

while I was in their Country which knowledge could not be
 acquired without sacrificing for a time the comforts and
 conveniences of civil life. I was under no apprehensions for
 my personal safety, as I had never met with the smallest
 insult from one of them. About Midnight Weerea came
 to the Hut and informed me one of his Wives, was very ill
 and a little child, and that he was afraid she would die,
 and requested I would pray with her in the Morning which
 I promised to do. He appeared much concerned about this
 Woman. I had heard a person Mourn very much for some
 time as if extremely weak, and in infinite pain, and a
 young child cry occasionally; Early in the Morning I arose
 and visited the poor Woman, I found her lying with a
 little Child about 3 Days old exposed to the open air, and
 a few reeds put up (on the side which the Rain and
 Wind beat against) for shelter, here she had been exposed all
 night notwithstanding the Storm, she looked very ghastly
 and as if Death was near, I talked to her for some time,
 she could scarcely speak but smile feebly and seemed pleased
 with my attention to her. I knelt down beside her, along
 with Weerea and some of his people, and offered up
 my supplications to the Father of mercies in her behalf.
 She well understood the meaning of prayer tho' not my
 language, as the New Zealanders consider all their afflictions
 to come from some superior being whom they are much
 accustomed to address in time of trouble. The poor Woman
 wanting nowishment, I presented her with a piece of Biscuit,
 and she gave me to understand that she was forbid to eat
 any thing but Potatoes, I spoke to Weerea who told me God
 would be angry if she eat the Biscuit; he took it and
 repeating many Petitions over it placed it under her head, and
 told me the presence of God was now in the Biscuit but
 his Wife must not eat it. I lamented that the poor Woman
 had been in the open air all night which was enough to
 occasion her Death, and learned it was the prevailing custom