

reason to persevere. The letter wh: is the most difficult for them to pronounce is R. They make L of it and I was much amused to see them endeavouring to prevent their tongue from touching the roof of their mouth. One pressed it down with a nail and the other with the end of a pen and succeeded very well. In the afternoon (according to promise) I allowed them to write and they surpass my most sanguine expectations. Hirini has a beautiful idea of writing, and as I think that writing is a very valuable acquisition to learning, I shall perservere with them in this also.

*Sunday Mar. 19th.* Although we had been for a long time past, expecting the final change in Rev. W. T. Whytehead, I felt the announcement of his decease this morning to be sudden. It seemed to be so to me for this reason. I was in his room a few days ago and in his holy conversation, I in great measure lost sight of his emaciated frame, wh: was shortly to be returned to its mother earth. I listened to his words, and felt that they emanated from deep experience. The suddenness was in this, that I shall not again be privileged by hearing from his lips the words of Divine Truth, that I shall not again respond to prayers and thanksgivings so devoutly offered by him to the Father of all mercies. His end, was, as might be expected, peace.

*Monday, Mar. 20th.* This morning at breakfast we thought of an opportunity of going to the Bay. As we crossed a bridge at a short distance from Waimate we saw a stage which was erected last year to commemorate a *hakari* or feast which was given by a tribe of natives. It is the custom to build a stage after a great feast. On arriving at Kerikeri we saw a very large encampment of natives who were assembled to give a return feast. Mr. Kemp, catechist at whose house we dined when we arrived told me that these feasts are very great injuries to the natives inasmuch as in a few months hence they will be in actual want of food, which might be avoided were these feasts abolished. Instead of Potatoes etc. for food they must in the winter live in a great measure on rire or fern root, which they dig up and when dried is baked and scraped. I am extremely fond of it and frequently go into a native hut to procure some. After this journey 10 or 11 miles I was very glad to leave the cart, by reason of pain in my whole system. My bones were sore with the unnatural friction produced by my rubbing against the sides of the cart. Mr. K's generosity was highly acceptable. I was much pleased with Mrs. K. This is her 24th year's residence in N.Z. Her principal desire next to her own is the