

sending her children to the school; but very often when the bell rings we see the children running to school at their utmost speed, and the mother, with a child at her back, racing after them to try and persuade them to not mind school till to-morrow, but go and hoe up the potatoes. But it so happens that the children at home are generally masters; so, having secured the good will of the influential party, our attendance, unless they are too far away, is very good. It is amusing to see some of them, if a canoe be not at hand when the bell rings, tie their clothes in a bundle on their heads and swim across the river. Others have descended a mountain upwards of 3000 feet, every morning, and are often here soon after six o'clock.

"During the present year they have been taught in reading, writing, (English and Maori), arithmetical tables, and a few lessons in geography, catechism, and singing. They are now able to conduct the congregational singing to the great delight of the natives, parents and others. Through the kindness of ladies in England, we are able to clothe the children on Sundays: the clothes are returned on Sunday evening.

"The progress of the children has been, on the whole, satisfactory during the year. They have also much improved in outward appearance; all being obliged to attend clean. When we came, all the boys, and girls too, used to smoke, but that bad habit is now banished."

It seems to be no uncommon thing for the scholars to swim to school. Two gentlemen one of whom was a missionary, were standing on a hill overlooking a valley with a river running through it, when the attention of one of them was attracted by some specks in the river. Upon his asking what they were, he was requested to wait and see. Presently he ascertained that they were boys, who were in the habit of daily swimming across the river, that they might attend their school. A lady wrote the following lines on the subject:—

"Oh come when the morning's earliest ray,
Joyfully onward to take our way,
Across the wide valley or sunny plain,
Till our teacher's distant house we gain.
See where the walls of the school-house white
Cheerfully gleam in the morning light!
Many a wonderful thing is there—
Books that can speak, though no voice we hear;