

printing new translations of the Scriptures, it has contributed much towards the world's evangelisation. From the commencement both the Church of England and Wesleyan Missionaries assisted in the work of translating the New Testament into the Maori language, and in 1835 an edition of 15,000 copies of the blessed book was scattered among the people. Then followed detached portions of the Old Testament, so that now the entire Scriptures are published in the Maori language.

Both societies also established printing presses, from which hymn books, prayer books, &c., were issued. The people became eager for books. One said: "One thing only do I desire. It is not a blanket, it is not anything that will pass away; but this is my great desire—the Word of God." Persons have been known to travel two hundred and fifty miles, and then wait several months for the arrival of a ship which was expected to have the Scriptures on board. The wife of one chief had used her copy so much that it had become defaced. She tied the fragments together, and desired the missionary to repair it. Some would say, "Our hearts are sick for the Word of God. We desire it more than axes, hatchets or blankets."

Revivals were now scenes of common occurrence. The first Methodist class meeting was held in 1831, and consisted of five Maories. One Sabbath, one hundred and twenty adults were baptised, and on another one hundred and thirty, besides forty-six children. Some of those had been notorious persons, and were amongst the number which committed such sad depredations on the mission property at Wangaroa. A missionary says of one of the converts: "He was immeasurably the worst native I ever knew, and that is saying a great deal. He was such a compound of arrogance and meanness, such an arrant liar and such an incorrigible thief—such a *tangata kino*, *wakaharahara*—that even the natives did not respect him. He took the lead in a cannibal feast which was held near the place on which the station was formed, only a little time before I went there, and pointed out to me, with a horrid laugh of satisfaction that would have well become the devil himself, the skulls of the persons they had eaten, sticking up on poles, and the teeth, which they had in some derision driven into the trees. This man was for some time a most terrible nuisance to us, who then knew nothing of the language or customs of the people. He would march into the house, and take the butter from our table and