

ian population is about two hundred. Though decreasing in numbers, yet I was struck with the sight of many children. I looked upon this station as full of hope for the future. Already several native teachers have gone from it to heathen parts of the island, and as the Christian line extends, many more may go among the islands where the same language is spoken.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie seemed to enjoy good health, and to be both devoted to their work. When missionaries are filled with the Spirit of God, they are likely to get a blessing. I was sorry that they were not going to the meeting this year, so I did not see so much of them as otherwise I would have done. The fertile island of Fate is a resort of traders and white settlers, and the mission has special difficulties on that account.

I got some very beautiful shells at Erakor to enlarge my stock. I had not sought many curiosities in other directions, but as I was not likely to return I gathered a few on the southward voyage. The spelling and pronunciation of names in this quarter perplexed me. The bay is written sometimes Bang, Ebang, then Pango; Fil harbour is Fila, then Efil, and sometimes Fili; Mel becomes Mele, and Fate is Vate, then Efat and Efaté! It cannot be them all, and surely one name for each ought to be fixed. I choose the most common, and for the island prefer Fate to Sandwich. We left Fate in the afternoon, but did not reach Eromanga till Sabbath. We were carried away to the south-west and then becalmed. But with three missionaries and their wives on board, our fellowship was very pleasant and refreshing to the spirit. On the forenoon of Sunday, the Rev. P. Milne preached an excellent discourse from John vi. 3. It was arranged that we should hold a special communion service at Eromanga.

"Where martyr-blood was thrice shed,  
On shore from ship we hid,  
At Dillon's Bay to show forth,  
The death that Jesus died.  
We joined with native converts,  
Dispensed the bread and wine,  
And Christ! o'er Thy death's symbols,  
Vow'd Eromanga Thine."

I had the pleasure of preaching from Rev. vii. 13, "What are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" The Rev. D. M'Donald offered prayer; the Rev. H. A. Robertson addressed Eromangan converts in their own language. I dispensed the elements to the missionaries and their wives, several of the ship's company, and the converts. The Rev. Joseph Annand gave the address after the communion. We then sang the time honoured words of the 103rd Psalm, after which the Eromangans sang one of their hymns.

The Rev. H. A. Robertson pronounced the benediction in the native language. It was a deeply affecting service, and a night to be long remembered. The missionaries' wives on islands where there are no converts have few opportunities of the holy Communion. We were quite a Catholic Church, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Presbyterians of various branches, and Wesleyans, all one in Christ.

Next morning while the vessel was getting some ballast, Mr. Robertson and two native chiefs conducted a party of us consisting of Messrs. Annand and M'Donald, Captain Jenkins and myself over the martyr spots. We crossed the stream, and stood on the shore where Williams was killed, then at the river side where Harris fell. We next visited the graves of the Gordons, of Mr. Macnair, and of a child of Mr. Robertson's, and of several others. Strange to tell, amongst those was the grave of the chief Kouioiu who had murdered John Williams! He had died from wounds received in a fight; and his relatives asked the Rev. J. D. Gordon, then at Dillon's Bay, if they might bury him in the Christian grave-yard. It was like the Hebrew seer of old whose guilt had caused the death of the prophet, and when he came to die said, "Lay my bones beside his bones." We next visited the brother of Kouioni, a man named Nuumpunara, almost the only survivor of those present at the death of Williams and Harris in 1839. He was lying on his mat in a dying state. We then ascended a very steep path—a thousand feet high to the place where the Rev. G. N. Gordon was killed. He had been engaged in building a house, when a man named Narabuleet decoyed him away on the pretence of getting some medicine. In a deep path in the wood eight men lay in ambush. Narabuleet struck him from behind and the rest rushed on and clubbed him. We stood with strange feelings on the spot. Not far from this was the house where Mrs. Gordon was. She had heard the savage yell, and went to the door to see what was the matter. A native named Ouben appeared. She asked him what the noise meant. He replied, "It is the boys playing." She turned to look when he struck her. She fell, and another blow deprived her of life. They were both true martyrs of Jesus Christ—"lovely in the lives, and in their death not divided."

There is no vestige of the house remaining; but there are a few lemon trees. We got refreshment from some of their fruit after our exhausting walk on a very hot day. It was extremely fatiguing; but there was an exciting interest in visiting a scene where a conflict had been fought for Christ. After descending the precipitous