

were unfurnished, showing no orderly arrangement. Their cooking utensils, a few stones. Polygamy had no limits but the ability of a man to procure wives; every household was a little hell, with daily strifes and deadly hatred. Extreme barbarism prevailed, in fact the lowest type of savage life. New-born babes were left in neglect to cry themselves to death. When five days old, infants were sprinkled or dipped at a stream and named, while a priest mumbled a prayer to an unknown spirit, "May this child become brave and warlike," or perhaps "cruel, audacious, murderous." Stones were forced down the throat to make the heart hard and pitiless.

*Tabu* prevailed. It set apart men from all common approach—no one dared visit or converse with a tabued person; death was the penalty for being found in a canoe on a tabued day, or for a woman to eat certain articles of food, even accidentally. Tattooing with chisels or fish bones, dipped in indelible dye, was quite universal, slow, painful and prostrating. Superstitions too absurd to be soberly recorded ruled the people. A pain in the back was treated by jumping and treading on the patient. Dreams and omens were regarded as infallible. The issue of a war was determined in advance by setting up sticks to represent contestants and watching which were blown down. Jugglers were their oracles, and witchcraft was the dreaded foe, to defeat whose malign designs any innocent person was liable to the most cruel death.

The Maoris were the worst of *cannibals*. They drank the blood of enemies as it flowed on the battle-field, then feasted on their roasted remains. Their virtues were so few, and their vices so many and appalling, that not a few Christians doubted whether there was anything left worth saving, or possible to use as a basis for the gospel. They could scarce be called idolaters, for they were so low sunk in barbarism that they had not even the invention to construct a god, and had no gods nor any objects of worship. Thunder they attributed to *Atua*, a great spirit whom they feared as author of all calamities. They believed him to come as a lizard and prey on the vitals of the sick, and hence incantations were used, and they threatened to burn or kill and eat the demon unless he should depart. They also believed in *Wiro*, the Satan of the Maoris. They were virtually atheists, or, at best, devil-worshippers. They had a vague belief in a future state, but, of course, it was robbed in gross and sensual conceptions. When a chief died, slaves were killed to wait on him, and widows sometimes put themselves to death to rejoin their husbands.

When, at Samuel Marsden's request, the Church Missionary Society sent out three laborers in 1814, they were met at first with curiosity, then distrust and hate. The task of acquiring the language was great, but it was next to impossible even then to get a hearing. The few who came almost nude, or in fantastic dress, would rudely leave in the midst of the service, saying aloud: "That's a lie; let's go."

When, in 1821, Samuel Leigh and other Wesleyan missionaries went to Wangaroa, the chief Jarra bade them welcome; but Mr. Leigh and his colleagues had some hints beforehand of Jarra's treacherous nature. The sailors called him "George," and he had a notorious history. He was one of those who, twelve years before, had left Port Jackson for England with a few other Maoris. Captain Thompson found "George" mutinous; he rebelled, refused to work, claiming to be a chief's son, and was reduced to submission only by being whipped and half starved. He brooded over his punishment, and hatched a terrible revenge. He pretended to be penitent, and so gained the captain's confidence that he put up for repairs at Wangaroa. Once ashore, George moved his

father to vengeance. With great subtlety he induced the captain and crew to land, drew them into the woods, under pretences of selecting timber, then murdered them, and, in their clothes, went to the ship, assaulted all he could find, and plundered the vessel. But a sudden retribution was awaiting these murderers and plunderers. George's father set a powder keg on the lower deck, and amused himself trying the muskets, a large number of New Zealanders being on board. An accidental spark caused an explosion, which blew up the upper works of the ship and killed every Maori on board. Then the natives on shore set fire to the vessel and ate every survivor.

With such a record, Jarra was not likely to be trusted; and about six weeks after they landed he began to show his tiger teeth. He threatened to burn Mr. Turner's house and eat the missionary and his wife, simply to extort a present. Other like-minded chiefs harassed the missionaries by similar threats and outrages, but were kept at bay by the remarkable Christian coolness and fortitude of these brave souls.

The cannibalism of the Maoris has never been exceeded in atrocity. Mr. Turner found several chiefs rollicking by a fire. On turning toward the fire he saw a human being roasting between the logs. Sick at heart, he tried to warn them of the wrath of God, to preach to them the new law of love; but to what an audience! An English missionary, while on a cruise, touched at New Zealand for fresh food, fruit and vegetables. Of these he obtained a fresh supply, and was about leaving, when a chief asked him if he would like some flesh food. Says the missionary: "Thinking that doubtless they had hogs, I said yes. He gave a quick glance around him, as if he were looking for a messenger, and singled out and called to a fine young lad, apparently about eighteen years of age. The boy came and stood before him; and before I knew what he was about to do, and having my back turned to him, looking at the fruit, etc., I heard the sound of a heavy blow, and looking quickly around, found the still quivering body of the boy laid at my feet, with the words: '*Hevi ano te kai!*' (Is that blood sufficient for you?) Horror-stricken, I denounced most bitterly the deed, and, leaving all the provisions behind on the ground, returned sorrowfully on board."

The natives were very indolent. The missionaries could get no help in building mission premises, and not until 1824 were the buildings completed. But where idleness prevailed, curiosity, its kindred vice, also existed, and this led the natives to send their children to learn to read, and so many of the young Maoris were taught the catechism and learned to pray and sing; and the same curiosity led the adults to go and hear what the missionaries had to say.

The work looked hopeful, but despair came. A civil war became the occasion for acts of violence; the mission houses were burned, and it was a long time before quiet was restored and houses and fences rebuilt. Chief "George" was taken very ill. The death of a Maori chief rings the tocsin of vengeance—the quarrels and grudges of his life are then settled. The natives insulted the missionaries, stole their goods, broke down their fences, and replied to expostulation only with new threats of violence. George gave ominous signs that if he should die the missionaries would be held accountable for the fatal explosion on board the *Bovd*, when so many Maoris were killed, as the God of the Christians had caused that spark to leap from the gunlock to the powder keg. Of course, with such unreasoning and insane passions no argument was possible.

The women and children were sent away to a distance,