

and ferocity which we are wont to associate with the natives of this island. We found that they were parties who had been attached to Mr. Gordon, and as they gathered around us, and manifested the depth of their grief by silent tears, some of us were ready to mingle our tears with theirs, while we rejoiced to witness proofs that some rays of light and some traces of life are still found in this land of darkness and the shadow of death. We had thought that, except the seventeen refugees whom we found at Anseium, the Erromangans were still heathen idolaters. How surprised and delighted, therefore, were we to find that instead of this there is a goodly number besides on whom the truth has manifestly made a considerable impression—who stand aloof from heathenism and keep up the worship of the true God on this dark and blood-stained shore, and who seem determined, at all hazards, to walk according to their light. The number of those who thus adhere to Christianity it is impossible at present accurately to ascertain. There are ten—six men and four women—in the Bay; and at a place called Tapontamasi, in the neighbourhood, where Elia, a Samoan Teacher, laboured in former years, there is a considerable number, both men and women, who were in the habit of attending schools and services while Mr. Gordon was alive, and who assisted him in building his house. These we were unable to see, but they remain steadfast, observing the Sabbath and keeping up the worship of God as best they can.—After our interviews with those who came on board, Mr. Geddie and I went on shore and satisfied ourselves that there was no risk in landing, and in the afternoon our whole party, consisting of Captain and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Johnston, widow of our brother who died in Tana, Mrs. Murray, Mr. Geddie, and myself landed. We pulled up the memorable stream, near which Williams and Harris fell, to the printing office built by Mr. Gordon. It was a mournful sight to look upon this, and the press, which a few months since promised to be an effective auxiliary in diffusing the light of truth and the blessings of Christianity throughout this dark land. Years must pass before we again possess the facilities which existed a few months ago for the evangelization of Erromanga. But God will not forsake His own work, the time will come to favour Erromanga, and its deeply degraded people will yet take their place among Christian nations, and stand forth clothed in the beauty of holiness, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. While surveying the desolate-looking printing office, the sadness of the scene was heightened by women gathering round our female friends, grasping their hands, and manifesting the depth of their emotions by silent tears.

“From the printing office we went to the grave of our martyred friends, which is close to the stream a little way lower down. There they rest in one grave, waiting the resurrection of the just. The spot is marked by a mound raised over the grave, and plastered with lime. Around this a friendly hand has planted a row of mulberry trees, and around all is a rude fence. We gathered pebbles and small pieces of coral from the grave, to carry with us as mementoes of the mournful scene, and left sad and sorrowful to return to the ship. For the sleepers within the peaceful enclosure it was useless to weep; but for Erromanga—poor Erromanga!—how could we feel otherwise than sad! God pity Erromanga, and speedily arise for her help!

“After returning to the ship we had an interview with Rauiaui and Waris, the chiefs of the Bay, and others who are friendly. The chiefs told us that the reason why Mr. and Mrs. G. had been killed was, the notion put into their heads by a man named Rangi, a native of Singapore, who had lived many years on the island, that the introduction of the measles to the island, and the mortality consequent thereupon, were caused by Mr. Gordon. Rangi is a notoriously wicked fellow, and he has managed to acquire an influence on the island, which makes him a most dangerous character. He owes his influence chiefly to the fact that he has nine wives, all daughters of chiefs in different parts of the island. Hence he is the most influential man on the island, and certainly he is the most dangerous. There will be no safety for Teachers or Missionaries while he occupies his present position on the island. He is a British subject, and so might be removed—perhaps we might say *ought* to be removed—by a British man-of-war; and a greater service to the island it would not be easy to render than to rid it of the virtual murderer of its Missionary. Moreover, deeds of blood have been perpetrated or instigated