

One contains the dormitories, dining-hall and kitchen. The other consists of a row of rooms built for the parents of the native pupils. For the Maoris of those times knew not what to make of the Pakehas, and would not give up their daughters to their care, so they had to be settled on the estate. It is a long, low building, the back and front of dark volcanic stone, the front nearly all taken up by wooden doors and old-fashioned diamond-paned windows. It is now used for the prentices' bedrooms, for mangling room, linen press, and various other purposes. The girls' school did not flourish. It is said they were not so amenable to discipline as the boys, and used to escape out of their windows at night, and wander down town. Then war broke out, and the parents went off and took their daughters with them, and the whole school melted away. Afterwards the Maori boys were sent here from St. John's, and St. Stephen's has remained a school for them ever since. This year there are sixty-four scholars and five or six apprentices. The scholars are of two completely different classes. Thirty-four are chosen by St. Stephen's Trust from orphans, waifs and strays among the natives; the remaining thirty are the pick of those remote outlying primary schools working in the roadless North, boys who come in on scholarships offered by the Government to their race. Naturally there is a great difference of capacity amongst them. One quarter-caste I saw, a child with a fair complexion but Maori type of countenance, who had been found running wild in the Waikato. His father had divorced his mother and afterwards died, leaving two children more than orphaned.

St. Stephen's is kept in excellent order, and the dusky pupils are taught in the most practical way that cleanliness is next to godliness. A different boy is chosen each week to take charge of the kitchen and cook. Every kind of work done on

the place is done by the boys, except for some help with the washing, and everything is well done too. The floors and tables are scrupulously clean, the house linen neatly folded, the stores all in order. Once a year the whole interior, including walls and ceilings, is cleaned with carbolic. The long row of beds in the dormitories are covered with snowy coverlets. Now, passing out of the house buildings, we may give a passing glance at the flower and vegetable gardens, flourishing in the charge of the boys. There is no room for farming here, but all over the large courtyard the boys had been digging deep drains, and laying underground pipes—no light task for them. Beyond the courtyard is a pleasant grassy cricket and football ground, where the pupils amuse themselves as they please, out of lesson-time. The gymnasium, which stands by itself, is one of the features of the place, and is well equipped with horizontal and with parallel bars, and with Roman rings, while Indian Clubs are neatly stacked along the side of the walls.

Entering the schoolroom, we find scholars of all shades of complexion, one almost sooty black, others all varieties of tawny brown, one or two quite white and slightly freckled, in no way distinguishable from Europeans. The countenance and general appearance of the Maoris seem to be changing from that of their ancestors, and approximating to that of the British, amongst whom they live. They still keep the thicker features, and the full, dark rolling eye, and the almost gloomy expression common to all native races, lit however, by flashes of winning amiability, the spontaneous smiles of childhood. They are docile, well-behaved boys, intent upon their work. The highest form is somewhere between Standard VI. and Standard VII. What they do learn is taught thoroughly, and it must be better to teach them a few subjects than many, for we are dealing with human beings whose minds