

when they are deprived of their Children or friends by Death—  
but to the Widow, and Righteous Government of God, and console  
their minds with the hope that their dearest Connections, are  
in a better world, and whatever the living have lost, the dead  
have gained. But the Widow, and the Fatherless, in a heathen  
country, have none of those sources of Consolation. Their  
wounds, are only healed by the hand of time, and if this fails,  
their last recourse is suicide, which is common amongst  
the New Zealanders. The Knowledge of the true God, who made,  
and still governs the world, is the only remedy, that can  
relieve the immortal mind in this respect. Tho' no compar-  
=ison can be drawn in a moral point of view between the  
better part of Society in New Zealand, and the worst in a  
civilized Christian Country;—yet, the latter have greatly  
the advantage, in this world, over the former, in as much  
as they derive Consolations in the day of trouble from Divine  
Revelation, which the poor Heathen, from his total Ignorance  
of the True God cannot do. I have been led to make the above  
observations, from what I have repeatedly seen, not only in  
this afflicted Widow, but also in others under distress of mind.  
By reflecting upon the infinite blessings bestowed upon a  
Nation who is favoured with the Knowledge of Divine Revelation,  
we may see the force and justice of our Saviour's declara-  
=tion, when he said, that it shall be more tolerable for  
Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of Judgement, than for those  
who are favoured with the Gospel, and despise its gracious  
Invitations. After commiserating the Affliction of the  
above poor Widow, I returned to breakfast, which was no  
sooner over, than we prepared for our departure, to a Village  
about 18 or 20 Miles distant, up the River, called Ta Pappa.  
Our company now was large. We left Ta-wha-Heke in five Canoes,  
all laden more or less with provisions, and with several live Hogs.  
On our passage up the river, we were joined by the Brother of  
Poro, and his son. Poro is a great Chief, not far from the  
North Cape. None of the men in the Canoes belonging to  
Poro were Tattooed. I made inquiries after his brother, tho' I  
had never seen him. About Three years ago, he had sent  
one of his People over to Port Jackson in the Active, when  
I sent him a few presents. I gave him a Plane Iron, and a  
Pocket Knife, having nothing more left, and promised to give  
him an Axe. He said he would go to Ranghee Waa with  
us for it. As this would be a great and laborious Journey,  
I told him, I would send him one to Moodie Why, with  
which he was satisfied. Poro and Moodie Why were