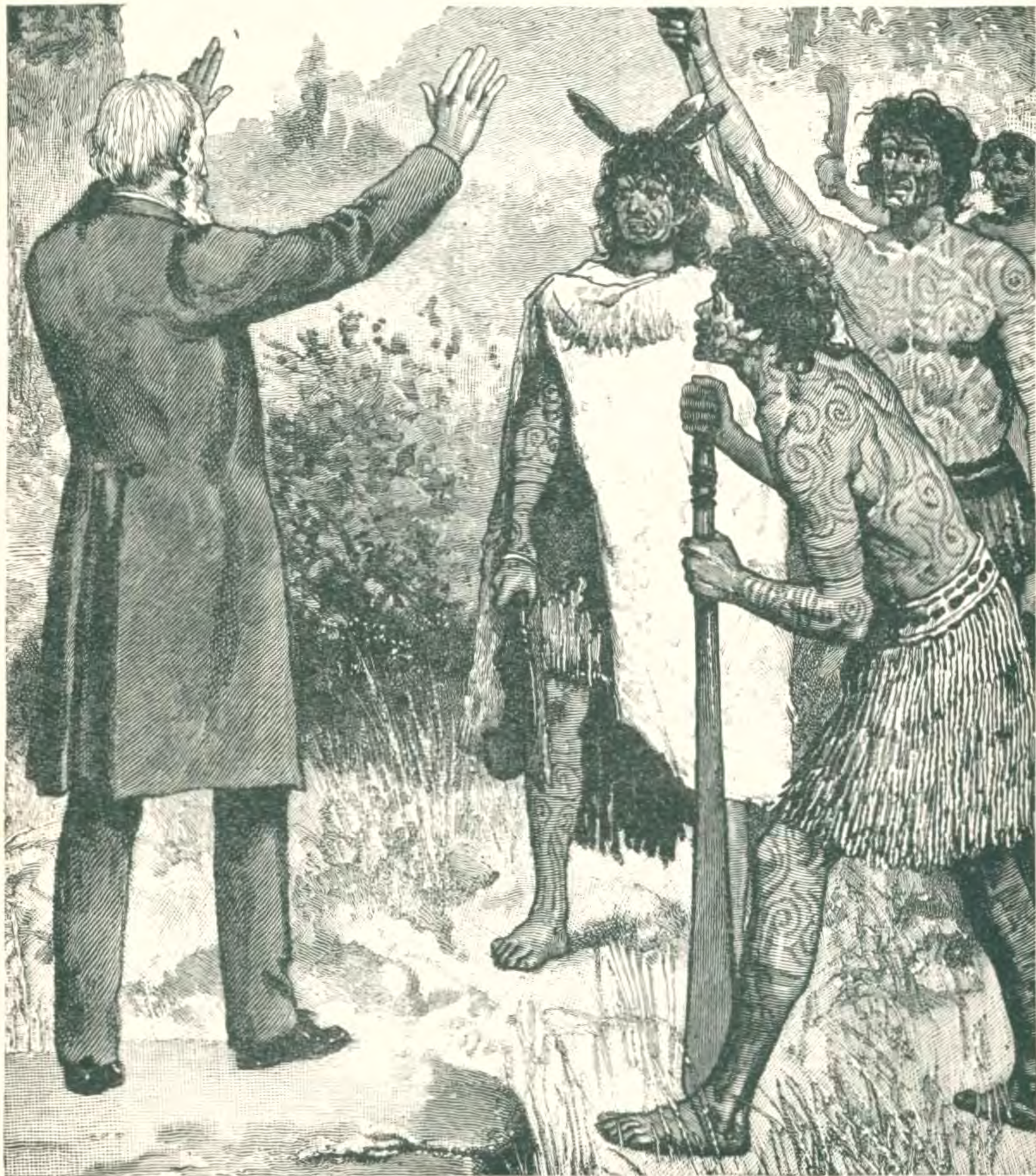




Wars, and Rumours of Wars.

THESE bright beginnings of Gospel testimony gave much cheer to the servants of Christ, but they were soon to have their faith tried in an unexpected way. Tuatara, their true friend, took suddenly ill and died; and no sooner was the spell of his influence gone, than several heathen chiefs, who had never been friendly to the missionaries, but who were restrained by fear of Tuatara, became very turbulent and threatening in their attitude to them. For months they lived in fear, and slept at night with their clothes on, ready to flee to their boat in the case of danger. It was no uncommon thing for two or three hundred naked savages, with spears levelled, clubs brandishing, and muskets loaded, to threaten the missionaries whenever they displeased them.

When Marsden heard of the outbreak, he hastened again to New Zealand, and on his arrival he found the whole country in a state of war. Honji, a powerful chief, who had visited England and received from King George a present of firearms, was evidently so impressed with the grandeur of a monarchy, that he resolved to establish one in New Zealand, with himself as King. His visit to the Tower of London, with its glittering array of arms, gave him the idea that if he was to gain the throne it must be by the use of these; so he bartered all his English presents at Sydney for guns and ammunition, and on his return to New Zealand, he, while professedly the friend of the missionaries, and even a guest at Marsden's table, was determined to wage war to satisfy his ambition. He declared war against Hinaki, the chief of a rival tribe, and slew thousands of his followers, he and his warriors cooking and eating three hundred at one time, Honji himself drinking the warm blood of his rival, and swallowing his eye. Such was the fearful course of a man who had professed Christianity, and while in England worshipped within its cathedrals and churches, but who had never been really converted to God. After deluging the land with blood Honji died, and passed to his account with God. Civil war raged throughout the land, and when Marsden reached the Bay, he found a



MISSIONARY STOPPING A WAR PARTY.

great battle had been fought. On one side of the Bay the unburied dead lay in heaps ; while on the other, the natives who had received the Gospel met for worship. Next day war canoes, filled with men in battle array, studded the Bay, yelling fearfully. In some cases the heads of their chiefs slain in battle were fixed on the prow of their canoes, to incite them to bloodshed. When Marsden saw them he quietly launched the mission boat, and sailed into the midst of the combatants. It was a critical moment, but the Lord gave the victory ; and in token of his anger being broken and his honour satisfied, the oppressing chief took a stick and broke it in two, which was immediately followed by a loud yelling from both parties, as a token that peace had been ratified.

Marsden returned with a thankful heart, and wrote: "The time will come, when human sacrifices and cannibalism will be annihilated in New Zealand by the pure, mild, and heavenly influence of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. His Word, which is the sword of the Spirit, is able to subdue these savage people to the obedience of faith."

These words, so far at least as outward reformation is concerned, have been fulfilled ; for long ago the Maoris have ceased to offer human sacrifices, or eat human flesh.



The Glad Tidings Spread Abroad.

WHEN Marsden returned to New Zealand in 1822, he was accompanied by a fellow-labourer, named Henry Williams. This earnest young Christian had been a naval officer, but soon after his conversion he had a desire begotten in his heart to go forth as an ambassador of peace, with God's message of salvation to the heathen.

Henry Williams did not, like some of the missionaries, make "the civilization of the heathen" his chief object. He sought their conversion, not merely to Christianity, but to Christ. Instead of labouring to break up hereditary customs, and to get the natives to give up debasing superstitions, he began, as all true "Gospellers" begin, by preaching "Christ crucified." The results of his preaching were very soon manifest in the conversion of several noted Maoris at

Paihia, where his mission station was. In a simple *whare*, made of rushes, the earnest missionary sat for whole days, surrounded by groups of wondering natives, to whom he expounded the “things concerning the kingdom of God, and the Name of Jesus Christ.”

One of the first converts was a chief named Whatu, who had heard the Gospel from Marsden in Parramatta, but did not receive it, but now awakened to his need as a sinner, he willingly accepted God’s free gift of eternal life (Rom.vi.23). It makes all the difference in the world when one sees his need and his danger. You may pass by a spring of clear water ten times without tasting it, but if you are a-thirst, you do not pass it again without stooping down to drink.

Thus it was with Whatu, the Maori chief, with the Gospel; and thus it will be with you, when you see your need, and feel your thirst. Well do I remember, when first in the joyful experience of my soul, as a young believer in the Lord Jesus, I could sing—

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!’

“I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.”

Other chiefs came to the mission station at Paihia, and heard the Gospel, carrying the news to many a far-off tribe. A mission schooner, named *The Herald*, was built, and by this means other places around the coast were reached with the Gospel. Up to the year 1830, little or nothing had been done in the interior. The natives were jealous of the “white man”—not without some reason either—for the conduct of several Englishmen, who had been there, had not been commendable. The Gospel suffers everywhere from such conduct, for the heathen naturally connect “the white man’s” Bible with “the white man’s” way of life, and conclude accordingly.

Drink and other vices, practised by those who profess Christianity, or who come from a land where it is taught, do more to hinder the Gospel, than any other form of opposition met with by the missionaries of the Cross.

To show how eager many of the young Maoris were to learn to read, and understand the Word of God, Mr. Williams tells of a crippled Maori lad at a place named Ahiparu, who used to creep about the *pah*, picking up all the bits of printed paper he could find. These he stitched together; then he would ask his brother the meaning of a word, and, having mastered that, get someone else to tell him another. In this way he learned to read so well,

that when Mr. Williams visited him, he found he could read the New Testament. "And do you love the Word of God?" asked the missionary. "Ah, yes!" said the cripple boy, in his own expressive language, "it is my pillow."



MOTHER AND CHILD.



Closing Years, Rest, and Home.

FOR over twenty years the earnest missionary visited and watched over the work in New Zealand, and many helpers were raised up to spread the Gospel there. While there was no doubt a good deal of mere profession, there was undoubtedly many cases of real conversion to God.

Rangi, a Maori chief, who was one of the first converts, proved by his life that his conversion was genuine, and died exclaiming: "My heart feels full of light." Peti, a young Maori girl, who was converted, confessed Christ boldly, saying: "His love is not like the love of the world, which soon dies away; it lasts for ever." And when

nearing the end of her journey, she said : "Christ is waiting for me ; I want to go."

But while the Gospel thus made progress, the enemy was not idle. An unlooked-for form of opposition arose. Some Romish priests, disguised in a variety of forms, had arrived at various times in the island, and quietly began to sow the seeds of discord among the natives, who had been brought under the sound of the Gospel as preached by Marsden and his fellow-workers. By-and-bye a Romish bishop appeared, and then opposition to the missionaries began in earnest. To gain the confidence of the natives, the priests gave presents of blankets and other articles freely. As soon as they had got a hearing from these ignorant people, who were just emerging from the darkness of heathendom, the wily priests denounced the missionaries, and reviled the Bible they had brought with them as being "unauthorized." The missionaries were compelled to withstand these enemies of the Gospel, by contending that the Holy Scriptures, and not the traditions of the Church, were to be our guide. The priests told the natives that their missionaries had never been to Rome, from which all authority to preach the Word must be received. In reply to this the simple Maoris, unable to understand what was meant by "authority," held up the Bible and said they could

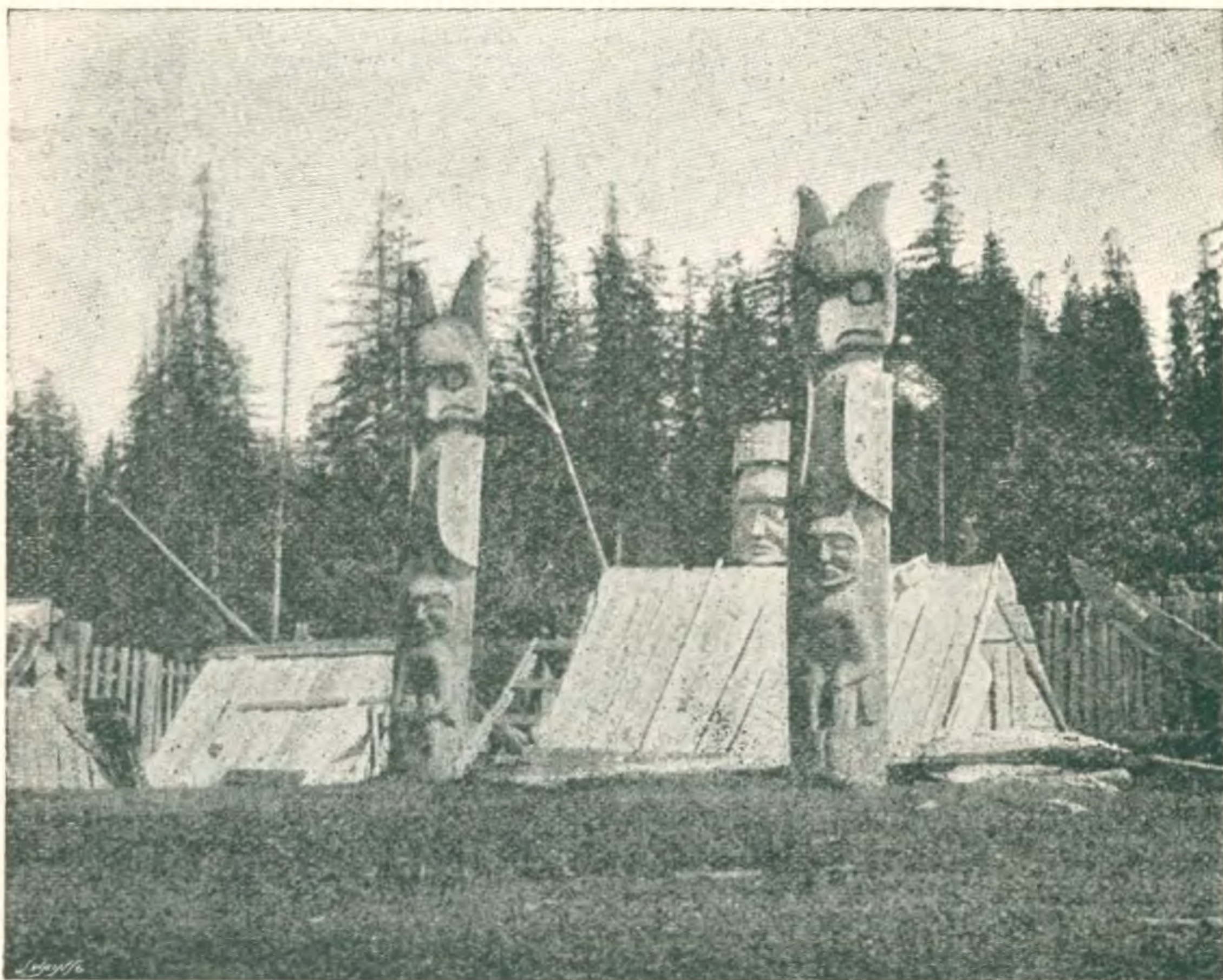
read it for themselves. When the priests found they could not deprive them of the Word of God, they then said the Protestants had stolen it from them. In this discussion the priests were completely defeated, and had, at least in that part of the island, to give up their work of opposition as hopeless.

Other trials had to be met by the servants of Christ, for it is no child's play to go into the dark regions of heathendom with the Gospel of Christ. Perhaps the greatest hindrance of all to its progress was the ungodly lives of many of the white men, who came from the same land as the Bible and the missionaries. The natives naturally expected that they would all be Christians; but, alas! as we too well know, and as they proved by their conduct, many of them were the greatest opponents of Christianity.

Although now advanced in years, Marsden continued his visits to New Zealand, and was never happier than when moving about among its wild inhabitants, preaching Christ to them. He walked through tangled forests, rode across trackless plains, carrying the Gospel to *pahs* or villages of heathen, who had never heard the Saviour's Name. After a busy day he would wrap his great-coat around him, lay his head on a heap of ferns, with the starry heavens as his canopy, surrounded by

tribes of cannibals, and there sleep sweetly under the shelter of Jehovah's wing.

Marsden, in the later years of his life, had the joy of seeing several of the native chiefs, whom



MAORI WHARES, WITH CARVED IMAGES.

he had known in earlier days, converted to God. One of the most blood-thirsty warriors named Taiwhanga, who had been the leader in many tribal wars, and who had at one time opposed the missionaries, was brought into the kingdom. The

changed life of this powerful chief was in itself a testimony to the Gospel's saving power, and caused many to come under its sound. But the greatest hindrances to its progress were found among the white men, who plainly saw that if it continued to work its wonders among the natives, their trade in drink and other unlawful things would suffer.

Several attempts were made by these ungodly and unscrupulous men to exterminate those defenceless people, and to wage war against them.

The noble missionary who had spent the best years of his life in seeking to reach them with the Gospel, was not likely to stand silently by and allow such conduct to pass. He spoke fearlessly against the crimes of the professed "traders," and government agents, but found himself, as the Christian ever may expect, in a minority. In the law courts he demanded that the evidence of the natives should be heard, as well as that of their accusers. But the legislature of that time was unwilling to listen to the missionary's appeal, and quickly dismissed it. The cause of the natives was, however, in the hands of the God, who loves and cares for the poor and the needy, and in due time justice was given them. But their only hope, in common with fallen men and women of every tribe and nation, lies in the Gospel of Christ, which, wherever it is received, not only civilizes,

but saves and exalts to the dignity of the children of God all who welcome its saving grace and power. Civilizing influences only benefit for a time, but the Gospel, while it does much to make men good citizens of earth, and peaceful subjects of the kingdom, in which their lot is cast, fits them for the presence of God, and gives them a title and fitness for eternal glory.

But the noble pioneer's days of active service were drawing to a close. In 1835 his wife, his companion and helpmeet all the years of his labours, went to be with Christ. He was an old man over seventy, when he took his last journey, accompanied by his daughter, to New Zealand. Many of the old chiefs welcomed him, and thousands gathered from all parts to hear him preach. The Lord had done great things in New Zealand since the day he first set foot on its shores, and the veteran's heart was full of praise. At last the parting came. One old chief sat in silence looking on his face for hours, and when asked to remove, he exclaimed: "Let me alone; I shall never see him again." A crowd accompanied him to the ship, many in tears, knowing they would "see his face no more." As long as he had strength, he carried the Gospel into the bush, among the lawless dwellers there; and when no longer able for that, he gathered Maori boys to his home, and taught

them the truth of God. At last the end drew near. His last words, in answer to a remark made by one on the preciousness of having Christ, were: "Precious! precious!" And with these words on his lips, the devoted worker—the earnest pioneer missionary—passed away to his rest with Christ.

So you see, my dear boys and girls, a life spent for God can never be spent in vain. This is the only truly happy life, whether spent in the land of your birth in the humble paths of life, or in some far-off land, seeking to make known the blessed Gospel to heathen sinners, who have never heard the Saviour's Name.

People are asking: "Is life worth living?" The answer to this question entirely depends on what the life is. A Christian's life is decidedly worth living, and not only yields present joy, but future reward. I am glad to be able to tell you I have proved this to be a fact. I entered upon this happy life when I was a lad of seventeen, by coming to Christ as a sinner, and receiving Him as my personal Saviour. Then it was I was born again, and began to live. How delightful it was to stand amid the "all things new" of a heaven-born existence, and sing—

"Heaven wears a brighter blue,
Earth a robe of sweeter green,
All around a happier hue,

By my former eyes unseen.
Brighter suns around me wheel,
Brighter stars above me shine,
Everywhere I only feel
I am His, and He is mine."

May you each know, in your own experience,
the blessedness of having Christ as your Saviour
and Lord.





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

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

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.

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 were

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

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

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

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*

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

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

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

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

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

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 quicky 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

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

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

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

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. 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

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,

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.





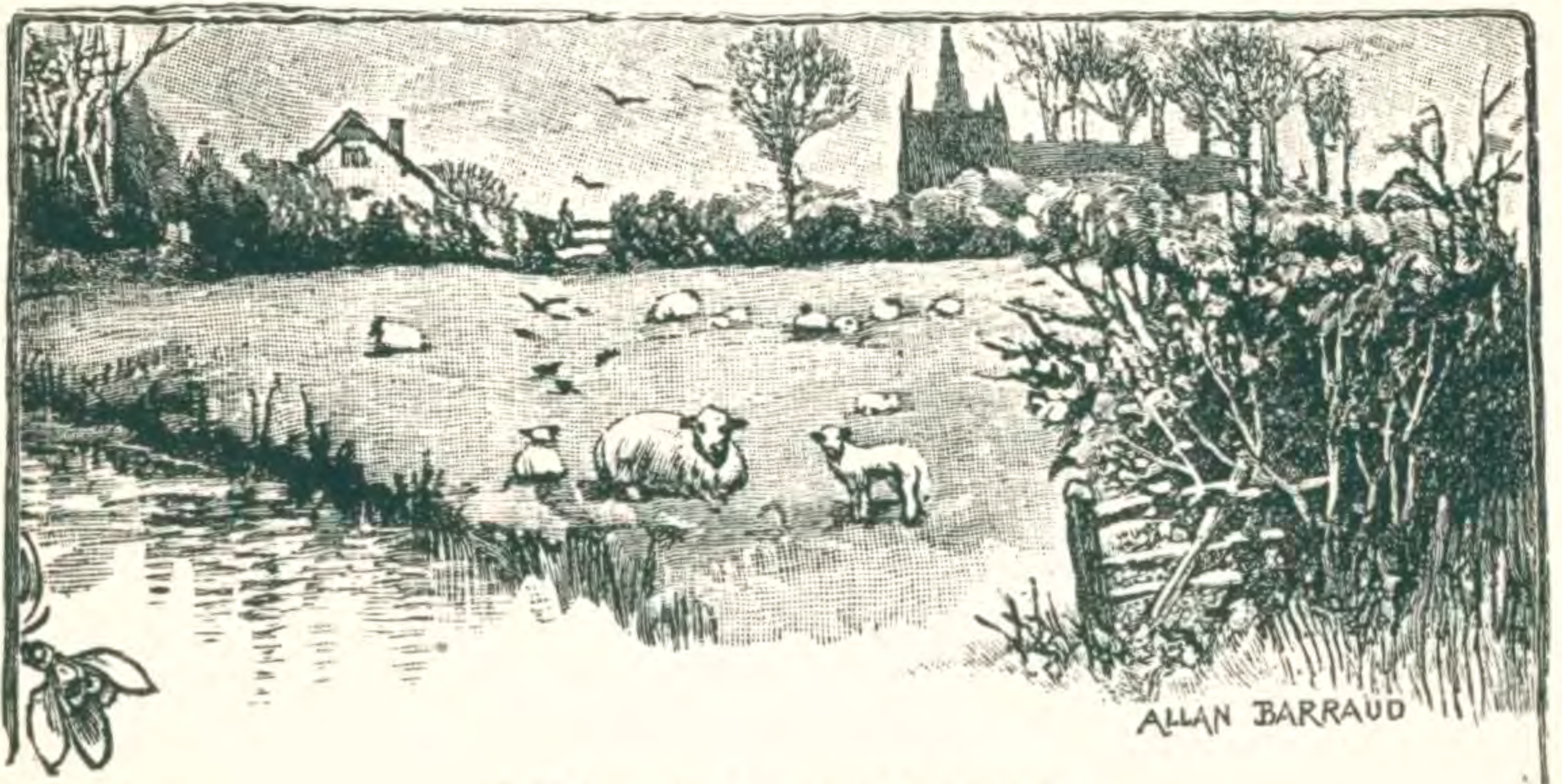
The Maoris of To-day.

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

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

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

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

MAORI LAND.



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