

home, though there is no place to which our heart clings so fondly as the home of our childhood. When the ties which bind us to that are severed, then we feel that we are indeed pilgrims, and are led more earnestly to seek that rest of which it is said there "will be no more going out." May we all meet in heaven, the Christian's home. Please thank the kind friends for me who have given me so many valuable presents. May we soon be able to cheer their hearts by telling them what God is doing for this people.

August 24th, 1860

I enclosed a letter for you last week, but as there has been no opportunity of sending it away probably this, which I forward via California, will leave about the same time. We have been visiting some distant districts to-day, the walk is very fatiguing, as there are no roads here such as we have at home, merely foot-paths, sometimes clambering over rocks—sometimes crossing streams and beds of rivers. A strange feeling creeps over one while visiting places where the foot of white man never before trod. If the stones could speak, what dark, horrifying tales they might tell of scenes of bloodshed and sins "of which it is a shame even to speak." This is one of the dark places of the earth. There are people here who pretend to make wind, rain, &c., and profess to bring disease. Namaka, a celebrated chief, had a lovely promising little boy, the pride and darling of his old age, who in the course of time was to have inherited the chieftainship. Lately he became sick and died. The natives suppose that nobody dies a natural death. Some person has brought disease, or done something, and the spirits are angry. Day after day Namaka visited the neighbouring districts to discover, if possible, who was bringing this illness upon his child. He would not be convinced by all that Mr. Matheson or I said to him. He requested that Nohoa should be buried in our yard—to which we agreed. So, after a nice little coffin had been made and the body placed in it, some persons went from here and brought it, and we buried it by moonlight on account of the excitement occasioned by his death. What a strange group we seemed! All was death-like stillness, except the occasional low wailing of some women. A few armed men who had followed sat watching us. Just as all was over some person said there is Namaka. He had remained at home, not wishing to see his child buried, but not being able to restrain his feelings followed. He was a perfect picture of grief. After prayer he appeared more resigned, and we little thought that he was determining revenge upon the person whom he supposed had destroyed his child. The next night he, in company with others, cruelly murdered a poor man and threw him into the sea, not far from our house. War ensued. All the villages, property and food in that district have been destroyed, and everyone of the Annikaraka people have fled. Old Yaresi, who knew nothing of what had been done, was on his way to our house, but, being told on the way, turned about and fled with the rest. However, about midday on Sabbath, we were rejoiced to see him back, and he intends to remain at Annikaraka. The work of destruction is still being carried on; but through Yaresi's influence, will not come near us. Yesterday was a day of excitement among the natives, but we had nothing to fear. We know who has said, "Lo! I am with you alway." God has raised up friends for us among this dark people. The enemy is very busy. Surely he is afraid of his kingdom here, which I trust will soon be destroyed, by the King of Kings. You know nothing of the darkness of the hearts of these people. Every day brings its own little difficulties and trials, but let us never be discouraged. He who has protected us when our enemies were raging, has surely some work for us to do—this work is God's—"if God be for us who can be against us." Christ shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and reign until all enemies are put under his feet. Oh! who would live "always" in this world? Here all our joys are imperfect, every pleasure mixed with pain. Here are sorrowings and partings. What a happy thought that there is a bright world prepared for us, that we have only to cross the Jordan of death, to enter into its perfect joys. *There, there* is nothing to make the heart sad, there we shall be clad in white robes and taught to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into this rest any of us should come short of it. Let us stand having our loins girt about with truth, and our lamps burning. . . . Sometimes I long for the