

Lily and Louise to keep them from the poor sick servant, who starts for home to-morrow with her mother. Dear Janet (Rutherford) is well, except that her eyes are easily tired and can be used very little by lamplight. She is wonderfully bright and energetic, I cannot imagine what they would do without her here. About six in the morning she is off to the cow, afraid to trust the little three quarter caste boy who milks her. He and his sister live here because they had a bad home. Lily is like a little angel among the Maories. I have just come from a service in the schoolroom read by a Maori lay-reader. Everything about their life here is very interesting. The children bring me curious flowers, small orchids.

Monday 9th They have quite a nice vegetable garden here, finer panishes I never saw.

I made a mistake about the lay-reader, he is an Englishman, proprietor of the accommodation house, very dark. We go into the schoolroom every morning for prayers, Mr Grant plays on the

large piano, and the children sing Maori hymns very sweetly. Last night Janet took me out to see a bush fire, all I can say is, that it reminded me of a picture I have seen of Sodom and Gomorrah burning. Lily is quite overcome, I am glad that the school breaks up next Thursday, and next week she goes away to stay at Hukarere, Napier. We have various plans for the holidays, Lake Taupo is the best.

I hope you and Hastings will go somewhere and enjoy it, the distance is the objection to "Wanganui."

M. A. Hastings.