

engine is shut off, the rope thrown back into the water, the steam engine resumes its sway, and we glide along and up in smooth water through a passing panorama of loveliness. Maori settlements are seen here and there, they are shorn of their former numbers and seem often almost deserted. Their ambitious names contrast amusingly with their realities. Nothing less than Jerusalem, Salatia, Laodicea, Athens, Rome, London, and Corinth ^{such splendid names} has satisfied them. Jerusalem is of the most importance, Karama, London being next with a fine Roman Catholic Church, which bodily ministers spiritually to all the natives along the river. The Maories themselves lent picturesque-ness to the journey by their warm greetings to us as we passed along - or gathering in little groups as the steamer pushed into the bank, laying down a plank for some one to get in or out, and their bright skirts or houses - and some immobile old woman squatting on the bank smothering all made local colour. I was very anxious to see some willow palms, and patient waiting gazing revealed a couple - they are now

so rare. We reached Pipirilli House about five o'clock, having had breakfast and dinner on board. There is a steep pull up to the house - which being so high, commands a full view of the river, wharf, and surrounding heights. We got a nice bedroom leading into a balcony, and were very comfortable altogether. A spacious verandah filled with deck chairs makes a universal lounge and sun-bathing resort. A good many visitors here.

Tuesday Dec: 31st

A quiet day here, something to be thankful for after our continuous sightseeing. A showery hot atmosphere most of the day. We walked in the morning along the coach road which makes three days' journey overland to Rotorua from here. The first day takes you to Kariori where Mary Anne is now staying with the Grants, Lily being the schoolmistress there, and the whole family a power for good among the Maories of that settlement. The road is most picturesque, cut out of the cliffs, winding in and out, steep banks and declivities on the outer side. Nothing to be seen for several miles but hills clothed with magnificent bush, the tree ferns being more luxuriant in growth than any we have seen before, as