

say, "come along, just one sixpence, John". Many a one I've given him to get him with - that was what he liked poor fellow. Read too - I've sat and listened to him reading four hours at a time and never moved once. But never thought he could write much, too delirious for that I thought. "Excitable, I suppose? Yes, very. He was the best runner in England too, it little man, wasn't he? Yes, indeed, only five feet four inches high, but a clever fellow that he was. But law, all these fellows, we thought nothing on 'em at home, we didn't, 't's only out here we find out what they've done for the country, the little country, why land wasn't worth half a crown an acre there, and through all their writing, it's sold for hundreds an acre now, made some poor folks fortunes I can tell you. But we took no account on 'em at all, as more than a stone on the road.

Hill Top. Jan - 1879.

A drive to Lake Ellesmere from Leeston.

A bright sunny morning, a strong nor'east wind blowing his hair into ones eye and the cotsacks from ones train, and I, full of the exhilaration of spirits which rapid motion in the fresh breezy weather always produces in me, am being driven in the direction of the lake. Our destination lies about five miles off, and is separated from the sea by a broad shingle bank, it has one narrow outlet, and but for its size, would be more strictly termed a lagoon or arm of the sea. To day there is a mist hanging over the hills above the lake which prevented any of the views being particularly pretty. The scenery is tame, devoid of bush, and depends entirely upon the varied lights and shadows visible on a clear sunny day. The water is shallow, allowing only punts and fishermen's boats to cruise on its surface. It is the principal source of fish for the Ellesmere district and the city of Christchurch, the supplies being sent thither regularly by train.