

I have not the least hope of giving anything approaching to an adequate idea of bush-travelling in New-Zealand; but let the reader try to imagine hills so precipitous that walking gives way to all-fours; for this is a singularly rugged and broken country: many of the mountains have been thrown up by volcanic action, and are very difficult of ascent. The appearance of the country, from one of these lofty cones, is not unlike a multitude of tents, pitched near together, each one rising from five hundred to several thousand feet high. At the foot will generally be found a bog. The roots of the trees are generally thickly webbed upon the surface, and tend greatly to obstruct the traveller; the trees, with underwood and various vines, are so close together, that a passage through is a tedious and difficult matter. The clay below is seldom dry, and yields to the foot: so that one is in no small danger of being made fast at both ends at once; the feet in the clay, and the head entwined with vines and woodbines. It is here that honesty is no protection from being hanged. The knife or axe came often into play among these various obstructions of our rude paths. Riding in such a place is out of the question; and yet it is truly astonishing to see how expert the unshod horse becomes in climbing the rugged steeps, and hobbling over the roots and fallen trees of the forest. The worst part is, that one cannot travel here without being thoroughly wet from head to foot; and at night you have ferns for your bed, and in the morning your wet clothes, unless you carry a change. Food for the journey is conveyed by the natives, and also a tent, with all things needed by the traveller: these burdens cost very considerable payment, and are a heavy tax upon the Missionaries. Such travelling is wasting and cheerless beyond all the power of graphic delineation: there is, however, nothing better for these devoted men, who, year after year, wander up and down these hills and woods, seeking that they may save souls. And, thank God, they have not laboured in vain: for them the wilderness and solitary place are often glad, because the moral impression which they have succeeded in making, by the Divine blessing, is so manifest, that all men see and admire it. Their preservation, too, is only to be attributed to the care of Providence, always watching and guarding His honoured servants. In the next world a faithful New-Zealand Missionary will be no ordinary character.