

We went in single file, Mr. Davis leading, and your humble servant bringing up the rear. This, I believe, is the correct style of approaching a Maori settlement on any occasion when you are to be received with ceremony, as I felt sure Mr. C. O. Davis would be, from the very high respect manifested for him by the Natives all along the road. Indeed, I am quite sure that had it not been for Mr. Davis neither Mr. Firth nor Mr. Preece would have been able to obtain a personal interview with Tamati Ngapora.

Orahiri is a small village, consisting of about half-a-dozen whares built on either side of the main track to Hangatiki. There appears to be no cultivation in its vicinity, and in fact it appears to be only occupied at intervals.

We found the Natives awaiting our arrival. They were assembled to the number of about 100, besides women and children, outside the whare runanga (or council-house), the men on the right and the women on the left. You ignorant Pakehas, who know nothing of Maori etiquette, will imagine that we all went up and shook hands with the men. Not a bit of it: we stood at a short distance away, and silently gazed upon the crowd seated before us. Anon, one of their number, Te Aroha, settled himself in a reverential attitude, with his face half concealed by his blanket, and offered up the following beautiful prayer:—

*Te Aroha's Prayer.*

He ra, he ra e te Atua ora o nga mano kua homai e koe hei uhunga mo o matou tinana, e mau ana hoki te tukunga o te maramatanga i ahei noa ai a matou whakamoimitanga ki a koe, te Atua o nga mano. No te orokohanganga o te ao ka tu koe ki te tiaki i o pononga, a taea noatia enei takiwa, he atawhai tonu tau i te tangata he tuku tonu mai te aroha, whakarongo ki ta matou e inoi nei kia tupu ai te pai, te aroha kia ahu tonu o matou whakaaro ki a koe i te ao, i te po. He uhononga nau e te ariki atawhai i o matou tinana, na te mea kua horahia noatia e koe te maramatanga, korero ana te rangi, me te whenua, me te takiwa i tau pai. E tukua natia ana e koe nga korero wai i runga i o matou tinana; tera kua whakarapopototia e koe i nga tutanga ma o kahui katoa i nga pito e wha o te motu. Te Atua atawhai, kia tau te rangimarietanga ki runga ki a matou, ki a matou hoa hoki kua kawea mai nei e koe ki o matou nei aroaro, kia tau te rangimarietanga ki nga iwi e rua. I era nga rangi i heke te toto o te Pakeha o te Maori, i mate raua tokorua, a i tenei ra, ka whakamoimiti matou, no te mea, e tu mai nei o matou hoa i o matou nei aroaro. Kia whakakororiatia koe Ingiki Tawhiao e hipoki nei i a matou i te ao, nau te kororia nau te kororia.

*Hymn.*

Matua, pai marire, rire, rire; Tamaiti, pai marire, rire, rire; Wairua, pai marire, rire, rire.

*Translation.*

A day, a day, O Lord of Hosts, hast Thou given us to unite us in person, for Thou art continuing the light which enables us to praise Thee, O Lord of Hosts.

From the creation of the world Thou hast protected Thy servants, and Thou continuest to do so in these seasons. Thou art ever gracious to men making known Thy love.

Hearken to our prayer now, so that peace and love may flourish, that our thoughts may be turned to Thee both day and night.

O gracious Saviour, Thou hast engrafted our bodies, for Thou hast before spread out the light; the heavens, the earth, and the seasons declare thy goodness.

Thou art pouring out unasked for water on these our bodies (*i.e.*, the water of grace instilled into the soul from heaven). Thou hast gathered together from the four corners of the island the benefits for the whole of thy flocks.

Gracious Lord, let Thy peace rest on us, also on our friends, whom you have brought hither before us. Let peace dwell on both races. In days gone by, the blood of both Pakehas and Maoris was shed, they both suffered, and now we bless Thee that we see our friends standing before us.

Let the INCA Tawhiao be glorified who is shielding us in the world. The glory is Thine, the glory Thine, the glory is Thine, grace, grace.

*Hymn.*

Father, good and gracious, grace, grace; Son, good and gracious, grace, grace; Spirit, good and gracious, grace, grace.

During the delivery of this prayer, the Natives sat with their faces half buried in their blankets, and they joined in the hymn at the close with the greatest apparent fervour and devotion. I shall not soon forget the sight of that group of picturesque figures crowded together under the verandah of the meeting-house, their humble and suppliant attitude, the deep reverential tones of their voices, joining in unison in the chant, "Nau te kororia."

We stood bareheaded during this religious service. When it was concluded, and after a short pause, Tamati Ngapora te Manuwhiri arose, and coming forward a pace or two said, "Come forward Davis."

The gentleman thus addressed at once led the way, shook hands with Tamati, and rubbed noses. Messrs. Firth, Preece, and myself were introduced by Mr. Hettit, and we each had the honor of shaking hands with the famous Prime Minister of King Tawhiao. We were not, however, equal to the task of rubbing noses, not being sufficiently advanced in the more refined customs of Maori etiquette. A mat was placed for us on the right-hand side of the *whakamahau* (the verandah), and we sat down upon it, Mr. Davis in the middle. Some of the chiefs (most of them old men) then came forward and rubbed noses with him, and though I am not much of a judge of this sort of thing, I could not help being struck with the strict propriety and decorum with which Mr. Davis conducted himself. Anon, a number of women appeared with baskets of food, which were set down in a row in front of the whare. I counted about twenty. Then the two halves of a pig, which had been baked in a Maori *hangi*, were set down beside the baskets, and in a twinkling a number of the baskets and half the pig