

and the missionaries lived for weeks in constant apprehension. George died, charging his followers to exact vengeance for his wrongs. The poultry of the missionaries was stolen, and some of it offered as a sacrifice to George's father. In January, 1827, the whole party of Wesleyan laborers were compelled to embark for New South Wales, after under going numerous exposures and barely escaping with their lives from these treacherous and cruel savages.

To one of the New Zealand chiefs, however, their departure was a matter of great regret. He, Patuone by name, had "rubbed noses" with the missionaries, and was known to be very friendly to Europeans. From him, in October, 1827, came an invitation for the exiles to return. It was an irresistible Macedonian cry; and the whole band, in the early part of the next year, landed on the north island and settled in Patuone's province.

Two years of fruitless labor passed by. Few would hear the message. The very chief, whose letter had recalled them, neither attended their place of worship nor gave them any encouragement. With the strange faith, seen, however so richly as among missionaries, they toiled and prayed, believing "that prayers in Christ Jesus can accomplish anything." In 1830 there were manifestly more attendance and attention given to the truth. But the most powerful witness was that of the lives of these godly men and women. "Ye are the light of the world."

Bunson said to his English wife, when dying, "My dear, in thy face I have seen the eternal!" And these Maoris could not but see a tremendous contrast between themselves and the heroic and unselfish souls who were risking life itself for their sakes.

The first conversions started the whole community. Tawai and Miti, two of their greatest warriors, openly declared their allegiance to the new captain of their salvation. God's Spirit was at work. Some came forty miles in canoes to hear the gospel, and, as in one day, multitudes turned to God. The natives overflowed the chapel, and the forests and hills became sanctuaries, where the Word was preached to attentive listeners. The missionaries could now travel far and wide only to find multitudes ready both to hear and heed the gospel.

When Mr. Leigh first came to Wanganoo there was no book written or printed. The missionaries no sooner learned to talk than they began to teach spelling and reading. They sent to England and had types cut, and books were printed in the Wanganoo dialect. 1840 was the golden year, when a new religious literature was introduced into New Zealand. Within two years the press printed 5,000 scripture lessons, 3,000 spellers and readers, 8,000 catechisms, etc.; 13 regular stations were established, 4,000 boys and girls in schools, 3,300 church members were gathered into the fold. The demand for native New Testaments greatly exceeded the supply, though 15,000 copies had been printed.

It will be remembered that in 1809 the ship *Boyd* had been plundered and burned by these cannibals, who devoured every survivor of the crew. Behold the contrast, and let who will dispute the miracles of missions! A shipwreck at Kaipara Heads cast over 200 persons naked and destitute on the shore. How were they received? With human and Christian kindness. Not to be clubbed and roasted, but snugly housed and fed in Okaro, and not one farthing would these Maoris accept in return for their hospitality. On the shores of Christian England a nobler reception could not have been awaiting shipwrecked sailors!

Most wonderful of all, these New Zealanders felt that they must send the gospel, which had brought them such

blessing, to the destitute about them. A grand missionary meeting was called by the Okaroans. It was a three days' meeting. One whole day was consumed in addresses on missions, fifteen or sixteen of which were made by converted natives. No wonder if all eyes wept as these regenerated cannibals told of Him who had saved them, and of their passion to tell of Jesus to the lost. Poor as they were they made an offering of sixty-five dollars—an average of about thirty cents for each attending native Christian!

The subsequent history of New Zealand was one of large and frequent outpourings of the Spirit. They sought to water others and were watered themselves. Hundreds were converted, new churches were organized, and new buildings erected in all peopled districts; native young men were trained and sent forth as evangelists, and the isles resounded with praise to God!

We have designed only to give the early history of the New Zealand missions; but in 1860 the Wesleyan Church numbered 5,000, with 200 Sunday-schools, where 7,000 children were taught. Over 12,000 were regular attendants at worship. About one generation's life time, thirty-three years, had been spent by the Wesleyans in securing such results. No Christian land can present any parallel in the same space of time. Even skeptics stand in mute astonishment at the results wrought by Christian missions, constrained with Mr. Hume to acknowledge that these are things which their infidel philosophy cannot explain in the Christian life.

Mr. Darwin was not regarded as a Christian, but he had the greatest respect for good in Christianity, and was great enough to acknowledge it. This is the way in which he answered some shallow critics of foreign missionaries:

"They forget or will not remember that human sacrifice and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide, a consequence of that system; bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these things have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is a base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

What a fulfilment of prophecy! "The isles afar off that have not heard My fame neither have seen My glory; and they shall declare My glory among the gentiles!"—*Miss. Review.*

### The Three Religions of India.

The most remarkable testimony of a year or more as to missions in India has just been given by Sir William W. Hunter. The *London Times*, even, so esteems it. Sir W. W. Hunter is the author of *The Indian Empire*, and is accounted one of the most eminent and accurate students of affairs in India. He has been long connected with the Indian Civil Service, and looks from the secular standpoint, and not as a special pleader for missions. I will attempt the very difficult task of compressing into a few lines an article which would fill a page and a half of *The Examiner*. Before a distinguished audience at a regular meeting of the Society of Arts, on February 24th, Sir W. W. Hunter delivered this address. He was led into a careful study of the question by the discussion touching Mohammedanism. Sir W. W. Hunter objects to the method of computing the cost of missions at so much for each convert. As dissent has developed the