

The year 1867 saw the departure from the scene of their labours in New Zealand of two great men, Bishop Selwyn and Archdeacon Henry Williams the former to an English diocese, the latter to his heavenly rest. Throughout the war period, Henry Williams had lived on quietly at Pukaraka in the far north, where, under his influence, the tribes always remained loyal both to the Queen and to the Church. As age and infirmities increased, he built a small vessel for himself, to save the fatigues of overland travelling; and he happily named it the *Rainbow*, "in memory of God's mercy and promise after the destroying flood." * He and his family built and endowed a church; and he raised funds for other small endowments in aid of the Maori ministry. But the most wonderful triumph of his influence was achieved by his death. In June, 1867, a strange thing happened in that peaceful part of the country. A local dispute between two tribes led to a sudden outburst of excitement, and on July 16th, after a violent meeting, at which Williams's sons strove hard but in vain to reconcile the parties, it was agreed to fight it out next day in open battle. But after darkness fell that evening, the word went round both camps, "*Te Wiremu is dead!*" Although the Archdeacon had been very weak for some days, no immediate danger had been apprehended; but that evening he suddenly fainted, and died in a few minutes. The Maoris were paralyzed; a truce was at once proclaimed; the chiefs on both sides came forward to carry the great benefactor of their race to his grave; and after the funeral, one of them said, "My hand has touched the pall; I can no longer go back to fight." A day or two afterwards the two tribes met on the intended battle-field. One of the chiefs took out his Maori Testament, and read several texts, concluding with, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Then they all knelt down, and he offered up a prayer to the God whom, after all, they did honour. Then both sides went through the old war-dance, with every demonstration of mutual defiance; but as it closed, instead of rushing upon each other in fury, as of old, they again fell to prayer. After this, speeches were made for several hours, and then each side made valuable peace-offerings to the other. The day closed with the whole body wailing and weeping as if their hearts would break for their departed friend.

Thus died the greatest of New Zealand missionaries. We have seen him before as the young naval officer fighting in the battles of his country; we have seen him taking leave of the C.M.S. Committee as he went forth to the Antipodes in the days of darkest Heathenism; we have seen him working for forty-four years without once returning to England; we have seen him misunderstood, disconnected, and restored; we have seen the results

College said of Rota after his death, "He was a gude mon, was Mr. Rota, a gude mon. I never knew a better mon." Then ("as a climax," says Lady Martin) she added, "I never knew a better Scotch-mon!"

* H. Carleton, *Life of Henry Williams*, vol. ii. p. 349.

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Death of
Arch-
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Remark-
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