

and hospitable. He said to me - "You great fool to come here with white men; you should get Maoris; white men all getting drowned".

By this time I had come to realise that the work could be done satisfactorily only by Maoris, but before I could employ them it was necessary that I should know the language.

I found a Testament in Maori at the Pah, and as I had been, in my younger days, three years with my Uncle the Rev. Charles Dobson, of Buckland, Tasmania, and as I had to learn the collog and gospel every Sunday during that period, I knew a great deal of the New Testament by heart, consequently when I got a copy of the Testament in the Maori language, I was able, in a fortnight, with very little assistance from Fred. Reid as to how to use the verbs, to carry on an ordinary conversation in Maori with ease.

At once I got together a party of Maoris who knew where mussels were to be found on the beach and where woodhens and seals could be got inland. I told them that they had to look after me and my field books, or otherwise there would be no pay for them.

The result was that I lived like a fighting cock and never had a wet blanket, nor ever was in any serious danger when crossing rivers.

I found the natives