

But they were numerically small, and they saw that, under the new conditions, their proximity to the strong and fierce Waikatos was neither good for their peace of mind nor calculated to prolong their sojourn in this 'wale of tears.' So Te Rauparaha (or Raha, as he was called by his friends) decided on an exodus of his tribe to safer regions. He moved southwards—peacefully where he could; where hostile warriors objected to his violation of territory, he hacked and skewered his way through them from Patea to Wellington. In 1819 he had transferred his people to their new homes on Kapiti Island. It had long been in his mind to conquer and permanently occupy the northern coasts of the South Island. So, after some years' rest, he and his warriors cut through the waves in their long war-canoes. They stormed the Kaikoura pa in 1825, slaughtered or captured some fourteen hundred persons, baked and feasted on old chief Rerewhaka and numerous other vanquished warriors (after the fashion of the time), and brought back their boiled heads to adorn Raha's tall stockade on Kapiti. So, once upon a time, did the heads of white men adorn many a castle gate—as, for instance, for twenty years did Cromwell's cranium form a grim decoration to Westminster Hall, said cranium having been previously hacked off his disinterred remains in Westminster Abbey.

It so befell that one section of Rerewhaka's tribe (the Ngaitahu) held a strong pa (built about the year of grace 1700) at Kaiapoi (known in classic Maori as Kaiapohia), some fourteen miles from Christchurch. The Kaiapoi pa was situated on a small, thumb-shaped peninsula. It was made formidable by strong earthworks and by its principal cincture of defence, which was composed, in the good old Maori way, of tree-trunks embedded deeply in the ground and rising to a height of nearly thirty feet. Even while Te Rauparaha was storming and raging and slaughtering and cannibalising up and down the coast, he kept his weather eye upon the tall triple stockades of Kaiapoi. Maori etiquette required a proper pretext for attack—everything should be *tika* (correct). But with the brown man, as with his white brother, a pretext for war is easily found. Raha's first attack on the Kaiapoi pa failed. He drew off and awaited a time which his *tohunga* (Kukurangi) should deem more opportune. It came in due course. Then Kukurangi sang his *mata* (prophecy), and Raha with six hundred of his braves pounded the boisterous waters of Raukawa (Cook's Strait), and the hundreds of other miles of troubled ocean, with the paddles of their big carved war canoes. They narrowly missed capturing the empty pa by surprise, for the Ngaitahu were absent gathering in their food. But these cleverly contrived to throw a sufficient garrison into the fort, and Te Rauparaha had no alternative but to settle down and reduce the place by a regular siege. Among those within the pa on the occasion was Ihaia Poreke Te Awanui, whose passing has recalled these stirring incidents in the history of Maori warfare.

The siege of Kaiapoi dragged its slow length along for over three months. By the aid of zig-zags, parallels, and flying saps (much in the European way, though not taught by Europeans) Raha contrived, with considerable loss, to get close enough to the wooden walls to pile against them great quantities of dry brushwood. The firestick did the rest. We may quote the sequel from an article written by us some years ago for the *Australasian Catholic Record*. 'The defenders, scorched with the fire, and choking with the vast volumes of smoke that blew towards them, gave way. Through the beach, when the flames fell, the besiegers charged. Out of about a thousand souls within the pa, only some two hundred escaped into the neighboring swamps. The customary scenes of old-time Maori wars followed. Years later the Rev. John Raven found the surface of the ground outside the charred wooden walls "strewn with human remains and weapons of all sorts." He "caused the bones to be collected," and about "two wagon-loads were buried by his orders in a pit at the base of the sandhill." . . . At last Raha became a Christian, hung up his musket, practised the arts of peace, and preached friendship with the pakeha till he died, at Otaki, on November 27, 1849. He lived to see the Maori age of stone change through blood and fire to the age of iron; he saw the beginnings of the long struggles between brown man and Briton that went on intermittently from the early forties till 1869; but the best thing old Raha saw was the manner in which the gradual spread of Christianity mitigated (it at last ended) the torture, slaughter, and enslavement of prisoners, and other atrocities of old pagan warfare in New Zealand.' And the whole transformation—and a vast deal for the Maori besides—has come to pass within the lifetime of Te Rauparaha's captured (and afterwards escaped) slave, Ihaia Poreke Te Awanui.

Notes

The French Persecution

A dose of persecution often serves as a tonic to the moral system. 'The remarkable vitality of Catholicism in France,' says the *Literary Digest*, 'is shown by the manner in which it has so far withstood all efforts to secularise its administration. It has overcome many of the difficulties occasioned by the confiscation of ecclesiastical buildings and the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Budget which the Concordat of Napoleon I. provided for. New churches are springing up by hundreds, and over these the State can exercise no more power than it exercises over a citizen's private property.'

The Art of Sticking

'There is no royal road to anything,' says Timothy Titcomb in his *Gold-Foil*. 'One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly endures.' Mr. Joseph Chamberlain once said to an indolent and vacillating English legislator: 'My dear boy, see that postage-stamp; its usefulness and value depend upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.'

Many of our 'dear boys,' of the greater as well as of the lesser growth, might usefully paste that counsel in their hats.

Why Men Do Go to Church

From time to time we read in the newspaper press earnest efforts by non-Catholic divines to solve the riddle, 'Why men Don't Go to Church.' By comparison with the non-Catholic denominations, the Old Church in these countries hardly knows the problem of the churchless multitude. It was, therefore, with a spasm of unaccustomed interest that we perused the report of a sermon recently delivered by a Methodist clergyman, the Rev. James Benninger, at Plymouth (Pennsylvania), and published in the *Wilkes-Barre Record*. The subject of the sermon was, in effect, 'Why Men Do Go to Church'—the church in question being the Catholic. The preacher said in part: 'We hear much carping and criticising these days about the different methods to attract men to church. The Protestant world has gone almost to the limit in adopting means to secure this desired end. We have seen the magic lantern exhibition, and listened to addresses on the lake poets; we have heard classical singers and eloquent orations, but the men were no nearer the kingdom than before. We have fumed and fussed and worked ourselves into a frenzy, while the Catholic Church, without any effort on her part, has gone on in the even tenor of her way solving the problem to the satisfaction of her hierarchy. How does she do it? How does she get men out of bed on Sunday morning at an early hour—men who work late on Saturday night? How does she fill the streets on Sunday morning with worshippers when the Protestant world is fast asleep? I know some of the explanations that are offered, but they do not explain. Many that we have heard and read only seem childish twaddle.'

Here is how the preacher explained the secret of the Catholic Church's hold upon the people: 'The reason the Catholic Church succeeds, in spite of our misgivings, is because she is true to the central fact of revelation. She makes the death of Jesus the centre of her devotion, and around that point she organises all of her activities. When you see a company of Catholic people Sunday morning on the way to church, you can be assured of this: they are not going for the sake of fine music; they are not going to hear an eloquent dissertation on *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. They are going to that place of worship to attend the Mass. What is the celebration of the Mass? It is what we call the celebration of the Lord's Supper. That fact is kept prominently before the mind of every Catholic. What is the first thing you see as you approach a Catholic church? A cross. What is the first thing you see as you enter that church? A cross. What is the first thing you see a Catholic do as he seats himself in that church? Make the sign of the cross. What is the last thing held before the eyes of a dying Catholic? A cross. He comes into the church in childhood imbued with the death of Jesus; he goes out of this world thinking of the death of Jesus. Whatever may be our opinions about certain other features of that Church, here is one thing at least from which we ought to draw a lesson. If that Church has succeeded by magnifying the cross, why not every Church? If the dark negations of these three schools that I have set before you are failures, "to whom shall we go" but Christ? All that is noble and elevating in our civilization is there because He is there. If this world

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