

and they were sweet, but they wanted a large loaf. They wanted a Missionary. They got on board an American ship, bound for the Bay of Islands, and sought out the Missionaries. There were these young men coming from a part of the Island where no Missionary had ever been, and yet they could both read and write. Missionaries were scarce in those days—they are still so unhappily—and it did not seem as though they could have their wish. The only answer was, "We have not one to spare." "I was very sorry," so wrote the young chief: "my heart was dark." There was a new Missionary in the room. He was young and weak, not strong. That young Missionary was Mr. Hadfield. God put it into his heart to go with these young men, and in six months he reached Otaki. Since that time the work has been carried on by the Church Missionary Society. Many, from time to time, were baptized, and in December, 1843, the young chief and 142 of his people were confirmed by the Bishop of New Zealand. A beautiful church was built, entirely of native workmanship, capable of containing from 700 to 800 people.

Our readers will now be prepared to receive the Bishop of Wellington's account of his visit to this station.

My first visit, away from the immediate neighbourhood of the town, was to Otaki, the Mission station of Archdeacon Hadfield. There is something very exhilarating in the climate and scenery of this country, and in all gatherings of the native people; accordingly, being favored with fine weather, I thoroughly enjoyed the freshness of the physical as well as the moral scene. A romantic pass up a wooded valley, suddenly emerging from the top of a mountain precipice overhanging the sea, and commanding a view of the southern island and the island of Kapiti, behind which the sun was setting, and then the widening plain northwards, was the more enjoyable because it was all unexpected. I was alone, and no one had told me of the grand view that awaited me. I wound my way down the other side, along the military road cut under Sir George Grey's auspices, and then had a ride of twenty miles along the sea-coast, occasionally stopping to see the natives in their villages that nestled behind the sand-hills. On arriving at Otaki, I found the natives were coming in from many quarters to make acquaintance with their new Bishop; and on Saturday morning it was indeed a pleasant sight to see 500 picturesquely dressed Maories, of all ages and both sexes, arranged on their mats in rows all over their large and beautiful chapel, which they built themselves, and ornamented in their own arabesque style.

They would have been disappointed if I had not preached to them; but almost the greatest treat to myself was to hear the Archdeacon (Hadfield) preach in the afternoon. His thoroughly idiomatic language and exquisite pronunciation, his energy and taste, made the most perfect specimen of Missionary preaching in the Maori language that I had ever heard, and I could see that the Maories enjoyed it as much as I did. The next day one of the teachers paid me the compliment of saying that, though I could not talk like the Archdeacon, they liked to hear me, because my pronunciation and mode of preaching was like "the Selwyn's," and they loved him so well they would try and hand on their love of him to me. The Archdeacon is engaged in two branches of the same work: first, regenerating his Maori school for boys and girls, and secondly, looking out for candidates for the native ministry; that the Maori church may in due time become self-supporting.—*Ch. Mis. Gleaner.*

THE CAPE.

The return of the Bishop of Grahamstown to his diocese has been welcomed with the presentation of several addresses, in reply to one of which his lordship says—