

ence of that wicked man for our good, and humanly speaking his counsel and advice tended materially rather to subdue than excite the malice of the natives.

Our troubles did not end here. When the war broke out at Imukaraka last year—occasioned by Namaka and his party killing a man, they were obliged to flee their village and seek quarters with another tribe. Instead of coming in this direction and again settling down in peace and safety on another plot of Namaka's own land, he and his party fled (further from us) through the enemy's country, and pitched their tents among a distant tribe, choosing rather to live among other people—and on another's land, than to live quietly on his own land, where he would have to run the risk of being subject to the restraints of the Gospel. He intended to have killed two men last year on the death of his child, but having been disappointed in his purpose, he considers that if the Gospel is thus designed to interfere with other people's rights, he can live as he lists only in proportion as he keeps his distance from us and the hearing of the Gospel.

The plantation season has now come round. He and his party desire to return back to their own land to make their plantations; but they are unwilling to return so long as we remain here. First they be again subjected to the restraints and, in their estimation, the annoyance of the Gospel. They therefore, together with the people in that direction, asked permission of Kati (the chief of that land) who on our arrival pledged himself for our protection—to burn us out of house and home—Kati, who has always been an enemy at heart, but professedly friendly, has of late become a professed enemy and readily granted their petition. On the day appointed for burning the mission premises, the question arose among them, in what direction would we be likely to flee. We would either have to face the enemy or run in Kati's direction. The former we could not do; the latter Kati would not permit. The only alternative seemed to be death; but they dare not kill us without Kati's permission, knowing that by doing so, they would involve themselves in a general war. Resolved to carry their point, they again asked leave of Kati to kill us, that the annoyance

of the Gospel might for ever cease on Tana. Having respect to his former promise of protection, which he considers binding so long and only so long, as he lives in the village in which he then resided, he could not that day grant them their request; but so eager was he to get us out of the way, that he gave them permission to kill one of his own men (he has but two) and to burn his village, that thus he might be obliged to flee from his own land, and that thus in his estimation, his promise of protection might become for ever null and void, after which they were at liberty to do with us as they pleased, as far as he was concerned. According to Tanesse custom, the killing of a man is invariably followed by the burning of the village in which he lived, and the desertion of all its inhabitants for one or more years. A promise is also considered binding so long as the person lives in the same village and in the same house in which he resided when the promise was made, and no longer.

So far had matters gone, that on Friday last, Kati made arrangements with Tero, alias Rosincon, a chief who lives some four or five miles distant, to take him under his protection for one year, until he could again return to his own land, to supply himself, his wives, pigs, fowls, &c. with food, all of which were to have been sent away previous to the burning of his own village, upon the burning of which he supposed himself honorably freed from his promise—and that he could wash his hands in innocence, come of us what would.

Men can however only propose; it is God's prerogative to dispose; and though we had our anxious thoughts about the future welfare of those whom we love on dark and benighted Tana yet as man's extremity is often God's opportunity, so he has again shewed us that what we had feared should prove the overthrow of his work, will eventually tend not only we trust to the furtherance, but it may be the permanent establishment of God's kingdom on this dark isle of the sea.

The natives were resolved at both stations to kill us all at the same time—had their plans laid, and the time appointed. But their hearts failed; no man was found possessing sufficient courage to lift his hand against us, and though they cannot assign any reason,