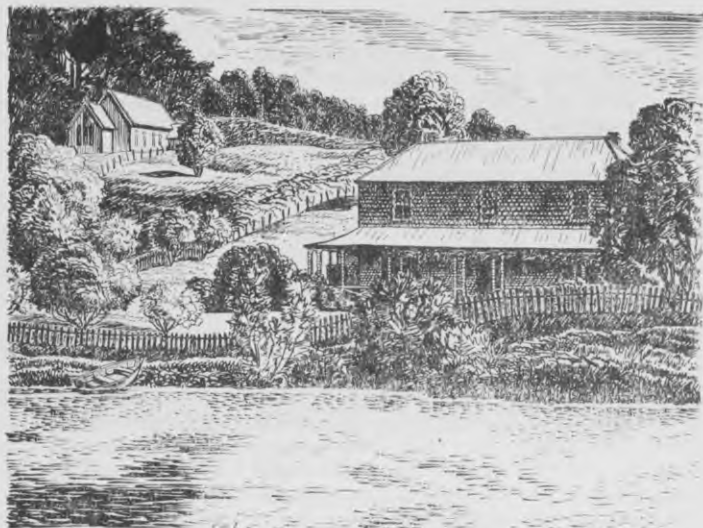


too, and if you stand up there at this time of the year and look down on the house you wonder what kind of trees they can be over to the left that make such a splash of greens and yellows and reds. In the garden of the house, on either side of the gravel path to the front door, the flowers of three seasons are in bloom—chrysanthemums, roses, and white spring flowers. Stones made for a flourmill that was never built pave the path from the back door up the garden.



*James Kemp's house and the Anglican church.*

This old house, built of heart puriri, matai, and totara, and nails made in the blacksmith's shop on the site, is very much as it was originally. There is a little more of it—some additions were made to the back in later years—and an iron roof has now replaced the old roof of Australian ironwood shingles. But there is no electric light. And no radio. Miss Kemp, granddaughter of the original owner, who lives in the house to-day, has an oil-lamp and her books. "And," she will tell you, "it's often about midnight before I go to bed."

It's an oil-lamp you see shining out toward the river if you chance to pass the house at night. An oil-lamp has shone there for a great many years.

"In Granny's time," Miss Kemp says, "a light was kept burning to show the way to scows coming up the river. Mother said she wanted this kept up. It looks so homely. And many a captain has told us how the light has helped him in." And so that light burns every night still, whether ships come up the river or not.

Samuel Marsden himself stayed in this house when visiting Kerikeri, and in its rooms instructed Maoris in the Christian religion. Later, British soldiers, on their

first inland march against the Maoris, were billeted there. Across the inlet from the wharf, not far from the house, was one of the *pas* of the powerful chief Hongi Hika, who encouraged the missionaries to go to Kerikeri and sold them the land for their settlement. To the casual visitor there is no sign of the *pa* to-day, but in those early missionary days, when slaughter and cannibalism were common, it is said that the stream which so quietly slips past the house often ran red with human blood.

As Miss Kemp takes you through her house you may notice a small table in the middle of one of the rooms. If you comment on it Miss Kemp may tell you that "compared with that table the house is an infant." You may also notice an old organ which stands in a corner. Apparently this organ was brought to New Zealand in the early "eighties" for the Kerikeri Church and landed at Russell to be sent to Kerikeri by boat. Unfortunately, however, a squall caught the schooner, which was carrying the organ from Russell, and turned it over, leaving the organ and the two men of the ship, bobbing up and down in the river. The organ was salvaged and taken to pieces to dry out, and that's where the trouble really seems