

of souls, from whence, as the Eastern (as also the Maori) adept claims, we have all come, and to which we must all return; he is a tohunga matauranga or initiate by virtue of right living and experience gained in past lives. For the ancient Maori sage believed in re-incarnation, and many of their old sacred waiatas (poems) breathe the ideas of Krishna:

"Both I and thou have passed through many lives,
Mine are known to me, but thou knowest not of
thine."

Aokehu was swallowed by "Tutae-Poroporo," a taniwha who dwelt in a river. He may have brought his fate upon himself by creating "Tutae-Poroporo," or evil Karma, which had accumulated in his many past lives; his evil actions in each life being rolled up in a "poroporo," or round lump, to take the form of a monster or Frankenstein, or Dr. Jekell, as Bulwer Lytton terms it, in a subsequent life. This taniwha overpowers and swallows him, but his Karma, or balance of merit and demerit from past actions, demands his deliverance; he is weighed in the balance and found to be in credit, or rather his merit exceeds his demerit. The thinker, although imprisoned in a body, and surrounded by the foul refuse of "Tutae Poroporo," is roused, and he remembers "Taitimuroa," which, though I translate literally as the tide slow or long at ebbing, means to the tohunga a great deal more. It typifies involution, the life of self-sacrifice of one who in the world is not of the world, but who so lives that he rises above material things, and lives only for the good of his race, pursuing this course through more than one life (tohungas of old lived to great ages, my informant being over 100 years); the tide of life slowly ebbs back to the great central source from whence it came, and by its aid and the knowledge of right action Aokehu returns out of matter to spirit, destroying the power of the taniwha or monster, and opening a

safe road for those who may follow him to cross the river, not a material bridge such as now spans the Whanganui River, but that mystic road which leads

"To that true face of the central sun
Now hidden by a vase of golden light,
From whom all proceed,
To whom all must return."

Aokehu is no longer a mortal; he has learnt the lessons in many incarnations, which he came to this planet to be taught; he has shown his people the path that leads upwards and onwards to that mystic place or sphere in the heart of Te Matariki or Pleiades, so sacred to the ancient priest adepts, but he enters not that heaven. He is as one

"Wedged as a stone with countless other stones,
Which form the guardian wall,
Built by the hands of many masters of compassion,
Upraised by their sufferings, by their blood
cemented,

It shields mankind, since man is man,
Protecting it from other and far greater evils."

The ideas and explanations are not my own, but are those of an aged Maori mystic who took part in the conquest of Kapiti and lands adjacent to the Manawatu before the advent of the pakeha, and who has only been dead a couple of years. The translations of Eastern poems from which I have quoted are practically translations of some of his sacred "karakias" and "waiatas," and it may yet be found that the ancient Turanian adept and the Maori tohunga of old derived their ancient wisdom from one and the same source. This wisdom is not lost, but while we clever pakehas, who know everything, ridicule such sages as Te Whiti we cannot expect to know much of the Maoris real higher thought; the teachings of the "Wharekura," "Ahurewa," and "Wharemaire," schools of mysticism are as sacred to them as the symbols of Masonry are to a Mason, and it is seldom one can get an old Maori initiate to explain the symbology of their mythology, but it all has one, if not more, esoteric or hidden meanings.