Hoere mai Manukire! ("Welcome, Stranger!") is the greeting at hospitable Putiki. The old pa by the river-side was the home of many chiefs of great name, such as Haati Wiremu Hipango, who fought for his new friends, the Pakehas, and died for them in battle. Mete Kingi, who built the meeting-house Te Pake o te Ringi (the Thunder of Heaven), which is full of beautiful carvings, always the admiration and delight of visitors; and Hori Kingi, heir to the name presented by King George to Huhua Ika when in England. The latter chief, on his return, used it in his bloodthirsty war expeditions against rival tribes. Another great Putiki chief was Major Kemp, a high-minded and brave soldier, who received his commission during the Wanganui war. He rendered the Pakehas splendid service, for which he was presented with a sword of honour by Queen Victoria.

Peaceful and calm now lies the old pa by the solemn river, on whose waves the canoes rise and fall with the ebbing tides. Quiet and happy, the Maori lives a life of simplicity and usefulness, surrounded by the industry of the Pakeha and the many souvenirs of his own former greatness.
Proudly—amidst a hum of preparation, and with expressions of pleasurable anticipation on the faces of tourist and traveller—the steamer leaves the wharf and glides swiftly onward between willow-bordered shores, passes under the bridge, and enters the long quiet stretches between the open pasture lands. Soon the hills converge to the water's edge, and the scenery changes like the pages of some fairy book—ever opening and unfolding new visions, and inspiring new thoughts. Bush-crowned hills, studded with graceful fern groups, lead to where the first rapid has to be conquered. From many small jetties by the river-side come the quaint callings of the Maori children over the water, while the older people sit, silent as monuments, enjoying their pipes in the sunlight.

At Koriniti we stop to pick up some passengers for a “tangi” up the river, and, the usual greetings over, we listen spellbound to weird reminiscences of old-time war and fighting, and of the brave warrior-fathers who founded the great tribe of the Ngatipounamu.
On the journey through the mountains, the scenery becomes more grand and beautiful, and the hills more majestic, the foliage more dense.

Long silent reaches of placid water stretch between the rapids, broken only by the fern-fronds, which droop gracefully, as if admiring themselves in the limpid waters below. Here, near the heart of the country, we reach Rana, nestled picturesquely amidst sunshine and shade, surrounded by virgin forest and mighty hills.

This was the pa of Hori Kingi, the uncle of Major Kemp. He was greatly respected and renowned amongst the chiefs of his race, and was honoured by the Pakehas for his bravery and for his loyalty to the great Pakeha Queen. He and his people in Rana prevented the Hau Hau's from coming down the river, as they intended, to carry their war into the pa of the Pakeha at Wanganni.

For his gallantry and bravery Hori Kingi was presented with the armour of Hongi Ika, which was brought down from Taupo-moana.
At up the river, in this pe,
Tawhirinui, was originated
the great war against the
Hau Hau's. Here Matene
converted the people to a new
faith—the Hau Hau faith—
established by Te Wa, of
Taranaki. Te Wa was a great
Takanga and student of the
Bible, who felt the power and
the call from Heaven to establish and be-
come the father of a new religion—the Hau
Hau, or "Wind-wind." He gained many
followers among the chiefs, and in due time
the war-cloud burst. The friendly chiefs
remained true to their pledge, and were led
by Wiremu Hipango, a great Bible scholar.

After many speeches the island of Moutoa was chosen as the battle-
ground, and a fierce engagement was fought. The Hau Hau's were
at first victorious; but, not understanding the importance of ambush,
reserve, and strategy, they were ultimately defeated and driven—to
the last man—into the river. Here Matene, the prophet, met his
death.
Passing on, the steamer enters more closely wooded country which gradually merges into heavy timber lands, where the big forests are full of stately trees of gigantic dimensions, peopled with multi-plumaged parrots, pigeons and kōkako. Great was the art of spearing and snaring the birds, as taught by Tama, the God, father of trees, to the children of Tiki—man. Happy were the days passed in trapping and hunting, and still more joyous the succeeding days of feasting and rest. With the advent of the Potokoto and the powder flask, however, came the death-knell of the hunter, for sport to him lost all its charm. The forest, however, still holds all its charms, and the welcome shelter of the lonely bush where is still sought by the hunter. There, in the forest depths, wanders still the lonely wēka, the tui, the huia, and the kererū, while there, also, is plenty of big game for the rifle—the wild bear, the wild cattle, and the red deer.
Hiruharama (Jerusalem) is the new name for Potozero (slippery tongue). This spot was another Hau Hau battle-ground. Reaching it first, they took possession of the plantations and fortified themselves. Hone Heipango, in command of friendly natives, tried to make peace, telling them that the Hau Hau, the Ngatihaus and Pakehas were all brothers, as their new great religion taught them. He was, however, wounded while addressing both friend and foe, and died, being buried with all the honours of a great white commander. The Motoa flag, presented by the ladies of Wangari, was placed upon his coffin, and even the Hau Hau, hearing of his death, came down to Wangari to attend his funeral and tangi.

Over the whares of Hiruharama now floats the sound of the Church tower bell. Close by, surrounded by sheltering trees, is the convent and orphanage, and in the centre of the pen is held the Maori Parliament. Here many brave and noble deeds were done, and many by now happy hours flit past with the golden Maori dawns.
ENAKOE

Once again the steamer's prow is turned up-stream, and soon the full beauty and splendour of the scenery bursts into view. From the very water's edge rise steep pali, stands of ferns and lichens, broadening and spreading as they recede into majestic bush-clad hills and gloomy valleys, through which many a mountain torrent runs, giving wonderful strength and growth to the vegetation, from among which the giant puangas rear their graceful fronts. It is out of the stems of the puanga that whare are built. The thick blue-black smoke escapes through the spaces between the stems, in its passage giving durability and strength to the whare, which sometimes lasts over 100 years.

Amidst the whare smoke discords are soon forgotten, and the meal of wild pig and steamed potatoes, hot from the "whakari," are heartily enjoyed, the circle of hungry brown men and women helping themselves liberally with nature's knives and forks, watched, meanwhile, by the still hungrier, yet patient dogs.
At Pipiriki, the heart of Manawatu, the day's journey ends. As the steamer
berths alongside the wharf she is greeted by a crowd of chattering Maoris, eagerly
scanning the tourists with their cameras and colour cases, asking for news, and
volunteering assistance. The accommodation house is situated on a commanding
eminence, giving a view of the whole valley and the stream clear-winding through
the matchless grandeur of the hills. The air is filled with the continuous rush of
the rapids. On both sides of the river are scattered the *whares* and *kobrogas* of the
Maoris, who, crossing and re-crossing in their canoes, lend an added interest to
the scene. Fires are lighted in the *whares* to cook the evening meal, while in front
are merry groups of natives enjoying their pipes, their *kereke*, and their news, their
laughter ringing over the stream and reverberating among the everlasting hills,
while the sun goes down gilding the peaks and crags, and crowning them with
haloes of golden light.
ENDING along, the waka now finds her way between towering walls broken here and there by ferns, rocks, and red-flowering rata. Higher up the hills are studded with groups of cabbage trees, ponga, and totara. Amongst the rocks is a lacework of ferns, nodding in the broken sunlight, and echoing the soft old songs of the Maori. The tui, resting on the toki-toki,costs her answer on the wind, and wonderfully watches the waka. Soon the great rapid is reached, and Hinawarai, the steersman, summons his skill and nerve to his aid, and ere long we are again in the seething, swirling waters. These past, the reflections of the beautiful bush-covered hills are wonderful in the crystal-clear water below. Upstream the way opens brighter and still more beautiful, unfolding a verdant scenic paradise, which, happy and enchanting in its inspirations, lifts the mind from all sorrow to purest tranquillity and pleasure.

"Hira," is quietly watching and waiting, murmuring between an old war-song, and as we watch the ferns, rata, rocks, and birds, from the pa between the willows sounds the welcome, a kind

TEWA KUTOU.
Hustahi is the chiefness of Parinui, the pa of war-like Ngatimu. The pa is very old, and the whare are built of fern stems enclosed by a grand circle of bush-covered hills, and the stranger is welcomed to the heart of Mawiland. Here the old art of mat-making still flourishes, and the wheel of life still turns on its time-worn axle in the ways of laziness, happiness, and nature. Happy summer hours go dancing past in lovely Parinui. Farewell by the whole tribe, we are soon gliding once more down stream amidst the wondrous beauties, while it up-lifts and elevates our inmost beings, fills us with a deeper and truer reverence for what we, in our infinite worship and admiration, can only regard as the handiwork of God.