Health for the Maori : a manual for use in native schools / by James H. Pope.

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FOR
THE MAORI

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A MANUAL

FOR USE IN NATIVE SCHOOLS.

BY
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PREFACE.

THIS little work is intended to be used as a reading-book for boys and girls that have passed the Third Standard in the Native schools of New Zealand.

The information contained in it has been gathered from very various sources; it is hoped that it will be found to be fairly complete, and decidedly useful. It is not improbable that most of the facts stated will find their way to the minds of the older Maoris through the school-children; it is even possible that some of the principles laid down may be adopted by Natives living in the more civilized districts; but the main object of the book is to impress upon the minds of the rising generation of Maoris truths that are of the highest importance to their race, and which they must learn to respect if they are to escape extermination. Many subjects are treated of that would hardly find a place in a book intended for European children. There are two reasons for this. The first is that it is absolutely necessary that Maori children should be made acquainted with the means by which the most striking faults in the Native mode of life may be corrected; the second is that no harm can be done to them by plain talk: the Maoris, old and young, call a spade "a spade," and from a very early age Natives of both sexes have a very complete knowledge of matters that European children are generally quite ignorant of.

It is possible that this book may serve other purposes than that for which it is written; persons unacquainted with the Maori and his ways of living and thinking will probably find much information on these matters scattered here and there throughout the work. Outside readers of the book, however, should kindly remember that the object of the writer has been to make it easy to be understood by Maori children as yet imperfectly acquainted with the English language: extreme simplicity and great clearness have been aimed at throughout, perhaps with only very partial success.

NOTE.—Authorities have generally not been given, but it should be mentioned that one or two of the stories and illustrations have been taken from Miss Buckton's "Health in the House." Similar help has been obtained from "The Health Primer."

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART I.—THE DISEASE.

PART II.—THE REMEDY.

HEALTH FOR THE MAORI.

PART I.

THE DISEASE.

HEALTH FOR THE MAORI.

THE DISEASE.

CHAPTER I.

The Health of the Pakeha in former Times.

London is the largest city in the world. It now contains four millions of people. Of these about ninety-three thousand die in a year.* That is to say, in London only one person out of about forty-four dies in the course of twelve months. It has not been so always. Thirty-five years ago one out of forty died every year; a hundred and forty years ago it was one out of twenty-eight; two hundred years ago one out of twenty-four, and before that, sometimes for twenty years together, one out of thirteen died every year. So you see that as we go further and further back we find that the people of London died faster and faster.

Now let us speak about another place, one much smaller than London, and not in England

* In 1871 the death-rate of London was 2·6.—Latham's "Sanitary Science."

at all. In Geneva two hundred years ago the people, reckoning one with another—babies that died soon after they were born, boys and girls that died before they could grow up, people that lived to grow up and be married, and old men and women that reached a great age, as some of the Maoris do now—lived only twenty years. In other words, the average* length of life at Geneva two hundred years ago was twenty years; one hundred years ago the Geneva people lived thirty-two years; now they live more than forty. Here, again, you see the people of a town living longer and longer as time goes on.

There must surely be some difference between the way of life of the pakehas who lived in those old times and that of the pakehas who live now. Why was it that in bygone days men and women could live only a short time in the very same places where people now live a long time? How has the change come to pass? Surely this must be worth finding out. Let us run over part of the story of the olden time and see if we can learn from that what the difference is and how the change has been made.

We find that in times long past dreadful diseases came upon the people every few years and swept them off by thousands. They some-

* The teacher would do well to make his pupils thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of the word *average*.

times died so fast that it was hardly possible to bury them. Those awful diseases—called the black death and the sweating sickness—no longer visit England.

About two hundred and twenty years ago the plague came to England; it carried off multitudes of people; in London alone it is supposed to have killed sixty thousand. It is not certain that the plague was the same thing as the black death, although many people think it was; others consider the black death to have been a terrible fever, a very bad kind of typhus. The plague never visits England now.

Another terrible disease called smallpox used to kill thousands of people nearly every year. It was a dreadful kind of fever that covered the skin with little boils; these would run together and make frightful sores. Most of the people that caught the disease and did not die of it lost their beauty; the skin of their faces was left covered with scars and holes, while many people were made blind or deaf by this horrible disease. Smallpox has been nearly got rid of.

About fifty years ago yet another frightful sickness came to England, this time from the East. Persons were taken ill with it and died—sometimes in three or four hours—after suffering terrible pain in the stomach and the bowels. This disease killed a great many people when-

ever it broke out, but it no longer does its bad work in England, though it still kills thousands in the East. It is thought that this cholera is conquered now, as far as England is concerned.

There was a disease called ague that used to cause much suffering and many deaths; persons afflicted with it used to feel first cold, then hot, and gradually grow weaker and weaker: the fits used to come on regularly every day or every second, third, or fourth day. This disease has been almost conquered, too.

A great many sailors, and other people also, died every year of a disease caused by their not being able to get the right kinds of food; this complaint was called the scurvy. Persons that had this shocking sickness became spotted all over, their gums rotted and their teeth fell out, and at last the sick people died of weakness. This scurvy was a terrible thing. People seldom die of it now.

We must next mention some other diseases; these have not yet been mastered, but much has been done to make them less hurtful than they used to be. Such diseases are low fevers of various kinds, a bad fever called typhus, scarlet fever, inflammation of the lungs, rheumatism, scrofula, and, above all, consumption. All of these do far less mischief now than they did in the bad old times that are gone.

There are still a few diseases that are sure to kill people in the end, but these are of such a kind that it is not likely that any means of curing them will ever be found out. But persons suffering even from these diseases can be made much more comfortable, and can be kept alive much longer, than they could have been a hundred years ago.

You see, then, that a steady fight has been going on between the pakeha and disease, and that, though it is not likely that he will ever quite win the fight and beat down sickness altogether, so that no one shall ever die from anything but old age or accident, yet the pakeha is getting the best of the battle, and stealing away or blunting—one after another—the weapons with which Disease, the enemy of his race, has been in the habit of injuring him.

It will now be well for us to see how people used to live in those old times when Disease was their master and they were his slaves. Of course it would be wrong to say that all men lived in exactly the same way, but we know quite well how to describe the general mode of life of people who lived in towns and villages in the times when sickness used to carry them off so fast.

Well, then, in those days people often lived in small, low rooms, into which little fresh air could get. They did not take pains to keep everything

about their houses clean. Rubbish and filth of all kinds used to be thrown into the paths, and were not buried out of sight. They had no drains to carry standing water away. If there was a bad smell they used to grumble about it, and wait patiently till it went away. They did not bathe half often enough; some used never to wash anything but their faces from one year's end to another. Drinking was carried on to a frightful extent; some people thought it a fine, manly thing to be drunk. People who had committed crimes or were in debt used to be crowded together in filthy prisons. Many people ate a great deal too much; others could not get half enough. When water was drunk, no trouble was taken to see whether it was good or not; if it had a fair taste that was enough. If any one was sick they used to shut him up in a close room and tuck him in, so that no fresh air could get near him. If a man had a fever and was very weak they used to do foolish things to him that would make him still weaker. A man ill with fever or smallpox would be visited by friends, who would catch his disease and take it home with them to their families. Little care was taken about funerals, or about choosing distant places for burying-grounds. There were few good schools, and most of the people were very ignorant and stupid. Little or nothing was then known about the ways in which diseases

are bred, or how they can be prevented. The whole thing may be stated thus, in very few words: When people were dying off so very much faster than they do now, they were much dirtier in every way, much more drunken, much greedier, much more careless, much more foolish, and much more ignorant than they are now.

CHAPTER II.

How the Pakeha has fought with Disease and, to a great extent, conquered it.

In the first chapter we learnt that in past times the Europeans used to die off as the Maoris do now,—not quite so fast, but very nearly: if disease had done quite as bad work amongst the white people as it is doing amongst the Maoris, there would not be one left; the white man would have died out. Instead of that, they increased in number, but very, very slowly, just as the Maoris do now in places where they do not drink very much, and where they work, and live much in the same way as the white man does. In this chapter we are to learn how the pakeha has been able to beat down disease, so that he can live twice as long as he did formerly, and how it is that in some places the people increase so fast that their number is doubled every twenty-five years.

In the first place, then, he has found out some very powerful remedies (*rongoa*). Let us consider the case of smallpox, for instance. It was found out that, if matter was taken from one of the smallpox boils and kept in the air for a little while, and a little of this matter was put into a man's arm with a needle, this man would have the smallpox, but so slightly that he would be well in a few days, and would never have the disease again. This plan could not be used, though, because it was found that, if another person went near a man that had had the disease given him in this way, he would catch it quite as badly as if he had got it from the body of a man that had died of the smallpox. By-and-by, however, a good doctor named Jenner found out that, if the complaint was given to a cow, and if matter was taken from the cow and put into a child's arm, the child would have a boil on the arm a few days after, and that then it would, most likely, never take the smallpox; if it did, the complaint would nearly always be very slight, and not at all dangerous. It is by this vaccination, as it is called, that smallpox has been conquered.

A kind of tree was found in South America the bark of which is very useful for curing people who suffer from ague. So useful are this bark and the medicines made from it that the ague is now thought but little of, in cool

countries at any rate. Ague can nearly always be cured with a few doses of the bark. The principal medicine made from the bark is called quinine; this is very good indeed for all kinds of fevers that come and go regularly.

As for the scurvy, the sailors' disease, that can easily be cured with lemon juice, or fresh vegetables. It was found out that, if sailors were very ill with scurvy, they got no better when they went ashore unless they got a change of food. Then it was known that it was not the being at sea that gave sailors scurvy, but that the complaint was caused by their eating nothing but salt beef and biscuits.

Several other wonderful medicines and means of curing certain diseases have been found out, but we need not speak of these at present.

In the first lesson it was said that, in the old times, when a man was sick and weak, his friends used to do foolish things to him that would make him weaker still. Let us speak of one case of this kind. When a person has caught a very bad cold, it sometimes happens that some of his blood-vessels get stopped up so that the blood cannot move in them properly. This leads to a disease called inflammation, which often attacks the lungs and prevents them from acting properly. This is a very bad and dangerous disease. In the old times it was found out that, if a man was suffering in this way, and his arm was made to

bleed freely, he would soon feel much better, and would be able to breathe more easily. Whenever, therefore, a man had this inflammation he was almost sure to be bled. It was found out by the doctors, though, that a very great many of the people that had been so bled grew weaker and weaker and then died. Then wise doctors began to say to themselves, "It is the blood that gives a man strength; the blood is the food and drink that are carried along the blood-vessels to nourish every part of the body; it must, therefore, be a very bad thing, when a man is so weak with this inflammation as to be unable to stand, to take away from him the only thing that can make him strong." So the doctors would have no more bleeding, but tried to make those that had the complaint breathe more easily by other means, and let them keep their blood in their bodies. It was soon found out that this was the best way, and that of those that had this disease and were not bled far more got quite well at the last than of those that were bled.

In a great many other cases, too, our doctors have proved that old plans were foolish, and have taken to new ones that save thousands of lives every year, lives that would have been just thrown away in the bad old times.

But the thing that has done the most good—that has saved more lives than have all other things put together—is the knowledge that the

doctors have given us of the laws of health: this knowledge makes us able to prevent disease, which is far better than curing it. It has been found out that people who breathe foul air are very liable to consumption and other bad chest complaints, and that if such people are removed to places where they can get better air their health improves. It has been found that people who live near filth and dirt, or drink water into which filth has found its way, get horrible low fevers and bad throat diseases; and that if they, or the people that breathe bad air, get any little complaint, it is very likely to become bad and kill them. On the other hand, it is found that people who live in clean places and drink good water seldom get such diseases, and are much more easily cured when they do get them. It has been found out that people who take much spirits or beer spoil their livers and stomachs, and generally die many years sooner than sober people do. It is known, too, that people who do not eat good food, and especially young people whose parents have not been healthy, very often suffer from scrofula; and that people who are ignorant and vicious do not live nearly so long as those that are well taught and virtuous. Many other things of the same sort have been found out and attended to, and that is why the pakeha is becoming healthier, happier, and longer-lived as time goes on.

But let us try to see exactly what good is done by attending to the laws of health. We will take one thing, which may serve as an example of all of them. There is a town* in England that used to lose one out of forty-one of its people every year by death. This town was afterwards properly drained and kept very clean; then only one out of fifty-one died every year. This shows what good drainage will do. There are two parts of this town; the smaller part has good pure water all the year round; the larger part has a good supply nearly always, but sometimes, in the summer, the water is bad for a little while. Well, in the part of the town where the water is always good only one out of seventy-three dies in the year; but in the part where it is sometimes not so good, one out of fifty dies. This will show us how important it is to always have good clean water.

Works done in England at different towns, to take away filth and to make water pure, have, in some cases, saved one life out of two that would have been lost; in others, one out of five; in one case, one out of four;† and in another, one out of three.† In some towns where four used to die of typhoid fever only one dies now‡; in many cases only one now dies where two used to die.

What is still more wonderful than all this is

* Croydon. † Leicester and Newport. ‡ Salisbury.

that there are towns in England in which, for every ten that used to die of consumption, only nine, eight, seven, six, or even five* are now carried off by this awful disease.

Now, do not these things show us what a good thing it is to attend to the laws of health —to breathe fresh air, to be clean, to drink good water, and so on? Is it not worth while to give heed to what the pakeha says about health? I think it is. Perhaps the old Maoris would find it hard to listen to, and to understand, all these things; but we hope that the young ones, who can have them fully explained by their teachers, may be made to know all about them, and that when they do know they will be sensible enough to try to act according to their knowledge. We should remember one thing; it is everyone's interest to attend to these matters—not only for the sake of others, but for his own. No one can be quite safe in any settlement where the laws of health are neglected.

CHAPTER III.

The Health of the Maori at the present Time.

In the last chapter we learnt that the pakeha has fought and nearly conquered disease, partly by finding out how to beat down disease when it has

* Salisbury.

come, but chiefly by stopping it from coming at all. The pakeha, no more than the Maori, is able to get rid of death altogether, but year by year he is pushing further on the time when man must die, and the number of those who die in the proper way—of old age—is ever increasing. What we want to do now is to show the Maori how he, too, may get rid of the bad things that are hurting him, and to give the Natives such a share of the knowledge we have gained as shall make them able to prolong their lives as the pakeha does, and also to make them better and happier.

But before we go any further we must try to show that the Maoris are now in the same sort of state as the Europeans were in when they used to die off so fast. There are parts of New Zealand to which fever comes every few years, carrying off scores of people, and especially young people. Some years ago this fever broke out at Ahipara, and took a very bad form; nearly every one that caught the fever died. At Kaiapoi, in the South Island, the same thing occurred; it was so bad there that it seemed as if all the Natives were going to die. Last year (1883) the fever broke out near Tauranga; there, too, a great many died; of the children attending the Maungatapu Native School twelve died, to say nothing of other people. In some places there is more or less fever nearly always, and it is quite certain that a great many Maoris die every year

from this dreadful disease. This is very sad, because if proper care were taken hardly any would die; at all events, if the Maoris understood the laws of health and did not neglect them, at least three out of four of the persons that are now killed by this fever would be saved.

But there is a still worse disease than the fever; it carries off hundreds of Maoris every year. This disease is called consumption; every one of you must have known many young people that have died of consumption. A fearful complaint it is, and one that is very hard to cure when once it has fairly got hold of a person. But very much can be done to prevent it from coming, and it is quite certain that, if Maoris would attend to all the rules that will be given further on, this complaint might be almost got rid of.

There is another bad disease called scrofula. A very great many of the Maoris suffer from it. The first outward appearance of it is, very often, a swelling in the neck; after a time this swelling breaks at the surface and forms a very bad sore that is hard to heal; when the sore does heal it often leaves an ugly scar. This is only one form of the complaint. There is no end to the bad work that this disease does, though it seldom of itself kills the person that has it. Scrofula also could be almost done away with. People that always breathe fresh, pure air, eat good food, drink pure water, keep their bodies

clean, and are not lazy, are seldom troubled with this disease. It is true that a great many children are born with a tendency* to scrofula and consumption, but it is also true that in a very large number of cases this tendency can be nearly got rid of by proper attention to the laws of health.

Every year numbers of young people die through catching cold by getting wet and sitting in their wet clothes; by dancing in hot close rooms till they are quite tired and worn out, and then going out into the cold night air; and also by neglecting themselves in other ways.

A good many die through accidents caused by drink, but still more through their making themselves weak and unhealthy by drinking rum or beer, and then catching some little complaint, which kills them, but would not do very much harm to a person who had been in good health before taking the complaint.

Then there are some diseases that seldom of themselves kill people, but make them so feeble that bad diseases have a chance of seizing them, and then they soon die. All Maoris know what *hakihaki* is. Well, this disease, when it gets a thorough hold of a child, takes away his

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* The teacher should take great pains to make the pupils understand the exact meaning of this word. Perhaps the flight of a bird would afford a good illustration. A bird on the wing has a constant tendency to fall to the earth, but the tendency is counteracted by the action of the wings, controlled by the bird's volition.

appetite, spoils his sleep, and makes him become thin, and weak, and miserable. Now, if the child has a strong tendency* to consumption, it is very likely to come on while he is in this state, and if it does it will be almost sure to kill him. *Hakihaki* can be entirely got rid of. If all the people in a village agreed to send *hakihaki* off they could do it. All that they would have to do to drive this wretched itch away would be to use sulphur — which they could easily get—and to keep their houses, their clothes, and their bodies clean, which they might easily do. Besides, if they got rid of *hakihaki* they would get rid of many other nasty things that sometimes make them very uncomfortable, and that have a tendency* to make them unhealthy. They would then have very few cases of sore eyes, sore ears, sore heads, and sore hands; and most of the nasty crawling things that now trouble them would have to go away to places where they could find the dirt and filth on which they live.

We cannot mention all the diseases that Maoris suffer from and that kill them, they are so many, but we have spoken about some of the worst.

Besides the people that die from disease, a large number of babies die every year from no particular sickness, but from mere weakness;

* *Vide* note on opposite page.

these children are simply not strong enough to live in the smoke and foul air of some of the whares, so the poor little things have just to die.

There is one thing that is very important—a thing that boys and girls at school ought to notice: If they were asked to say what class of Maoris it is that suffers most from bad diseases, what would their answer be? It would be that it is mostly the younger Maoris that suffer from the diseases spoken of. Many of the older Natives are fine, healthy men, and some of them will live to a good old age. The fact is that fevers and things of that sort attack young people far oftener than they do the old; when people have passed the age at which they become strong enough to fight against these things they can manage to live on. For this reason it is that the chief thing we shall have to consider in these lessons is the question, How are the complaints to which children and young men and women are subject most easily to be prevented? At the same time we must remember that the laws of health are laws that all should try to find out and respect, and that the people who pay most attention to them will live the longest. Even those fine, strong, healthy old Maoris who are sure to live a long time would certainly live longer if they paid attention to these laws. If, instead of living in small, close whares, these old Maoris would build their dwellings so that

they could always have plenty of fresh air and light, and would always keep them quite sweet and clean, they would most certainly live even longer than they do now.

And, now that we have seen how much the Maoris suffer from disease, let us ask how they live? Well, they live very much in the same way as the English did about two hundred years ago, only they are not so rich, and not so comfortable, and are much less civilized. Two hundred years ago the English used to crowd themselves together into close, foul places, where no fresh air could be got: so do the Maoris. The English took no pains to get thoroughly good, pure water for drinking: neither do the Maoris. When fever broke out, the English took little trouble to prevent the disease from spreading: so do the Maoris. The English were not careful enough about keeping away from the bodies of people that had died: neither are the Maoris. The English used to drink too much beer and spirits: so do the Maoris. Bathing and cleanliness were greatly neglected by most of the English: so they are by most of the Maoris. The English were not careful to choose dry or well-drained sites for their houses: nor are the Maoris. Many of the English were ignorant and foolish, and believed in witches, and in stupid and dangerous plans for curing the sick: so do many of the Maoris. The English people used

to die off very fast indeed: so do the Maoris. Let us hope that in a few years' time we shall be able to say, "The English found out the laws of health, and learned to attend to them, and thus became a healthier, happier, more useful, and better people: *so did the Maoris.*"

CHAPTER IV.

Why the Maori Population is Decreasing, although War has ceased.

In former chapters it has been shown why the Maoris are not healthy. In this we are to learn how it is that the coming of the pakeha has made them still more unhealthy; and how it is that, though war has ceased, the Maori is dying as fast as he did when hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of people were killed in battle every year.

It seems to be certain that, long before the pakeha came to New Zealand, the Maori people were becoming fewer in number every year. One moonlight night a gentleman was standing on the deck of a steamer that was lying in a harbour in the far north. It was a very calm, still night; not a sound was to be heard, except the occasional splash of a fish playing near the top of the water, or the cry of some far distant night bird. It was like the stillness of death. A

friend came up to where the gentleman was standing. After gazing around for a few moments he said, "I remember these hills and this shore as they were thirty-five years ago, and the remembrance makes me feel very sad. Then there were villages here and there all along this beach, and knots of whares on nearly all the hill-tops; the whole place was swarming with Natives: now they are all gone!" This was a kind old man, and he loved the Maoris well. As he was speaking his voice shook, and it was easy to see that he was very sorry for his old friends. After a pause he said he could not tell why the Maoris had died out in this way. He thought the coming of the pakeha could not have been the cause, as he had been told that for more than a life-time before his arrival the Maoris had been disappearing very fast, and that in the old, old days there had been three times as many Natives as he saw there then. Even when he arrived the Natives told him that they were decaying, and would soon be all gone. This old gentleman said, too, that there had never been more than a few Europeans in the place, and yet the Maoris were all gone. War, he said, had destroyed a great many of the Natives in the bygone time; but that had ceased. The whole thing was a puzzle to him, and he could not tell what had caused the decay of the Maori.

If we think the matter over carefully perhaps we shall not find it so very hard to discover why the Maoris were dying fast before the pakeha came, and why they are still becoming fewer and fewer every year. In the first place, many of the bad things spoken of at the end of the last chapter have been doing their work in New Zealand for a very long time. Then, there can be no doubt that the habit of being constantly at war had grown up amongst the Maoris gradually, until at last there was hardly a tribe or a hapu in New Zealand that was not at war with some other tribe or hapu. Thus war, before the coming of the pakeha, was carrying off multitudes of people every year, and the state of things was so bad that more people were killed by war and disease than could be made up for by the children that were born. After the whites came to New Zealand, and as soon as the wars between them and the Maoris had nearly ceased, a new state of things came into being.

At this time three ways of life were placed before the Maori to choose from: One was the European way; another his own old way; and the third a sort of mixture of the two. Now, it is to be feared that the Maori made a wrong choice, or, rather, that he chose the third kind of life, and made a very bad mixture. What he did was partly to keep to his own old ways, and partly to take up the bad customs of the

pakeha. These two things make a very bad sort of life indeed. What the Maori did was to refuse to have anything to do with the good things that he saw; but, at the same time, he took to the bad ones. He refused the good things because most of them were at first not easy to understand, and many of them required hard work and some self-denial to be of use; and he took the bad ones because they seemed easy and pleasant. For instance, to fence in a piece of ground, grow a lot of fine fruit trees, and keep the ground in good order is work that would, after a time, give a Maori a large quantity of good food for himself and his family for the rest of his life; but this work requires much care and patience, and the Maori could not see why he should work very hard and wait for many years for something that he did not exactly know the good of; thus he never took much trouble about planting fruit trees. If, however, he got a cask of rum, he found that it was easy and pleasant to drink it; there was no working or waiting for that; so he got into the way of drinking rum whenever he could get it. Rum, as we all know, has done dreadful harm to the Maori. It is in this way that it has come about that so many of the Maoris have taken to the bad habits of the pakeha.

When two different races of men have to live together, the race that, through any cause, is

more ignorant, weaker in numbers, and poorer than the other must learn the good customs of the stronger people or else it is sure to die out. We learn this from the history of other nations. If the weaker* people take only to the bad habits of the stronger, and do not learn the good ones, these bad habits will soon kill them.

Now, here in New Zealand there are two races —the pakeha and the Maori. We need not say anything about the Maoris here, except, perhaps, that they are naturally, in body and in mind, as fine a race as ever lived. We have to speak about the pakehas. These have a great many good points. They know a great deal; they work very hard; they love their wives and children, and take great trouble to feed them well and clothe them decently; they take good care to send their children to school; they eat good food; they wear warm clothes; they live in good houses; they make good laws for preventing crime, and they obey these laws very well. These are some of the good works of the pakehas. But some of them do very bad ones too. They drink too much; they smoke too much; they quarrel and fight; they are unkind to their friends; they spend all they get on folly; and some of them lead thoroughly bad lives. Where the

* The teacher should explain that the word *weaker* here refers to outside circumstances only, and does not necessarily imply that the Maori is physically inferior to the pakeha.

Maoris adopt these bad customs and do not take to the good ones, but keep to the old Maori ways, the bad customs make them die out. If you go to any place in the colony and find the Maoris drinking and leading bad lives, you will also find, if you ask, that they are quickly disappearing, and that in a few years the place that now knows them will know them no more. It is not only in New Zealand that this sort of thing happens; it is the same everywhere. Many peoples have died out before the pakeha; but many also have lived. Let us speak of a few cases.

Eighty years ago there were many thousands of natives in Tasmania; now there is not a single one—all have died! These people learned some of the bad ways of the whites, but none of the good ones. The Tasmanians are gone!

The natives of Victoria were just the same, and thousands of them have died; but at last a few of them have been got together and taught properly in schools. It seems that these are learning some of the whites' good ways, and it is likely that these people will live.

The Red Indians, too, learnt to drink rum and to do wrong like the whites, but they would never become tame and take care of themselves as whites do, so they died out as fast as the white people settled near where they lived. But now it is said that the heart of the Indian has changed; he is taking to the good ways of the

white people, he sends his children to school, and he gets them to learn trades. Well, the Indian has left off dying out; he means to live.

The Negroes were taken from their own country to America to be slaves to the Americans, and, though they were often badly treated by their masters, yet they did not die out. Just because they were slaves they were prevented from doing the things that have caused other races to decay. They could not be lazy; they were made to work. Because they wanted them to work, their masters had to feed and clothe them fairly well. They could seldom drink too much, because their masters could not, and would not, afford to give them much rum. So, in spite of the hardships they had to pass through, the Negroes lived and throve; and now they are a free people, getting properly taught, and holding by law the same rights as their old masters have.

What you have just read should teach you that, if the Maoris will take to the best European customs, they will live and do very well, especially as they are far more clever than any of the people you have been reading about, perhaps quite as clever and as strong as the pakeha himself. But, if the Maori keeps to his own old ways, and adds to them the worst habits of the worst pakehas, he will be sure to die out, like the Tasmanians and so many of the Australians and Red Indians.

A clever doctor said, many years ago, that, if the Maoris would every day eat a pound of wheaten bread and a pound of meat, would live in houses with good fresh air in them, and would wear better clothing, they would soon be thoroughly healthy. No doubt there is some truth in this, but it is only part of the truth: in the remaining lessons we must try to find out the whole truth. In what has gone before we have spoken of the disease; in what comes after we must try to show what the remedy is.

PART II.

THE REMEDY.

CHAPTER V.

Pure Air.

If you were asked to say what there is in this room besides the things you can see, or could see if what covers them were removed, some of you might say there is nothing. This answer would be wrong. The room is full of air. Wherever you go there is air. We live in air, just as fish live in water. How is it, then, that we cannot feel it? We cannot feel it in this room, because it is nearly still here; but if we go outside we can feel it well enough, because there it is moving. Do you know what moving air is called? Yes, that is right, it is called wind. We could make the air in this room move by just opening two of the windows. There, we have opened them, and now you feel the wind. The air that was in the room is moving out, and *fresh* air is taking its place.

You have often seen a small pool of water with no stream running into it and none running out. In such a pool the water always gets bad in time; dirty things fall into the pool and stay there. If you stir the water up with a stick you find that the water has a very bad smell. You would not like to drink such

water; if you did drink it you would do a very foolish thing, for this dirty water might give you a bad fever. When you want to drink, you go to a running stream; there the water is *fresh* and clean.

By closing up all the holes through which air could get into this room you could make it into a sort of air-pool. In any air-pool of this kind whatever bad thing may be in the air must stay there, it cannot get away; and, if there is much of what makes the air in a room bad, then the air is no more fit to breathe than the water in a dirty pool is fit to drink.

We must now mention, very briefly, one or two things which it is hoped your teacher will thoroughly explain to you.* Air is made up of two things; one of these is called oxygen—you need not mind the name of the other. You should try to remember the word *oxygen*, because it is the name of one of the best and most useful things that the world contains. If all the oxygen were taken out of the air we could not live five minutes. If you take a stick and light it, it is oxygen that makes it burn. If you were to put the lighted stick into a place where there was no oxygen, the flame would go out instantly. Well, in much the same way as oxygen keeps the stick burning, it keeps us

* See Bickerton's "Materials for Lessons in Elementary Science," page 35.

alive. If much of the oxygen of the air in which we are be taken away or spoiled, then we grow ill, and if we did not get fresh air we should die.

Well, we take in this oxygen, and it does us good: we breathe out something else. The name of this other thing is carbonic acid. This is just the same thing as is produced when charcoal is burnt. You must remember this name, *carbonic acid*, too; for, just as oxygen is good for us to breathe, so carbonic acid is very bad: it is a real poison. If we had a box full of pure carbonic acid, and a mouse or a bird got into it, it would die instantly. A very small portion indeed of this gas mixed with a lot of good air does no harm; but if there is much of it, it is bad, and the more of it there is in the air the worse the air is for us to breathe.

Now, let us remember that everybody breathes out this gas, and then try to understand what happens in a *whare puni*, or in any room in which bad air cannot be replaced by fresh air. On going into such a room the people at first breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid; that is, they take in what is good for them and give out what is bad. If the air were moving the carbonic acid would be carried away and fresh air would be brought in for the people to get more oxygen from. But

the air is not moving out; it is remaining where it is, and so the carbonic acid remains, too. Of course the oxygen is not taken out of all the air at once, but only out of that part that is breathed; but the carbonic acid soon mixes with the whole of the air and begins to spoil it.

This is the way the thing goes on: At first the people breathe oxygen, then less oxygen and a little carbonic acid, then less oxygen and more carbonic acid, then less oxygen and a great deal more of this poisonous gas. As the people go on breathing air with much carbonic acid in it, they find themselves growing drowsy and sleepy; then comes headache; if the room were very small, so that at last there was a very large quantity of the gas in the air, the people in the room would faint away and die.

There is an old Maori story about a man called Tawhaki who lived hundreds of years ago. It is said that this man's father had been killed in war and his mother had been made a slave. Tawhaki went with a friend to set his mother free and to carry off the bones of his father, and also to kill all his enemies. When he came to the whare where his mother was he found all the people away. The mother told the two friends how to hide themselves, and what they must do in order that all their enemies might be killed. Well, the people of the place, who were very numerous, came home in the evening, and,

after looking about to see that all was safe, they went to sleep. The mother of Tawhaki sat down outside of the door: it was her duty to call the people in the morning, when it was time to get up. As soon as all the people were asleep Tawhaki and his friend came up and stopped every hole in the whare. Of course air and light could not get in. Now and again some one asked if it was time to get up, but the mother said, "No." At last all was quiet. The young men opened the holes in the whare, and it was found that all the men inside were dead. The story says the people were killed by the light of the sun. No doubt, if the story is true, it was carbonic acid, and not the sun, that did the work.

But carbonic acid is not the only bad thing that is to be found in a *whare puni* or a close room in which there are many people. We also breathe out water, and this fills a close room with a nasty sort of fog.

Then, again, if any one has to go into a room of this kind in which there are many people his nose will tell him that there is another very bad thing. It is a very useful thing, this nose of ours; we should do well to attend to what it tells us, and never take it where it does not like to go. The bad smell that offends the nose in this case is caused by very little scraps of worn-out matter from the lungs and from the skin. It is always bad, and

sometimes very dangerous, to breathe air that has this kind of bad smell; it sometimes causes fever, bad sore throats, and other things of the same kind.

In a village in Scotland a few years ago a number of people met to have a dance. The weather was very cold, so they shut up all the doors, stopped up the chimneys, and did the best they could to keep the cold air from coming in. Well, these people breathed in a lot of this poisonous stuff, and in a day or two most of them were very ill and some of them died of fever. No doubt many Maoris have caught fever in nearly the same way.

We may believe, then, that good fresh air, which many of us think so little of, is one of the very best things for preserving health.

We must remember, too, that fresh air very often destroys or removes things that cause bad smells and that hurt the health. If a room is damp, close, and unhealthy, a constant stream of fresh air will often set it right. For this reason a chimney in a room is a good thing, even if it be not used for fires. Where there is a chimney a stream of fresh air nearly always runs through the room whenever the door is opened. It is true that a chimney sometimes makes a room colder, but cold is not nearly such a bad thing as foul air. We shall have more to say about chimneys when we come to talk about warmth.

CHAPTER VI.

Clean Water.

Everybody knows that we cannot live without water. Next to air, water is the most needful of all things. A man can live without food for a long time, perhaps ten or even fifteen days; he could not do without water for more than four or five days. It was shown in the last chapter that bad air is very hurtful; in this, we are to learn that we ought always to drink good pure water, and to take great pains to be sure that it is good, because water that may seem quite good may yet be really very bad and unwholesome.

You all know what an animal is. A man is an animal, so is a horse, so is a fish, and so is a fly. Now, you will notice that these animals are not all of the same size: some are very large, like the horse and the elephant; some are small, like the fly. But even the fly is large beside some other animals. The mosquito and the sandfly are smaller than the fly. There is one very small animal, not much larger than a pin's point. This little animal gets on the skin of people that do not keep themselves clean; it makes a hole in the skin and lives, and lays its eggs, in that hole. This causes the disease

called *hakihaki*. This has been found out by the use of glasses that make small things look large and so enable us to see them. But there are animals smaller still than that which causes *hakihaki*. These can only be seen with very strong glasses. Some of these are very hurtful to men and other large animals. There is one that lives in the pig and gives it a very bad complaint. If a man eats pork that contains these animals, which are like very small, fine hairs, he is sure to be very ill, and perhaps die, unless the meat has been so thoroughly cooked as to kill all these little creatures. It seems to be quite certain that there are other animals so very small that they cannot be seen by any means that we have yet found out; we know that they exist because we see the bad work they do, which is of the same sort as that done by the little creatures that sometimes make pork so unwholesome.

Doctors tell us that many bad diseases are caused by animals of this kind, or by what are called their germs, which you may think of as their eggs. It is thought, though, that some of these small creatures are not animals, but plants. The germs of these you might consider to be spores or seeds. We shall always speak of these eggs or seeds as disease-germs. You will understand from what has been said that these disease-germs, though so very small, are most dangerous

things, and that we ought to take great care not to let any of them get into our bodies.

Disease-germs are found in various kinds of places, but what suits them best is some kind of filth. They seem to like filth just as we like sugar. In bad air, in bad water, in messes of any kind they are always very likely to be present. Try to remember, then, that, besides being nasty, all filth is bad, because filth is the home of disease-germs. You must understand that dirt does not *make* these germs, but, if there is any kind of dirt about and germs fall upon it, they settle there, grow up, and become strong, and then produce fresh germs very fast indeed.

These germs are not easily killed; most of them can be carried about in clothing, or by the air, or in water. Thus it is that they spread from place to place. It is quite certain that many very bad kinds can live and thrive in water, and especially in standing water. For this reason it is always well for us to get our water from a running stream when we can do so. In England a fever of a very bad kind has often been traced to ponds and wells into which filth with disease-germs in it has found its way.

You can now see how careful people ought to be about the water they drink. It is not enough for water to look pure; we must be sure that it is pure, by taking it from a place where filth

cannot get into it. If we have to drink water from a pool at the foot of a hill we must be very careful to see that there is no bad thing on the high ground above that might be carried down into the pool in wet weather. It is very dangerous to drink water from a pool that lies below a *wahi tapu*, or even below a place where people are living. Filth is often carried down into a pool by rain, and if this filth has disease-germs in it and they get into the pool they will remain there and increase; by-and-by fever will come, and people will wonder why.

Great care should be taken, too, not to drink water that horses and pigs can get at. Pigs especially are almost sure to make water very unwholesome for drinking. There can be no doubt that many cases of fever and bowel-complaint occur amongst the Maoris through their drinking water that has been spoiled by pigs, cattle, and horses.

Sometimes good water for drinking cannot be got. There is a way by which bad water may be made nearly safe to drink. Water that has been boiled a good while and allowed to stand for some time will generally be wholesome enough. Of course the stuff that has sunk to the bottom of the water that has been boiled should not be drunk. You may ask what good is done by boiling the water. The answer is that the great heat kills all the disease-germs

that may be in it. This leads us to speak of other kinds of drink besides cold water.

Tea, coffee, and cocoa are very much liked by pakehas. Maoris do not seem to care so much for them. It would perhaps be well for them if they did, seeing that the water with which these drinks are made has to be boiled.

The only other kinds of drink that we need speak of are those that contain spirit—such drinks as rum, brandy, gin, wine, and beer. Much evil will have to be said about these things directly; let us, therefore, first give them fair-play and say what good we can about them.

Spirits and wine can do but little good if they are used as an ordinary drink; but if a man feels cold a glass of rum will make him feel warmer for a few minutes; if he feels sad a little wine will make him merrier for a short time; a glass of beer may sometimes supply the place of food to a hungry man for a little while, or make one that is tired feel a little stronger for the next quarter of an hour or so. Sometimes when a person is extremely ill and seems just about to die through weakness, wine, beer, or spirits may enable him to live on a little longer, and perhaps get over his sickness. This is about all the good that can be said of these things. It appears that they ought to be considered as a sort of medicine, to be used only when a doctor says they are wanted.

Amongst the evil things that strong drink does are these:—It often spoils the stomach, the liver, and the brain. It sometimes takes away from a man nearly all sense of right and wrong, and makes him willing to lie or steal in order to get the means of getting drunk, or to hide the bad work he has done through his drinking. It often keeps a man, his wife, and his family in misery when they might be very happy. Drink often makes a rich man who uses it poor, and it always makes a poor man poorer. It causes many people—brown, white, yellow, black, and red—to go mad for a longer or shorter time, and some of them to be mad till the end of their days. It brings about many bad accidents and thousands of deaths every year.

It seems, then, that this drink does very little good, and a great deal of very fearful harm. Drinking, too, has this strange thing about it: No one who drinks at all can feel quite sure that the dreadful habit will not get hold of him and become his master; no drinker of beer and spirits can say that he is safe. It appears, then, that our best plan is not to use strong drink at all; to make up our minds that, whatever others may do, we will not be friends with rum or brandy, wine or beer, or any of the family. Let us use tea or coffee, or, if we cannot get these, let us drink good pure water.

We shall learn something about another very good drink when we come to speak about the different sorts of food.

CHAPTER VII.

Healthy Site for Residence.

In the old time Maoris were nearly always at war, and the people of one settlement never knew the moment when they would be attacked by those of another settlement. Hence they could not be fairly safe unless they lived, in the night-time at any rate, in a strongly-fortified place, one that an enemy could not easily get at. Now, the top of a high hill is a natural fort, and very little work will make it very strong indeed. The higher the hill is, in reason, the better.

These hill-forts or pas had other good things about them besides being strong and safe: there was always plenty of pure fresh air to be got outside of the dwellings; it was very easy to get rid of filth by just throwing it down the side of the hill; no water could settle in pools on such high ground; and there could be no swamps near.

Of course the Maori then made his plantations on the low grounds as he does now, because such grounds produce the best crops; but he generally used to work on his cultivation by day, and return to his pa as evening came on. While he lived in this way there was very little

chance of his getting fever or any complaint of that kind; he was ill often enough, perhaps, but not from that sort of disease. This kind of life was found to be troublesome, no doubt; but the Maori had to live in that way if he wished to escape death.

Now, all this is changed; the Maori is safe by day and by night; he has no longer to protect himself; the law protects him; there is no fear of his being attacked and killed by a hostile tribe, and no reason why he should gather his crop into a stronghold as soon as possible. The Maori, therefore, now lives on or near his cultivations. These are, of course, still on the low land. Now, low lands are nearly always damp. Of course the richest land that can be found is chosen for the cultivations. The richer the soil is, the more decaying matter it contains. But these two things together—damp and decaying matter—favour the growth of very many forms of life, and of disease-germs among the rest. A swamp with much rotten wood and plenty of dead leaves and grass in it is just the place where some kinds of fever germs grow fastest. No pakeha that understands these matters doubts that this change of place for living in is one great cause of the fevers that now so often afflict the Natives.

It would not be easy to persuade the Maori to return to his old hill-forts and live in them,

nor would it be desirable. If proper care is taken, people who live on low ground may be fairly healthy; but if they live on low land, with swampy soil for the floor of their whares, or even with swampy ground very near them, they never can be healthy. Even in summer-time it is very dangerous to live on such ground; for, though the water may then be all gone, it is very likely that the fever germs are still there. Perhaps these are only waiting for a slight shower of rain to come upon them to make them spring into life and begin to do great harm to the people that live where they are. There can be no doubt that many of the Maoris who go to the gum-fields suffer in this way. How often do we hear of Natives being taken ill, and dying of fever after they have been gum-digging for some time. Natives who do this kind of work in swampy ground should be very careful to put their sleeping-places on high land, so that they may live in the swamps as short a time as possible. It is better to have to walk half a mile to work than to catch a bad fever by sleeping where disease-germs are. If you are going to place the whare in which you mean to live on low ground, it should be as far as possible from a swamp or standing water of any kind, unless this water be a large lake; even then it should be near deep, not shallow, water. If the ground generally be low, you should place the

whare on the highest piece you can find. Small drains should be dug leading away from all places where water can lie to lower ground.

If you wish to have the floor of your whare always dry and comfortable, you will find it a good plan to dig a V trench, about two feet deep, right through the middle of the ground on which the whare is to stand, and to lead it away till it reaches much lower ground some distance off. This trench should be filled with stones or very coarse gravel to the height of one foot or more, and then some of the earth out of the trench should be levelled to make a good floor, and the rest should be used to fill up the trench. It may seem to you that this work would give a great deal of trouble, but really it would not take a man long to do it, and if he once tried the plan he would find it so good that he would never give it up again.

To show what a good thing it is to make proper drains, it may be mentioned that there are large tracts of land in England, Italy, and other countries where formerly no one could live because of the fever, ague, and other bad diseases that the people who tried to live there were sure to have. One of these fevers was like that which the Maoris now suffer from. Well, these lands have been properly drained; there are now great numbers of people living on them, and these people have very good health.

It is to be hoped that the time is not very far distant when all Maoris will live in houses something like those that the Europeans build, not quite so large, perhaps, but quite as comfortable, with good, useful furniture in them, and, above all, good beds, raised at least a foot above the ground.

It is rather to be wondered at that, in districts where there is suitable stone, the Maoris do not build houses of rubble-work, as the people in some of the South Sea Islands do. They could make the mortar that would be needed by burning the shells found on the sea-shore, if they could not get lime in any other way. Such houses would always be warm and comfortable, and they would last for hundreds of years.

The thing that prevents Maoris from building such houses is, perhaps, that they are afraid, or do not like, to live in a house where any one has died. How would the Maoris get on in London, where people have been living and dying in the same houses for more than a thousand years, perhaps? *Tapu* never hurts these people; although they keep on using the same houses, they live a great deal longer than the Maoris do. In old times English people used to have a sort of *tapu*—at least they sometimes thought that houses were haunted, and that the spirits of the dead came into them to do harm to the living. They are wiser now, these pakehas; by-and-by

perhaps the Maori also will become wiser about this matter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wholesome Food.

Babies are fed on milk alone. They thrive and get strong on this food. Now, if we can find out what there is in milk we shall know, perhaps, what kinds of food we require to keep us strong. Let us learn, then, what milk contains. First, there is in milk something that is almost the same thing as the lean parts of meat. We perhaps find it hard to understand this, but doctors tell us that they find that a great part of cheese, which, as you know, is made from milk, is in no way different from the greater part of lean meat. There is also much sugar in milk; if we taste milk we find it quite sweet: so sugar is the second thing. Then milk contains fat; butter, which is a kind of fat, is made from cream, which rises to the surface of milk that is allowed to stand quite still: fat, then, is the third thing that is to be found in milk. If milk be put on a fire in a saucepan and be allowed to boil, steam will rise from it; when this steam gets cool again, it turns into water: water is the fourth thing. Then, if milk be allowed to boil till it becomes quite solid, and if it be still made hotter and hotter, it will at last be nearly

all gone; all that will be left will be some stuff that we may call salts: salts are the fifth thing that milk contains.

We may say, then, that the five things that are needed to make good food are the stuff that lean meat contains, and sugar, fat, water, and salts. Lean meat is good for forming flesh; that is its chief work. We know that if a man lives on lean meat alone, it will make him fleshy and strong, but not fat; indeed, the fat of his body will waste away if he eats nothing but this sort of food. The work of fat and sugar is partly to make us warm and partly to help us to work. Here you must be told a strange thing, which your teacher will, most likely, explain to you further:* it is that, much in the same way as the fat of a candle keeps the flame going, the fat that we eat keeps up the warmth of the body. Sugar does the same thing. Water, of course, goes into the blood and becomes part of it, and helps to form every part of the body. As for the salts, they are of use to keep the blood healthy, to make bone, and in many other ways. Milk, besides being good for babies, is a very nice, wholesome drink for people of all ages; it is, of course, both food and drink. The potato is the food that the Maori eats most of; this contains a large quantity of starch. Starch as it passes through the body

* See Bickerton's "Materials for Lessons in Elementary Science," page 38.

has a juice poured upon it which turns it into sugar. Potatoes contain also salts and flesh-forming stuff, but not enough; they are very good, but something else should be eaten along with them. It would be well if Maoris would get into the way of eating a little salt with their potatoes, and indeed with all their food; this would do them much good, and in a very short time they would like the salt very much. The kumara, also, and the taro, are very good indeed. It would be a good thing if Maoris nearly always ate more flesh-forming food along with their potatoes and kumaras. Meat, fish, or cockles would do very well.

It would also be well if they made it a rule to eat a little fat of some kind with every meal. It is to be hoped that the time will come when Maoris will keep cows and use butter and milk, just as Europeans do. In any case butter is very good for them, and they should eat it whenever they can get it. It has been found that butter is very useful for people that have a tendency to consumption. Cod-liver oil, which is a kind of fat, is given to such persons by doctors, and it is found to do them much good.

Maoris are very fond of rotten corn. If this stuff is eaten at all it ought to be thoroughly well cooked, because, from the way in which it is prepared, there is much danger of its collecting disease-germs. This Maori way of using

corn is a very wasteful one, because nearly all the sugar and starch in the corn are destroyed. Some years ago many of the Maoris had small steel mills with which they used to grind their corn. Why have they given these up? Did they find it hard work to use them? It is a pity that they have taken to this rotten corn instead of the good meal they used formerly.

Pakeha food agrees with the Maori very well, and he might easily use a great deal of it if he did not spend so much money on spirits. When a young Maori child from a Native settlement goes to a boarding-school he is, perhaps, thin, weak, and miserable; after he has been living on pakeha food for a month or two he is fat, strong, and bright. There can be no doubt that all men are much better when they eat various kinds of food and do not live on one thing only. It is not to be expected that the Maori will give up his old ways all at once, but it would be a good thing for him if he tried to use pakeha food as much as possible. Let him leave the rum and beer to men who wish to die soon, but let him, if he wishes to live a good long time, use flour, rice, sugar, meat, and butter; these would do him more good than all the rum in the world.

Maoris ought to grow cabbages and fruit more than they do, and when they have grown them they should eat plenty of them themselves, and

not sell them all to the pakeha. This kind of food has some flesh-forming and fat-making stuff in it; but it is very rich in salts, which, as was said before, make and keep the blood pure and sweet. By-and-by we ought to see near every Maori whare a nice garden with cabbages, peas, beans, and such like things, as well as fruit, growing in it. This kind of food would do much to keep away scrofula and skin disease.

There is one thing more to speak about in connection with food. It is not enough to have good food. It must be properly cooked, if it is to do its work well. The Maori oven is very good indeed. Meat, fish, potatoes, and kumaras cooked in it are very well cooked. But it would be well if less troublesome ways of cooking were sometimes used. A gridiron is a good thing, and so is a saucepan or a small boiler, and it is very easy to learn to use them.

Some Maoris like their meat underdone. They may sometimes be seen eating it nearly raw. There is always danger in doing this; meat is sometimes diseased even when it looks very good. If meat is thoroughly cooked there is little danger in it. It may be nasty, but the heat has killed the disease-germs, and you may safely eat it.

If you must eat meat underdone, try to be sure that it is wholesome meat before you begin.

CHAPTER IX.

Cleanliness.

The skin, which covers the whole body, is full of very small holes called pores. Through these pores sweat is constantly coming out. In very hot weather we can see it doing so and forming little beads, like dew-drops, on the skin. The same thing occurs when we have been working very hard, even in cold weather. But, besides this sweat that we can see, a sort of sweat that we cannot see is always passing through the pores. A great part of this is water, but it is not all water; grease and other things that are of no further use to the body are thrown out in this way. These matters settle on the skin and form a sort of outside covering of dirt, which, if it is not removed in some way, soon begins to stop up the pores and to prevent the sweat from coming through them.

It is a rule that, if there is anything in the body that ought to come away from it, it does harm as long as it remains in the body. If, therefore, there is worn-out matter trying to get away through the pores, and these are choked up with dirt, the health must at once begin to suffer.

A long time ago there was a great feast going on at Rome, and many persons were dressed up for it in very strange ways. One little child

was to be made like a golden image, so thin gold-leaf was stuck on over the whole of its body, and of course all the pores were stopped up. The child had to sleep one night with this strange covering on. In the morning its mother went to wake it up for the feast: the poor little child was dead.

In America men who had offended the people of a town were sometimes stripped naked and then covered over with a coat of tar and feathers. This always made them very ill; and if the tar had been allowed to remain on long they would have died.

You could be told many other stories that show how dangerous it is to let the pores of the skin get choked up.

There are two principal means of removing the outside covering of dirt that stops up the pores of the skin. The first is hard work. This causes the skin to get hot, the greasy stuff melts and becomes loose; then much sweat comes all at once and washes off much of the dirt that is stopping up the pores.

The other way is to wash the skin thoroughly.

The best thing to do is to use both of these plans—to work, run, ride, or walk fast to open the pores, and then to bathe and so wash off the sweat. If this last thing is not done, the sweat will settle on the skin as soon as we get cold, and will begin to choke up the pores again.

There are some people, though, that cannot work hard enough to make themselves sweat. These should bathe in warm water now and then, and take a very short cold bath afterwards. This will do them much good, and make them feel lively and happy.

The covering formed on the skin is greasy, so, unless it has been made loose by hard work, cold water will hardly wash it off. But soap removes it; soap mixes with grease and forms something that water can wash away. The old Maoris used clay instead of soap; this is not a bad thing if nothing else can be got, but soap is much more pleasant to use. If you want to get a thorough cleansing, use soap and warm water.

It is not good to bathe in hot water too often; hot water makes the blood run to the outer parts of the body and takes it away from the heart and lungs; these cannot then do their work properly. The blood is needed by all parts of the body; well, if most of this blood is near the skin it cannot be doing full work in the heart and lungs, which are always wanting a good supply of blood; that is why bathing in hot water weakens these organs. Still, a hot bath twice a week is very good. The heart can stand that, because the little harm that is done to it by its being kept short of blood for a time is more than made up for by the good done to the blood by the skin's being put into proper order and made able to let all

the bad stuff in the blood get out through the pores.

A short cold bath might be taken every morning by people that are fairly strong. This kind of bath would be likely to keep them well. People who bathe every morning become active and lively, and they seldom catch cold. Bathing in cold weather gives a shock at first, and drives the blood inwards from the skin. If the bather does not remain in the water too long the heart, that has been made strong by the blood that has been thus forced into it, drives the blood out again to the skin, and the bather feels warm and very comfortable.

There is another very good reason why people should keep themselves clean. The sweat of persons who do not bathe, and who do not often change their clothes, gets stored up about their bodies; then dust and other things stick to this sweat and with it form real filth. This filth is food for fleas, lice, and the small creatures that cause itch. In some out-of-the-way places Maoris who neglect to wash themselves are almost covered with *hakihaki* and other bad skin diseases, and some of them are constantly troubled with lice. Now, when the body and clothes of a man are kept quite clean these nasty creatures cannot make a living out of him, so they have to move off to another *kainga* before very long. But, if any one were making up his mind to be clean

This doctor is not like a Maori *tohunga;* he knows nothing about charms or *karakias*—about helping sick people by pulling flax or using gravel or fern-stalks; he never pretends that the spirits talk to him and tell him what to do; if he sees that a man is so ill that nothing can be done for him, he does not say that witchcraft has caused the sickness. No, he has nothing to do with all this folly. But he knows a great deal about all kinds of diseases and wounds, and understands how to cure them when they can be cured. He has been taught by the cleverest doctors, in hospitals where there are hundreds of sick persons, how to know one disease from another, and how to tell what medicine should be used for each case of sickness. He has, in fact, been to a medicine school, and has been taught by the very best masters. One of these masters knows all about the parts of the body; another understands the uses of medicines; another is very clever at curing wounds and broken bones; and so on. Every master knows his own work very thoroughly.

The doctor has seen dead bodies cut up, and has cut them up himself. He knows the place, the name, and the use of every bone and muscle and organ of the human body just as well as you know the different parts of your own whare. He knows how to cut off an arm

or a leg in the best manner, and he can do all sorts of wonderful things in the way of curing wounds. This man was not allowed to call himself a doctor until he proved to some of the best doctors in all the world, by passing a high standard in the medicine school, that he knew all about these things and could do all a doctor's work properly.

Well, then, if a bad sickness comes upon you, get one of these doctors, if you can; if your sickness can be cured, he will cure it. If you cannot get a doctor, the next best thing is to go for advice to a magistrate, or a teacher, or a minister, if one lives near you; or, if you are very ill, you may get your teacher to come to see you. Perhaps he may know what your disease is, and be able to tell you how you ought to act, and to give you something that will do you good.

If you cannot get any help of this kind, your best plan will be to follow these rules: As soon as a person becomes seriously ill he should be put into the cleanest and airiest whare or room that can be got; but the room must not be draughty. A clean, warm, and comfortable bed should be got ready. If the sick person has severe headache the feet should be put into hot water: the hotter, in reason, the better. If it can be done, the patient should be washed all over with warm water having a spoonful or two

of vinegar in it. The washing and drying must be done quickly, and great care should be taken to prevent the patient from catching cold. Unless the sick person has headache, as much light as possible should be let into the room. A moderate quantity of good, light food should be given; maize flour, wheaten flour, sago, and arrow-root, nicely boiled and sweetened, are very good, and they are better still if a little milk is mixed with them. If the patient is very weak, and has little or no wish for food, every plan should be tried to make him eat a little. The saving of a sick person's life often depends on this. If the patient is very thirsty, warm water—with perhaps a very little oatmeal or sugar in it—will quench his thirst better than cold water will. Sometimes a little ripe fruit is very useful for quenching thirst.

Great pains should be taken to keep everything about the room and the bed perfectly clean. The sick person should not be troubled with bad smells of any kind; everything that would cause him to be so troubled should be taken out at once and buried, or, still better, burnt. If visitors come they should see the sick man one at a time, they should say only a very few words, and then go away. Only one person should act as nurse. If the disease is fever no one should come near the place except the nurse, who should not go into the company of other people

until her body and clothes have been thoroughly well washed with soap and water. In case of fever, too, great care should be taken that nothing with which the sick person has had to do—either his clothes or anything else—should be touched by any one but the nurse, and she should handle them as little as possible. After the patient gets well his clothes or blankets will do no harm if they are boiled for a long time, or, still better, if a *hangi* is made for them and they are baked or steamed.

It very often happens that, after a Maori has got through a fever or some other serious complaint, and would, with care, soon be quite well, he neglects himself or does some foolish thing which causes him to fall back again, and die in a very short time. Let the Maoris attend to the two or three simple rules that follow and this will hardly ever happen.

When fever or any disease of that kind goes away it always leaves the patient very weak. Any one that is in a very weak state is in danger. He must try to get out of it as soon as possible. When a man is so weak his appetite is not good—he cannot eat common food. Therefore when he is recovering from an attack of fever his friends should get him the nicest kinds of food. Soup, with a little salt in it, is very good at first. A potato roasted in the ashes might be taken along with it. Then, after a day or two, pigeons,

fish, fresh lean meat, cooked very nicely and eaten with bread and tea, will be very good food, and will soon make the patient strong.

When a man is weak after a fever he must be very careful indeed not to catch cold. A cold that would be nothing to a strong man will kill a weak one in a few hours; so, while a man is getting over a bad disease, he must be very careful not to sit in a draught, or to get wet or hot, or to do anything that would give him cold.

Many persons, and especially children, have been killed by taking a journey after being ill. Journeys should be made only by strong persons. Those who have had fever are always very weak; to take a journey while one is in that state is very like trying to kill one's self.

If, when you are sick, you follow the rules given in this lesson you will find them very good, and not very troublesome to attend to. The object of nearly all of them is to make a sick person as comfortable and strong as possible, so as to give him a good chance of fighting with and conquering the disease that has got hold of him and is trying to kill him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Maori Doctors.

From time to time we hear of some wonderful Maori doctor that is able to cure nearly

every disease: Natives flock to this doctor from all parts of the country for a time; but at last we learn that he is no good at all, and that the Maoris have found this out. This is not very unlike what occurs amongst the pakehas. A newspaper tells us that some new medicine that will cure everything has been discovered, and thousands of ignorant pakehas buy this medicine at a very high price. At last it becomes known that either the new medicine is a very old one, and that doctors have used it for a hundred years; or else that it is really a new one, but not of the smallest use to anybody, except the man that makes money by selling it.

But how does it come to pass that Maori doctors get so much talked about? It is in some such way as this: a man is ill, he goes to a *tohunga*, or to some half-crazy woman, who tells him that if he wishes to get well he must go and wash in a certain creek five times a day, or something of that kind. Well, he does this, and gets well. Now, there is nothing wonderful in this. People have been very ill indeed and have refused to go to a doctor at all, and these people have got well. Do you think they got well *because* they refused to go to a doctor? Not at all. The truth is that many sicknesses go away of themselves. There are some very painful diseases — such as certain kinds of sore throat—that go right away even

if no medicine at all be taken. Doctors can give great help even in these cases, by preventing much pain and suffering; but they do not cure the disease; it dies out of itself, and the patient is well again. There is not the smallest reason to think that any case of real sickness has ever been cured by these Maori doctors; what has happened is, that a man has been ill, he has visited the *tohunga*, and he has got well. He would have got well all the same if the *tohunga* had been ten thousand miles away.

In a few cases, perhaps, people have been cured in this way: they felt ill and sad, and thought themselves about to die; then perhaps they heard that a Maori doctor was curing a great many people: this made them begin to hope. When they went to the doctor he told them they could be cured: this made them still more hopeful. Hope made them cheerful; their sadness went away; their desire for food came back, and at last they got well. This was how they got cured by the Maori doctor. A visit to a cheerful friend, who would have made them laugh and lose their sadness, would have done them just as much good.

But, while these foolish Maori doctors can do no good, it is quite certain that they do a great deal of harm. There are two ways in which this takes place. Sometimes when a Native is really ill he goes to one of these useless *tohungas*

instead of to a pakeha doctor. Perhaps he wastes time in this way, and at last when he goes to a proper doctor it is found to be too late, and he dies of a disease that might easily have been cured if it had been treated properly at first. In the second place, it has often happened that a sick person has been told by a *tohunga* to do something that has killed him at once. For instance, one of these people has ordered a child suffering badly from measles to be taken down to a river. This has been done, and then the child has died in few hours.

Of course it would not be right to say that none of the things that Maoris do to cure people are of any use; that would not be true. Many of the old Maoris know very well how to cure bruises and wounds, and things of that sort. Their use of the *hangi*, too, for curing rheumatism, is quite proper, and often does great good. What is meant is that those people who pretend to be prophets and to cure sick persons by charms, by sending them to certain places to bathe, and such-like things, never do, and never can do, any one the least good. The thoughts of such people about sickness are altogether wrong. For instance, some of them seem to think that if any one has a pain in his inside it is because there is a bad spirit in him that is trying to find out if his stomach is good to eat. A few years ago Maori *tohungas* used sometimes

to try to squeeze this spirit out by piling stones on the sick man. They never were able to squeeze a spirit out, because none had ever got in; but they used sometimes to squeeze a man's life out of him in this way. Could anything be more foolish?

Just as the belief in a Maori *tohunga* may sometimes be the cause of a man's getting well, so may fear about *tapu* and *makutu* sometimes kill. Suppose that a man is quite well and strong and happens to eat something that has been cooked with wood from a *wahi tapu*: if he knows nothing about it, it does him no harm at all; but if he is told of it by some foolish person he says to himself, "I have broken the *tapu*: I shall die." He becomes more and more afraid, he grows very ill, and perhaps at last he does die. This is like what is said to have happened once in Europe. A man was condemned to die for murder. A doctor wished to learn what fear could do to a man. The king gave the doctor leave to make such a trial as he thought fit. Everything was got ready. The man's head was to be cut off. The prisoner was blind-folded; his head was placed on the block. The man that had the axe had been told what to do. He made his axe ring on the ground, and at the same time gave the man rather a sharp blow on the neck with a small stick. They waited a few minutes. The man

did not move. He was dead; fear had killed him. Just as this man was killed by the thought that his head would surely be cut off, so did the thought of *tapu* kill people that thought they had broken it.

The same thing might be said about *makutu*. The belief in witches is very stupid. Three hundred years ago nearly every pakeha believed in witchcraft: then there were thought to be plenty of witches nearly everywhere. Now, none but the silliest pakehas believe in witchcraft, and now there are no witches. Such things are in our own minds only, and the more foolish we are, the more easily we can believe in them; if we are sensible enough not to believe in them at all, they no longer exist.

It is a curious thing that in nearly every case of *makutu* you hear of you find that the person that accuses another of bewitching him has some special reason for disliking the person accused. This is the way the thing comes about: a man is taken ill; he cannot find out what is the matter with him; he believes in *makutu;* as he cannot find any other cause, he thinks he must be bewitched. Then he wonders who can have done it; he thinks of his enemy. Ah! now he has found the whole thing out. His enemy has bewitched him. What a stupid belief this is! Is it not wonderful that the Maori, who is so bright and clever, should keep this belief,

when the pakeha tells him that he has tried the belief too, and found out certainly that it is all nonsense?

The thoughts of the pakeha about this matter are worth attending to, you may be sure. Just attend to this: the Maoris, with their belief in *tohungas*, *tapu*, and *makutu*, and their neglect of the laws of health, are dying only too fast. The pakehas, who pay attention to these laws, and do not believe a word about *tapu* and *makutu*, are getting more and more healthy, and increasing in number very fast indeed.

CHAPTER XV.

Funeral Rites (Tangihanga.)

Death comes to all, sooner or later. When it has come, the body of the dead man is useless to the living. All the good that is to be got from it has been got; it can now do nothing but harm, and the best thing the living can do is to bury their dead out of their sight as soon as they can. Most nations know this, and act accordingly. In some civilized countries dead bodies have been burned, in others they are buried; but, at all events, the bodies of the dead are got rid of as soon as possible.

Though a man dies, the loving hearts of his friends are still alive. They think, with sorrow and regret, of him that has gone; they know

that he has been removed from them and will not look on their faces again; but they wish to show their love and respect for him. Perhaps in some cases they are afraid of him; they think that, if they do not do certain things which it has been the custom to do when people die, the spirit of the dead will trouble them, perhaps kill them. So it comes about that in all countries there are funeral rites that few think of neglecting.

In England, as you have often been told, when a man dies his body is washed, and laid out, and put into a coffin a very short time after his death; as soon, indeed, as the coffin can be got ready. His friends follow his body to its last resting-place, prayers are offered up, the coffin is lowered into the grave and is covered up with the soil. The relations of the dead wear black clothes for a time;* the grave is perhaps railed in and planted with flowers; and a tombstone is put on the grave. That is all. Sometimes, indeed, there is much folly in connection with death even in England. Relatives spend a great deal of money on the coffin, on the funeral, on fine black clothes, and on the grave and tombstone. This can do no good whatever to the dead, and the money spent so foolishly would often be of great use to those who are left

* Many pakehas now wear only a strip of black cloth round the arm for mourning; this is a very sensible practice, and it is being very generally adopted.

behind: to the dead man's wife and children, perhaps. The worst thing is that this is not always done through very great love for him that is gone, but in order to show that the relatives are grand people who do everything in very fine style.

In Egypt, in the old times, when a man died they used to take out his inside and his brain and put the rest of the body through a process something like that used in salting meat. By this process a body could be made to keep good for a very long time. Bodies are sometimes found that were thus preserved, or embalmed, three or four thousand years ago. These bodies were put into beautiful stone coffins and kept in very handsome tombs.

In some other places, instead of keeping dead bodies as long as possible, people tried to get them right out of the way most thoroughly. In these countries soon after a man had died his body was placed on a bier, his friends carried him to a place where a great pile of wood had been got ready, the body was put on this pile, and the whole was burnt to ashes, the friends saying, "Farewell, farewell, for ever farewell." Perhaps some of the ashes would be gathered up and kept in a large handsome cup called an urn.

The Maori plan of dealing with the bodies of the dead is very different from any of these, and without doubt it is a very bad and danger-

ous one. Hear what is to be said, and judge for yourselves. Let us suppose that a man has died of fever, or of some other bad sickness, caused by the disease-germs that have been so often spoken of. The man is dead, but the germs are not: they are alive and strong.

Well, the death-wail is raised. The body is laid out, and all the people in the settlement come to cry for the dead. These people go close to the body, which, with its fever-germs, is as dangerous as if it were a loaded cannon. The people stay about the place for some time to eat and drink, and, though they do not think it, to breathe in as many of the fever-germs as they can.

Now visitors come from the next settlement, and the next, and from those further away. Perhaps people come fifty miles or more, to cry for the dead, to eat and drink, and to get their share of any sickness there may be going. Of course as time goes on the body decays more and more, and the danger increases.

All these people get back to their homes at last, and after a little time fever breaks out in these homes, and then perhaps they wonder how this has come to pass. Perhaps they think they have been *makutu*. Indeed they have bewitched themselves by their own folly.

Well, all the time that this evil work has been going on, people have been eating and

drinking and staying about where the dead man is, with the danger ever growing greater and greater: at last the body is buried, and everything that belonged to him is either buried or destroyed. That is to say, that, after a very great deal of harm has been done in the way of giving disease every chance of spreading, the danger is removed. This is just as if, after pigs had got into a kumara patch and had rooted up all the plants, the owner were to mend his fence to keep the pigs out. This seems to be a very stupid plan. Surely the funerals of the English, the embalming of the Egyptians, or the burning of the Romans would be better than the Maori *tangis*.

But all has not yet been said. In some places the burying does not take place at all! The dead body is kept above the ground. There is a place in New Zealand where corpses of people that died of fever two or three years ago are still in a whare, still unburied! One would almost think that the people of this place say to themselves, "This fever is a good thing: let us keep it with us as long as ever we can; it is a dear friend of ours, we must not let it leave us if we can help it." At any rate, these people *have* kept the fever with them, and they are likely to keep it, as long as they continue to be so very foolish.

We must not suppose that there is danger

only when the disease of which a person has died is fever or something of that kind. It is dangerous to keep very long even the corpse of a man that has been killed: all animal matter when it is decaying draws to itself any bad germs that may be about.

What should the Maoris do, then, in order to get rid of the dangers spoken of? As soon as possible after a person has died the body should be put into a coffin. Chloride of lime* or some such thing should be placed in a little dish near the coffin. Visitors should take a last look at the body of their friend, and the corpse should be buried within two or three days after death. If fever has been the cause of death, no one should go near the corpse except the persons that lay it out.

These should wash their bodies and their clothes very thoroughly. Plenty of chloride of lime should be used, and great care should be taken to cleanse everything that has been used by the deceased. It would be a very safe plan to burn the bedding and bed-clothes. There should be no drinking or feasting at any funeral; everything should be done as quietly and soberly as possible. After the funeral is over all should immediately return to their homes.

This is rather a dreadful chapter, but it con-

* It would be well to explain that chloride of lime is one of the best disinfectants; it is very cheap.

tains what every Maori ought to know. Children go to *tangis*, and see what goes on at them; if they are taught how these sad affairs might be managed better, perhaps when they grow older they may set their faces against a custom that does great harm to the Maori, and every year causes the loss of many valuable lives.

One thing more may be said on this subject. The Maoris should be told that their plan, or something very much like it, has been tried in many countries. All white people have not yet given up foolish funeral customs. In some places in the British Empire it is still the practice to get drunk and misbehave in the presence of death. But year by year this practice is dying out, and all sensible people now conduct their funerals in the way you have just had described to you.

In some parts of New Zealand, too, the Maoris have adopted the new custom; those who have done so find it very much better than the old.

CHAPTER XVI.

Native Meetings (Huis and Hakas.)

The Maori, like the pakeha, is very fond of all kinds of meetings. He goes to meetings called to consider the affairs of the settlement, meetings about land, meetings in connection

with the opening of churches and *runanga* houses, meetings for feasting and dancing—in fact, to meetings for all sorts of purposes. It is a very good thing for people to meet and talk over matters of importance; in this way every-one may hear what every one else has to say, and all may profit by the wisdom of each. It is well that people should celebrate the opening of churches and meeting-houses, so that, whenever they go to these buildings, they may remember the time when the work in them began, and have pleasant thoughts about it. When young people are married, too, it is good for their friends to assemble and rejoice with them, to make merry and be glad, so that the old people may be able to look back with pleasure to their own wedding-days, and the younger ones to look forward to the time when their turn will come. It is also a good thing that people should, when holidays come round, rest from their work, amuse themselves, and be happy. The horse that works every day and all day long gets tired out at last and quite breaks down, unless he is turned out for a while to take his rest and his pleasure as horses will. After such a time of rest he is almost as good as a new horse, and he goes back to his saddle or his collar fresh and full of spirit. It is exactly the same with men and women, with boys and girls: if they go on always doing exactly the same thing they

become wearied, and grow old before their time. But rest, if it is to do much good, must be real rest; it must not be something that makes one more tired and sick than ever; it must be harmless, healthy rest. To ride fast for fifty miles to a *hui*, then to eat as much as you possibly can, and to drink rum or beer till you are drunk or nearly mad, is no rest at all; this sort of thing does you more harm than good, and when you have returned to your home you will be less fit for work than you were when you started.

Let us try to describe something that would give real rest. Did you ever hear of a picnic? Well, you shall do so now. Europeans say to themselves, "This is Easter (or Christmas); let us take our wives and children for a picnic." They first decide where the picnic is to be, and who are to be asked to go to it. Then they pack up plenty of nice food; tea, sugar, and milk; kettles, table-cloths, knives, forks, plates, cups, and spoons. They arrange to take with them cricket balls and bats, ropes, a foot-ball, quoits, or other things for games. They get up early in the morning and off they go by train, in carriages, in boats, on horseback, or on foot. At last they reach the place that has been chosen, generally one where there is plenty of water and nice green grass. They stay all day, playing at different games, boating, strolling about, chatting, laughing, and singing, and

making themselves as happy and merry as they can. When meal-times come they spread the cloths on the grass, and take their food under the blue sky, with the bright sun shining down upon them as if he were glad to see them so happy. By-and-by evening is coming on; they must get back before it is dark, because the cold night-air would be bad for the children who have been heated by running about. So home they go, and when they get there all feel that they have spent a very happy day. They go to bed. After a sound night's rest they get up, feeling stronger and better for yesterday's enjoyment. They have no headaches and no thirst, no sadness through having been mad and foolish, which they would have felt if they had been to a *haka* and had done evil work there. No, they have *rested* and are the better, not the worse, for it. Their day's pleasure has improved their health, and will make them live a longer, not a shorter time, as drunkenness and folly would.

Again, sensible pakehas, when a church or a public meeting-house is to be opened, arrange to have a tea-meeting in the evening: for such a meeting plenty of nice wholesome food is provided, but there is no rum or beer. After tea is over and the tea-things have been removed speeches are made and good music is played or sung. Men, women, and children all enjoy themselves together; it is like a very large

family meeting, with every one wishing to do his best to make all the other members of the family happy. Perhaps some one works a magic-lantern and shows the people beautiful views of places in foreign countries, or funny pictures that make everybody laugh. Sometimes a sort of play is acted by some of the people that are clever at this sort of thing. Perhaps a man that understands all about some of the strange and wonderful things that clever men have found out, or one that knows how to make and work some curious machine, stands up and explains these things to the people. Then there is more music, and so on to the end. When all is over everybody feels that he has spent a pleasant evening, and wishes that it had been much longer. Here, again, we have no headache the next morning, no sadness, no horrible thirst, no torn clothes, no bruised faces or limbs, and no sore hearts.

Now, all this may seem very tame and quiet, and not nearly so good as a great *hui*, where people, having eaten as much as they could and drunk a great deal more than they should, spend their nights in senseless dancing and *hakas* that can do no good, and often do terrible harm; where, too, people are crowded into a close room, in which, too often, they drink, gamble, fight, use bad language, and learn to do all manner of evil. After a night spent in this way headache, thirst,

bruises, torn clothes, and sadness cause pain, and shame, and sorrow. The picnic and the tea-meeting give far more real pleasure than the Maori *hui* does, and no pain at all—only health, strength, and peace.

Do the Maoris never try the two pakeha amusements we have been reading about? Yes, they do in some parts of the colony, and when once they try them they never give them up. They find that they can manage them very well, especially the picnic. Indeed, a Maori picnic is better than one attended by pakehas; there is more fun; jokes fly round so fast, and every one is so merry that one has no chance of being dull, even for a moment. But a Maori tea-meeting is very good too, only the Maoris want a little more practice at the work, and it is not always easy to get good speakers and singers for them. Still, in some places the thing is very well done even now. It is to be hoped that before many years are past the picnic and the tea-meeting will entirely take the place of the Maori *hui*.

There is another kind of meeting that does great harm: this is the Land Court. These Courts are needed, as you know; they settle titles to land, and, at last, stop disputes. The Judges of these Courts take great trouble to find out who are the real owners of the land, and, in the end, nearly always satisfy the Maoris that they have decided justly. But the Maoris,

through their own folly, get great harm from attending the Land Courts. They go to these Courts, put in their claims, have these claims allowed, and, too often, return home with empty pockets and bad health, and, very often, with their land all gone.

What we have to speak about here is the injury that is done to their health while they are attending a Court. How do they make themselves ill? Some Maoris are so foolish as to lie about in the open air at night near the place where a Land Court is being held. It would seem as if they find it too much trouble to walk a mile or so to some whare where they could get shelter. They are also so unwise as to take money for their claims as their cases go on, and spend this money on beer, and rum, and folly; some of them thus get drunk nearly every day until the Court is over, and then they have to go home poorer, more wicked, and much weaker in health than they were when they came. That is how the evil work is done.

Could any folly be greater than this? Maoris that act in this way are just as stupid as those pakehas that go to work on a station, on the gum-fields, or in the bush, for six or twelve months, and, after working very hard and earning a large cheque, go to some low publichouse, get mad with drink, and in a week or two find themselves without a penny, and much nearer

the grave than they were when they received their cheque. These stupid fellows do this sort of thing year after year, until they have killed themselves. It is very sad to see that even some clever Maoris, who ought to know better, act as these poor bushmen do.

CHAPTER XVII.

Extravagance.

The Maori is a fine fellow in a great many ways. He is very kind to his relatives, and even to strangers. If a poor traveller comes to his whare he will give him food and drink, and a place to sleep in, and perhaps help him on his journey, even if he has never seen him before. If payment is offered the Maori will not take it, but will say, "No, you are my guest; guests do not pay."

Again, if a Maori has some good kind of food, and a friend comes to see him, he will never keep back the good food for himself and give his friend what is bad; no, he will give him a share of the best he has.

Then, too, as long as there is any food at all in a Maori settlement no poor man has occasion to be afraid that he will quite starve. When meal-times come there will always be some food for him. The Maori never turns his back on a friend because he is poor or shabby; he never

thinks himself too great a man to speak to his poorer relatives. Pakehas are not always so kind and good to their friends and to poor people as the Maoris are.

But sometimes the Maori carries his kindness too far; he gets even to take a sort of foolish pride in it. He wants to be thought kinder than others, and will sometimes do very stupid things so that he may not be called mean and stingy. He is afraid to do what he knows to be right lest others should say that he is a shabby fellow.

It is often the same with the people of a whole settlement. They are terribly afraid of being thought meaner than those of another settlement. Let us try to give two examples of the effects of this feeling.

Suppose that one man in a small *kainga* is a very hard worker: well, he and his family grow a great lot of potatoes, kumara, and corn. He gets all these things safely stored at harvest-time, and he and his family could be very comfortable for the rest of the year. This hard worker's neighbours do not work hard; they are lazy. When they ought to be working they are riding about, or perhaps are at the publichouse getting drunk. They grow only a little food. By-and-by spring comes; the hard-working family have plenty of food, but the supply of the lazy ones is running short. These lazy people come day after day, perhaps, and eat up

the industrious man's stock, till at last the people are all nearly starving together. The industrious man will not say to the others, "You would not work at the proper time, and you must not come now and eat up my food; go away and work for the pakeha to get food for yourselves." This is what he ought to say, and he knows it; but he is afraid that people would call him mean if he did say it: so all these persons have to go short of food and lose their health because the Maori is afraid to say "No." Sometimes misfortune comes; the weather is dry, or there is a bad flood, and the crops fail. It is right to help those that suffer from such misfortunes, but it is never right to feed and clothe a lazy man; it only makes his laziness greater. He who helps a lazy man to be lazy is not his friend but his enemy.

In England there are two little insects called the bee and the wasp. You know the bee very well; you know that he works hard and stores up a lot of food for the winter. You do not know the wasp. He is a very fine fellow, this wasp. He has a beautiful golden-coloured coat with deep black stripes. But he is a lazy fellow, too, and does little work. He is always clean and tidy, and struts about while the bees are working. But Mr. Wasp is very fond of honey, and whenever a chance comes he will eat up all that he can rob the bees of. Well, the indus-

trious man is like the bee, and the lazy, idle fellow that goes about the country while he ought to be working, and then eats up what other people work for, is just like the wasp. The hard workers should be still more like the bees than they are ; instead of inviting the lazy fellows to eat up their food, they should do their very best to keep them as far away as possible.

Now, the effect of this pride that Maoris take in being considered liberal is very bad in every way. This is how it works : After a time the hard-worker begins to say to himself, "Why should I do more than other people. I get no good from my work. If I grow plenty of food, Hone, and Hori, and Hami will come and eat it for me. I may as well be idle too." Thus, you see, even those that would work are prevented from doing so, and when spring comes round again food runs short, everybody is half-starved, people grow weakly, and some of them die, and none of the children grow up to be as fine, strong men and women as they would be if they always had plenty of good food.

In the case of *hapus* the thing works in a different way, but pride is still the cause of the harm that comes about. Let us suppose a case in which a *runanga* house is to be opened in a few months' time. The Maoris belonging to the *hapu* think, "It will never do for us to be thought mean by the people that are coming to

visit us. We must show them that we know how to do these things properly; we must have enough of everything, and a great deal more than enough." So they go to work and plant kumara, potatoes, and taro; they get their pigs together, and also their cattle, if they have any; and, as the time for the meeting draws near, they buy large quantities of sugar, flour, beer, spirits, and indeed of everything they think necessary in order to show what their settlement can do when it tries. They spend all their money, and perhaps run into debt as far as they can.

Well, the visitors come, and there is a grand time as long as the food and drink last. After a while these things get a little scarce, and the visitors begin to go away. As long, however, as there is anything remaining some of the visitors stay. At last, when everything is gone, the last visitor goes away, too; and the poor people that have spent so much have nothing left but the thought that their visitors cannot say they have been meanly treated. Now, this thought is perhaps very good in its way, but it cannot satisfy hunger very well, and those that have nothing but the thought are very likely to starve; and so these people do starve, or very nearly. Some of them eat fern-root, some go to the sea-shore to get a few cockles, some visit friends; but till the next harvest comes they are all more or less short of food.

People's lives are shortened by this scarcity of food; consumption and other bad diseases very often begin in times of famine, and persons who are already rather weak are very liable to be carried off by sickness when they cannot get enough to eat.

Thus you see that even the Maoris' kindness of heart, when it is not governed by proper rules, causes them to grow sick and die. Maoris would do well to make up their minds to be kind only to persons whom their kindness will do good to, and to be hospitable only as far as they can afford it. It is a hard lesson, perhaps, but it is one that will have to be learnt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Marriage Customs.*

It is a good thing to act in accordance with law and custom. It would be a great evil if every one did exactly what pleased him, without thinking whether his actions injured other people or not, and if there were not laws for all to obey. In the old times the Maoris had rules, and very strict rules, too; they were not very good ones, but they were much better than no rules at all.

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* This chapter should not be read by a mixed class. It would be well if the master read it with the boys, and the mistress with the girls.

Let us try to find out what would happen if we had no fixed customs or laws to guide us in our treatment of one another. Suppose that all at once I felt I should like to have your money, and so put my hand into your pocket and took it out. You might then feel all at once that you would like to pick up a stone, throw it at me, and knock me down, so that you might take your money back again. Suppose, again, that a young man, thinking he would like to be married to a certain young woman, went to a house where she was, and, without asking her if she would come, or trying to find out whether her friends were willing for her to go with him or not, dragged her away and told her she must marry him. What would happen then? Perhaps the young woman's father or brother would feel that he would be much happier if he went after that young man with a gun, shot him, and brought the daughter or sister back. Now, this would be very awkward indeed; there would be no peace and quietness among people who lived in this sort of way.

But business of this kind must be done; people must sometimes be able to get one another's money or other property, and young people must get married. Well, it has been arranged by law and custom how these things can be done. One man can get another's money in exchange for something else, if the man who has the money

agrees to make the exchange; and a young man can marry a young woman, if she is willing, and her relatives do not object.

The more fixed and sure law and custom are, the more good they do. When they are thus fixed and sure all men may know whether they may do a certain thing or not, and, if they may, when, where, and how they may do it. Also, the more closely any individual person keeps to the rules laid down by law and custom the better it is for him.

In most countries these matters have been settled long ago, and nearly everybody understands the customs of his own country very well. Here it is somewhat different, as far as the young Maori lad is concerned. He has two sets of customs to choose from, and sometimes he must find it difficult to know which to follow. Is he to live as a Maori or as a European? If he is to do well he must make his choice between the two ways of life; it is the same with Maori girls.

Perhaps it is no longer possible to follow all the Maori customs. Some of the old rules with regard to marriage were well enough when there were only Maoris in the country. It seems as if these rules can no longer be followed, now that the pakeha has come. All good pakehas that have thought about this matter believe that it would be a good thing if young Maoris would

take to the English marriage customs and keep close to them—as close as possible.

The very worst plan of all is to change about from one custom to another, and to pretend to adopt the English custom and still cling to the old Maori ideas on the subject. It is right to be straightforward and true about everything; it is especially desirable that every one should be honest about this.

It would not be well to explain or talk about all the reasons for it in a book like this, but you may be quite sure that it would be a good thing for both their health and their comfort if Maoris married young, as soon, in fact, as they were full grown, but not before; if they always married for *aroha*, and not on account of land claims or other circumstances that have nothing at all to do with marriage; and if, when they were once married, young people continued to be kind, loving, and faithful friends to each other until death came to part them.

This is a very important matter indeed, and one that young men and women, and their parents too, should carefully consider. It is not a thing that may be attended to or not, with just the same result in the end. It must be attended to, or the Maoris will most surely die out. If they get their marriage customs set right there is no reason why Natives should not live and thrive alongside of pakehas for centuries, until,

indeed, the two races have got welded into one.

All respectable pakehas that know the Maori well would be sorry to see him vanish from the earth—they think him too fine a fellow to lose; but many are afraid that he will die out through his not taking to the best European customs with regard to marriage.

There is one other thing that ought to be mentioned here: the pakeha has long ago found out that it is not a good thing for near relations to marry. It is found that the children of cousins, for instance, are often very sickly, deaf and dumb, or of weak minds. It is certain, too, that it is better for half-castes not to marry half-castes; they should marry either Maoris or pakehas.

CHAPTER XIX.

Education.

At first sight we might conclude that school education has nothing to do with health; but it really has a very great deal to do with it. When we talk about health we should remember that there is something besides the body to be thought of; there is the mind. If this is not in good order, the body cannot be.

If we allow our bodies to be idle—if we lie about all day and do no work—our bodies soon get ill and weak, our appetite fails, our sleep

does not refresh us; and if we went without exercise for a long time we might perhaps die of disease brought on by our doing nothing. It would not be the body only that would suffer; the mind would be ill, too. We should become dull, stupid, and sad, and perhaps in time the mind would no longer do its work, and we should become insane.

Let us turn the thing round once more and look at it from the other side, and we shall find that, if we hurt the mind, or let it have little or nothing to do, the body will suffer through the injury done to the mind. You can understand that this is the case when you think of what happens when a person suddenly sees some dreadful thing that frightens him very much. It is not only his mind that is hurt by the sight, the body is injured, too. The blood flies from the cheeks, the heart beats painfully, the knees tremble, the whole body is weak, and perhaps the person who is frightened faints away; in England people have died in this way before now. Again, if some terrible grief comes to a woman: if a child that she dearly loves dies, she grieves and weeps, and thinks of nothing but her poor dead little one. How soon her health begins to fail; she cannot eat or sleep; she becomes ill, and goes on getting worse and worse, until time softens her grief and her mind becomes calmed and soothed. When this

takes place, when her mind becomes all right again, her body soon recovers, and she gets well and strong once more. Thus, then, you see that the state of the mind can act upon the body, as well as the state of the body upon the mind.

It is plain, then, that, if we are to have a thoroughly healthy body, we must keep our minds strong and healthy too. But the mind cannot be strong unless it has proper work to do, as we learnt in Chapter XII. Now, in the old times there were plenty of things to occupy the minds of the Maoris; they were always engaged with thoughts of war, and of providing for their own safety. Unless they attended to these matters constantly they could not hope to keep their lives and property safe. Although the old state of things in New Zealand was bad in many ways, yet in this respect it was good—the Maori had always something useful to think about and to work for. Now war is done with, and too often the Maori has nothing to engage his mind and make it do healthy work.

What is to take the place of war, and the work of the mind that had to be done in connection with it? There is one thing that will do much to give the mind of the Maori plenty of useful and pleasant work, and that is, the knowledge* of the pakeha. The Maori should learn to read English, so that he may become acquainted with

* Te matauranga a te pakeha.

the works of clever men and understand their thoughts. He must learn to write, so that he may be able to make known his own thoughts to his friends that are far away. He must learn to use figures, which, besides being useful to him in most of his dealings with the pakeha, will also help him to reason and to think properly. He must learn geography, and perhaps history, so that he may know about other countries and the ways of the people that live in them: he will thus be able to compare his own works with theirs, and learn how he may improve himself and help to improve his people. There are many other things that he might study with advantage. He might learn how it is that clever men have been able to make vessels fly across the ocean against wind and tide; how it is that messages can be sent thousands of miles in a moment; why it is that the sun, the moon, and the stars seem to move round the earth every day; and how it is that the sun and moon are sometimes darkened. He may learn the causes of wind, and rain, and snow, and thousands of other things that are very pleasant to understand and think about. If the Maori gets taught to consider these things, it will give his mind useful work and keep it healthy; this in its turn will do very much to keep the body healthy, too. Thus we see that going to school and learning to read and write are not only good for making

us clever and sharp, but also for helping to keep the body well and strong.

The good that comes to the body through the work done by the mind may be greatly added to if we teach the body as well as the mind. This seems a strange saying, does it not? "Teach the body!" you will say; "How can we teach the body?" In very many ways. Singing, besides doing other good work, teaches the body. It teaches the lungs how to take in a good lot of air at once, and how to breathe it out slowly and steadily; and this kind of work, again, has a tendency to make the lungs strong and healthy. Swimming, again, which the Maoris are so clever at, teaches the lungs to do their work better, and also makes many of the muscles do things that are very good indeed for them. But the best of all things for teaching the body are drill and gymnastic exercises. Let us consider for a moment what good exercises of this kind can do.

We must remember, in the first place, that no part of the body can be thoroughly healthy and strong unless it does work. Feel the muscle of your arm. You can make that weak or strong, just as you please. Do no work with it, and it will become soft and weak; do plenty of work with it, and it will grow hard, and tough, and strong. It is the same with all the other muscles of the body; if they are allowed to

remain idle, they become weak; if they are worked, they become strong.

It is plain, then, that if all our muscles are worked the body will be stronger than it will if some are worked and others are allowed to remain idle. Now, drill and gymnastic exercises are so arranged that every muscle of the body is made to work by them, and that is why they have a great tendency to make boys and girls strong and healthy.

Pakeha children need these exercises; but Maoris require them even more. Do you know why? Maoris have not attended to the laws of health as well as Europeans have, and are therefore troubled with chest disease, and especially lung disease, far oftener; hardly anything is so sure to make this disease break out in those that have a tendency to it as a chest in which there is not room for the lungs to work freely, or in which the muscles are too weak to do their business properly. The exercises make the chest larger and the muscles stronger. What could be better than this?

We may hope that you will see, from all that has been said, that it would be a good thing to go to school even for the sake of the health of the body. Since both body and mind are made stronger and better by school-work, it is plainly a very good thing indeed to go to school.

Nearly all pakehas that attend to such things notice that in a village where there is a good Native school the children look stronger, better, and happier than those belonging to villages where there is none; some even say that their parents look better, too. If this is so, it must be that the parents learn something from their children, or, perhaps from the teacher and his wife.

CHAPTER XX.

Summary.

It will perhaps be useful for us to have a last chapter in which the most important of the things that have been stated and proved to be true shall be put shortly and in such a form that they may be very easily understood, learnt by heart, and thoroughly remembered.

After you have read all the chapters and had them clearly explained to you, you may learn these short statements as you learnt your multiplication tables.

These rules are answers to this question, "What must the Maori do to become as healthy as the pakeha?"

1. Always breathe fresh, pure air, by day and by night.

2. Drink pure, fresh water. If good water cannot be had, boil the water thoroughly; or drink tea, if it can be got.

3. Avoid living near a swamp or standing water; if the dwelling is on low ground see that the soil is well drained.

4. Potatoes must not be the only food; try to eat meat and some kind of fat every day; use salt.

5. Keep the body, clothes, and bed always clean; use soap for the whole body.

6. Keep the body warm by means of exercise and clothing; never sit in wet clothes.

7. Buy clothes that will keep the body warm; if useful clothes are also pretty, so much the better.

8. Work regularly, but not too hard.

9. If sickness comes, enough food should be taken to keep up the strength; numerous visits should be prevented.

10. Never go near where fever is, unless to nurse the sick: if this has to be done, care must be taken not to spread the disease.

11. Get a proper doctor in cases of illness, but pay no heed to *tohungas*.

12. Try to have funerals instead of *tangis*. Always vote for having dead bodies buried soon.

13. When holidays come round, try to spend the time happily; but learn to prefer pic-nics and tea-meetings to *huis*.

14. If a Land Court has to be attended, the money gained must not be spent in drink and folly.

15. Debt must be avoided as much as possible.

16. Lazy men must not be fed and clothed by the industrious, lest all should have to go without food through the idleness of some.

17. Never "shout"* or be "shouted" for.

18. Do what is right without fear: it does a man no harm to be called a "shabby fellow" for doing his duty.

19. Marry soon, but not too soon; be always true and faithful.

20. Send all children to school regularly.

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* The word "treat" would not give the full meaning, and therefore the slang word is used.

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