

underground streams. Several very strong indications were obtained in and near the village, and the experiments were watched with intense interest by the on-lookers. When the still darkness had wrapped the village round about, it was delightful to hear from the various houses the sweet strains of hymns and chanted night prayers—all in four-part harmony—floating upon and consecrating the air of night. The next morning the Bishop celebrated and confirmed as before. The whole population assembled to see the visitors off by launch on the afternoon tide; and, greeted by a Native farewell, as they had been greeted on arrival by a Native welcome, the party set out for Purakau.

At Motukaraka.

On Saturday afternoon, February 6, the Bishop and the local clergy proceeded to Motukaraka, a big Catholic Native village opposite Rawene. It commands a beautiful position on the river, and its handsome church, with its tall spire, is the most remarkable landmark of the Hokianga, and the most beautiful religious edifice north of Whangarei. It was built entirely at the expense of the Native congregation. The formal Native welcome to the Bishop took place in the handsome *whare-hui* or meeting-house of the village, his Lordship, as usual, replying suitably in the Maori manner and in the Maori tongue. Next day (Sunday, February 7) the Bishop celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock, and administered Confirmation and the temperance pledge after the 10 o'clock Mass.

At Waihou.

The same afternoon the Bishop and Fathers Becker, Bruning, and van Beek went by a Motukaraka launch to Waihou. A fierce and turbulent wind tossed the surface of the Hokianga, and Father Zangerl took known risks when he set out in the little open mission launch for Purakau. He, however, wisely remembered that 'little boats should keep near shore'—he kept as much as possible in the lee of the heights on the western bank, and, after sharp buffetings in rounding various points, reached Purakau wet and smiling. There he was picked up by the big, covered launch from Motukaraka, and, after a bumpy passage, the party reached their destination, the Catholic village of Waihou, on another tributary of the Hokianga. The village is situated on the edge of rich, cultivated flats—the individualised property of the tribe—and the people are all earnest Catholics. An open air welcome was speedily organised, and replies were made in Maori by the Bishop and Fathers Bruning and Bressers. Later on, in the evening, Father Bruning addressed a meeting of Natives, presided over by the Bishop, and spoke to them in eloquent terms regarding matters of interest to the Native race. Among these he voiced the Bishop's expressed feeling regarding the necessity of the Catholic Maoris retaining their own lands there, cultivating them, and otherwise utilising them to the best purpose, introducing, for that purpose, the best methods adopted by European land holders. This is a favorite topic with the Bishop, and Father Bruning set it forth with a power and vigor that made a deep impression.

Mass by the Bishop, Confirmation, and temperance pledge took place, in the customary form the next morning. The visitors then left the Waihou village to meet Heremia Te Wake's launch about a mile away. The whole population accompanied the party to the point of departure, and, while awaiting the arrival of the launch, sang with much sweetness a series of hymns in four-part harmony, concluding with a fine rendering of the *Magnificat* as a parting song.

Whakarapa

was reached the same afternoon, on yet another of the feeders of the broad Hokianga. The place has improved since the Bishop's visit of three years ago: it has a better landing, a public telephone, and a stretch of graded road, partly metalled through the village, and the Native owners (whose ownership of the tribal lands has been individualised) are still working with marked success at clearing, grassing, cultivating, and otherwise usefully occupying their respective farms. A tower of

strength and industry and acumen among them is Heremia Te Wake, who carried through the difficult negotiations for individualising the Native titles, and inaugurated the era of dairying among the brown men on the river. The Bishop was, as before, Heremia's guest, and in front of his house took place the formal *korero* or welcome.

Arrangements had been made by the Bishop, when in Whangape, to reach the latter place from Whakarapa, by horseback, on Tuesday, February 9, for high tide. This necessitated, on that day, a strict punctuality as to hours for various functions, to which the Maori mind does not readily adapt itself. However, on this occasion, the Whakarapa Natives rose splendidly to the occasion. All were assembled at 8 o'clock, a.m., the hour appointed for Mass and Confirmation. At the early dinner hour in the big *whare-kai* (food-house), the massive Native hospitality was duly dispensed at the appointed hour, 11 o'clock sharp. Riding and pack-horses were tied up outside at the moment required—11.45 a.m., and at 12 noon the visitors were in their saddles and moving away to the wild hills and forests—exactly as had been pre-arranged by the Bishop. 'The tide waits for no man,' said the Bishop to the people; 'so, *kai* (food) or no *kai*, I leave at mid-day; if, with horses, well and good; if without horses, then on foot. If I miss the tide at Whangape, all my arrangements up to Whangarei will be upset. I keep my engagements with you: I expect you to keep your engagements with me.' And, to the surprise of many who thought they knew the Maori, the Whakarapa Natives were, on this occasion, as punctual as the great clock on the Parliament of Westminster.

Among the Mountains.

The cavalcade departed amidst cheers from some three hundred happy Natives. The way led up through wild mountain tracks—apparently impassable in places during the winter,—past clearings in the rough, near scattered settlers' huts, and down break-neck declivities of clay that, in winter, must be extremely dangerous to negotiate, even with the clever and unshod horses of those remote and roadless backblocks. At one place the party (consisting of the Bishop, Fathers Bruning and Zangerl, Heremia Te Wake, and his daughter, and two other Natives) came across a settler's wife—a woman of refined speech and appearance—washing the household linen at a stream in the wild heart of the mountains, near the shack that forms their remote and solitary home. A little further, the party crossed a river (it was about the sixth crossing of it) to see a wonderful crop of maize that stood nearly nine feet high. But there is no way for settlers to get this or any produce to market except by pack-horse. The senseless and topsy-turvy policy of successive New Zealand Governments to this hour, is to plant luckless settlers in those shaggy forest wilds without a road by which to receive supplies or to send their hard-won wealth to market. Canada's sane and business-like policy is to push rail and other roads into the western and northern wilds, and thus to create, in advance, broad tracks on which colonisation shall move forward, and the newly-won wealth backward to its market. Instead of spending some millions sterling upon showy Parliament Buildings and massive post offices and railway stations in the big-vote centres—where such things catch the eye and, no doubt, have the price—New Zealand legislators might well be content to make laws and post letters in iron sheds until they have given the pioneer prime producers some sort of civilised communications. As matters stand, the legislators, sitting on down, and stepping on velvet-pile carpets, have left the pick of our sturdy citizens and producers to 'road' conditions that would be a reproach to the Grand Turk. These are the sentiments to which, after a long experience of the back-blocks, the Bishop has time and again, both in public and in private, given indignant expression.

Nearing the End.

In this long ride of three hours over the rugged mountains between the Hokianga and Whangape, the Bishop was generally in the lead, and made the pace