

their affections that they have since co-operated with the whites even in the work of legislation. In 1844, a fiery young chief, Hone Heke, son-in-law of the great Hongi (well known in New Zealand story), cut down the flag-staff from which the Union Jack waved at Korovaoka, the only town then in New Zealand. A man-of-war and a military force were sent, and the flag-staff, now plated and shod with iron, was again erected; but Heke attacked and took the town, cut down the flag-staff and drove the military and marines to their ships. Subsequent successes on his part threatened the very life of the young colony, for the Maoris displayed extraordinary military capacity in constructing pahs or fortifications, impregnable except against artillery; but the new Governor acted with promptitude and inflicted a defeat on them which so destroyed Heke's prestige that they sought for peace. A few years afterwards the brave chief, dying of consumption, left by will his lands to Governor Grey. It is almost needless to say that he, instead of taking possession, made them over to the relatives. Heke, in his last illness, said despondently that he "saw his people, as in a vision, drying up as a river when there is no rain," and spoke pathetically of the time when the missionaries would ring their bells for the Maoris, but there would be none to come to hear the gospel preached. His countrymen are still inclined to prophesy their own extinction, saying: "As the English grass kills the Maori grass, and the English rat kills the Maori rat, so must the Maori himself be swept from the fern home of his fathers by the Pakeha." I hope not. They now form, especially in the northern island, an integral portion of the community with recognized rights; and, as it is not considered at all improper for a white man to marry

a Maori girl, they are more likely to become absorbed in the common New Zealand race than to disappear without leaving any sign. They are a fine, stout-limbed, stuggy race, of rather less than medium height, far superior to the poor aborigines of Australia, and there is therefore little or no race antipathy or social chasm between them and the "Pakeha." In his aims at raising them as far as possible to our standard of thought and life, Grey found a noble collaborer in Bishop Selwyn, the school-fellow and lifelong friend of Gladstone. Selwyn's name is indelibly associated with all that is good in the early history of New Zealand, but Grey has been a still greater force on the right side down almost to the present day, in social, educational and political, as well as in Christian work. Florence Nightingale's testimony is striking, but even more so is that of the Maoris in the government quarries, who had been instructed under his orders in skilled stone work. She wrote to him in 1863: "You are nearly the only Governor, except the great Sir John Lawrence, who has condescended to qualify yourself by learning the languages, the physical habits and the ethnographical peculiarities of the races you had to govern." They wrote to him, when they heard that Government House at Auckland had been destroyed by fire in 1848 and offered stones for rebuilding. Their second letter ended thus: "This is our thought relative to the stones for you; but there must be no payment given us. This is a token of affection from the people of the quarry to our Governor. Enough."

The South island has been the scene of interesting colonization experiments, semi-ecclesiastical in character. The New Zealand Company had made its first settlements on the shores of Cook Straits, and had ap-