

tell us nothing of all this? Why did not they tell us of another law to follow? Why was not Mr. Spencer (missionary at Tarawera) sent to preach this law to us? He is not far off!" This man also brought up the reproach of pakeha inhospitality, and of buying their land from them for an old song in the days of their ignorance &c. "You urge these things on us that we may come under the Queen! Then away goes our land, and we become slaves to the Queen! The Queen comes coaxing (whakapitipati) us with money that she may get the 'mana' of the land." One man sang a sarcastic song signifying that he did not admire the women who came after him, a song immediately chanted in head-splitting chorus by the whole meeting. "We're all staunch Kingites here," said one peremptory gentleman, "and so are all the Urewera ahead of you! What do you come bothering here for? Go back! go back from here on Monday!" The Taranaki war was also brought up as a reason for thorough distrust of our having anything to do with their affairs.

Moko-nui-a-rangi spoke out manfully on our side, and with an enlightened humility as to the relative position of Pakeha and Maori quite surprising; "Work!" said he, "go and work. Work is the remedy for us."

The upshot of this korero was a division of the assembly called for by themselves, when only six men avowed themselves Queenites, of whom Hamiora, Chief and teacher, was not one, he indeed had spoken on the King's side; yet next day, Sunday, Hamiora said to me that he knew that all the hard talking last night was simply for the sake of opposition. "Kia mate a ururoa te tangata, (a man should die game; *lit* "like a shark") said Mr. Fulton, quoting a Maori proverb. "Just that," said Hamiora.

Hamiora also requested to have the "Karere Maori" sent him, and in his conversation seemed to take it for granted that this new "ture" (law) would be established.

Having spoken thus fully on the character of talk with which we were met in Tewhaiti, I will more briefly mention that of other places, as there was a great similarity in general style. Taunts on the land-stealing and fighting propensities of the pakeha, and on the deceitfulness of the old missionaries, formed the staple of the discourse of the opposition.

Grave debate might well arise on the constant Maori practice of proving or illustrating their positions from Scripture. That a passage from the Bible really apt to the matter under discussion ought to settle every dispute, few Christians will deny. But these Maoris shew an irreverent familiarity in appropriating, generally in misappropriating, the words of Scripture which is perfectly shocking. Many of them seem to use the Bible in the same cool business-like way in which a pakeha might refer to an encyclopedia or *gradus ad parnassum*, and, as a natural consequence frequently betray their entire mis-comprehension of it.

In the Ruatahuna I held small meetings at the following little kaingas (all the Ruatahuna kaingas are little):—at Oputas, Tatahoata, Tahora, Tuapuku (Maruteane being quite empty) and Waikare.

Oputao is a very small place at the head of the Whakatane, but Pairau, the Chief there, is a man of note. He is a very vivacious energetic old gentleman, quite of the old school, and greeted us with some violent language for the King and against the Governor. In the evening, after a long talk, he declared his intention of remaining neutral and watching the course of events. Afterwards, however, he came on with us and spoke gallantly on our side at the next two places. As an instance of their undefined fears of the Government, I may mention that a day or two afterwards, and after having energetically seconded me in two public meetings, old Pairau asked me anxiously, whether if any harm came to him and his people through the new tikangas (regulations) he would be able to send me a letter?

Tatahoata.—Pairau had preceded us a day to this place (while I was waiting for the chance of a calm day for Waikauoana) and probably prepared the minds of the people, for the conversation was more satisfactory than hitherto; less parade of opposition, no king-talk. They said that they would receive a Commissioner, watch his work, and withdraw from him if they disapproved. These poor people are sadly puzzled by the amount of vice and crime and fighting which, somehow, they have seen to exist in a Christian community. An Englishman grows up to this as a matter of course, and accepts almost without thinking the existence of much sin as an inevitable concomitant of human life even in a Christian community. But a Maori will gravely argue "The Missionary came and I believed his law. His law tells us not to be angry, not to strike, not to *puremu*; how is it that you come to me with another law?"

Te Manihira, their Chief, approved personally and came on with us to the next kainga, and spoke as our own colleague there; he said however that he must wait for a general meeting of the Urewera, before he could decide whether he could accept a Commissioner or not.

We had a second talk at this place in consequence of the arrival of a party of about twenty, from Maungapohatu, including Mohi, chief man at that place. This Mohi made rather a frantic speech, taunting us with coming to take land. We had all the old objections and fears over again. Finally they appeared to be talked out of opposition, up to the "wait and look on" point; however, Mohi did better than that, for he came on with us as far as Waimana and exerted himself on our behalf.

Tahora; Chief Te Whenuanui.—A very small place. Unusually quiet and apparently convincing talk. Te Whenuanui approved and expressed his great desire for a mail. At leaving on Monday morning I asked Te Whenuanui his answer to Governor. With a puzzled, musing expression, he gave me a figurative evasive answer. Mr. Fulloon staid a few minutes after I had started, and then poor Te Whenuanui opened his heart. It seems that his conscience was stinging him for having gone too far on Saturday night in pledging himself to acceptance of the new law, *he* who had pledged his faith and allegiance to the Vicar-General. Fortunately, Mr. Fulloon tells