

to have begun. Nobody could put it together again. It was sent to Auckland for repair and Auckland sent it back again, with the advice that it would be cheaper to buy a new one. And so it found its way into a corner of the old house and stands there to-day.

James Kemp's home is not the only one of the early missionary buildings still to be seen in Kerikeri. It has a younger companion nearby, the Church Missionary Society store, built in 1833, the oldest stone building still standing in New Zealand. Most of the stone for the store was apparently taken out of the river—you can still see shells embedded in it—but Sydney sandstone was used round the doors and the iron-barred windows and this is the only stone that is showing much sign of its age. Some of it is beginning to crumble away.

A general store, privately owned and complete with electric light and telephone, is still operated on the ground floor. Upstairs is the room which was used as a library by Bishop Selwyn, first (and only) Bishop of New Zealand. Bishop Selwyn lived at Waimate, where his house, the first Bishopscourt, still stands as the second oldest wooden building in New Zealand. It is said that Bishop Selwyn would often walk from Waimate to Kerikeri, a distance of 10 miles, for an evening's reading. And on this story, Melville Harcourt, in his book *The Day Before Yesterday*, comments:—

"The snowball of legend has travelled far since those days, and now people will

tell you that when he did it he would stroll there and back, others that he would do so every evening, and those who take a real pride in their church, that he would do so every evening with his son on his back. A remarkable man."

The same writer says, however, that Bishop Selwyn must have been one of the greatest walkers who ever trod a step in New Zealand. On July 28, 1842, he left Waimate to inspect the North Island of his diocese. He was away six months, and, in addition to travelling by boat and horse, he walked nearly one thousand miles.

The library room to-day is a small and somewhat haphazard museum. The reddish dust of kauri-gum, which used to be sorted in the room next door, is thick on the floors and table. On the walls are copies of historic documents. Old account books used in the store are piled on a shelf, and round the floor are scattered odds and ends of early agricultural and other tools, cannon balls, muskets, Maori weapons. In the corner is a missionary bed, to-day almost unrecognizable as a bed. The more valuable documents and exhibits have, however, been removed, some to museums and some into the care of responsible persons.

Some of these early store day-books cast some interesting sidelights on early missionary life. You open one, dated 1822, for instance, and your eye lights on an entry recording the issue of a chisel "for preventing a native from shooting the cows." Six pairs of scissors, you discover, were given to natives who assisted in "seeking, killing, and bringing home a black bull," and some one else got an adze for returning some medicine which had been stolen. Shoes, you note with envy, were 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. a pair, shirting calico 7½d., and axes and sheeting calico 1s. 6d. You don't have to remind yourself that those were the prices of more than one hundred years ago.

As you climb the road up the hill from the store and



The old stone store.