

His face is so highly tattooed as to be almost black, and looks like a bit of carved ebony. With a long native spear in his hand, and a solemn expression on his face, he looks fit to keep any number of children in order. He marshalled his little force, thumped them with his spear if they straggled, and was very funny without meaning to be so.

And then there were several Maori grandmamas and aunts who came with the school; they were not improved by old brown hats, with deep falls of lace, stuck on the top of their grizzly heads, but they were kind old souls, and took great interest in the lively scene.

Last, the boys from the northern islands were present, by special invitation. The Bishop and Mr. Patteson brought thirty-eight this time, in the *Southern Cross*. They were all there. Thirty-two of these are pupils brought from the Solomon Islands, Bank's Islands, Mai, New Caledonia, &c., and are of all shades of colour, from dark olive brown to grey black. They were all dressed alike, in brown and white gingham blouses, white trousers, and straw hats. They looked very well and entered into the fun heartily, running and wrestling with the other boys, though they know very little English, and no Maori. Their white teeth glittered, and they were all the time on a broad grin, as they chattered in half-a-dozen languages. The four pupil teachers from the Loyalty Islands were older and more discreet. They stood by with the grown-up people, though they can enjoy cricket and wrestling as much as any English village boy.

At six o'clock the young ones were ranged on the grass under an awning, and tea began. The native and English teachers were very active waiting on the children. Plum cake, plum pudding, bread and butter, fruit, tarts, biscuit, gingerbread, and the like, disappeared as food always does at a school feast. The island boys took kindly to English food. I saw some, with a most satisfied smile on their faces, sitting holding a slice of cake half finished with one hand, and a whole slice of pudding in the other, and a reserve stock of bread and butter and gingerbread on their knees.

After tea the Orakei children sang us some English catches very nicely; the islanders highly approved of these. The last pleasure was a scramble for nuts.

As the sun was setting, old William, spear in hand, led off his party to their canoes, which would soon take them across the quiet bay to their village. The island boys wound their way down to the beach, where two boats lay ready to take them. They were soon pulling steadily across the harbour to Kohimarama, the new Melanesian settlement. We one by one dispersed, very tired, but well pleased to have seen so much innocent fun: thankful, too, I hope in heart, on this day, when we remember the first Holy Innocent martyrs, that children of so many races and languages can all be gathered together as brethren, and all be taught to call God their Father."—*Gospel Missionary*.