

out of course. Silver could get the chief's . . . 'Kotiro'. Went for an excursion out into the settlement. . . . Came to Tauranga on the Monday. Then into a peach tree forest – a red-yellow haired (brown in the sunlight) halfcast – group on the hillside to the north, peeling potatoes, had a gulp of wine made from Coriaria-berries (was sick after dinner, possibly because of this, possibly because of the tehe . . . kaufka diarrhoea).

Promised to meet in Tauranga. Kapai, soft and heavy, the returning raft aground in the evening at 8 o'clock in the moonlight. Difficult to get afloat. Silver and the Maori in the water, while I was shoving along. Neither now nor on the crossing of the lake did the kotiro lose her cheerfulness . . . landed at the pah just on the other side Tauranga (opposite T.)

Thursday 24 December. Went by boat at 10 o'clock to the settlement [Mohitipu?]. Wide wheat plantations, potatoes and kumaras. Walking a long way before finding a road. As usual, I could not see a single person around the settlement. Came suddenly to a spot from which there was a good view. A Maori saw me, peeping out dressed only in a shirt; his people were moulding up the kumaras – he came towards me on to the road; I jumped over the fence in order to meet him. Got a drink of water and when asked, I promised to give him 'wai pirau' and in return he came to Tauranga; then he accompanied me for one mile, showing me the way to the sea.

(As I write this (Sunday after Christmas) I can see in the street a red-bearded, foppish but pleasant-looking Scotsman going to Church with his family. He carries four hymnbooks, gilt-edged and shining in his gloved hand, which he holds in front of him in the same manner in which the barmaid carries her tray – In order to show himself off as much as possible he turns back to drag his dog, who wants to come along too, back to his house!!! It is good form, it furthers one's satisfaction and bliss: but the aim is worldly. If one passes judgement on a sermon, it is only the form that one considers, the outer form, the turns and phrases of the preacher, how he has approached the subject and how he has treated it – but never does one hear anything about the moral effect, about how it has affected one's heart – Religion has a purely worldly end in this people – a cult – It cannot touch a heart that does not exist.)

'Come back and get some dinner' he said to me, he was a missionary, limping, tattooed. Went to the sea shore across the swamps and Manuka moor, the Maketu road. Sandy beach, with Convolvulus, Cassinia, Coprosma, Desmoschoenus and other grasses, many shells but no algae. He saw me when I returned, called out to me, waving his hat, This one a utu of tekau bobs, but Ahea 'Toana' – by and by . . . 'Koia-apopo-ki Tauranga'. But first the day for the races – Ki ta moenga au