

WILLIAM BAMBRIDGE'S DIARY

(Continued)

1843, Sunday, March 12th.

A SABBATH day is a good day to begin a Journal upon. We may often look back upon the first page, and there be reminded of Gospel privileges and blessings, and a sabbath here in this land of comparatively heathen darkness, seems to be rendered doubly interesting. When I see men who a few years ago were sunk in the greatest excesses of cruelty, approaching the house of God with reverence and gladness, with a clean handkerchief containing the word of God in their hands, I cannot but praise the goodness of our Creator.

Monday, Mar. 13th. Rose early and managed to put up my gate, but not to my satisfaction. Nevertheless, it will answer my purpose. I received a new scholar this morning, an interesting youth, named Hirini, or Sydney. Upon trying his capacity for learning and pronouncing the English alphabet, I was surprised. One half hour's close application, made him master of the whole—in large and small characters. The difficulty is in keeping them at school. They are so accustomed to be free, and apparently highly disapprove of the least confinement. The Bp. orders that I give them potatoes for breakfast and supper, and rice and sugar for dinner. They say that at their *kaingas* they can procure something like a variety in food, but potatoes alone they will not eat.

Friday Mar. 17th. Rose quite well and after prayers, attended to my scholars, who are become tolerably reconciled to their situation. I begin to feel increasing interest in them, and shall perhaps soon alter my opinion of the capacities of a young New Zealander. They are very attentive to their lessons particularly the last who came and I cannot see any reason why in 6 months time, they should not be able to read tolerably well. With the exception of the pronunciation I imagine they have the advantage over British children. The language is entirely new to them, and their curiosity is awakened to the highest pitch.

Saturday March 18th. Went to see Mr. Cotton printing, he had set up the morning prayer in type. Came home and gave my boys a very long lesson, and so far from being discouraged I have every