

o'clock, in the intense heat of a midsummer afternoon, wondering as I went if one could be lively in such weather. The merry peals of laughter soon convinced me that the young ones were not at all languid. About two hundred children were assembled; and a good many of their relations, friends, and other visitors were walking about, or sitting in groups on the grass, watching the fun. The prizes had just been given and the children refreshed, by ginger-beer and buns. The girls were playing at '*Round, round, the mulberry bush,*' and '*Thread my needle,*' and the boys running races in good English fashion, but on no playground at home would one see so many shades of colour, or hear so many languages spoken. First of all among the 150 fair-skinned English, Scotch, and Irish children, were several rosy, black-eyed brunettes, half-castes, daughters of English fathers and Maori mothers. Then there were the native teachers, and their wives, and their little ones. These are all lighter coloured than their country people in general; living in a well-built house, and being better fed and protected from the sun, they get fairer, and have a tinge of colour in their cheeks. There was old Raniera (Daniel), who is going to be ordained by the Bishop of Waiapu, at the East Cape. He is a gentlemanly, benevolent looking man, with spectacles on his nose, and has a fine stately old wife, whom we call the Duchess. Seth and his wife came from Mr. Ashwell's district at Waikato. He, with two others, will be ordained shortly by our Bishop. He is a noble-hearted man, very intelligent, and yet simple and modest. His wife is a fair, dignified woman, and their children who were in high glee, have brown hair and hazel eyes, and a very English look. Poor widowed Rebekah* (David's wife) was there with our merry little godson in her arms. He was cooing and leaping, as if he wished to join the fun. We were all amused at one little child, a girl of two, who walked about in the most independent manner, going into the thick of the crowd, and picking her way quite independently. Besides the teachers and their families, there were thirty and boys girls present from Orakei, a native village about two miles off. This school is kept entirely by Pirimona (Philemon), one of the first of the Bishop's pupils at St. John's College. He has been steadily working for two years in his wife's village. He teaches the children to read and write in their own language, to read in English and to sing. The parents pay one shilling a week for each child. Some come from a distance and are boarded at old William Hobson's, Philemon's father-in-law. Pirimona is himself to be ordained shortly. His pretty wife, Harriett, was trained by Mrs. Kissling, and is very lady-like; she has two nice children. The Orakei boys and girls all looked clean and tidy; they are much browner skinned, being so much in the open air. They are modest, pleasing-looking young folk, very different from the unkempt, ragged, wild children in a native village generally. Old William Hobson was with them, as dignified and quaint as usual. He is a worthy man, and much respected. He likes to dress like a clergyman, as he is a teacher. He always dresses in black, and has a long cassock, a white cravat, and a black silk handkerchief twisted like a turban on his head.