

i tetahi huanui. Ka nui toua mate kai, kahore ona whanaunga ona hoa kahore he tangata i whai mahara ki a ia, matemea nei kahore he tangata i aroha ki a ia.

Ko te ra, he ra raumati, wera nui, a aki ana te ra, ki runga ki te matenga potae kore, o tenei pani whanaunga kore.

Mei ui atu koe ki a ia, "E Marahi kei hea tou kainga?" E penei tona whakahoki, "Kahore he kainga tuturu," a ki te pataia ia, he pehea tona oranga, tera e ki mai ano ia, "Kahore aku oranga tuturu."

I nui rawa te hiahia o Marahi kia inu ia i taua wai piata, otia wehi ana ia, kei kitea mai e te tangata nona te wai, a ka tukua atu ia ki te pirihihana. Kihai tenei tamaiti rawakore i matau he wai mo te tini tenei, a e kore e utua.

Kihai i roa, ka tae atu te ropu tamariki ki taua puna, ka inu na noa; he kotiro iti te mea whakamutunga ki te inu, na to tino iti te tata atu tona ringa ki te pata ka whakatutu ai ki te wai. Whakatata atu ana a Marahi ki a ia, hoatu ana e ia he pata wai me te patai atu ano ki te kotiro iti.

"He aha te utu mo te wai?"

"Ka hore kau e utua, inu noa atu te tini."

"Ano ra ko marahi, e ki kahore he utu, inu noa te tini!" katahi ia ka whakaki i te pata, ka inu na noa. Hoki ake ano te kupu "kahore he utu. Te kite rawa ahau i te tangata nana i mahi, kia whakatakiha atu ahau ki a ia."

Ia ra haere atu ana a Marahi ki taua puna Miharo ana ia mo te utu kore. "Kahore he utu," he mea hou tenei mo ana whakaaro.

I tae hou atu ano te kotiro iti ki te puna, a hiahia patai ana a Marahi ki a ia mo te tuhituhi e mau ana ki taua wai. Katahi ka panuitia atu o te kotiro iti ki a ia, "E mate ano i te wai nga tangata katoa e inu ana i tenei wai; tena ko te tangata e iru ana i te wai o hoatu e ahau ki a ia e kore e mate wai ake nke;" a muri iho ko tenei hoki,

"KIA TANGOHIA NOATIA ANO TE WAI ORA E TE TANGATA E HIAHIA ANA."

E tamaiti kai-korero, e matau ana koe ki te takotoranga o enei kupu reka? E matau ana koe ki te ingoa o te pukapuka taonga

(TO THE CHILDREN).

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

Poor little Maurice leant wearily against a drinking fountain which had been erected in a public thoroughfare. He was very hungry, friendless, and alone. No one cared for him, no one seemed to love him.

It was a hot summer's day, and the sun's rays beat upon the unprotected head of the sad and lonely orphan boy.

If you had asked him, "Maurice, where do you live?" "Anywhere," would have been the answer. Had you asked him, How he lived, "Anyhow," would have been the reply.

Now Maurice greatly longed for a drink of the pure fresh water, but was afraid to take a drink, thinking the owner might observe him and hand him over to the police. Poor boy, he didn't know the water was free—that there was nothing to pay.

Soon a group of school children gathered round the fountain and drank to their hearts content. The last was a very little girl, so small that she was unable to reach the water to hold the cup steady in her hand. Maurice slowly approached her, and handed her the cup of water, and then ventured to ask the little girl,

"What's to pay for a drink?"

"A drink of water! oh, nothing, its free to everybody."

"Nothing to pay, and free to everybody!" exclaimed Maurice; with that he filled the cup and drank it up gladly and eagerly. "Nothing to pay!" he repeated. "Well, now I know I'd like to see the man who set up that ere. I'd like to say a thank you."

Maurice daily frequented the fountain; it seemed so strange to the poor boy that anything should be got for nothing. "Nothing to pay!" was a new thought for the little fellow.

The little girl was again at the fountain, and this time Maurice thought he would venture to ask what the writing was on the well. The little girl read it to him—"Him that drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the Water that I shall give him shall never thirst. And then