

Quite a number of York Indians are settling here. They have a nice little village on the Lake Shore, about three miles across from here. They all come over to service once a week; but they are anxious for service there, and I intend, if all is well, to preach there on Friday's; they are also begging for a teacher. They think I can do everything, and urge me to send them a teacher for their thirty children.

I had the pleasure of meeting two Ministers of the Church of England. One, Mr. Kirkly, remained all night with us; the other, a Mr. Reeves, is on his way to McKenzie's River. It is pleasing and amusing to see how their exclusiveness evaporates. Mr. R. took part of my work for me, and did it up in a thorough Methodistic manner. He seemed at first to be a little reserved; but I told him, that for a hundred and sixty thousand square miles my parish extended around here, and that I expected him to help a

brother Missionary, and not stab a fellow-soldier against the common foe. The Council is being held here at the present time. All the gentlemen come to church. Mr. Campbell, from Swan River, is urging us to go there. That is a splendid country, and we might get the ground, as it is now vacant. It is about six hundred miles from here. I think I will go and survey the ground there next winter. Perhaps of all the gentlemen in the H. E. Co.'s service, Mr. Campbell is the most exemplary Christian. Mr. McDougall told me that Mr. Campbell used to shame him by his superior attention to his Bible and prayers when on some of their journeys together. At the request of the noble Evans, years ago, he gave up Sunday travelling, and now, like these Indians at this Mission, he rests on the holy day when on his travels.

I must close, the hand is weary, the grey of morning has come.

From the Parent Society's "MISSIONARY NOTICES," for August, 1869.

NEW ZEALAND.—AUCKLAND,

Extract of a letter from the Rev. James Buller, dated Auckland, March 2nd, 1869.

MURDER OF THE REV. MR. WHITELEY BY THE MAORI PEOPLE.

Never had I to communicate any thing so startling or painful; one of your oldest and most valuable Missionaries has been wantonly and barbarously murdered by rebel Maories, belonging to the Naatimaniapoti tribe of Kawia,—a tribe who owe so much to his long and self-denying labours for their good. We thought our lamented brother Whiteley the last man against whom a hand would be uplifted. I do not think that through his thirty-six years of missionary toil in this country he made an enemy. His heart overflowed with kindness, and he was always ready for every good work. At the ripe age of sixty-two he was as vigorous and active as he ever had been. The Maori people had not a truer friend or a more devoted Missionary. His mind was practical, while his heart was sound. He consecrated his life to the well-being of the natives, but he knew their character.

He was no weak sentimentalist. Never did he sink the Englishman in the Missionary. In the scales of a well-balanced judgment, he was "the friend of all, the enemy of none," and he "served his generation according to the will of God," in the interests of the colonists as well as the Maories. No morbid sympathy with race, but love to souls, influenced his conduct. "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise," was his motto. Thus, in circumstances requiring great delicacy, throughout the whole Taranaki campaign, he won the confidence and esteem of the settlers, while he was the acknowledged friend of the Maories. He was a loyal subject of our British Queen. His services were always at the disposal of the Government, within the line of consistency as a minister of the Gospel of peace. I may safely say that no Govern-