

towards the bedroom door. There was no light in the house. We called out who is there? but received no answer. We both remained quiet, thinking that it was the Samoan teacher coming to tell us the cause of the noise. Suddenly our bedroom door opened, and in an instant I heard some person strike down into the bed with an axe. I sprang out at the foot, and in a moment grasped the man in my arms. It was Mose, the Rotuman. Fortunately the curtains caught the edge of the axe the first blow, and it came back first, for it struck Eliza on the arm, and would no doubt otherwise have nearly severed it. It was very much bruised, but not broken. She also received another cut just above the ankle; but our dear little babe, though in the middle, was not hurt. We could not but observe the kind interposition of providence in our behalf on this occasion. The axe became so entangled in the curtains that he could not use it with effect, until I caught him. He then turned upon me; but I had cautiously taken hold of him in such a way that he could not use his arms, and after a few unsuccessful attempts to strike me, he threw the axe away. I think the man must have become insane in the night. I cannot account for his conduct in any other way. We soon secured him; but before he came into our room he had set our house on fire, and it was too far gone before we could attend to it to suppress the flames. All we could do was to move out our things as quickly as possible. The natives were very prompt in assisting us, and we did not lose many things in the fire. But the saddest part of it I have yet to tell. He commenced this sad affair by killing a poor native boy about ten years old, who was sleeping with him in a little out house close by. Had it not been for this, his own life might have been spared. I plead hard for him, but the relatives of the boy could not be appeased, and I was obliged to give him up to them. Eliza got cold from exposure at the time, which caused her leg to ulcerate, and she has suffered a good deal, but she is very well at present and the wound is almost healed.

My dear mother: I have thought it my duty to tell you all the circumstances as they occurred, but I hope it will give you no unnecessary alarm. Remember it was not a native of this island. Instances of insanity are as rare among these natives as it is at home. We returned to Mr G's

place immediately after this happened, and we will probably make this our home while we remain on this island, which will be till next May. What we may do after that time I cannot at present say.— We may return home, or we may remain a while in one of the southern colonies, but we will write you all particulars when we make arrangements.

Our good cause appears to be steadily advancing. The number in schools is increasing, as well as at public worship, wherever services are held.

We expect the Rev. Mr Inglis here before long. He was sent out by a Presbyterian body in Scotland to New Zealand some time ago, but that field is pretty well supplied. He has paid a visit to this place, and we have reason to hope that he will occupy a station here.

I remain your loving and affectionate son,
I. A. SCHUBALD.

LETTER FROM MR GEDDIE,

Dated October 3, 1850.

(Continued.)

TRIALS OF OUR FRIENDS.

But while I regret such indiscretions as I have noticed, which in an abstract sense cannot be said to be morally wrong, yet I must say that in some instances our friends have much to bear. They have been reviled, and to some extent persecuted, and all manner of evil falsely said against them. Many interesting incidents are told to us by the natives of their intercourse with their heathen friends. I would just record an incident which came under my own observation some time ago. I went into my yard one day and saw a native woman stand there with a large club. I soon recognised her as the mother of a young man and woman, who had for some time previous been living with our native domestic. They had come for instruction. The old woman was much excited, and had apparently been scolding her son who was also there. I asked her what was the matter. She made no answer, but her son told me that she had come after him and his sister to go and do some (*nele aupat*) dark customs, in the view of an approaching feast. I remonstrated with the woman on the wickedness of her conduct and told her that they were welcome to remain on the mission premises, and that no person should compel them to leave for such a purpose. While I spoke to her she shed tears, whether of affection or rage I don't know, but she left threat-